A Tour Through Indiana in 1840

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A TOUR
THROUGH INDIANA
IN 1840

JOHN PARSONS

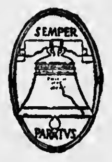
From a daguerreotype

A TOUR THROUGH INDIANA IN 1840

The Diary of John Parsons of Petersburg, Virginia

Edited by

KATE MILNER RABB



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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

JOHN PARSONS graduated from the University of Virginia in 1839 and began the study of the law. Not finding the profession to his taste, however, he made a tour of Indiana in the spring of 1840, with the intention of visiting a cousin, who had gone there three years before, and of purchasing land and settling there if he found conditions to his liking in "the Wabash country." He was 23 years old at the time, handsome, intelligent, a keen observer and possessed of a charming personality.

The time of his journey is one of unusual interest, being the year of the Harrison campaign, the beginning of our modern presidential campaigns. That it was a time when the traveler used the stage coach, the canal boat, the steamboat, the horse's back, to say nothing of an occasional day's journey on the latest novelty in transportation, the railroad, gives variety and interest to his travels.

Carrying some letters of introduction from Eastern friends, he gained entry into what were known as "the most respectable families" of the various Indiana towns he visited, and his observations on family life, as well as on the country, are of sufficient interest and value to warrant their publication.

EDITOR.

Special thanks are due to Mr. Lee Burns of Indianapolis for the selection and preparation of the pictures in this volume, and to the Indiana State Library for the use of the Play Bill, the Harrison campaign poster and for other courtesies.

EDITOR.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

John Parsons . . . . *Frontispiece*

Facing Page

A Stage Coach on the National Road 10

An Ohio River Steamboat 28

The River Front, Cincinnati, in 1840 34

The Eggleston Homestead, Vevay 52

An Old House at Madison 60

Tombstone of Jesse Vawter 70

The Tunnel Mill at Vernon 84

Announcement of Tippecanoe Rally, 1840 . . 88

An Old House Near Centerville 136

The Governor's House, Indianapolis, in 1840 . 178

A Pioneer's Cabin in 1840 226

A Vincennes Play Bill of 1839 340

St. Francis Xavier's Cathedral, Vincennes . . 352

The Old State Capitol at Corydon 358

View of New Albany in 1840 364

CHAPTER I

May 9, 1840.

I WILL seize the opportunity offered for an hour or so of quiet while our steamboat lies at the landing of the city of Wheeling, to chronicle the account of my happenings since starting on my journey, an act impossible on the long way by stage coach.

Having decided on my trip to the Western country I made a careful study of "The Western Tourist or Emigrant's Guide Through the States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Missouri and the Territories of Wisconsin and Iowa," a book published only last year by J. H. Colton of New York, which purports to give a concise and accurate description of each state with principal stage routes, canals, railroads, etc., together with much other information gathered from the letters of my cousin Jonathan Parsons, who went three years ago to the Wabash country and whom it is my intention to visit.

I left Petersburg, Virginia, for Richmond by rail the morning of May 3, 1840. My father accompanied me to the railroad depot in the family chariot driven by old Uncle Peter and, "wise and grave man" that he is, occupied the time, like the elder Crusoe, in giving me "serious and excellent coun-

sel" as to the conduct of one, like Robinson, of "a wandering inclination" though hitherto untraveled.

My mother, after some tears shed when the parting was imminent, troubled herself over a luncheon she would have me pack in my carpet bag. This I refused, however, having secretly determined to dine in state at the Powhatan House in Richmond, whose beautiful situation on the hill fronting the capitol I had frequently admired on my visits to that city.

Here I would willingly have lingered had the journey planned been a briefer one; as it was, I took the railroad again, and in due time arrived in Fredericksburg. This method of traveling, a new one to me, is in the main very pleasant, but the rumbling, tremulous motion of the cars is not very agreeable, and after the novelty has worn off, the pleasure of it is much diminished by the fumes of the oil, the hissing of the steam, and the scorching of the cinders which are falling all around you. Neither is it a very rapid method of traveling, for I noted that we did not go beyond seven or eight miles an hour.

It was therefore with a sensation of pleasure that I left the railroad at Fredericksburg to enter the stage coach, which was to take me nine hilly miles to Potomac Creek, where I found the steamboat. This last is a most excellent method of travel when the boat is, as was this, spacious, rapid and very clean. This part of my journey was made by night, and being very weary, it seemed that I was only

through my first nap when Peter knocked at my door to announce that we had arrived at Washington and that it was time to arise.

I tarried in this city only long enough for a meal at that miserable caravansary, Gadsby's, as I had viewed the city only last autumn, when a guest at the reception of the lovely Mrs. Van Buren, wife of the President's nephew, when, just home from Europe, she assumed her place as mistress of the White House. I had known her as the beautiful Augusta Singleton of South Carolina, and with all the sweet graciousness of her girlhood and altogether unspoiled by her position as first lady of the land, she welcomed me to the White House, so extravagantly refurnished by the President, an extravagance which I surmise will be dwelt on at length by our Whig orators in the months to come.

Into a wretched, dirty omnibus at Gadsby's, with my carpet bags tossed carelessly about by the hireling, and off again to the railroad depot, where I took the train to Baltimore, forty miles in two hours. Here I stopped at Barnum's Hotel, a matter for rejoicing, for if there is a hotel keeper in the United States who merits the commendation of the traveler, it is the host of this tavern. His neat private parlors and bedrooms, his quiet house, his obliging attendants leave nothing to be desired, and when I think of his excellent table, the canvas-back ducks, the soft shell crabs—anticipation can never come up with the reality.

It is hard to realize that 100 years ago the land

on which this populous city stands was covered with wide-spreading forests.[1]

How different a scene must that have been from the one which met my eye on that never-to-be-forgotten day of my stay here, a scene well worth the effort of my journey, had it terminated here. For this very day had been chosen by the young Whigs for their national convention[2] partly no doubt because they hoped thus at the outset to discourage the Democrats who were holding their national convention in Baltimore at the same time.

From *The Baltimore Patriot* I copy a few lines descriptive of the day and far more eloquent than words my pen could inscribe.

> Never before was seen such an assemblage of the people, in whose persons are concentrated the sovereignty of the government. . . . The excitement, the joy, the enthusiasm which everywhere prevailed, lighting up the countenance of every man in the procession; the shouts, the applause, the cheers of those who filled the sidewalks and crowded the windows; the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies; the responsive cries of the people; the flaunting banners; the martial music; the loud roar at intervals of the deep-mouthed cannon. . . . In no country, in no time, never before in the history of man, was there a spectacle so full of natural glory. . . . Standing on an eminence commanding a view of the line of the procession in the whole extent of Baltimore Street, you beheld a moving mass of human beings. A thousand banners burnished by the sun, floating on the breeze, 10,000 handkerchiefs waved by the fair

[1] The census of 1841, the year after this, gives the population of Baltimore as 102,313.—Editor.

[2] William Henry Harrison of Ohio had been nominated for President, and John Tyler for Vice-President, at the Whig national convention, held in Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 4, 1839.—Editor.

daughters of the city, gave seeming life and motion to the very air. A hundred thousand faces were before you, age, manhood, youth and beauty, filled every place where a foothold could be got or any portion of the procession be seen. . . . The free men of the land were there, the fiery son of the South, the substantial citizen of the East, the hardy pioneer of the West, were all there. It was the epitome of a great nation.

It was really a great and inspiring sight, with its lines of marching men, its log cabins drawn by many horses, its banners predicting the fall of Little Van and the rise of the "Log Cabin" candidate. I had not guessed that so much enthusiasm could have been aroused over a comparatively unknown candidate, a backwoodsman, as we of the East are accustomed to speak of him. For my father was a follower of Henry Clay, and while, with a magnanimity which bespoke the hero, this truly great man had pushed aside the kingly crown, my father with many others felt that he truly deserved and should have had the nomination.

There was much in what was said in the publications of the time anent the Democratic convention [3] held on this same day to give a thoughtful man pause.

One party, the Whig, said they, on this day cast reason aside. The other, the Democratic, a dignified, deliberative body, regularly formed, met quietly, and broadly and plainly stated its principles and submitted them to the consideration of the peo-

[3] At the Democratic national convention held in Baltimore on May 4, 1840, Martin Van Buren was nominated for President, and Richard M. Johnson for Vice-President.—Editor.

ple, made no inflammatory appeals, held no parades of unmeaning contrivances, resorted to no clatter of barrels and tin cups. The one—but I anticipate, for a part of this was really in a discussion held in the stage coach which I will transcribe in due season.

Rejoicing that I found myself in the city on this occasion, but realizing that I must push on, I took my seat that same evening on the cars of the B. & O. and Patapsco River Railroad. These cars were drawn by horses for the distance of one mile, the jangling bells on their harness a strange contrast to the puffing steam engine for which they were then exchanged. This railroad follows the winding bank of the Patapsco, a noble stream at Baltimore, capable of floating any vessels that come to its wharves, but before coming to Frederick it loses its importance and dwindles to the size of a fishing creek. The river channel runs through a narrow valley with imposing precipices along the entire course, hence the railroad is constructed on the banks to avoid making deep cuts and in this way increases the distance between the two towns from forty-five to sixty miles.

Some miles out from Baltimore stands Ellicott's Mills, a place famous in a prosaic way for manufacturing flour, still more famous for its wild and picturesque scenery. The bed of the river is rocky, the shore steep and wild. During the hot weather this is a favorite resort of the citizens of Baltimore.

On an eminence overlooking the village, stands the Female Seminary of Mrs. Lincoln Phelps. This was known to me by reputation, my cousin Lucy

having once been a pupil here, so that I had heard of Mrs. Phelps's high literary reputation as well as her signal success as a teacher of youth in those moral and domestic virtues which sweeten and purify life, and render woman a blessing and an ornament to society, and I looked forth from the car window with some curiosity. There I beheld a group of females apparently bidding farewell to one of their number, no doubt a pupil of the school, since they were accompanied by an elderly female, without doubt an instructress in the institute. The young women kissed their young companion and wept profusely, alternately wiping their eyes and waving their hands as she boarded the train and took her seat, unfortunately for me, in the rear of the coach, where I had not the opportunity to further observe her.

She was soon forgot, however, in my observations on the landscape, whose private and public edifices alike showed no particular taste in architecture, being marked by variety without uniformity. Frederick, Md., our next stop, is a rich and populous city, second in the state, but I had little opportunity to observe it while transferring myself and my baggage to the stage, glad of the change of vehicle.

I was the first of the nine passengers to take my seat in the coach. I had heard much of the splendor of these coaches on the Cumberland road, and this one did not fall below my expectations. Indeed, I was afterwards told that chance had sent me to one of the most beautiful coaches of the famous "Good Intent" line. It was painted in brilliant

colors, its gilded panels ornamented with a picture of the great Lafayette, whose name it bore, and the interior was lined with soft silk plush. Both drivers and line were famous. One of these drivers, Peter Burdine by name, had once made a rhyme sung all along the pike:

> If you take a seat in Stockton's line,
> You are sure to be passed by Pete Burdine,

Stockton being the proprietor of the rival line of coaches known as the "June Bug."

There were three seats in the vehicle, each seating three passengers, so the capacity of the coach was nine, with an extra seat beside the driver.

Scarcely was I seated before a second passenger arrived and took her place in the opposite corner of the rear seat which I had taken, a young female whom I instantly recognized by her mantle, a long circular cloak of rich brown satin embellished with black velvet, completely enveloping her form, as the pupil of Mrs. Phelps, who had taken the railroad train at Ellicott's Mills. She, too, was evidently westward bound. Her leghorn bonnet, encircled by an elegant plume, shaded her face, and her jetty eyelashes veiled her dark blue eyes, of whose melting luster I caught the most fleeting glimpse, and lay upon her cheek, now mantling with the blush of modesty at the sight of the stranger with whom she must perforce sit alone.

Not for long, however. Speedily our future traveling companions gathered, the first evidently a minister of the Methodist denomination, a circuit

rider bound for the West, his baggage a pair of saddlebags, which he threw carelessly under his seat; the second, a rather handsome gentleman, from his manner a politician, and, like myself, from the South; and next, a man in Quaker dress and, to judge from his bearing and the authority of his speech, one high in their councils, and no doubt bound on a mission of importance. The others were uninteresting specimens of humanity for whom a glance sufficed, though for these principals I have just named I determined to learn, like the chronicler of the Canterbury pilgrimage, "which they weren and of what degre," before our "journey's ende."

The coach full, off we started, going at a great rate, past the beautiful and fertile valleys that lay between Frederick and Hagerstown and on to Hancock, where the country is very broken and the hills very high. Six miles from Hancock is the base of the Cumberland Mountain, whose ascent we immediately began and which continued for more than three miles. It was a stupendous sight, as we mounted higher and higher, the fleecy clouds over our heads and far, far below the little brook, now only a thread. Each held his breath, marveling at the spectacle; doubtless each mused on the thought of how frail the bond between him and eternity, to which a false step, the stumble of a horse, the breaking of a trace, would consign us. The parson voiced our thoughts. "Give glory to God," he ejaculated. "Give glory to God for His infinite goodness, to Him who has shown us in this spot how frail is man,

and how we are indeed held in the hollow of His hand. Amen!"

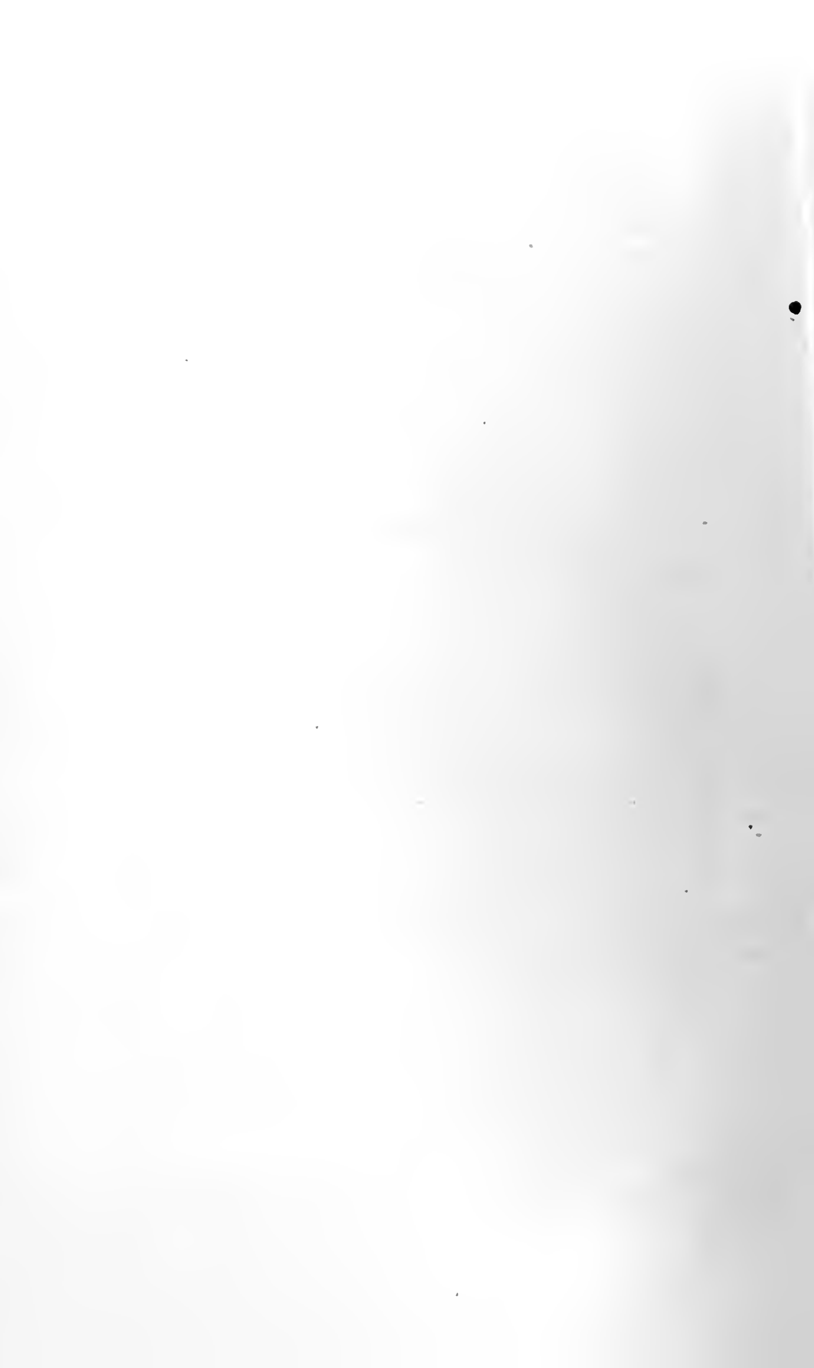
The hilltop reached without the least slackening of speed, down, down the next incline we raced, each no doubt inwardly wondering if the bottom of the hill would ever be reached in safety though somewhat comforted by the thought that the vehicle was equipped by a novel device known as a "brake," a piece of iron running across the bottom of the stage and which the driver, by the use of a crank, could throw against the wheel and thus impede its velocity. And at the bottom of the hill was waiting the postilion, an unusual sight, who quickly attached the two horses he was holding to our four, to make our next ascent easier.

From Hancock to Cumberland the road repeated itself, the forty miles stretching between the two highest points being filled in with hills and valleys; and then came Cumberland, a pretty place of 3,000 inhabitants, where begins the famous Cumberland Road, commenced by the United States government thirty or thirty-five years ago, and which almost every year has been a subject of debate in Congress. It has been carried through Wheeling, Va., on to Terre Haute, Ia.[4] It is macadamized and is indeed one of the finest roads in the United States, although, from excessive use, it is in many places in bad repair, in spite of the state act which I was told was passed in 1828, authorizing the erection of toll gates for the purpose of collecting toll in order to make repairs on the roads.

[4] *Ia.* was the old abbreviation for Indiana.

A STAGE COACH ON THE NATIONAL ROAD

From an old print



We halted, of course, at each of these old round stone toll houses, most picturesque features of the landscape. One of the toll gate keepers, I was told, went by the name of "Gate Bob" to distinguish him from the other Bobs of the locality.

From Baltimore to Cumberland, the road has also been finished in the same style, but not so perfect, by private enterprise.

From Cumberland to a little village called Frostburg, from Frostburg to Union, from Union to Washington, Pa., runs the route, and the account of the expense, which I will herewith set down for future reference was as follows:

STAGE COACH PASSAGE

From Baltimore to Frederick.........	$2.00
From Frederick to Hagerstown........	2.00
From Hagerstown to Cumberland.......	5.00
From Cumberland to Uniontown......	4.00
From Uniontown to Washington.......	2.25
From Washington to Wheeling.......	2.00
Through fare to the Ohio River...	$17.25

The scenes and happenings of these two days and two nights of travel were so varied and numerous as, at the time, to be confusing, but as I look back I see them in a series of pictures on my mind. The broad white highway, winding ribbonlike over mountain top and through valley, with its many stately stone bridges, its iron mile posts and its great iron toll gates, and over it the long procession of stage coaches, like ours, going and coming, heralded by the winding horn, with picturesque drivers, who, at

each appointed spot, drew up the horses, threw down the reins and watched the quick attachment of the fresh team, and off again at the same high rate of speed; the great Conestoga wagons of which I had heard but never seen, long and deep, bending upward at the bottom in front and rear, the lower broadside painted blue, with a movable board inserted above painted red, the covering of white canvas, stretched over broad wooden bows, and the whole heralded by the bells on the high arch over the horses' backs; the emigrant wagon, whose occupants encamped at night by the roadside; an occasional young man on horseback with a country lass behind him, on their way to a frolic; "pike boys," the aristocracy, who dwelt beside the pike, and country boys, and now and again a long line of negro slaves, driven along in couples, fastened to a long thick rope.

At this last, not, to me, an unfamiliar spectacle, the Quaker gentleman gave a groan. "How long, O Lord, how long!"

The Methodist parson scanned his face closely. "Brother, I have observed that you wear the garb of the Society of Friends. From your abhorrence of this lamentable sight I surmise that you are also a member of the Anti-Slavery Society. It may be that we travel on the same business, work toward the same goal. May I inquire your name?"

"Arnold Buffum," the Quaker responded.

"Then, without doubt you are that Arnold Buffum, organizer of the American Anti-Slavery Soci-

ety on the ground of immediate and unconditional emancipation, bound to Ohio and the West, so I have heard it rumored, to hold meetings among the people and to talk of the wrongs and sufferings of the slave."

"The Heavenly Father has called me to plead the cause of the oppressed; to speak for the dumb, and to show forth the cruelty of slavery."

"My name is Louis Hicklin," said the circuit rider, "and on my return to my home near Madison, I, too, have the intention of traveling over the state of Indiana organizing anti-slavery societies. It may be that there our paths will cross."

The Quaker lapsed into silence. I scanned him curiously, for it was my first sight of one of these agitators of whom I had heard little good. However, both he and the circuit rider were decent appearing men, and, the blacks having been left behind, it seemed prudent to let the subject drop, particularly in the presence of ladies.

The inns or taverns at which the coach stopped, that we might take our meals, impressed me mightily. There were taverns especially for the wagoners, who patronized them in great numbers, sometimes as many as thirty six-horse teams being stabled on one lot for the night, and the assembly room full of jesting, singing, dancing, drinking wagoners; the other taverns, "stage houses," as they were called, were located at intervals of about twelve miles and were of almost uniform excellence. One feature of the fare I found a most interesting

novelty, a bread vulgarly called salt-rising, unknown in the South, most delicious, and which, it is said, will cure dyspepsia.

One incident connected with the tavern I shall not forget. After waiting some moments in the assembly room of a tavern not far from Wheeling we were just obeying the summons to table when I observed that the young female, who had modestly withdrawn to one side of the room on our entrance and had now passed into the dining room, had dropped a small volume she had been perusing. As I picked it up the title page met my eye, "The Flower Vase, Containing the Language of Flowers and Their Poetic Sentiments," and below, in delicate chirography, "To Caroline from Lucy."

I eagerly followed her and put the tiny book in her hands. She thanked me almost inaudibly and turned away to her chair, and somewhat chagrined, I was left to talk to the Southern gentleman who, by this time, I had learned was the Hon. Robert P. Letcher[5] of Kentucky returning home from a trip to Washington to enter upon his campaign as candidate for Governor of Kentucky for the Whig party.

He had served in Congress several years and, I gathered, was a man of great personal popularity. He was not a gentleman in our sense of the word, his father having been a brick-layer, but he had chanced to fall, while a mischievous, headstrong boy, under the influence of a famous teacher, a Mr. Fry, who had turned his abilities in the right direction.

[5] Robert Perkins Letcher, 1788-1861, Member of Congress, 1823-1833. Presidential elector for Harrison in 1837. Elected Governor of Kentucky on Whig ticket in 1840.—Editor.

I had already found him a most interesting conversationalist. He dresses studiously plain, wears his hair long, falling about his face, and his motions are certainly not offsprings of the polished drawing room, but under this plain exterior there lurks, if I mistake not, an indomitable pride and a sense of mental superiority.

"The Whigs," he assured me, "are certain to win. Van Buren's shocking extravagance and mismanagement of financial affairs have turned the people against him."

I ventured to take issue with him. "I myself am a Whig," I assured him, "but I have heard my elders in Virginia question the propriety of nominating a man comparatively unknown and whose popularity rests solely on his military reputation and to the fact that he lives in a log cabin."

The circuit rider smiled. "As to the humble condition of that log cabin you will be able to judge for yourself if you take the river route from Wheeling," he said.

Mr. Letcher continued the conversation. "While I appreciate to the full the ability and the merits of my distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. Clay, I am convinced that he could never have been elected, had he received the nomination. And I surmise that your elders have no idea of the following Gen. Harrison has in the West. I predict a great surprise for you as you penetrate farther into the Wabash country. Here in Pennsylvania, of course, Van Buren has many followers," and he proceeded to narrate with great humor an incident of a fight be-

tween Democrats and Whigs in which the Democrats were the victors, which occurred on the Cumberland Road and which he had witnessed on his journey to Washington. An old wagoner had exhibited from the front of his wagon a petticoat in allusion to a partisan and groundless charge of cowardice made against Gen. Harrison. Even the young female, Caroline, whose surname, alas, I know not—smiled faintly as he narrated the incident. She has not spoken to me, however, only nodded slightly in response to the assistance I have occasionally rendered her in alighting from or mounting into our vehicle.

Our minds perforce turned continually to politics, for everywhere, in town and countryside, we observed the progress of the campaign. In one town, we would see the log cabins, the barrels of hard cider and hear the song,

> Little Van's a used-up man,
> A used-up man, a used-up man,
> A used-up man is he,

while in the next town 'twould be all for Van Buren, and the singers would roar out:

> When the Whigs at a table begin to feel "hip,"
> They roar out right boldly, "Hurrah for old Tip!"
> When another glass seems to indicate high,
> 'Tis three lusty cheers for old Tip and old Ty!
> Alas, what a mishap is easy acquired—
> In the month of November 'twill be "Tip-sy and Ti-red!"

It was soon after this that the circuit rider, sitting beside me at our evening meal, broached the subject of the continuance of my journey. "I had

thought,'' I told him, ''of continuing overland to my cousin's home.''

''You will find the river voyage of much greater interest and improvement to your mind,'' he counseled me, ''and from my knowledge of our state of Indiana you will have enough and more of journey by land once you are within its borders. By the river route you will see Blennerhassett's Isle de Beau, Cincinnati, the largest and most flourishing city of the West, the ''log cabin'' of Gen. Harrison at North Bend, and many interesting villages in Indiana on to my town of Madison, with whose most respectable families I shall be most happy to make you acquainted.''

The prospect was attractive, but I had heard much of steamboat disasters and mentioned the large colored posters I had seen in the East, made to warn travelers by showing vessels whose boilers were exploding, throwing the mangled victims far and wide into the waters. Mr. Letcher, who had heard our conversation, smiled at this.

''Do not allow yourself to be unduly frightened,'' he said. ''It is not so frequent a happening as you might suppose. Most frequently it is because of the ambition of the boat's master to maintain his boat's reputation as the swiftest boat on the river. Wood is heaped on, rosin sprinkled on the fires, the boilers are forced to the limit, and all at once—off they go, and the boat is blown into kindling wood. There have been some famous explosions—the *Ben Sherrod,* in '37, and the *Moselle,* in '38—frightful catastrophes, both of them, but they served as a

warning to the other masters, and, judge for yourself, our Methodist friend and myself have many times braved the perils of the flood and still survive. Besides," he continued, "on the boat you will be sure of continuing in good company. Our friend here, myself, Mr. Buffum, for I take it, sir, you disembark at Cincinnati, and—." His eyes sought our fair traveling companion across the table, with whom our conversation had been limited throughout the journey to the merest civilities.

My spirits rose as her jetty eyelashes swept her cheek in her nodded assent. Suppose the boat should blow up, suppose I were given the chance to play the rescuer, suppose—

"I think I shall take the river route," I said quietly.

So our journey progressed, the circuit rider, who, in spite of being the most ungainly, homely looking man I ever saw, I had soon found to be possessed of a very good mind and very well informed, and Mr. Letcher passing the time with conversation on many subjects, and the Quaker occasionally interjecting a word when appealed to, otherwise he sat silent, until, all too soon, we came in sight of Wheeling, in my own state of Virginia.

CHAPTER II

CINCINNATI, O., MAY 12, 1840.

I HAD hoped to write freely and at length from day to day on the boat, but the influence of the high-pressure engines made the boat shake so badly that I could not write legibly and so was compelled to abandon the idea.

Having arrived in Wheeling, we—my stage coach companions and I—upon inquiry learned that the steamboat *Pensacola* was lying at the wharf ready to go down the next morning. We accordingly passed the night at a most excellent tavern where I sought my couch early, being much fatigued, and rose betimes in the morning that I might view the City of Wheeling. This, I found to my astonishment, a bustling city of 8,000 inhabitants, being a place of embarkation and landing of goods for the surrounding country, and the most important town on the river between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. It has but one street of any importance, however, being shut in on one side by a mountain and on the other by the Ohio River. These two, however, are the sources of its prosperity, the river providing commerce, the mountain iron ore for its forges.

The steamboat to which I presently turned my steps proved to be a most elegant one. I was told of the great improvement that had been made in

these vessels within the last two years. Whereas formerly the berths stretched the whole length of the cabin, one part being curtained off for the ladies, now staterooms have taken their place, both elegant and commodious and giving both privacy and comfort. The salons are marvels of comfort and beauty, the floors are carpeted, the folding doors into the ladies' cabin richly paneled; indeed, the whole of the noble vessel is fitted up with exquisite taste. The officers and men are of a much better class than formerly, less reckless than those commanders who risked the precious lives entrusted to their care to keep up their vessel's record for speed.

Anxious to see the vessel on which I was to take this journey, I arrived at the wharf before 10, and, acting upon Mr. Letcher's advice, chose one of the four rooms aft the wheel, which are considered safer in blowing up or accidents of this kind. In my ignorance, I had supposed we would start at the time stated, 10 o'clock. Instead we lay at the wharf until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, taking on freight. This, I learned, is the main object of the trip, and when the boat is descending the river a stop is made at every little hamlet, at many a lonely landing, to leave freight or to take it on. This makes the voyage tedious in the extreme if the traveler is impatient. "You can make no calculations on your arrival anywhere. You may calculate when an eclipse will certainly happen, but you can not ascertain the period when you will go 100 miles on a steamboat without interruption," said my friend, counseling me to patience, though in truth I had

shown no impatience, foreseeing, as I did, much pleasure both in the way of sightseeing and of companionship.

Some humorous stories were told us by the commander of our boat in relation to these frequent stops. One day, as a boat was plowing along at a rate of twelve miles an hour, it was hailed by a man on shore. With difficulty the boat stopped and rounded to, supposing he either had freight to be taken on, or wished a passage, only to learn that he merely wanted to know whether they could take his hemp to New Orleans on their next trip. Another boat landed for a passenger who had been signaling with both hands only to be informed that he had not been signaling at all, but merely brushing away the mosquitoes with both hands to enable him to read the name of the boat.

In groups of twos and threes the passengers came on, men whose dress and bearing indicated wealth and position, planters without doubt from the South who had been visiting in the East and were returning home, frequently accompanied by their families and servants; men whose assured manner without the leisurely elegance of the planter class clearly indicated the merchant; roughly-clad farmers; an occasional smooth-looking gentleman whose shifty eye marked him as a member of the gambling fraternity, who I had been told infest the steamboats and are the cause of many a comedy and tragedy. On and on they came until I foresaw that we were to have a large, varied, and interesting company from whom, in the freedom of intercourse permitted in so

leisurely and pleasurelike an excursion, I should have ample opportunity to learn much of the Western country. Our own party was already on board.

The circuit rider and Arnold Buffum had preceded me, for it was with Mr. Letcher that I had gone about the city after breakfast. The young female came later and had evidently gone at once to her stateroom. Just as the last barrel was being rolled aboard and preparations being made for lifting the gang plank, I perceived far up the hill, a couple hurrying towards the wharf, followed by a negro carrying their bags. Something familiar in the man's carriage caught my eye. I looked again, and as he set his foot on the gang plank, recognized him as Thomas Buford, my class mate at the University, whom I had not seen since the day of our graduation, when he returned to his home in Mississippi. His surprise and pleasure, when I rose to greet him, equaled mine. The reason for his presence was soon explained. He had returned to my state to marry the lady at his side, Miss Jane Hunter of Ohio County, Virginia, and was now taking her back to his home in Mississippi, stopping for a few visits on the way.

Mrs. Buford is a pretty creature of about 17, of a figure full, yet delicate. Her hair is as black as the raven's wing and has its very sheen; her eyes rival it in hue and are as bright as stars. She is extremely vivacious, and I speedily foresaw that, no matter how tedious our journey in the matter of time, we should at no time be lacking in entertainment.

"We were to meet my cousin here," she said. "She has been at Mrs. Phelps's school at Ellicott's Mills and we were to accompany her on her journey down the river. She was intrusted to my care—indeed, otherwise, she would not have been permitted to go so far alone. Our carriage was mired a few miles out of Wheeling, hence our delay. Have you, sir, by any chance, observed her among the passengers, a very pretty young girl, extremely shy?"

"A young female from the Patapsco Institute came out to Wheeling in the same coach with our party," I informed her. "I observed her come aboard this vessel some hours ago."

"Oh, 'tis she!" she cried, and darted off, followed by her husband, who had not yet reserved their stateroom, and my friends and I resumed our observations of the "deckaneers,"[1] as the men are called who handle the freight.

It was an hour at least before Mr. Buford, accompanied by the ladies, came on deck and sought our group, the ladies, I surmised, having occupied the time with much important conversation on personal matters. We were all duly presented to Miss Caroline Hunter, for such, I learned, was her surname, and as I had surmised from our journey in

[1] From 1811 to 1830, the "deckaneers" as they were then called, were native Americans whose manhood exacted a manly treatment from their employers. Between 1830 and 1835, this work was done by German immigrants. From 1835, through the Civil War period, the Irish immigrants monopolized the deck labor upon the western steamboats. Since the Civil War, the whites have been altogether supplanted by negroes, and the term deckaneer has given way to that of roustabout. The individual condition and treatment of these crews have gone from bad to worse.—Editor.

the stage coach, she is most shy and modest. I had now the opportunity to observe her more particularly in the proximity afforded by the grouping of our deck chairs. Her nose is the finest feature of her face, which is very rare. Her face is one of those which require studying. When excited in conversation she is very interesting, her deep blue eyes have depths that—but enough of this—I am not in love yet!

Mr. Letcher and the circuit rider proved themselves most edifying companions, as they sat with us, commenting on the constantly changing scene that passed before our eyes as the gallant steamer, glorious champion over winds and waves, rode with the current of the noble river. The Quaker said little, but I noticed that he drew his chair near ours always, and seemed ever intent on the conversation. Gradually, into our group were drawn many of the others. Some were already known to Buford, others to Mr. Letcher. With some, we fell to talking without introduction at the table or in the smoking room or over the cards. For I confess that I took a hand at cards occasionally and was a witness late one night of a game of faro, in which a negro man was staked and played by Bullock, a negro trader. And lost, I should add, as well.

One of the men, a planter from Mississippi, assured me that it was almost impossible to believe the rapid changes in the Western country, which imparts to it the character of a players' stage where both the actors and the scenery are shifted as fast as you can turn your eye. "It is difficult to

realize," said he, "that only twenty-nine years ago the first steam craft[2] navigated these Western waters and that these lonely shores, which hitherto had echoed only to the occasional ululations of the boatman's horn, were ever after to be wakened by the shrill yet often musical whistle of the steamboat."

Not many years ago, he informed us, these river banks were covered with the primeval forests, which from time to time were mowed down by storms. Over the fallen trees, masses of vines and creepers soon ran, making a passageway impossible; trees and wreckage were also brought by the floods, so that many times the river traveler must go miles and miles before he could find a landing place. In the winter the stream was frequently frozen for long periods, and when the ice finally broke up terrible ice gorges were formed, the blocks of ice, enormous in size, working themselves up on the mainland.

Not only were the banks thus terrible and forbidding, but the river bed itself was full of terrors, seen and unseen. There were "planters," logs which were imbedded in the river bed and stuck out of the water, either straight up or slanting, and which were immovable. There were "sawyers," trunks or limbs of trees protruding from the water,

[2] The *New Orleans*, belonging to the Ohio Steamboat Navigation Company, incorporated by D. D. Tompkins, Robert R. Livingston, DeWitt Clinton, Robert Fulton, and Nicholas J. Roosevelt, December, 1810, was launched March, 1811, went to New Orleans in October, 1811, the first steamboat to navigate the waters of the interior.—Editor.

which were kept in motion by the swinging tides of the river. There were bars, snags, rocks and sunken logs, and worse than all these, the Indian foe along the river bank.

"And some of these dangers still remain," Mr. Letcher, who stood near by, reminded him. "Ten thousand obstructions were removed from the Ohio in the twenties and thirties, but for some reason the work has ceased, though as many more remain. It requires great nerve and hardihood to pilot a magnificent steamer like this on a river which has received so little improvement. Whether another administration—" He broke off abruptly.

"If you are meaning, sir, to cast any aspersion upon the President, pray understand that as a loyal Democrat, I stand ready to defend him against the world," cried my friend Buford hotly.

I had not forgotten the fiery temper which more than once had got my former classmate into trouble at the University. Buford is a handsome young fellow, with dark glossy hair, regular features, a sparkling eye, and with a perfection of dress and delicacy of swagger that mark the dandy, though he is far from the empty-headed foppishness of that class. He is in reality a fine-souled fellow with a stratum of good common sense in his composition, though with an excessiveness of the fiery temperament usually attributed to the South. I was relieved at the tactful manner with which Mr. Letcher relieved the situation.

"I trust, my young sir," said he, "that you will recall the presence of our young female companions,

and hasten to make your apologies to them. As to the attributing of the failure to continue internal improvements to any body of men, that is too large a question to enter upon now. Pray note, my dear madam," he turned to Mrs. Buford, "the resemblance of yon hilltop to an ancient fortification."

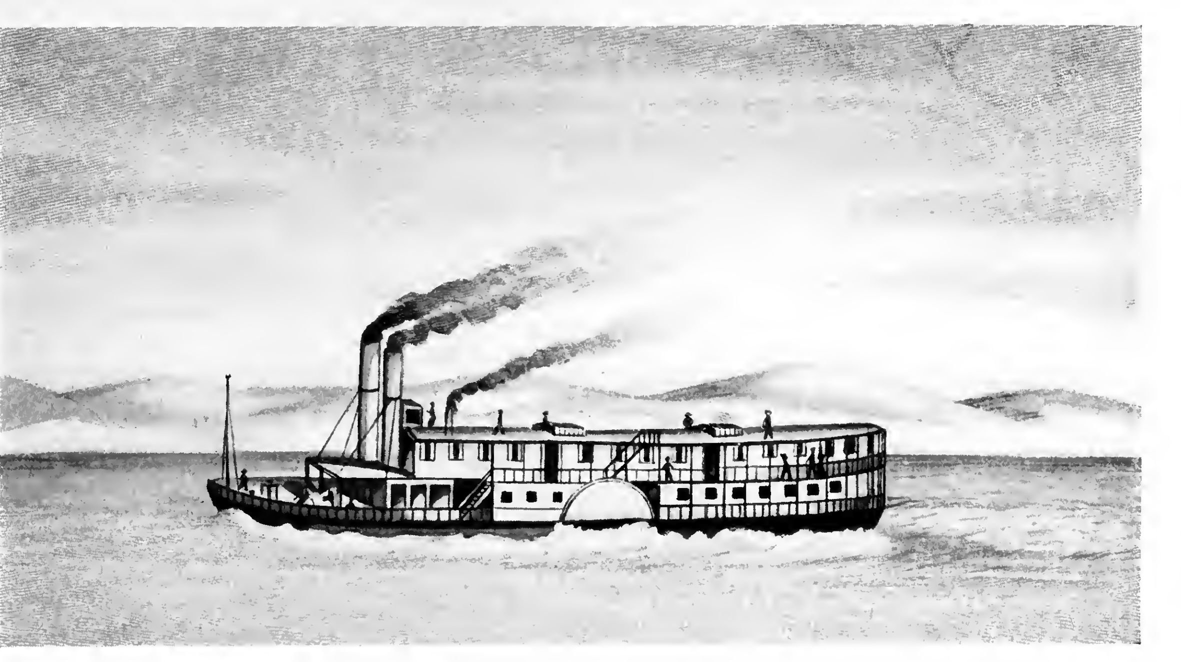
Buford instantly collected himself, made his apologies, and, harmony restored, we sat in silence contemplating the scene before us, whose beauties, silhouetted against the sky and mirrored in the placid bosom of the river, to be enjoyed should ever be viewed from the deck of some quiet boat.

The banks on either side, approaching and receding like all earthly joys, present a succession of tall and picturesque cliffs with alternate valleys, meadows and woodlands which nature seems to have arrayed with more than her customary regularity; while numerous islands, decorated with superb trees, complete a natural panorama. The deep forests that cover the hillsides or lave their branches in the waters of the beautiful river are arousing themselves from the slumbers of winter, and against their green appear at frequent intervals the white umbrella of the dogwood, the pink blossoms of the red bud, and the pendulous bloom of the trumpet vine. Small wonder that the French, whose taste is as correct as that of the Greeks, called this the Beautiful River!

And yet it is not, as might be inferred from this description, a quiet river. Craft of every kind were continually passing us—steamboats, large and small, going up and down the river; flatboats on the

way to New Orleans laden with corn, hay, pork and manufactured articles and smaller craft of great variety. These flatboat excursions, I was told, are eagerly looked forward to by the farmer whose dull and monotonous round of existence is enlivened by these long journeys to the famous and far-away city of New Orleans. The danger from the river bed itself, from the river pirates and from the long, tedious journey homeward, for, as the flatboats can not come up stream, they are broken up and sold in New Orleans and the men must walk home on "the Tennessee Path" or "the Bloody Way," as the perilous road is called, does not deter them. Many of these craft we passed on our way, among them, a novelty, a floating theater, concerning which I was told an amusing story. When moored one time at an Indiana town, an audience aboard and the play in progress, the moorings were cut loose by some mischievous boys and the boat, drifting down, could not be landed for some miles, from which point the audience was compelled to walk home.

Added to the interest given our journey by the sight of this varied water craft, was the excitement caused by the steamboat landing. Heralded by the whistle, blown several miles away, our boat would approach a town, turn with a laborious churning of the waters to make its landing at the floating wharf, to find a crowd gathered to meet it. It has been twenty-nine years since the first steamboat journey, yet, 'tis said, interest in the boat's arrival never slackens. The townspeople come aboard to see and chat with their friends, the officers; the loafers



AN OHIO RIVER STEAMBOAT

From a drawing made in 1837 by David Stevenson

gather to watch the deckaneers unload the freight; in short, the steamboat's arrival is one of the events on the town's calendar.

I will here and now endeavor to set down my impressions of the towns ere they slip completely from my memory. Marietta[3] the first town of any importance, called, 'tis said, from the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, was the first settlement made in Ohio, being settled by revolutionary officers, soldiers and their families of sturdy Puritanical stock of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and to them is attributed its culture and intellectuality.

The town is pleasantly situated on the right bank of the majestic Ohio, at the junction of the clear waters of the Muskingum, and in the midst of a thickly wooded country whose hills furnished in unlimited abundance the oak, the pine and the locust for shipbuilding, which was established here in 1800. By 1805, 'tis said, no less than two ships, seven brigs and three schooners were built and rigged here.

> "O wouldst thou view fair Melrose right,
> Go visit it by pale moonlight."

The same might be said of Isle de Beau, Blennerhassett's Island, past which we floated by a moonlight which transformed the historic spot into a scene of enchantment. "This little world, the precious stone set in a silver sea," this little wooded

[3] In 1878 Manesseh Cutler and Winthrop purchased for The Ohio Company of the general government 1,500,000 acres lying along the Ohio River. The first settlement at Marietta was made in 1788.—Editor.

island took on another aspect as Mr. Letcher, in eloquent phrases, repeated the story of the ill-fated Irishman to the two young ladies, re-creating the past with an unbelievable vividness.

" 'Twas here," he said, "that this gentleman and scholar, a man who could repeat from memory the Iliad in the original Greek, came in 1801 and, having purchased this island, reared upon it a costly and splendid edifice for his dwelling house. A considerable part of the island was laid out into gardens after the most approved model of European taste, and the whole scenery combined seemed like the fabled fields of Elysium."

He sketched for us the picture of the mansion forming half an ellipse, with circular porticoes, one wing with library, philosophical apparatus, laboratory and study, all furnished with luxurious comfort and elegance—rich carpets, splendid mirrors, handsome curtains, costly silverware; he told us of the idyllic happiness of the family, of Mrs. Blennerhassett, a brilliantly active girl, "a marvelously good and sweet mother, hostess and friend," of the coming of Aaron Burr into this paradise like the serpent into Eden. He described the scene of Blennerhassett's flight, the wanton destruction of their Lares and Penates before Mrs. Blennerhassett's eyes, of her departure from her ruined paradise and of her lonely death in a New York garret, closing with a burst of eloquence which indicated the power he must have over the multitude when he chooses to speak.

"Few or no vestiges now remain of this transient

splendor and magnificence. The grandeur of this rural spot, sequestered from the turmoil of European strife, rose in a few short months, exhibited itself to our astonished view for a little time, and then, like the evanescent phantoms of the night before the morning sun, almost as suddenly disappeared, resembling in its progress and termination the effect of enchantment."

As he ceased, all sat silent for a moment, under the spell of his melodious accents and the spring night, the air soft and rich with the perfume from the dogwood and the wild plum borne to us on the breeze as our vessel now and then swept near the shore.

Miss Hunter had laid aside her bonnet and sat by the rail, her head propped on her hand, her eyes fixed on the island, fast disappearing from view. The moon's rays revealed her rare features, pale as though cut in marble. I noted a tear glistening on her fair cheek—exquisite sensibility in one so young!

At Gallipolis, the third settlement made in Ohio, made by French immigrants, and which contains a meeting house, a court house, a jail and an academy, the commander of our boat called our attention to a very large, semi-globular mound, eighteen or twenty rods in circumference at the base, which stands near the academy. Similar and more elaborate works were viewed at Marietta, the work, 'tis said, of long vanished aborigines.

The aspect from the river of Portsmouth was most pleasing, with its factories, large, substantial

and handsome stores, dwelling houses and churches. The iron manufactured in its blast forges is now worth $2,000,000 annually.

Maysville, Ky., formerly called Limestone, though settled, I was told, in 1784, is not the oldest settlement in the state. On the 24th and 25th of this month there is to be a celebration of the first settlement at Boonesborough, at which, no Providence preventing, Mrs. French, a daughter of Col. Richard Calloway, and her female servant, who were in the fort during the siege of 1777, will be present. Maysville, they say, is one of the most important towns on the river between Wheeling and Cincinnati. It presents from the river an unbroken front of elegant brick buildings and has a good landing. As a place of business, it ranks second to Louisville. I was astonished at the size of the place, its twenty-eight or more stores of dry goods, its stoneware manufactory, its paper mill. One of the merchants from Louisville with whom I had become acquainted, a Mr. Bulleit, assured me that the people of Maysville, "for intelligence, industry and sterling patriotism are surpassed by none in the Union." In spite of this it was not mentioned on the maps I consulted, I informed him. "I am aware of this fact," said he, "and why the authors of maps have neglected, as so many of them have, to notice so important a place as this seems strange indeed."

Words fail me when I attempt a description of Cincinnati, "The Queen City of the West," as it has been called. This thronged city, with its work

shops, its marts, its stores, its canals, its roads, its churches and schools, its vine-clad hills, the Corinthian house, the distant cottage, the observatory of science, and all that labor and art of the modern can furnish, has made a deep impression on me.[4]

Nothing I have seen in the Eastern cities can compare with its landing, the extensive paved area of several acres, and the long and elegant river front. The situation, so far as the encircling hills on which stand many of the buildings, reminds me of Baltimore, as does also the cleanness and neatness with which it is kept, though I am assured that it was laid out on the model of Philadelphia. The hills by which it is environed intersect each other in such a manner as to form an imperfect square through the northeast and southwest angles of which the Ohio River enters and passes out. The winters, I was told, are as cold as those of northern France, the summers as warm as southern Italy, yet it is as healthy a place as can be found anywhere.

As a seat of commerce, I shall always remember Cincinnati with wonder. Its whole water front was encumbered with packages of every description, waiting to be loaded on the numerous steam vessels moored at its floating wharves, the foreign imports or the domestic produce of the Miamis concentrating on this point. The hurried arrival and departure, singly and in squads, of a whole battalion of drays; the unremitting labors of hands loading and unloading the vessels in port; the incessant ringing of bells as signals to the passengers or the crews

[4] The population of Cincinnati at this time was 36,338.—Editor.

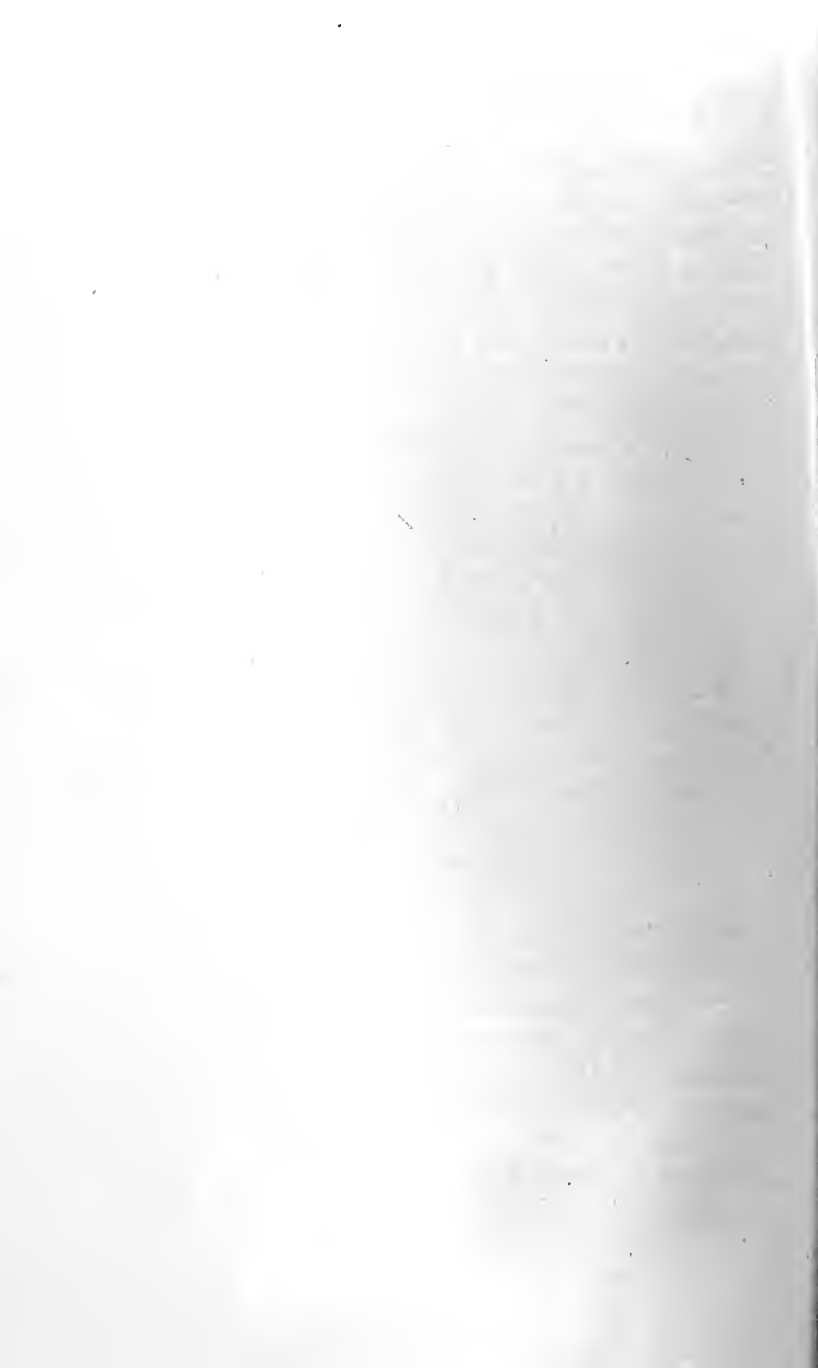
of the boats; the brief and abrupt interchange of business among the clerks on board and those belonging to the mercantile houses of the city, this gives the stranger an idea of the marvelous business carried on. When I add that thousands of dollars' worth of eggs are exported to New Orleans, that as early as 1805, 4,457 barrels of flour were exported, and that the pork packing which has made it famous was begun as early as 1812, and that manufacturing is also a feature of the city, some idea of its importance may be gained.

We were told, anent the pork packing, that in 1827, cart loads upon cart loads of spare ribs from these packing establishments were drawn to the water's edge and emptied into the Ohio to get rid of them. The influx of Germans and the rapid increase of inhabitants gradually opened a market for these delicacies.

What was my delight to be informed by one of the officers of the boat that, owing to some repairs it had been found necessary to make, we should be compelled to lie at the wharf over night. Buford quickly suggested that we make up a party for a drive about the city, a dinner at the hotel, and an evening at the theater. One of our party was to be a Mr. George H. Dunn of Lawrenceburg, Ind., a gentleman to whom I had been greatly attracted because of his intelligent interest in the matter of internal improvements. My attention had been called by Mr. Bulleit to the Miami Canal, the earliest and most important of the great works connected with Cincinnati, extending beyond the

THE RIVER FRONT, CINCINNATI, IN 1840

From an old print



flourishing town of Dayton, and which has, for the last two years, paid more than the interest on the debt incurred for its construction.

Mr. Bulleit was most enthusiastic over the canals. "That sagacious and tranquil people, the Chinese," he said, "have been accumulating the fruits of a hundred generations on the subject. Canals are with them as ancient as their history. Imagine a Chinese woman guiding rapidly along a canal boat of ten tons burden. She rows after the fashion of the country, with an oar attached to each foot, managing the sail with one hand. With the other she holds a rudder and thus transports a load which, when carried on land, would have required ten teams and as many drivers to do it."

While Mr. Dunn was also heartily in favor of canals, having in 1836 induced the General Assembly of his state of which he was a member to pass an act authorizing the building of the Whitewater Canal, whose beginning at his city of Lawrenceburg he promises to show me, he is most enthusiastic over the railroad, and is most desirous to see one built between his town and Indianapolis, the capital city of Indiana.

Our party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Buford, Miss Caroline Hunter, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Letcher, Mr. Bulleit and myself, soon found ourselves driving about the city, first through the business portions, and then the region of dwelling houses and public buildings, from Broadway to Fourth, a row of modern palaces, bordering broad, well paved and thoroughly ventilated streets. We admired the

number, variety and beauty of the public buildings, the taste and spirit which leaves spaces between the private edifices for borders and sidewalks, and furnishes an avenue to behold the garden attractions in the rear of the houses, the verdure of the grass plats, the fragrance of the shrubbery, which decorates the front of the house, and the exhibition of flower vases in the windows of those who have no space except the rear of the buildings to cultivate. These people, think I, have taste to improve and spirit to enjoy, as well as ability to acquire.

Much impressed were we also by the public buildings, schools, museums, churches, manufactories, all triumphs of art and industry. The manufactories were amazing, the facilities for the pursuit of knowledge unbelievable. The city contains a Medical College, a Law School, a Mechanics' Institute, many schools, both public and private; pork-packing houses, shipyards, where many steamers are constructed in the course of the year, and, of especial interest to me, eight bell factories, turning out bells to the aggregate value of $135,000. Cincinnati supplies the whole of the Ohio and Mississippi valley with bells of all sizes and every use, making the best in the country, accurately proportioned in ingredients and having a hanging and mounting peculiar to Cincinnati and an unusual beauty and melody. While they make many church bells, it is for their steamboat bells that there is the greatest demand, for it seems that it is the pride of every steamboat master to have his boat equipped with a large, sweet-sounding bell.

Our tour of the city completed, we dined at the Shires House.[5]

The city boasts several theaters, but we agreed upon Shires' Theater because it was adjoining the hotel, and thither, after our dinner, we repaired. Mr. Bulleit, a young man of somewhat pompous manner and a good deal of commercial knowledge, pushed himself next to Miss Caroline as we walked toward the theater, and I am convinced would have seated himself beside her had Mrs. Buford not cleverly intervened, leaving the way open to me.

This theater has a commodious stage, a spacious pit, one tier of boxes for a dress circle and an uncommonly large balcony or second tier. The play, of moderate interest, was called "Tortesa the Usurer." Miss Hunter found much entertainment in the notices printed on the play bills, among which were the following: "It is particularly requested that dogs will not be brought to the theater, as they can not be admitted," and, "Peanuts are proscribed."

I was up betimes in the morning, and hence able to observe the cities of Covington and Newport, opposite Cincinnati, both beautiful and flourishing. The principal streets of Covington are laid off so

[5] This was the predecessor of the historic Burnet House. When Judge Burnet transferred his property on Third and Vine to the Branch Bank of the United States and removed to his new building at the corner of Seventh and Elm, Mr. Shires converted the old building into a restaurant and hotel and later built a theater on the remaining vacant lot. This last was a plain frame building fifty by a hundred feet. It has been said that "Cincinnati never saw better playing and acting than on the boards of Shires' Theater." —Editor.

as to present the appearance of a prolongation or continuation of those of Cincinnati. It is separated from Newport by the Licking River.

Our Quaker friend, Arnold Buffum, had left us immediately on our arrival at Cincinnati, parting from us, it would seem, with some regret. To me and to the circuit rider he expressed, in bidding us farewell, the hope that our paths might eventually cross during my Indiana sojourn.

Soon after sunrise, our boat turned from the wharf and began to plow its way down stream. Twenty miles below Cincinnati, I was told, I would see the "Log Cabin" of Gen. William Henry Harrison.

CHAPTER III

MADISON, MAY 16, 1840.

HAVING just arrived in Madison, I shall proceed to jot down the incidents of my journey from Cincinnati to this town, before retiring for the night.

I came on deck early in the morning after our evening at Shires' Theater in order to have one last look at the Queen City, and that I might not miss a sight of North Bend and the famous "Log Cabin"; and as a reward for my early rising was the witness of several amusing and interesting incidents. Cincinnati had faded from our view and we were again gliding past wooded island, perpendicular cliffs and happy valleys, when our steamer was hailed by two fellows at a lonely landing, and turned in, as was the custom, with a great puffing and churning of the waters. As we rounded to, one of the fellows shouted to the officer to know if the boat was bound for Louisville and if he would take any kind of freight.

"What do you want taken?" asked the officer.

"Not much," replied the fellow, "a grist mill, a sawmill, two churches and a carriage and horses."

The officer, thinking the fellow a practical joker, became infuriated, cursed him roundly, and ordered the boat to back away from the landing. Then the

man explained that the mills piled up on the landing did not weigh more than 400 or 500 pounds apiece, and that the two churches were himself and his brother, whose name was Church. At this, the officer was propitiated and took them and their belongings aboard, for it appears that a rough sort of joking is peculiar to these Western river men.

It was on this morning, too, that we saw great rafts of logs, which I was assured come from afar in the interior, down small streams swollen by the spring rains, and are now on their way to the Gulf.

North Bend, the home of Gen. William Henry Harrison, was founded by Judge Symmes,[1] to whose daughter Harrison is married.

Here is a postoffice and a thriving circumjacent settlement. Judge Symmes is interred on the summit of a knoll which is beautifully conspicuous to miles of the river and country around.

The location of the famous "Log Cabin" is a beautiful one. It is in reality a log cabin, but has been covered with boards, has large wings added to the original building, and the whole structure, painted white, is quite palatial looking. It is extremely neat, and stands in a noble lawn with large trees about it and has a fine view of the river.

The circuit rider, Mr. Hicklin, who knows Gen. Harrison well, gave me much information concern-

[1] Judge John Cleves Symmes of New Jersey in 1787 purchased of Congress what is known as the Miami or Symmes tract of 1,000,000 acres lying between the Great and Little Miami Rivers and bordering on the Ohio, where he started the second settlement made in Ohio. In the great freshet of 1789 Symmes found that his town site was under water and in 1790 began another settlement at North Bend, first called Symmes City.—Editor.

ing him. It seems that he is much interested in the Methodist ministers and Mr. Hicklin has in his possession a letter from Gen. Harrison to a friend which he permitted me to read and from which I make a few notes.

"I have been a witness," he wrote, "of their conduct [the circuit riders] in the Western country for nearly forty years. They are men whom no labor tires, no scenes disgust, no danger frightens in the discharge of their duty. The vow of poverty is not taken by these men, but their conduct is precisely as it would have been had they taken one. Their stipulated pay is barely sufficient to enable them to perform the services assigned them."

The circuit rider narrated an incident illustrating Gen. Harrison's kindness. A Methodist minister traveling through southern Ohio had passed the night at his home. In the morning, he was informed that his horse had died during the night. Gen. Harrison bade him farewell, expressing his condolence over the loss, and the sorrowing minister left the house to find waiting for him at the gate, one of the general's own horses, a parting gift, accoutered with his own saddle and bridle. This is but one of his many benevolences. Small wonder that he is held in such high esteem!

Asking for details of his life, for I must confess that we in the East have heard little and thought less of this Western Indian fighter, I was told that he resigned his commission in 1814, that two years after he was elected to Congress, then in 1824 state senator in Ohio, in 1828 had been appointed min-

ister to Colombia, South America. The fact that he had won the battle of Tippecanoe, which battle field it is my intention to visit, as well as Vincennes, the city which was the capital when Gen. Harrison was Territorial Governor, increased my interest in this hero of the Western country.

On his return from South America, Gen. Harrison retired to this farm, by no means rich, having never asked nor received compensation for his services in the Tippecanoe expedition, and here, contented with the honors acquired by years of pathetic devotion to his country, he has lived, employing himself in rural occupations and at the same time gathering from the soil his support, which others, if not more selfish, yet more careful of their own interests, have secured from the emoluments of office.

In person, he is tall and slender; his eye is dark and remarkable for its expression, his manners, plain, easy and undemonstrative.

I listened most eagerly to this description, for I had not been unaware on my progress westward of the increasing enthusiasm over our Whig candidate in every town and village, an enthusiasm which, I am convinced, would astound both Democrats and Whigs in our Eastern states.

As we approached Lawrenceburg, Ind., the home of Mr. Dunn,[2] that gentleman suggested that I go ashore with him during the period in which freight

[2] George H. Dunn (1797-1854), born in New York, came to Dearborn County in 1817. Member of the Legislature in 1828-1832. Member of Congress, 1837-1839. State treasurer from 1841 to 1844. He and Governor Bigger revised the code of Indiana and later he served as judge of the Circuit Court.—Editor.

was being taken aboard and view the town and the Whitewater Canal, of which the people were so justly proud. Lawrenceburg, situated in Dearborn County, occupies a position in a broad expanse of most fertile bottom lands, back of which there arises a ridge and range of hills towering perhaps 100 feet above the valley, from which is presented a picture most grand to behold, the broad and extended bottoms coursed by the Great Miami, the town with its graceful spires pointing heavenward, the majestic Ohio flowing beneath the towering Kentucky hills. The town was laid out in 1822, and at one time was the seat of justice of Dearborn County, which honor was transferred in 1836 to Wilmington.[3]

The soil of the county is a rich loam, very productive, and corn and pork are largely exported.

While the river, I was told, frequently overflows, driving the inhabitants out of their houses or to the upper story, this period of the flood, from ancient custom and from the suspension of all customary pursuits, has become a time of carnival. The floods, instead of creating disease, wash the surface of the earth and are supposed to be rather conducive to health than otherwise.

At the present time the chief interest of the town is the Whitewater Canal. In January, 1836, when the news came that the internal improvement bill had passed the Indiana General Assembly, a great

[3] Those who desired a division of Dearborn County moved the county seat in 1836 to Wilmington. In 1843 the county was divided and Ohio County organized, and Lawrenceburg again became the county seat of Dearborn County.—Editor.

celebration was held in Brookville, between which town and Lawrenceburg the first construction was to be made, with speakings, illuminations, ringing of bells, roarings of cannon, bands of music; and again in September, when the ceremony of "breaking ground" was held, with a barbecue and a speech by Governor Noble. Mr. Dunn spoke here, he informed me, and the editor of a Richmond paper gave an original verse:

> There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
> As that vale where the branches of Whitewater meet;
> Oh! The last picayune shall depart from my fob
> Ere the east and the west forks relinquish the job.[4]

The first boat to reach Brookville and Lawrenceburg was the *Ben Franklin.* which arrived June 8, 1839.

Mr. Dunn gave his carpet bag to a negro boy and together we strolled about the streets.

The first brick house was erected in the city by Dr. Jabez Percival. It is a substantial two-story building with walls three feet thick. The Hunt Tavern was the first three-story brick building in the state, a matter of pride with the people of Lawrenceburg. Of particular interest to me were the Miami Mills, whose brand of flour has become noted for its excellence, not only in the United States, but in the West Indian Islands and South American ports. It is said it will remain sweet for months in tropical climates, while other brands sour.

Viewing these many interests and the canal providing a channel for business from the interior, I

[4] John Finley in the *Richmond Palladium.*—Editor.

am convinced, with Mr. Dunn, that Lawrenceburg, with its many interests and advantageous location, is destined to great commercial supremacy.

As we passed along the streets, Mr. Dunn frequently paused to greet his fellow citizens and to present me to them as a stranger from the East making a tour of the state. One of them, a rather portly gentleman, on learning that I had been in Washington, inquired at once if I were acquainted with John Quincy Adams. "Those who know us both," said he, "assure me that for form, size, features and complexion, I strongly resemble that 'old man eloquent' and children often call his portrait 'Judge Cotton.'[5] Another resemblance," he added, "we both poetize readily when aroused by any particular emotion, and if similar circumstances had surrounded both, who knows—?"

As we passed on Mr. Dunn informed me that this rather eccentric old gentleman had the habit of poetizing on religious, temperance and political topics, and also on various happenings in the county, and when we entered his office a few moments later, he showed me some of these effusions. One written on Andrew Jackson, in 1832, ran:

The hero of Orleans has once been elected
To preside o'er the Union, and more than expected—
Ability and skill he has clearly displayed
Yes, even to those who him President made.

[5] The Judge Cotton of this meeting published in 1858 a collection of these poems with a short autobiographical sketch and a brief history of the early settlements of Dearborn County, called "Cotton's Keepsake," now much sought after by those interested in the state's early history.—Editor.

Let Clay and the bank against him conspire,
They can't put him down nor raise him much higher;
Let us be independent, keep our money at home,
Re-elect Andrew Jackson and let aliens roam.

Among others, I met Mr. Gregg, publisher of the *Political Beacon,* a most zealous Whig; Dr. Robert Gillespie, a Scotchman, graduate of the University of Edinburgh and a leading physician of this locality; Ebenezer Dumont, a most promising young lawyer, so Mr. Dunn informed me, "an organizing genius," said he, "with fertility of expedient and sleepless mental activity." This young man, learning that I was going to Vevay, gave me a letter to his mother, Mrs. Julia L. Dumont, a well-known educator and widely famed in the East as a writer of both prose and verse. So many did I meet that of the remainder only a few names remain in my memory, Tousey, Tait, Dunn, Sparks, Burkham; many of them suggesting Southern antecedents.

The warning whistle recalled me ere I was nearly through with my sightseeing, and bidding a hasty farewell to Mr. Dunn, whom I had come to esteem most highly during our too brief acquaintance, I made haste to return to the steamboat.

There was still the usual concourse of passengers, for while some had left the boat others had come on board, and in changing groups we chatted on the various subjects of the day. My attention was called to Rising Sun, a village near Lawrenceburg whose location, on high bottom land, is particularly beautiful, set as it is among primeval forest trees—

gigantic sycamores, wide spreading elms, and graceful beeches.

The next small village to which my attention was called was Patriot, whose principal families I was assured by a member of the Universalist Church whom I had encountered on the boat, a follower of Erasmus Manford, he informed me, who at this very time was making a tour of Indiana, were of the liberal faith, excellent people and practical Christians.

They loved the truth, said he, loved to talk about it, and loved to attend services at the sanctuary. That place, he declared, was an oasis in the desert —no controversy, no denunciation, but peace, love and harmony combined.

Though reared strictly within the tenets of the established church I have acquired, I flatter myself, considerable broadness of view on religious matters at the University, stamped as it is with Jefferson's broadness of view, so that I listened at this follower of a new faith with considerable interest, realizing, however, with what horror such expressions would be heard by my friend the circuit rider.

A gentleman from this town here left the boat after bidding me farewell, a Mr. Daniel H. Howe.[6]

He had been most obliging in pointing out various interesting features of the country to me on the voyage down, among others mentioning the Rising Sun Insurance Company for marine, fire and flatboat insurance, which struck me as an interesting novelty. He urged me at parting, should I make a

[6] The father of Judge Daniel Wait Howe of Indianapolis.—Editor.

return voyage up the river, to stop off at Patriot and during my stay there make his house my home.

As the Universalist turned away, I observed Mrs. Buford and Miss Hunter sitting near the rail, Mrs. Buford idle, as usual, and Miss Hunter engaged in a species of handiwork which, I learned, upon inquiry, was a "rachel," a convenient sort of head-gear made of soft yarn, very elastic and partaking of the various natures of cap, bonnet, and hood. This article was of the shade of the blush rose which tinted her rounded cheek, and will, I feel assured, be most becoming to its wearer.

The moment seemed propitious, since their almost constant attendants, Bulleit, Letcher and Buford, were absent, to announce my plans. Mr. Hicklin, the circuit rider, had suggested to me that instead of continuing on the boat to Madison, as first planned, that I leave it with him at Vevay, visit that town, and proceed on horseback along the river road to Madison, which method of travel would give me a better idea of the country, the road now winding through forest, now emerging into the open and more cultivated country, and giving me my first opportunity of seeing the manners and hearing the idioms of the ignoble and vulgar.

Madison, he assured me, was well worth a stay of some days, being an old town and a seat of culture, and while there he besought me to make his house my home.

"Oh, then, sir," cried Mrs. Buford, "if you are to leave us so soon, you must write in our albums.

We spoke of it the other day. I'll run to bring mine and yours, Caroline. Mr. Letcher and Mr. Bulleit inscribed their names this morning while you were viewing Lawrenceburg."

"Affection's Gift" was the title inscribed on the blue and gilt morocco covered volume which bore Miss Caroline's name, and "The Laurel Wreath" in red and gilt was Mrs. Buford's volume.

As I suspected, Mrs. Buford's volume was filled with ardent sentiments, either original or "selected," from admiring swains who had evidently laid their hearts at the feet of Miss Jane Hunter; Miss Caroline's with sentimental verses from young females, her schoolmates, though an occasional Thomas or Charles indicated the possession of admirers, who, however, addressed her in a much more delicate and formal manner than did the admirers of the less reserved Mrs. Buford.

Buford, who had come on deck, laughed as he looked over my shoulder.

"Females are naturally sentimental," said he. "I consider such a request a mere bait for flattery."

"Not at all," cried his wife. "I can not help what they write—I could not help it, I mean, but what I want is just something to remember them by, the handwriting, the name—"

"A mental daguerreotype," said the shy Miss Caroline, blushing as she spoke.

If this was to be my mental daguerreotype—I took thought as I sought the cabin of the steamer where were ink and pen. I too, though I had not confessed it, like the old Judge Cotton, occasionally "poetize"

under stress of emotion. If this was to be my mental image, what should I reveal? Slowly I dipped quill into ink and wrote.

CONSTANCY

(To Miss Hunter)

As to the distant moon
  The sea forever yearns,
As to the polar star
  The earth forever turns;

So does my constant heart
  Beat but for thee alone,
And o'er its far-off heaven of dreams
  Thine image high enthrone.

But, ah! the moon and sea,
  The earth and star meet never;
And space as deep and dark and wide
  Divideth us forever.

I managed to put the book into her hands when she was alone.

"One promise I exact," I said; "that you do not read my lines until I have left the boat at Vevay. You will?"

"I promise," she said, almost inaudibly and, blushing deeply, slipped away toward her stateroom.

Our parting was commonplace enough, taking place as it did in broad daylight, on deck, in the midst of the crowd.

"Our lines may cross again," said Buford cheerfully. "We are thinking of prolonging our stay in

the North and making several visits. Our first stop will be with Caroline at her home in New Albany.''

Miss Hunter said nothing. Her little hand quivered as I held it in mine for a moment, but I could not see her eyes for the long lashes resting on her cheek. New Albany! I shall visit that town.

The village of Vevay is on a beautiful site. The river has a majestic curve, and the level plateau on the shore corresponds to its semi-circular sweep, while around its periphery stand, like guardian sentinels, a range of noble hills. The object of the colony was to find a place in the New World for raising the grape, and vineyards were soon set out in the wilderness. The wine made from these vines, dressed and trimmed according to the Swiss manner, is said to be of the very best, and superior to the claret of Bordeaux. The names of the inhabitants indicate their Swiss origin, Dufour, Morerod, Thiebaud, and the old Swiss customs are still preserved. These people, I am informed, are very energetic, and brought with them a healthy disposition to enjoy life so that their homes present a marked difference to those of other river towns. The houses are well built of brick or wood stoutly finished, no log cabins or slightly built wooden houses, they are set in acre lots with fruit trees, grape vines on ornamental arbors, flowering shrubs, beds of flowers, climbing rose bushes and honeysuckles, and all displaying scrupulous cleanliness and exquisite neatness. Some of these homes I vis-

ited, and to another, altogether different and equally interesting I went with a letter given me by Mr. Dunn to Mr. Joseph Cary Eggleston.[7]

This was a two-story brick house in a square of ground about an acre in extent, or perhaps a little more, planted in fruit trees, grape vines and the like. The office (Mr. Eggleston was a lawyer) was a small brick structure on the grounds a little way from the house. The house had a little porch and a beautiful doorway leading into a hall whose graceful winding stairway at once struck the eye. I found Mr. Eggleston at home, and his already warm greeting increased in cordiality when he found that I, like himself, was a Virginian. He was the son of an old planter family, his father a captain in Washington's army, and he had taken his degree in arts at William and Mary College and had studied law in Judge Tucker's school at Winchester. He had sought the West to see what use he could make of his natural and acquired gifts in a region then the promised land to young men of character. He has a fine library, among whose books I noted Gibbon's miscellaneous works. My chat was a most enjoyable one; he told me much of the Wabash country, and at parting gave me a letter to his cousin, Judge Miles Cary Eggleston of Brookville, said to be the most famous judge that ever held court in the state.

I next turned my steps toward the home of Mrs.

[7] Father of Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," etc., and of George Cary Eggleston, author of "A Rebel's Recollections," "Recollections of a Varied Life," etc.—Editor.

THE EGGLESTON HOMESTEAD, VEVAY

From a drawing by Wilbur Briant Shook

Julia C. Dumont,[8] bearing the letter which her son Ebenezer had given me.

I found Mrs. Dumont at her home, rocking in a chair, a little cape around her shoulders, talking rapidly and enthusiastically to the group of pupils before her on some plan for a debating society. The hour was late and yet the pupils lingered without a thought of time. The affection and veneration in which she was held by them was evident on every face.

She quickly dismissed them on my arrival and, smiling as she perused her son's letter, she asked me to tell her of my journey from the East. Forgetful of the hour, we sat in the gathering twilight, as she told me of her early experiences in the wilderness, of the school she had started for the benefit of her own children and because she loved to teach, and of the celebrated litterateurs who had come from Cincinnati, and even Philadelphia, to visit her.

Returning to the inn, I sought my couch early, and the next morning the circuit rider and I were on our way, on horseback, along the river road to Madison.

[8] Mrs. Julia C. Dumont, the first Indiana poet whose work has been preserved, was the daughter of Ebenezer and Martha D. Corey of Rhode Island. She was born in 1794, and her early life was spent in Greenfield, N. Y. In 1812 she was married to John Dumont and removed with him to Indiana territory, where she entered upon that heroic struggle in behalf of education and culture that has wedded her name to the history of the educational movement in Indiana. Mrs. Dumont wrote with equal facility in prose and verse, and Eastern publishers were always ready to pay her liberally for her productions.—Editor.

Space is lacking to give details of the journey, but I do not need to set it down; it is forever imprinted on the tablets of my memory. The air was soft and warm and heavy with the perfume of the wild plum and the hawthorn. The giant trees, sycamore, elm and beech, interspersed with black walnut, hickory and sugar maple, towered aloft, overgrown with a tangle of wild grape vines. Willows edged the banks of the river and the small streams that often crossed our path. Here and there a group of tall pecans reared their heads heavenward. The pawpaw and the persimmon were familiar to me, and the circuit rider, to whom the woods were as an open book, oft perused, enumerated long lists of plants and shrubs growing indigenously in the country, the Indian turnip, the trumpet vine, Solomon's seal, horse weed, blue flag, mandrake, ginseng, and many others. The woods were full of birds, the robin, the red-headed woodpecker, the black bird, the blue jay, and, most interesting to me, the paroquet in great numbers, a bird with a most brilliant and beautiful plumage but a most discordant shrieking voice. Wild turkeys and wild duck were abundant.

Enchanting glimpses of the river, full to its banks and sparkling in the morning sun, came to us between rifts in the hills and breaks in the woods. This road, so Mr. Hicklin informed me, was first surveyed in 1799 by Capt. Ephraim Kinney, then of Cincinnati.

The horses which Mr. Hicklin had hired were excellent, and we rode briskly, stopping for dinner at

a cabin, where they gave us a good dinner of fried ham and eggs, biscuits and coffee. Everything betokened a good housewife, a well-cooked meal, set on a clean tablecloth and in order.

Then on again until we came in sight of Madison.

CHAPTER IV

MADISON, IA., MAY 21, 1840.

THE day I was to spend in Madison has stretched itself into three, four and five, and now that my plans are made for my departure and my bags are packed for the morrow's journey, I regret most deeply that I must leave this pleasant abiding place.

From many points of view, Madison is one of the most interesting towns I have as yet viewed, in its beauty of location and natural surroundings, its flourishing business conditions, and its prospects for the future, to say nothing of the wholesouled hospitality and cordiality, the culture and intelligence of its citizens.

This is accounted for, I am told, by the fact that such a new and growing town in such a new and growing country is especially attractive to young men, and for this reason Madison has had an influx of men of talent and ability.

The early Madisonians, I was informed, were men of rugged will, sturdy pioneers whom hardship and danger never daunted, with whom to conceive an enterprise was only esteemed the

preliminary step necessary to its accomplishment.

As Mr. Hicklin still insisted that I should consider his house my home while in Madison, and I could see that his hospitality was sincere, I accompanied him thither on our arrival from Vevay to meet his wife, a plain woman, but with beautiful hair, a dark glossy brown, disposed in the Madonna style over a high and well-shaped forehead. After her warm hand-clasp and a look into her clear eyes, I felt no atom of doubt as to my welcome, and when I looked about the plain room, its rag carpets, its plain but snowy curtains, its homely furnishings, the walls, whose only adornments were the portrait of John Wesley and the minister's framed certificate of ordination, the few precious books, "Clark's Commentaries," "Summerfield's Sermons and Sketches of Sermons," "Bright's Essay," "Doddridge's Rise and Progress," I felt the glow of that altar fire by whose radiance every homely article was transformed and given grace and beauty. In short I knew myself to be in a home where dwelt goodness and mercy, and I could now clearly understand, as I had been dimly understanding ever since my meeting with the minister, why Gen. Harrison, though not himself of that faith, could pay so heartfelt and sincere a tribute as he had paid in the letter I had seen, to the circuit rider of the western woods.

Another sect, I was soon to learn, had also established itself here and is making itself known by its good works, the Baptists, one of whose most

prominent members, Elder Jesse Vawter,[1] died here just two years ago.

Another member of this family, Col. John Vawter, laid out the town of Vernon and is a resident of that town, and pastor of the Vernon Baptist Church. As Vernon is the terminus of the railroad on which I leave Madison to-morrow, and my plan is to remain there for a season, I have letters to this gentleman, who will acquaint me, I doubt not, with much I wish to know.

Madison, which is the seat of justice of Jefferson County (the county and town named for two of our Presidents), is, at this writing, the most populous of any other in the state. It is situated on the crown of a horseshoe bend, at an elevation above the highest floods. It has about 4,000 inhabitants, is handsomely laid out, the houses are principally of brick and substantially built, and the streets are wide, straight, handsomely graded, paved or macadamized. It contains a court house, jail, market house, two Presbyterian Churches, one Baptist, one Episcopal, one Methodist Episcopal, one Methodist Reformed, a banking house, a very tasty structure, a savings institution, an insurance office, two iron foundries, a paper mill, and a steam engine factory, an oil mill, a steam grist and sawmill, and a boat

[1] Elder Jesse Vawter came to Indiana in 1806 and located on a hill overlooking Madison from the north, naming his home Mount Glad. He assisted in organizing the first Baptist Church in Jefferson County. "He was without doubt one of the most pious men in his day, and as a doctrinal, practical and experimental preacher, his qualifications were far above mediocrity." From "History of Baptist Denomination." Descendants of this pioneer family are scattered all over Indiana.—Editor.

yard, at which a number of boats have been built, about fifty stores and two hotels. It is bounded on the north by a range of cultivated hills, 250 feet above the river, from which there is a beautiful view commanding the river and the Kentucky shore opposite; but, beautiful as it is, I enjoy more looking down upon the prospect of the city spread before me, the pattern of the streets, delightfully shaded at this season of the year, with umbrageous trees.

Of the citizens I met through the offices of Mr. Hicklin, I must first record the name of Gen. Milton A. Stapp,[2] president of the Madison Savings Institution, whom I found a most interesting man. Stapp was a Kentuckian, and an old Indian fighter, still bearing a scar acquired at the battle of the Thames. While marching through Indiana in this Indian campaign, he was so much impressed with its possibilities that in 1816, the year in which it became a state, he came to make Madison his home. He told me with great pride of his drilling of the Madison militia.

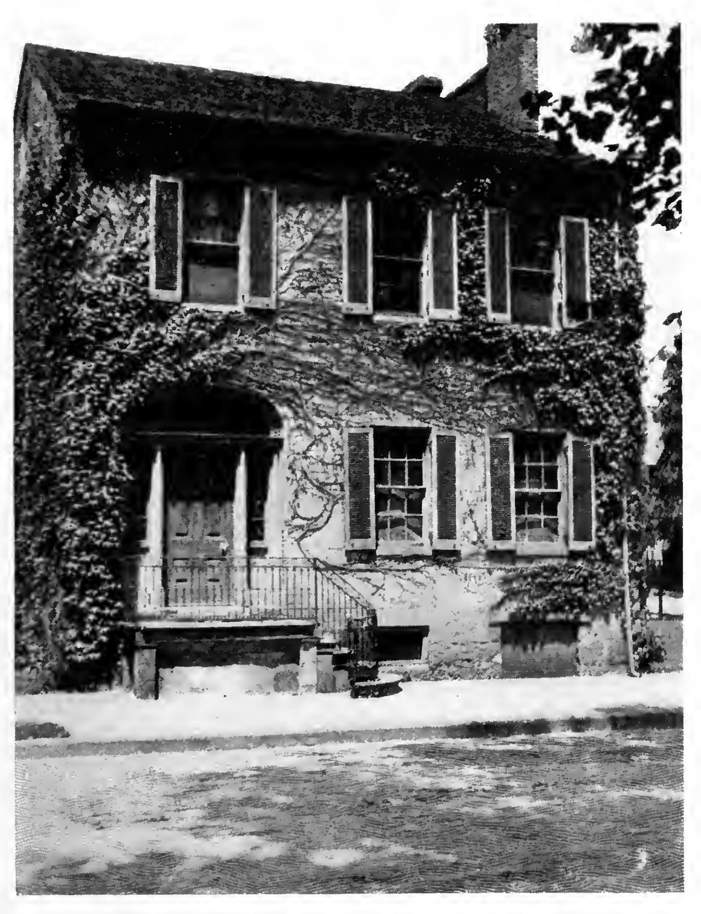
He is a man of about 47, has served in the Legislature and Senate of the state, and has been Lieutenant Governor. He is a fine-looking man, easy of access, an active member of the Baptist organization, in politics a Whig. He is much interested in the new railroad and has given me much valuable information concerning it.

[2] Milton A. Stapp (1793-1869) argued for the building of the Madison & Indianapolis Railroad before several sessions of the Legislature, but without success until the internal improvement act was passed Jan. 27, 1836, and work on the road was commenced by the state soon after. The road was completed to Vernon June 6, 1839, just a year before our traveler's visit.—Editor.

Because of Madison's location on the river, he told me, and the fact that it is a terminus of various state roads, commodities can easily be sent from south and east into the interior, to the capital of the state and every interior town in fact, much more cheaply and easily than from any other point of supply. Then, all state products will drift by natural law to Madison to be sent onward to the various parts of the world by water, thus giving the town a monopoly of the transportation system.

At Madison, it seems, are concentrated six important roads, one of them to Vincennes, on the Wabash River, one hundred and forty miles above its mouth; another, through Brownstown to Bloomington, in the vicinity of which is seated Indiana College, an institution which does credit to the state by which it was established; this road also continues to Terre Haute, at the intersection of the Wabash with the great National Road, distant from Indianapolis seventy-five miles; another road extends to Columbus, forty-four miles, and thence to Indianapolis, making the total distance from Madison eighty-five miles; another extends to Versailles, the seat of justice of the adjoining county of Ripley; another to Mt. Sterling, besides the river roads to Vevay and others above and villages below.

This being the case, Mr. Stapp has foreseen what the railroad penetrating the interior would mean to a city on that great highway, the river. By its means, Madison, already of commercial importance,



AN OLD HOUSE AT MADISON

From a photograph

would become one of the chief cities of the west—a gateway of commerce for the state.

Although only twenty-two miles have been built at this writing, it is the intention to make the other point of termination Lafayette, on the Wabash River, seat of justice of Tippecanoe County, thus bisecting the state in a southeasterly and northwesterly direction and passing through Indianapolis. It will be, when completed, about 146 miles long, and will traverse a country of great resources or susceptible of being made so.

The details of the opening of the railroad I learned through Jesse D. Bright, a young lawyer near my own age, whom I met most pleasantly on the occasion of an evening party given at the home of a Mr. Creagh.

The residence of this gentleman was near the modest dwelling of Mr. Hicklin, and I had much admired, in passing, the fine old mansion fronting on a well-kept lawn shaded by majestic trees, behind which lies an extensive garden, rich in fruits and radiant with flowers. The charming atmosphere of the interior was enhanced by the presence of two daughters, delightful girls. The elder, Miss Nancy, has blue eyes and blonde hair, a face of Grecian contour, and exquisite fairness; the younger, Miss Mary, is a pretty creature of about 16, with hazel eyes, a soft voice and a light step. The mother, Mrs. Creagh, I found, to my delight, a highly educated and accomplished woman, whose conversation is rich in anecdotes of her personal experience. She

has a clear, broad brow, stamped with intellect.

Miss Mary, I soon learned, plays charmingly, and the two sisters sang several duets for the company, much to our entertainment. I requested during the evening an old song, a very old one but a favorite with me, "The Last Link Is Broken," and Miss Mary sang this for me deliciously and with considerable science. These young ladies attend the Young Ladies' Seminary,[3] an institution which had been pointed out to me the day before

This school, I was informed, presented a most elaborate course of instruction comprising Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Grammar, Composition, Rhetoric, Latin, Greek and French, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Physiology, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, the Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion, History, Ancient and Modern, Vocal and Instrumental Music, and Painting by Theorem.[4]

For the moment, on hearing the glib recital of this ponderous curriculum from the rosebud lips of Mistress Mary, "my wonder grew, that one small head should carry all she knew," but I was somewhat reassured after a glance at the small volumes to which she called my attention, "Mrs. Lincoln's Lectures on Botany," a thin volume entitled "Elements of History" and others not nearly so worn by use as were the domestic tales of T. S. Arthur,

[3] The Madison Young Ladies' Seminary was built in 1838.—Editor.

[4] The figure or flower was cut in stencil by the teacher, and traced and colored by the pupil.—Editor.

the popular novelist, several volumes of whose works I had noted in the large and well-selected library.

It was at this party that I met, as I have said before, Mr. Jesse D. Bright.[5]

He was a tall, good looking young man of imperious manner, one destined, I was told by some of his admirers, to become a leader among men. Being almost of an age—for he is but a few years my senior—we have found much in common, and he has been my almost constant companion during my stay here, and has introduced me to many of the most agreeable people, Mr. Lanier,[6] John R. Cravens, Mr. Marshall, Michael Bright, brother of my friend, C. P. J. Arion, John King, James McMillan, William H. Webb, E. J. Whitney, John Sering, and many others.

Among the many interesting events of which he told me, the most interesting to me was the story of the building of the railroad. When the first seventeen miles of the road were completed to a village called Graham, arrangements were made for a great celebration and an invitational ride for some of the grandees of the state, followed by a banquet. The passengers, let me note, are carried up from the town to the railroad in an omnibus, but an inclined

[5] Jesse D. Bright (1812-1875) lawyer, able Democratic politician, state senator, Lieutenant Governor in 1843, and later, United States senator.—Editor.

[6] James F. D. Lanier, founder of Winslow, Lanier & Co., was at one time a practicing lawyer in Madison and later president of the Madison Branch Bank. He went to New York in 1848 to start the banking house which bears his name.—Editor.

plane[7] is in process of construction—commenced in 1836—by which the cars will be let down the incline by gravity and hauled back by horses.

A locomotive for this railroad had been ordered from Baldwin Company's works in Philadelphia, but unfortunately it had been shipped on a vessel around by New Orleans, and during a storm was thrown overboard with other freight to save the ship. As the invitations to the grandees had already been issued when this news came, a locomotive, the Elkhorn, was borrowed from Louisville, brought over on a boat used to transport stone and dragged up the hill by five yoke of oxen. The great event was a success. The people gathered from far and wide to view the sight, the Governor and important officials arrived in due time, the trip was made, and on the party's return a banquet was held in a building down by the river, over which Mr. Bright was master of ceremonies. He showed me one of the invitations, which he is carefully preserving, and which reads as follows:

"MADISON, OCT. 15, 1838.

"Sir—The Common Council of the city of Madison has directed us to invite you to participate with them in a festival to be given on the occasion of opening the regular trips of the cars on the Madison & Indianapolis Railroad.

[7] When the plane was completed the cars were let down the incline by gravity and hauled back with eight horses driven tandem to each car. The practice of letting all freight and passenger cars down by gravity was continued until 1880, at which time Col. John J. R. Shaler, superintendent of the Jeffersonville, Madison & Indianapolis Railroad, issued orders requiring the hill engine to be attached in the rear of all cars coming down and going up the incline. This order is still effective.—Editor.

The hospitalities of the citizens of the city will be tendered to you on Monday of the 26th of November next. On Tuesday the celebration will take place, and on Wednesday you will be taken on the cars to Vernon on your way to Indianapolis. Arrangements will be made to convey you from Vernon to Indianapolis if necessary.

"Milton Stapp, J. F. D. Lanier, C. P. J. Arion, Jesse D. Bright, John King, Committee."

Mr. Bright, I soon learned, was an ardent Democrat, and when I heard his views on the coming election I began to wonder if, after all, Gen. Harrison was so likely to be elected as I had supposed. "True," said he, "the Whigs are noisy and conspicuous; the tocsin has been sounded and they are daily girding on their armor, preparing for the conflict, but they do not realize the strength of their foe." Taking up a copy of the *Madison Courier* of recent date, he read me a long editorial, concluding with, "Let us leave the subject for the present with a firm reliance that the people of the State of Indiana and of the Union at large will never place an individual at the head of the affairs of the only republican government upon earth, that has and still entertains sentiments so diametrically opposed to the universal spirit of freedom that pervades every American heart."

As he concluded, most impressively, a sound attracted my attention (we were sitting in his office), and I turned to see standing in the doorway a most unusual man, over six feet high, ungainly, with a large head covered with a mop of sandy hair. He was carelessly dressed, his stock bow awry, his

trousers twisted, but there was that in his face and bearing that bespoke the man of power. He smiled rather scornfully.

"Faugh, Bright, you know as well as I that Gen. Jackson turned the ship of state out of her course and Mr. Van Buren has kept on. He has been admonished of danger, been told by several good old pilots that he would run the ship aground or drive her on the breakers, where she would be shipwrecked, but he seems to fear no evil and to listen to no counsel. Thus the country suffers. Business is nearly suspended, confidence is destroyed, and will never be restored until Gen. Harrison is elected. But stay"—he silenced Bright with a gesture—"I did not come for this; we can talk politics any day. I wish to meet your young friend, of whom I have heard much."

This was Joseph Glass Marshall.[8]

For some time, he sat and chatted with us on various subjects. Among other things he related to me the story of Daniel Webster's visit to Madison in 1839, on which occasion he made the welcoming speech. A Mr. George Robinson, an orator, editor and lawyer, who was present, after hearing the speeches, went to his office, wrote both speeches out from memory, and returning, laid them before the speakers. Both pronounced them exact, word for word, a most remarkable performance.

On the same evening, in company with Mr. Bright,

[8] Joseph G. Marshall born 1800, came to Madison in 1828. As a lawyer he stood among the very first in the state; his ability to present his facts in the strongest possible manner was excelled by no man.—Editor.

I called at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Creagh and together with the young ladies we sallied forth to Paul's Spring, a pleasure resort. This Col. Paul,[9] I was told, was the founder of Madison.

The spring known as Paul's Spring, to which we now bent our steps, is in the heart of the city. Here, in 1812, a pleasure resort was established, with rustic seats of hewn logs disposed about the grounds. Here, I was told, the pioneers indulged in dances on the green and wrestling bouts with the Indian braves. Every evening, in pleasant weather, the population of Madison gathered at Paul's Spring.

The young ladies were most charmingly attired for this occasion. Miss Nancy, who walked with Mr. Bright, wore a gown of violet satin with the skirt immensely full, trimmed with lace, the whole veiled by a long lace mantle. Miss Mary's simple frock was almost covered by a pardessus of muslin lined with straw colored silk and enriched with rich descriptions of laces. Under her bonnet rim were tucked clusters of violets and rosebuds. I felt myself quite equal to the occasion, for I had dressed myself with care in my frock coat of brown, with high rolling velvet collar, and vest of light buff. with striped pantaloons.

[9] Col. John Paul (1758-1830) bought the site of Madison in 1808; founded Madison in 1810; was a volunteer colonel in the War of 1812. His home, the second brick house in Madison, is a two-story house on the second bank of the river. Mindful of the difficulty he had in making a landing, cutting his way through vine-tangled thickets of willow, sycamore and cottonwood, he cleared the trees from the terrace reaching from his front door to the river, making a lawn 400 x 600 feet before his house. He piped water through hollow logs to his house from a spring two miles distant.—Editor.

'Twas a beautiful night, moon lighted, the breezes soft and warm, and we sat for some time on the benches, watching the people passing to and fro and the gambols of the children. We talked of songs and of books. Miss Mary had, just that day, she informed me, been perusing "The Laurel Wreath," a gift book, whose contributors are among our most eminent writers, and which is recommended as a model of literary excellence as well as moral instruction. She plays the guitar, too, she confesses.

Mr. Bright was in high spirits, he confessed, as we strolled homeward, having parted from the young ladies, feeling the witchery of the moon. He hummed a serenade, then much in vogue—

> Underneath thy lattice, love, at even,
> When the village clock is tolling seven,
> And the stars are gleaming in the heaven,
> Thou wilt hear my light guitar.
> Tra-le ra le ra la la la
> Tra-la le ra la la la!

'Tis true she is charming, and so are many of the others whom I met at the evening party, but I must confess that since meeting one all others, howe'er fair, seem insipid. Ah, well!

Much impressed with the city, which I learn is soon to be visited by Eastern architects who will erect handsome residences for some of the town's wealthy citizens, I desired much to view the adjacent country and learn something of the price of farming lands. Since it is my purpose eventually to purchase land in this state, I intend making careful in-

quiry into prices and quality of land and market facilities in each locality I visit.

In company with Mr. Bright I rode horseback one fine May morning out to Wirt, a village a few miles from Madison settled by the "Iron Jacket" Baptists, among them John Burns and wife and James Burns and wife, to call on this same Capt. James Burns[10] who, I was told, was the owner of several farms and could give me much of the information I desired.

Wirt was named by Capt. Burns for William Wirt of Virginia, his native state, which he left early in life to come out to Kentucky and thence to Ohio, where he was one of the militia of Ohio who kept guard along the river at the time of Aaron Burr's flight to intercept and capture him. He came down to Madison on a flatboat in 1814.

Capt. Burns's home is a large frame house with two front doors, pleasantly situated on a hillside, among forest trees, and was of particular interest to the entire countryside at that time because in its spacious kitchen stood the first iron cook stove in the community. Capt. Burns drove me out through the country,[11] showing me the farms, giving prices and regaling me with many interesting anecdotes from his varied experience.

Across the road from Captain Burns's house was a graveyard in which Mrs. Burns told me I would find the grave of her father, Elder Jesse Vawter,

[10] Grandfather of Judge Harrison Burns of Indianapolis.—Editor.

[11] It is a matter of regret that our diarist neglected to record the prices of this farming land.—Editor.

whom I mentioned early in this diary as a prominent Baptist minister. I copied the inscription on the stone for my father, to prove that, after all, Indiana is not so new a country. The lines run,

> "In Memory of Elder Jesse Vawter, who departed this life March 20, 1838, aged 82 years, 3 months, 20 days. He lived in the state of Indiana 32 years. He left surviving him 4 sons and 4 daughters, 71 grand- and 54 great-grandchildren."

Another drive of interest which I took in company with Mr. Marshall had for its object the college at Hanover, founded in 1827 by the old-school Presbyterians of Salem (Ia.) Presbytery. The road to this institution winds pleasantly along the river and to the college up the face of the river bluffs by gentle grades and easy curves, from which elevation the scene is of most impressive beauty. I had the pleasure of meeting the president, the Rev. Erasmus D. McMaster, D. D., who informed me that during this collegiate year, which would end in September, the whole number attending was 105 students, of whom five were candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Mr. Marshall told me much of the Union Literary Society and presented me to several of the members, among whom I remember most distinctly a Mr. Thomas A. Hendricks of Madison, a most charming young fellow, now in his junior year.

To-day being my last in the city, I made a visit to the boat yard, one of the flourishing industries of Madison, and made note of many points in the construction of the steam boat and of its business.

TOMBSTONE OF JESSE VAWTER

At Wirt, a few miles north of Madison

The steam boats on the western waters, it seems, are all what is termed "high pressure" and are constructed very differently from those on the Atlantic waters, with which I am somewhat familiar. The cylinders are generally in a horizontal position. The lower deck, on which is the engine and machinery, all open, is appropriated for some freight, fuel and deck passengers, but the bulk of the freight is carried in the hold. On the upper deck, extending nearly the whole length of the boat, except a small portion forward, is the upper or dining cabin, but the details of this part of the boat I have set down earlier in my diary. What interested me here was what I learned of the life of a boat. It is not of long duration. In three or four years it is generally "used up." But they are industrious when afloat, running on an average about 180 days in a year. Their consumption of fuel varies somewhat in proportion to their tonnage; because some boats of the same number of tons consume more than others for this reason, they have more boilers. A boat of 100 tons will consume about eighteen cords of wood in twenty-four hours. The price of this wood in Ohio is $2.50 a ton.

The monthly wages of a captain or commander are $150 a month; of a pilot, $140; of an engineer, $125; of a clerk, $50, and of a fireman, $25.

I was informed that the price of voyaging is higher by at least 25 per cent than last year, in consequence, say the parties interested, of the advance of wages and the high price of provisions, and when their tables do not present as plentiful a sup-

ply and as great variety the same reason is assigned, "the high price of provisions will not permit it."

The hour is late, my candle burns low, and as I depart in the morning, and the cars leave the depot at 9 o'clock, I must now seek my couch.

CHAPTER V

VERNON, JUNE 2, 1840.

I WAS accompanied to the omnibus which carries the passengers from the town up to the station at the top of the hill on the morning of my departure from Madison by Mr. Hicklin and Mr. Bright, who bade me farewell and gave me into the care of John G. Sering, who was acting as Station Agent in behalf of the state. The duties of this office require him to be on the train each trip, and see that all the passengers and freight are duly entered on the Way Bill and a copy of the same kept on file for the use of the state. This bill, which Mr. Sering permitted me to examine, gives the passenger's name, the number of seats occupied by him and his family, if so accompanied, his extra baggage, his home, his destination, and the sum paid for his fare. Our passengers numbered twelve on this trip, stopping at various stations on the route, and the sum collected from them was $7.75.

I previously had met several of the gentlemen on the train, among them Mr. Cravens and Mr. Sims, who were making the journey together, and they showed themselves most agreeable in pointing out to me various localities of interest along the line of the railroad. A remark to Mr. Cravens concerning my journey to a new country indicated that he con-

sidered this country no longer new and he talked to me most interestingly of the classes of settlers who sought it in earlier days.

"There are three classes in the Western settlements," said he, "which, like the waves of the ocean, have rolled in one after the other. First comes the pioneer, who makes a small clearing and builds a rude cabin in the primeval forest. The next class comes in, purchases the land of the pioneer, who pushes on to more distant primeval forests, and adds field to field, builds roads, bridges, schoolhouses and leads a plain, frugal but civilized life.

"The next class is composed of men of capital and enterprise, under whose leadership the small village rises to a spacious town or city, adorned with substantial edifices of brick." This third wave, he informed me in conclusion, is now sweeping over large districts of Indiana, Illinois and Missouri.

In pleasant conversation on topics connected with the country and political affairs, the time passed very rapidly, and by noon I found myself in Vernon. The approach of this town is most interesting, as the county, named after Jonathan Jennings, the state's first Governor, is traversed by creeks, whose borders are broken, the hills interspersed with rich alluvial valleys and high tablelands or "flats."

The north and west forks of the Muscattatuck, quite a large and beautiful stream, unite with the south fork here at Vernon, curving like an encircling arm around the little village and shutting it in on three sides.

Having sought the tavern on my arrival and there

procured, I must confess, an indifferent dinner of the ham, eggs, biscuit and coffee, which seems to be the universal bill of fare at country cabin and village caravansary in the western country, I walked about over the town on a voyage of discovery.

Vernon is a post town and seat of justice and its location on the state road, and the fact that it is at present a post road, insures it an increasingly prosperous future.[1]

It was court week, I learned from the proprietor of the tavern, a time when all the people, old and young, men and women, assemble at the county seat. The chairs before the tavern front were all occupied by men who, tilted back against the wall under the grateful shadow of the overhanging balcony, exchanged stories and viewed the changing crowd in evident satisfaction. To the hitching racks around the Court House lawn were tied the horses of the country people, whose women, in gay calicoes and flower-wreathed bonnets, often piloting a little family, crowded the stores. Farm products were being unloaded, freight that had been brought in on the train, carried away from the depot to the various mercantile stores, in short, the whole scene was one of extreme liveliness and ceaseless activity.

The population of the town is now 350, I had been told. Besides its large and elegant brick Court House, whose lawn is shaded by tall forest trees, it has a jail, a stray pound, and a clerk's office, two taverns, two mercantile stores, a carding machine,

[1] Our diarist's prophecies are sadly incorrect as regards the future of some of our early towns.—Editor.

two physicians, one lawyer, a minister, and a number of craftsmen of various trades.

As I had been given letters by some of my Madison friends to Dr. Ezra F. Peabody, I now sought him out at his office, which I found to be situated on the ground floor of a small building on the public square, a large room with shelves on one side of which were ranged large glass jars with gilt labels indicating their contents, a great mortar and pestle for the pulverizing and compounding of drugs, and a pair of scales in which, at the moment of my entrance, the doctor was engaged in weighing out a quantity of quinine. He is of a gaunt figure, and speaks low, as I learned later, and with great slowness, but is full of easy and interesting talk.

"Enter, sir, and be seated," he said courteously, and having perused my letter, "I am now engaged in the compounding of pills for the cure of the ague, the scourge of our new country. While it is now not so severe as it was at the time of the first settlement, when it was often so malignant that as many as three or four deaths of adults occurred in one family in less than forty-eight hours, the long and severe chills followed by a burning fever still are common and are frequently more than a match for our skill. The form which afflicts the settlers along the Wabash is known as the Wabash ague, and is the most severe known."

As he talked, he proceeded with deft fingers to pour the quinine on an inverted plate, mix it with a small quantity of molasses into a thick dough, with the aid of a spatula, cut portions of this into bits and

roll them into pills, dusting them, at the last, with flour.

Among many other things he told me that the town of Vernon was founded in 1818 by Col. John Vawter,[2] now an elderly man, to whose home, near by, he promised to take me as he started forth to make his call. When founded, the proprietors made a donation for the benefit of the county, which produced upwards of $5,000, by the avails of which the Court House, which I had so much admired, was erected, as well as the stray pound, the jail, and the clerk's office, in which, he told me with pride, is a library room with near 200 volumes of choice books. After defraying all these expenses, the county still has about $500 loaned out at interest.

Col. Vawter, he told me, like all the Vawters, is a peculiar character, very stubborn, but good, honest and dependable. He was once subpœnaed as a witness in two cases in which a well-known Irish lawyer was engaged, in one, on the side in whose favor Col. Vawter was to testify; in the other, on the opposite side. In summing up the first case, in which Col. Vawter was his witness, the lawyer cried out: "And who is this Col. John Vawter? He is the marshal of the territory of Indiana, the founder of Vernon, and the defender of the oppressed." In the other case, the lawyer thus apostrophized him:

[2] Col. John Vawter, born in 1782, in Virginia; moved to Madison in 1807; first magistrate of Madison; sheriff of Jefferson and Clark Counties in 1810; United States marshal in Indian campaign, 1811-1813; colonel of militia in county, 1817; pastor of Baptist Church in Vernon, 1821-1848; in Legislature, 1831-1835; state Senate, 1836; moved to Morgantown in 1848; died in 1862.—Editor.

"Who is this old John Vawter? He is the hireling of the United States government, the nabob of Vernon, and a secrater of nagers!"

The pills compounded and put in the pill box, which found its place in the saddle bags, Dr. Peabody flung these over his arm and walked with me out on to the square. As we walked towards Col. Vawter's house, he told me two other facts of great interest. One was that a large brick meeting house had been erected at a common expense, in which the several churches, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian, convene, each one according to its appointment, the oldest having the preference; the other, the Jennings County Academy, which was organized in 1824 by Dr. Burt, the Rev. Daniel Lattimore, W. A. Bullock, Alanson Andrews, the Rev. J. B. New and Dr. Peabody, and he pointed out to me the two-story brick building with two rooms and an outside stairway. A superior class, surely, these citizens of Vernon, so early to provide for education by means of such a school and a library!

By good fortune, we found Col. Vawter at home, and he received me with the utmost cordiality. As he was just preparing to ride out to the home of his brother, a few miles from Vernon, he invited me first to take dinner with him, and then to accompany him on his journey.

"There are two different kinds of timber land in this county," he informed me, as we set forth soon after dinner. "The flats, as we denominate them, are covered with large and tall timber, white oak, beech, gum, soft maple, burr oak, hickory, and

some other varieties, with a thick undergrowth in many sections, interwoven with grapevines. The second is the rolling land, where grow profusely the white oak, the black oak, the beech, the sugar tree, the linden, the ash, the black walnut, the white walnut, the cherry and the poplar, with an undergrowth, on the rich bottoms, of pawpaw and an occasional large sassafras. On the bottom lands along the streams, sycamore, hackberry, elm and buckeye flourish."

So he talked as we rode, pointing out splendid specimens of the forest growth, and the feathered denizens of the wood, as well, whose sweet song smote the ear—this old man to whom the wood was an open book, for, like his father before him, whenever he learned of a new settlement being founded, he visited it, and held religious meetings there, sometimes blazing trees and breaking down underbrush to mark his way through the wilderness.

On May 8, 1833, he told me, there was a killing frost, still well remembered, because it had done such damage to the timber in certain localities. On the "west flats," the beech grove was almost entirely destroyed, and in other places, the tops of the white oaks were killed. All the fruit was killed that year except a few varieties of hardy apples.

The prosperity of the region was easily explained, he said. In the rich alluvial bottoms, corn grew in abundance, yielding ample harvests; wheat, oats, buckwheat, hay and potatoes flourished, and there was ample pasture for mules, horses and cattle. The fruit I could judge for myself, for we passed

orchards of apple, peach and cherry trees, and the borders of the woods were full of blackberry vines, these berries, he said, being unusually fine and plentiful in this locality.

A few miles along the pleasant country road, and we came to the 200-acre farm of William Vawter, who was a preacher as well as a farmer. The comfortable house had a pleasant situation on a hillside above the road, and we spied the proprietor as we approached, sitting on the porch. His old horse, Farmer, the colonel called him, stood at the hitching block—they had evidently just returned home.

He greeted me cordially and called his wife, who, he said, was engaged in making soap, and on my expressing an interest in the proceeding, she took me around to the back of the house, where a young woman was watching a bubbling mass in a great iron kettle over a fire of chunks of wood. Nearby was set a box of wood ashes, and she showed me how the water draining through a hole in the bottom of this box made the lye which, combined with the waste fat from the kitchen, made a soft soap for household use, and also a fine hard soap of which she had great quantities improving with age, in the garret of the house. She pointed out to me the flourishing orchards, the two fine springs with which the place was blessed, and her old horse, Fanny. She was a woman of great intelligence, I soon discovered, and, what I imagine is unusual among the women of the countryside, a great reader. I noted later some books on the table, among them one of the edifying

volumes of Mrs. Sigourney, as we went into the room to our supper.

For to supper these hospitable people insisted that we should stay, and we did full justice to the buckwheat cakes fried on a griddle over the fireplace, and eaten swimming in fresh butter and sirup made that same spring from the sugar trees in their grove.

As we rode home slowly in the gathering twilight Col. Vawter, who, by the way, possesses a most engaging and persuasive personality, broached a new idea to me.

"In a few days," said he, "I am going to start on a journey, and I should like much to have you for a traveling companion." He then proceeded to tell me that, being a most enthusiastic Whig, he had determined to attend a monster Whig meeting to be held at the place known as the Battle Ground, the scene of Gen. Harrison's great victory over Tecumseh. This is to be a meeting of unbelievable numbers and enthusiasm, he assured me, and it would be the greatest of misfortunes for a visitor from another state to fail to see it.

When I demurred at the distance, and mentioned the fact that that point was included in my itinerary later, he waved this aside with a "Pooh! What, sir, would the vacant Battle Ground amount to, compared with a sight of it crowded with troops of men, all followers of our candidate?" and with some of that "stubbornness" which Dr. Peabody had assured me was a characteristic of the Vawters, proceeded to arrange our plans as though I had already consented.

"The distance is nothing, sir," he declared. "I could ride it in a day, but, an old preacher, you know"—and his eye twinkled—"inclines to stop here and there. It may be a wedding he is wanted for, or a funeral to be preached, or some old friends met unexpectedly, so it will be well for us to start in time and give ourselves two or three days at the farthest.

"Horseback will be the better way," he replied to my next question. "I think, sir, that I am correct in asserting that travelers through the interior of our state find that the most convenient, sure, economical and independent mode of travel. Their own convenience and pleasure as to time and place can always be consulted, and were time alone to be considered, we should probably do better on horseback, for the statements of stage, steamboat and canal boat agents are notoriously uncertain. Moreover, even this late in the season, the stage coach is like to become mired, or overturned, and, finally, 'tis a hopeless task to undertake to convince an old preacher against his will! And I myself can and will provide you, my dear young sir, with a most excellent beast."

Col. Vawter then proceeded to tell me for how long a time he had been a staunch Whig and follower of Harrison. When Gen. Harrison was nominated for the presidency in 1835, Col. Vawter called one of the very first meetings in the interest of his candidacy at Vernon. And the reason for this is worthy of note, for I am convinced that it is not known in the East, that Clay never received the support of

the church people of Indiana, the Quakers, Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists, as they all, and especially the preachers of these sects, were continually finding fault with his drunkenness, his gambling, his profanity and other immoralities with which he was charged. They charged that in every question that arose during that quarter of a century, Clay threw the weight of his influence against good morals, and from him and such other characters as Van Buren, Webster and Buchanan, these church folk turned to look with hope to Gen. Harrison.

This, then, explained to me this old minister's enthusiasm. At the convention held in Indianapolis on Dec. 14, 1835, he had called the convention to order, giving it over then to a Mr. Clark, a relative of the great George Rogers Clark.[3]

From that time, as this convention, Col. Vawter assured me, was really a reunion of the veterans of Tippecanoe, the feeling waxed warmer and warmer, several papers carrying from 1835 to 1840 as a motto the words, "Uncompromising Hostility to the Re-election of Martin Van Buren."

By the time we reached Vernon I had decided in my mind what he had already taken for granted, that I would be his traveling companion on this journey. I was, he declared, to remain in the town several days as his guest, and then go with him to Battle Ground, leaving my baggage behind me at his home. I will confess that these days were infinitely delightful. At various times I rode in the country with Col. Vawter, viewing the farm lands

[3] Marston G. Clark.—Editor.

and inquiring as to their values, on one of these occasions meeting Mr. Allen Campbell, who had occupied a farm near Vernon since 1817. In the town I made the acquaintance, among others, of Thomas J. Storey, who was in the war of 1812, and who had come to Vernon as a house builder in 1820; Mr. Smith Vawter, owner of one of the mercantile stores, a peculiar and most interesting character; John Walker, the recorder of the county; Simeon Robinson, who was a notary public; Mr. Baldwin, a merchant, and a most interesting young man, a member of the Christian Church, so he told me; Hickman New, a cabinet maker, whose father, Jethro New, had come here from Delaware, through Kentucky, in 1822. Another gentleman of the same name, of whom I heard much, was the Rev. John B. New, a highly esteemed minister of the Christian Church, who had left Vernon only last year.

I spent some time roaming over the beautiful hills about the town and along the banks of the Muscattatuck, whose most picturesque spot I found to be the Tunnel Mills, a place of great natural beauty, where the hill is tunneled through in order to lead water through from the Muscattatuck to provide motive power for the stone mill on the other side, a tall and most imposing structure. This and the graveyard, a peaceful spot on a hillside overlooking the Muscattatuck, whose graves, overrun with myrtle and shaded by trees, dark against the western sky, presented a picture on which I was never tired of looking. After an excursion such as this, the words of the poet Horace constantly recurred

THE TUNNEL MILL AT VERNON

to me, when I thought of the town of Vernon, "Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes angulus ridet."[4]

"This little corner of the earth pleases me beyond all others."

In this graveyard I found the graves of two soldiers of the Revolution, born in Virginia.

I shall take neither the time nor the space to record in detail our journey to Battle Ground, for some of my steps I shall retrace later. Suffice it to say that we passed through the town of Shelbyville and Indianapolis, the capital of the state, over a road known as the Michigan Road, on which we continued to travel for some little time after leaving the latter city.[5]

I regretted much not being able to see this city, but, arriving there after dark, we stayed the night at a farm house on the outskirts and left at daybreak the next morning. However, my regret was tempered by the thought that this city was included in my itinerary and that I had planned a stay there of some days, later on.

I found Col. Vawter a most entertaining companion, a man of great energy of mind, very explicit in his views, of much humor and excellent common sense. As he prophesied, we did indeed tarry by the wayside in the early part of our journey, for this and for that. We stopped at country inn and cabin,

[4] Our diarist evidently had a gentleman's knowledge of Latin.—Editor.

[5] It is a matter of regret that Mr. Parsons failed to set down this route. He might have taken one of several. It is highly probable that Col. Vawter chose the more often used road through the northern part of Boone County and through Crawfordsville.—Editor.

sometimes with good, sometimes with bad fare and lodgment, and at the end of our journey, my aged companion, inured to the hardships of backwoods' travel, showed, to my shame, far less fatigue than did I. As for the rain which fell, almost continuously, that only gave him food for exposition on the greater safety in horseback travel over the stage coach, in such weather.

His spirit was shared by the multitudes who joined us at Indianapolis and farther along the way. Thousands of them there were, some on horseback, some on foot, those from Indianapolis carrying a splendid banner presented them, on leaving, by the ladies of that city. Some who joined us were in wagons, in huge log cabins mounted on wheels, in long canoes painted and decorated with party emblems. One group was preceded by a full rigged ship, the *Constitution,* drawn by six white horses.

Among the men, so Col. Vawter told me, were revolutionary soldiers, heroes of Fort Meigs, survivors of Tippecanoe. And it was my good fortune to hear some of these last named describe the battle —the attack, in the darkness that is greatest just before the dawn, the heavy firing, the loud voice of the Prophet urging on his men, the charge, the repulse of the enemy, their flight—the pursuit and the burning of the Prophet's town—as I heard these stories from the lips of the heroes, my heart thrilled and I, too, caught the fire of enthusiasm for their cherished leader!

Arriving finally at the battle ground, we sought the elevated point of woodland said to have been the

site of Gen. Harrison's headquarters twenty-nine years before, and discovered the whole woods and the lower level of the prairie for a long distance to be filled with tents, wagons, flags, banners and streamers, in the midst of which lay the plat of ground encircled by a board fence, where rest the bodies of those who fell in the great battle.

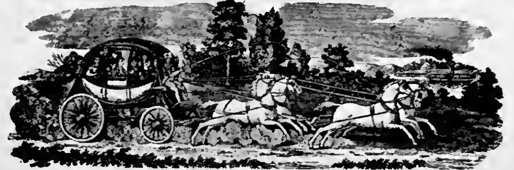
Among the countless attractions, the barbecue had for me the greatest interest. In one great trench were cooking whole carcasses of shoats, sheep and oxen, dressed and spitted, with carvers continually cutting and serving with their long sharp knives. In another trench, burgoo, a rich and well-seasoned soup of many ingredients, was boiling over a slow fire. Three tables, each 100 yards long, were heaped with the food, and with corn and wheaten rolls, all this bounteous supply free to all who came, and, again and again, the table company was changed and the supply renewed until at last all were filled.

Then, and not until then, did my friend Col. Vawter mount the platform, and with his great voice, rich and full, call the multitude together and invoke the blessings of the Lord upon them, intrusting the meeting then to Gen. Jonathan McCarthy. Col. Vawter had already told me on our journey the story of Spier Spencer and his Yellow Jackets and when I saw the procession of the heroes of Tippecanoe who, clustered together, came forward at this moment to the speakers' stand under the tattered banner of that fallen hero brought hither for this purpose, the tears sprang to my eyes.

There were many speeches at this meeting, and much singing, but more than the rounded periods of Mr. Brooks and the other orators of the day, was the sight of the people, from Michigan, Ohio, Illinois and Kentucky, who had traveled through mud and rain so long a distance to show their allegiance to the hero of the West!

As we rode homeward, more rapidly this time, our talk was all of the Whitewater Valley, toward which I would next turn my steps.

FOR THE BATTLE GROUND

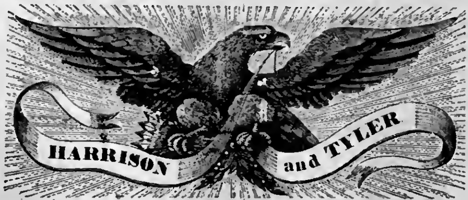


"Every man to his tent!"

TO THE BOYS OF

INDIANA.

Do you know that the greatest and most universal gathering of the People; of Farmers, Mechanics, Laborers, and all classes of community, who are in favor of



Are to meet upon the BATTLE FIELD OF TIPPECANOE on the

29TH OF MAY,

To welcome the Old Soldiers once more to that scene of glory, where everlasting benefits were wrought in blood for Indiana?

Do you know that hundreds of old and young, the poor and poorer, (none can say rich now,) are already providing their "bread and meat, and camp equipage," for the campaign? Do you know that *that one thing* which few have in these Sub-Treasury times, will not be needed? Every man with his wagon and horses, or ox team, horse back, or with his knapsack, with his week's provisions, be up and ready to march to Tippecanoe. Do you know that extensive preparations are making by the "Pioneers" around the old camping ground, to afford better accommodation to those who cannot come prepared, than the brave soldiers found who fought upon that bloody ground in 1811? Do you know that a larger army of men will be there than ever met together in the state of Indiana? Do you not feel anxious to form a part of that great mass of your friends, who, with their shouts, their flags, and their cannon, will be there to engage in the political conflict for the brave Old Hero, who never lost a battle, and who stayed the Indian's tomahawk upon that ground where so many of his friends will once more enlist under the banner of him who is beloved by his old soldiers, and despised by the blood-suckers of the country, because he is literally one of us—one of the People—one who tills his own land—one possessed of true Democratic principles—equal rights and equal justice to all men—one who, when about parting with the brave little band who fought with him on the battle-ground of Tippecanoe, told them that "notwithstanding he wore the dignified title of 'General,' and also 'Governor,' that he lived, like themselves, in an humble log cabin, and," says he, while the heartfelt tears rolled down his cheeks, "if you ever come to Vincennes, you will always find a plate, and a knife and fork at my table, and never find the door shut and the string of the latch pulled in." Such is the man, such the day and occasion for which we meet together upon the Tippecanoe Battle Field. Who will stay at home on that day?

ANNOUNCEMENT OF TIPPECANOE RALLY, 1840

From the original in the Indiana State Library

CHAPTER VI

BROOKVILLE, JUNE 6, 1840.

I WAS sufficiently weary from my long horseback ride to welcome the information that I could go by stage coach from Vernon to Greensburg and thence to Brookville, even though, as Col. Vawter warned me, the vehicle was built more for hard usage than for comfort, and that the roads were frequently corduroy. That term at the time, happily, meant little to me, for we have few in Virginia, and I have traveled over them only on horseback in this state. The "corduroy," I knew, is the settler's way of making the mudhole passable. Ten-foot rails are made of good timber, oak or ash, split wide and laid close together across the grade with a little soil thrown on the rails to level up and hold them in place. Sometimes a full half mile of swampy road is corduroyed, and I was soon to learn the sensation, first of rapid travel along a comparatively smooth stretch of level upland, a swift descent of a steep hillside, then the indescribable bump, bump, bump of the vehicle as the wheels leap jarringly from one log to the next. Infinitely better than being mired, no doubt, but I doubted many times on this journey, whether it had not been wiser to keep to the horse, for the roughest traveler I have ever bestrode has

never given me such a shaking and drubbing as I received on this stage coach journey.

However, there is always some good to offset the ill, as I long ago learned from my favorite Robinson Crusoe, and on the stage coach I found several interesting companions and learned much of the customs of the country.

One sight that greatly astonished me, but which, I was assured, was not an uncommon one, was a large drove of hogs that was being driven to the Cincinnati market. As I had already seen these great pork-packing establishments in Cincinnati, I was doubly interested in this, and was amazed when, in the distance, I heard the sound of the approaching army of porkers. Later, as we were drawn up at an inn, I saw them pass by along the road. The word "army" rightly describes them, for there were from two to three thousand in a drove, and ten days or two weeks are required to drive them from this part of the country to Cincinnati, according to the conditions of the roads.

Falling into a conversation with a gentleman of much dignity of carriage and intelligence of conversation who I learned presently was Mr. Abram T. Hendricks,[1] a graduate of Hanover College, which I had so lately visited, and at the present time the principal of the Greensburg Academy, I was given much information by him concerning this "hog army."

The weighing of them is a very slow and tedious

[1] The next year Mr. Hendricks entered the ministry. He was a brother of Thomas A. Hendricks, Vice-President of the United States. —Editor.

process. One hog is caught at a time, and put into a pair of harness breeching, with steelyards hooked into the big rings, and a lever attached to the steelyards to hoist the hog to be weighed. This process is so tedious that many times whole droves are "guessed off" without weighing. A good wagon and team are always taken with the drove to haul such hogs as may "give out," as they say, on the road. The drove, as I observed for myself, extends quite a distance, the best travelers in front, which sometimes have to be held back, and the slow travelers and "heavies," as he expressed it, in the rear, with a man at intervals, to keep them in bunches. Some of these hogs, he said, are dangerous, wild fellows.

Much cider is made in this country, Mr. Hendricks informed me, so there has been no scarcity for the "Hard Cider Campaign," a campaign he interjected, "in which intemperance has become the badge of a political party." I had become very familiar with the barrels; now I was to have pointed out to me the cider presses. Many of the farmers have their own crude presses, just as we have in Virginia, a kind of lever press, the apples being pounded or crushed with a wooden pestle or maul, and the cider pressed out; but at one of our stopping places, a poor house, and poor fare be it said, was a cider mill and press, to which many farmers came with their apples, themselves doing the work, and paying the mill owner 10 cents per barrel for the use of the mill and the press. As cider is an essential ingredient of the popular "apple butter,"

as the only vinegar to be procured is formed from the hard cider, and as every one drinks sweet cider, the cider mill is a most important institution.

While we waited, I examined this mill with some curiosity. It has wooden rollers, about twelve inches in diameter and eighteen inches long, with large grooves cut in them which fit into each other like big cog wheels. A crooked pole makes the "sweep," the small end of which is fastened to the horse. A hopper to put the apples in is fastened on the front part of the mill, so they fall into the cogs of the rollers as they turn around. A five or six-barrel poplar trough is placed under the rollers to catch the pomace. The heavy beams and posts are made of oak, and my attention was called to the fact that in this mill there is a great wooden screw, twelve feet long and six inches in diameter, eight feet of which has an inch thread cut in it, made of black gum, the first ever made in this part of the country.

After the apples have been ground, they are placed in a hoop, lined with clean, dampened wheat straw and these hoops, like cheeses, are put in the press, the weight applied by means of the screw. On hot days, said Mr. Hendricks, bees and yellow jackets are a terror to the cider maker, as they swarm about the press to get the cider.

I was much entertained, as we rode, by a queer character who very soon entered into conversation with me, choosing me, I confess, because he sat facing me, and conversation seemed a necessity with him. He was a minister, I was soon to learn, of the Universalist denomination, but of an altogether

different type from the gentleman I had met on the boat, and by whose conversation I had been so greatly edified. This gentleman was stout and slightly bald; his stock was awry; his clothes in need of brushing; he talked in a loud complaining voice, his theme partly the merits of a Brother Moore whom he had recently heard discourse, and partly his disappointment over a journey he had recently taken into Illinois. Brother Moore, he informed us, "is one of the brightest stars in the firmament of our race, and will soon throw the coruscant beauties of an intelligent mind upon the visions of listening multitudes. He is about 21 years old," he continued so persistently that any other conversation was impossible, "of wealthy and highly respectable parentage, and is now under the educational care of the learned, pious, and devoted E. S. Wiley."

We had but left the miserable dinner at a more miserable inn, when this minister burst forth upon the fondness of many preachers for food. "What goeth into the mouths of too many of our preachers," he exclaimed, "are the things which defile the man; for some are such huge eaters that they are continually laboring under dyspepsias and other diseases of a melancholic and hypochondriacal nature. If they would add to their faith a little more temperance, they would become healthier men, better preachers and be less plagued with gloom and despondence of mind. Show me a man who crowds into the narrow confines of a small stomach a little of everything (and some are in the habit of filling themselves from the four quarters of the globe),

pork, beef, fowl, fish, potatoes, milk, tea, coffee, rice, etc., and I will show you one whose habits will inevitably engender disease, becloud and obscure his mind, and render him unfit for strong mental exercises. We seldom see hearty eaters of pork rise to eminence in anything but muscular force.''

As I had observed, at the miserable tavern at which he had just dined, that this worthy man had partaken largely of the fried pickled pork, the greasy potatoes and the wretched coffee, I could not forbear a smile, which he failed to observe because of his self-absorption. He continued to dwell on his troubles, no doubt enhanced by this time by the weight of the pork, and to recite at length the story of his journey into Illinois to hold a meeting, which he said ''was completely blotted out'' by the appearance in the town, on that same day, of one of the candidates for the United States presidency. ''He, with his attendants,'' said he spitefully, ''were so much more popular with the people of Fairfield than Jesus Christ and His apostles that the latter did not once seem to be thought of by either saint or sinner!''

''What manner of man was he, brother?'' inquired a little man in a corner, a new passenger.

''He was, indeed, a very genteel looking old gentleman,'' admitted the minister reluctantly, ''apparently about three score and ten, tall and slender and plainly appareled. I made no inquiry as to his name, but the presumption is that it was either Martin Van Buren or William Henry Harrison.''

''The latter,'' said the little man blandly, ''for Martin Van Buren, thinks I, can not leave his golden

spoons and his silken damask long enough to come out among us of the West."

"Be that as it may," replied the preacher. "I saw nothing but a man, and could not divine why so great a stir was made because a fellow man was passing. My meeting was completely blotted out. I had a similar experience in Dayton, where I had an appointment at candlelight. Forty or fifty thousand people on the street, all gaping to hear political speeches—the streets filled with an almost impassable electioneering apparatus—I did not even stop, but returned home to remain until this madness is over."

He lapsed into silence, and presently Mr. Hendricks called my attention to some of the scenes we were passing. This county, he told me, was named for the gallant Commodore Decatur, and was organized in 1821. There are no barrens or prairie lands in the county; the face of the country is mostly level with gentle undulations, though on some of the streams it is hilly. The bottoms are rich, though small; the soil of the uplands is generally a rich black loam, and the timber consists principally of ash, poplar, walnut, sugar tree, oak and beech.

Greensburg, at which I left the coach, remaining there over night, as the coach for Brookville was not to depart till the morrow, is a post town and seat of justice, situated on the Michigan Road. The town is flourishing, and the inhabitants of both town and country are very industrious; the dwelling houses, I noted, are generally of brick and of considerable size.

I spent some time in walking about the town with Mr. Hendricks, who took me first to the scene of his labors, the seminary, a large, square two-story brick structure with a brick cupola and large grounds surrounding it. The seminary was erected in 1834.

Mr. Hendricks introduced me to several of the leading citizens, among them Mr. Henry T. Talbott, a young Virginian who is filling the offices of clerk, auditor and recorder and whose mother-in-law, Mrs. Hendricks, had asked to have the town named—as it was—after her home in Pennsylvania; Mr. James Morgan, at this time state senator from this county; Mr. Wyatt Henderson, the sheriff, and Mr. Andrew Davison, a learned technical lawyer, so says Mr. Hendricks, who has no superior at the bar as a pleader. He is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and in 1825, while taking a horseback journey through the Western country for his health, he stopped at Greensburg perforce because his horse dropped dead at this place, and liking it well, he has here remained, marrying the daughter of Judge Test. I also met Mr. Ezra Lathrop, a very successful business man; Dr. William Amington, a native of New York, who had first located in Switzerland County and had only this year come to Greensburg, and many others whose names have slipped my memory.

When bidding farewell to Mr. Hendricks, who courteously accompanied me to the coach on my departure, I discovered again my traveling companion, the Universalist minister. He was not going on to Brookville, but remembering that I had said I was to depart on this day, he had come to the tavern

yard to tell me of a great religious debate which was to be held in a grove near Brookville the next day, lasting two days, in which one of the speakers is to be Brother Winans, who, he assures me, always "utters a good discourse," and "Jim Johnson, a son of Methodism," who, he said, "thinks that my head ought to be amputated," the subject to be: "Was baptism preceded by faith and repentance, appointed by divine authority, in order to obtain the remission of sins and induction into the Christian kingdom?"

The debate, he assured me, would be well worth hearing, and I agreed with him that this was doubtless true. I had decided, however, to attend, instead, a political meeting of which Mr. Hendricks had told me, at which the speaker is to be Robert Dale Owen of the New Harmony settlement, announced to be one of the best of the Democratic speakers.

We were ere long over the county line, I was informed by my fellow travelers, and into the county of Franklin, a county of rolling and broken hills watered by the beautiful Whitewater River, formed at Brookville by the union of the east fork and the west fork, this part of the state being known as the Whitewater district. A gentle summer rain had been descending since daybreak, and as we entered the spurs of the great hills among which, I was told, Brookville is situated, I thought mine eyes had ne'er been privileged to rest upon a more beautiful scene. Occasionally we passed a gentle slope set with the graceful beech; the hills, clad in trees of varying shades of green, towered high, their tops veiled in

mist. Between the rifts in the hills gushed little streams; in every hollow a pool rested, the hue of emerald from the o'erhanging trees. The whole landscape was emerald veiled in silvery mist.

Then, toward noon, the clouds were swept away by a brisk breeze, and the warm June sun shone forth. Briskly our horses mounted the hills, towering more and more grandly toward the skies, and we came at last upon serene Brookville, surrounded by her amphitheater of hills, a little town of wondrous charm, and beautiful in her robe of summer green, plentifully besprinkled with the pink of the wild rose.

Here I have tarried for several days, making my headquarters at the Yellow Tavern, an inn built in early days by James Knight. It is not, perhaps, the best caravansary in the village, but I chose it, I confess, for somewhat sentimental reasons. Here, I am told, in the early days, assembled such famous men as George Rogers Clark, Simon Kenton, and Daniel Boone. Here has come, many times, Gen. Harrison. 'Twas within these walls, my host assured me, that this leader planned the Tippecanoe campaign. To-day, it is a favorite meeting place for both Whigs and Democrats, and it is my expectation to derive much entertainment from such sources in the few days I tarry here.

The town of Brookville, I have learned, has in its brief life known both growth and decline. Founded in 1808, it experienced its most flourishing period in 1820, when the lands in the interior as far north as the Wabash River were thrown open and the Land

Office established in this town. All purchasers, of necessity, visited the town and it consequently grew and flourished. The men who were drawn there made of it a seat of culture, and many of the state's prominent public men dwelt here. Then the Land Office was moved to Indianapolis, a town, it was said, set in the wilderness and "surrounded by a boundless contiguity of shade."

Then evil days fell upon Brookville, business languished, houses fell vacant, and so it stood, lapsing into decay until 1833, when with the passing of the internal improvement act, and in 1836, the act providing for the construction of the Whitewater Canal, it experienced new life. I have already recorded Mr. Dunn's story of the celebration at Brookville on the day of the letting of the contracts. At this time, the town being a point of shipment, and also a receiving place for supplies, it is flourishing, and the people are now looking forward to a canal between Richmond and Brookville, the project having been under way since 1837 and some excavations for which have already been made.[2]

On my visit to Joseph Eggleston at Vevay he had given me a letter to his brother, Judge Miles C. Eggleston of Brookville, and as soon as possible after arriving in Brookville I hastened to present it to that gentleman, who had been appointed presi-

[2] Our diarist is probably wrong here. In an article on this canal in the *Indiana Magazine of History* in 1905 James M. Miller says: "The lettings took place as advertised, except Section 52, near Brookville, which, owing to heavy excavations, was not let. I can not learn of any work done near Brookville, but on Section 40, near Fairfield, the contractors excavated about one and one-half miles of the canal down the east side of the river."—Editor.

dent judge of the Third Judicial District at the organization of the state government and had held the office for over twenty-one years. As I have said before, he and his brother are Virginians, liberally educated, and I was told that he is most eminently fitted for his position. I found Judge Eggleston a good-looking gentleman, rather below the middle size, with a finely shaped head, and exceedingly well dressed. He received me with the utmost cordiality, and on learning that my stay was to be brief, immediately took me for a stroll about the town and invited me to his house that evening for tea. I found him excellent company and a man who, though of great dignity, enjoys much the telling of a good story. From him perhaps more than from any other did I learn the story of the growth of this state.

One of the first places to which Judge Eggleston took me was the brick Court House, a square building in the center of which runs up a cupola, on the top of which is a carved eagle with spreading wings, and within, a triangle, used for a bell, by striking on its base with a hammer. The bar, on the ground floor, is in two parts, the inside for the lawyers; the outside, paved with brick, for the people, who come to hear the lawyers plead. The judge's bench is on the west side, nearly to the ceiling.

As we strolled about the town, conversing on many subjects, for he had many inquiries to make about Virginia, and I, in turn, was anxious to know many things about this new state, he pointed out to me, in the center of the town, the home built by

James Brown Ray, in 1828, when he was a candidate for Governor, a house considered at that time so extravagant, because of its size and a red and green glass window, that it was called "Ray's Folly" and was undoubtedly the cause of his being elected by the smallest plurality ever given a Governor in spite of his previous great popularity. A similar "folly" had been committed, he said, by Governor Noah Noble in ornamenting his front porch with fluted iron columns—indication that the populace is the same the world over!

As it is possible that I may hear this James Brown Ray [3] speak during the campaign, Judge Eggleston has told me something of his character.

He is very egotistical, very fond of display, very fond of sensations. Judge Eggleston told me a most humorous story of Ray's riding, when he was Governor, at top speed to an execution, waiting until the young man stood at the gallows, then saying to him most impressively, "Young man, do you know in whose presence you stand? There are but two powers known to the law that can save you from hanging by the neck till you are dead; one is the great God of the Universe, the other, J. Brown Ray, Governor of Indiana. The latter stands before you. You are pardoned."

Although he is not an old man, Judge Eggleston says that he has recently given indication of a failing mind, for he dwells continually on a scheme he

[3] James Brown Ray, born in Kentucky, 1794, moved to Brookville, 1818, to practice law. State senator, 1822; acting Governor, 1825; Governor, 1828-1831.—Editor.

has concocted since his residence in Indianapolis of railway concentration in that city. He foresees a day when railways will be everywhere, and it is his crazy idea that they should radiate like a spider's web from the center of that city, with villages at intervals of five miles, towns at ten miles, and cities at twenty miles. 'Tis absurd, and laughable, and yet, 'tis pathetic, says Judge Eggleston, to see a noble mind, grown old before its time, and its possessor become a laughing-stock.

The present Governor of Indiana, David Wallace,[4] is also a native of Brookville, having read law in Judge Eggleston's office.

According to Judge Eggleston, the state never had a better presiding officer.

The tea at Judge Eggleston's I pass over hurriedly, though it was a most pleasant occasion, with some of the neighbors invited in. I walked home with a young lady fast verging into the sere and yellow leaf, and our conversation was not of sufficient interest to bear recording.

On the day I walked about the streets with Judge Eggleston we met a young Andrew Shirk, to whom he introduced me. He lives just three miles from the town, and at Judge Eggleston's suggestion, he promptly agreed to accompany me to the campaign speaking on the next day. Early the next morning, therefore, the young man rode into town after me, leading another horse by the bridle, and we set forth

[4] David Wallace, born 1799 in Pennsylvania, admitted to the bar in 1823. Legislature, 1828-1829; Lieutenant Governor, 1831-1834; elected Governor in 1837; Congress, 1841.—Editor.

together in high spirits. Mr. Shirk, I learned, is 24, just a year older than I; his father was born in Kentucky of parents who had come out from Pennsylvania and had come into Indiana in 1808. His family had assisted in founding the Little Cedar Baptist Church, three miles south of town and adjoining their farm, the oldest church hereabouts.

As it was early in the morning and the weather fine, he suggested that we might ride out and view it, and so we did. It is built of brick, quite substantial, and the clay for these bricks, the young man tells me, was tramped by oxen. Once they were compelled to cease building for a long season for lack of nails, and again to build a blockhouse, for these first settlers were in frequent danger from the Indians. His grandfather helped to make the brick, and was a deacon and singing clerk, he said.

It would have been a queer sight, said he, to see these first settlers going to church, many of them barefoot, others wearing moccasins, the men in buckskin breeches and hunting shirts and caps fashioned of fox, possum or coon skin, with the tails hanging down behind. As he told me, we both fell to laughing loudly, sitting on horseback there in front of the church, to think of that procession through the woods, and here were we, to-day, quite dandyish young fellows, in our bell-shaped beavers, our tight trousers, our stocks tied à la mode! Then suddenly sobering, I looked within at the stout seats, the ample gallery, the little pulpit high up on the side with a tiny window, and then at the gravestones in the little graveyard at the side, the bees drowsing

lazily in the bushes, the gray stones showing among the overrunning vines, graves of these men who cleared the woods and built this altar to their God!

Mr. Shirk I found to be quite an interesting young man, and as we rode back to the grove he told me many things of interest and much of the young people of the town. When I mentioned that I was to stop in Greencastle later, he promised to give me a letter to a young man from Brookville, Thomas A. Goodwin, who will graduate this year from Asbury College in that town, the first out-of-town student at this college from Brookville.

The grove in which the speaking was held we found almost filled when we arrived there, people having driven in wagons or come on horseback, whole families, bringing their dinners and prepared for an all-day outing. Mr. Shirk had told me that he is a Whig, but, like myself, willing to hear a speech on the opposite side. I confess I felt a great desire to see the speaker, Robert Dale Owen, concerning whose settlement I had already heard much. Mr. Owen, I learned, is a man finely educated in Europe, with a strong, comprehensive and vigorous mind, highly improved by education and reading. He has been in the Legislature and is considered one of the best of the Democratic campaign speakers.

His arguments were the same which I had heard advanced in Baltimore, that the Whig campaign was not based on reason, that it made inflammatory appeals to the people, that it uttered not a word of party principle, no reason why Mr. Van Buren should be opposed, but resorted continually to a

clatter of barrels and tincups. Mr. Owen is a man small in stature, with a large high forehead, light hair and eyes, and prominent features. He looks every inch a Scot. He speaks fluently, and, I must admit, with some show of reason, and he interested his audience, though there were among them some boisterous disturbers of the peace.

It was a pleasant day, and it was with a feeling of regret that I parted from my young companion at the Yellow Tavern that evening, expecting to leave in the morning by coach for Centerville, on my way to Richmond. What was my delight to hear from the landlord that Mr. Owen is stopping at the Tavern and that he will be my fellow passenger on the morrow.

CHAPTER VII

RICHMOND, JUNE 11, 1840.

NO matter how long my life may be, I never expect to spend a more delightful period of time, nor a more edifying one than that spent in the coach on the day I rode from Brookville to Centerville with Robert Dale Owen. I am, I confess, a hero worshiper. The man who achieves, I admire above all others. Half the charm of the university for me, in my residence there, was the impression Mr. Jefferson had left upon it of his character, his personality, and many a pilgrimage did I make to Monticello to admire his one-time dwelling place and to marvel over his brilliancy and many-sidedness. Therefore, I rejoiced from the moment the landlord told me that Mr. Owen would be my fellow passenger to Centerville.

The fame of his communistic settlement had long since spread to the East, not from the place itself, but by means of the many savants from Europe who came to our country solely to visit New Harmony and the group of notable men who there cultivated the arts and sciences, remote from the world. I had also been told that some wealthy families of New York and Philadelphia had sent their children out to Harmony to attend the famous school for the in-

struction of young children established there by Mr. Owen after the plan devised by Pestalozzi.

Since I had been in Indiana I had heard much of Mr. Owen, his education and the wealth of his experience, and after having heard him speak, I desired especially to converse with him. Fate was kind to me, for at first we were the only passengers in the stage, and soon fell into conversation, and he speedily proved so agreeable, particularly on learning that I was from another state and on a voyage of discovery, that I ventured at last to inquire how he had chanced to enter into the political arena, for I had heard that he had been elected to the Legislature in 1834 and twice reëlected since that time.

"Well," said he, " 'Squire Zach Wade, farmer and justice of the peace, a tall, lank, hardy, illiterate but shrewd and plain-spoken neighbor, called on me one morning and said, 'Mr. Owen, the neighbors have been talking matters over, and we've concluded to ask you to be our candidate for the Legislature this season.'

" 'But I am a foreigner,' said I. 'It is not nine years since I left the old country.'

" 'Anyhow, you're an American citizen.'

" 'Yes, an adopted one. But my birthplace will be sure to be brought up against me.'

" 'Well, it oughtn't to be. A man isn't a horse, if he was born in a stable.'

"I was very proud of my native country, Scotland, but I knew he meant no harm, so I promised to consider it. I liked my neighbors, and I appre-

ciated the ability concealed under an uncouth exterior. I don't know what opinion you have formed of our Westerners, sir, in your brief stay, but I want to say to you that hidden under their eccentricities are things rare and valuable. I have sojourned among the laborers of England, the peasantry of France, the mountaineers of Switzerland, but the spirit of man was not there, the spirit that can lift up the brow with a noble confidence and feel that while it is no man's master, neither is it any man's slave. You will find it far otherwise in the frontier West. It is an equal you meet here, an equal in political rights. Their conversation running over the great subjects of the day assures you of it. I have heard in many a backwoods cabin arguments on government, views of national policy, judgments of men and things, that, for sound sense and practical shrewdness, would not disgrace any legislative body upon earth."

I remarked that I had noted this interest in political discussions during my stay here.

"Very true," he replied. "On a hundred occasions I have addressed and heard others address crowds of hardworking men grouped under the forest shade, calm, deliberate arguments, lightened now and then, it may be, by a few homely anecdotes in point—arguments which were listened to with Indian quietude and courtesy, and with eyes riveted on the speaker, with sober applause or laughter now and then, but no sign of weariness. However much such men may, for the time, be stirred by demagogical sophistry or misled by falsehood, they can

be guided in the end by a logical appeal to reason and common sense.

"Yes," he concluded with emphasis, "it is this class, the agricultural masses, on whom we can depend. Theirs is the law-abiding spirit; they have the pride of ownership in their country's institutions. It is 'our laws, our Constitution' with them."

Our road had by now taken us through Fairfield, a thriving little post town of about 700 inhabitants, which in addition to its mercantile stores, taverns, mills of various kinds and carding machine, possessed an academy of learning, and on into the adjoining county of Union.

This is a small county, and when I expressed some interest in the juxtaposition of the names of Union for the county and Liberty for the county seat I was told that the county was named from the hope that it would harmonize the difficulties in Wayne and Fayette, and that there was no special reason so far as known for the name of Liberty. This county much resembles Franklin on its western side, along which our road lay, and the soil appears to be good. The little town of Liberty, of about 500 inhabitants, contains professors of many religious sects, Methodists, Presbyterians, Friends, Reformed Church, Universalists, and here for the first time I heard the name of "New Lights."[1]

[1] "The Christian [Disciples] Church had its origin in Indiana early in the Nineteenth Century. It was a result of the protest against creeds in the church. It gained its membership largely from the Baptist and the Dunkard societies, though many Presbyterians and Methodists became members. It is impossible in many instances to tell at what point a Baptist church became a 'New Light' and then a Disciple or Christian." *Esarey.*—Editor.

Liberty also contains a flourishing county seminary. Brownsville is another post village in this county, and then we came to Philomath. Mr. Owen had evidently some knowledge of this town, and bade me take special note of it as we tarried here for our dinner.

"This town," said he, "was founded in 1833, by the Universalists, under the leadership of Kidwell, and a session of the convention of the Universalists of the Western states was held here. Kidwell and Manford, of whom you have no doubt heard, were violent opponents, and Manford once sneeringly remarked that 'it is well known that Philomath has been for a long time the city of refuge for outcasts of the Universalist denomination.'[2]

"Kidwell has established here a little college and a press for the dissemination of their sentiments. I'll wager—wait a moment."

He spoke to the landlord and returned in a moment smiling, a small volume in his hand.

"I thought it would be safe to wager that I would find in our good landlord's possession one of these volumes," and he held out to me a small book which I examined curiously and one of which I presently purchased from Mr. Kidwell himself, going with Mr. Owen, before the departure of the stage, to visit the press and see the monthly "Philomath Encyclo-

[2] "The real cause for the opposition was Kidwell's position that Christianity was not dependent upon certain portions of the Old Testament nor upon the miracles of the New, a position which would meet with little opposition to-day, though at that time it provoked violent controversy." *Esarey.*—Editor.

pedia and Circle of the Sciences," which he prints there.

"Federurbian, or U. S. Sessions, Intended to Promote Learning and a Knowledge of Republican Principles in the Mind of Our Youth" stands on the title page of this curious volume, together with the name of the author, Henry Houseworth, Professor of Languages and Science in the Western Union Seminary, this being the name of the institution here founded by Mr. Kidwell. It was published only last year, and its contents cover a wide range of subjects, being divided into various departments, national, biographies, philosophers, miscellanies and questions and answers, and containing articles on the Declaration of Independence, George Washington, the national character of the Mexicans, the crocodile, Mr. Adams's reception at the Court of St. James, remarks concerning the savages of North America, and selected verses. I thought it well worth the modest sum asked for it, and shall enjoy the surprise of my Virginia friends when they see a book actually published in what they consider so wild a country.

Mr. Owen spoke with some feeling of the religious controversies now raging in this section of the country, and praised the early legislators of the United States, "the noble and enlightened spirits," he called them, who framed our Constitution, who recognized its sacred claims to free speech and equal protection. "That same let-alone principle in legislation," he said, "how great and important are its results! In three little words how

much wisdom may be contained! Think of the legion of horrors that has sprung from that monster Intolerance!"

He had, I observed, a habit of musing for a season, and then speaking as though to himself. After a time, he roused himself; perhaps it was when we had passed through a forest where jolting through bogs, over stumps, stones and corduroy roads made conversation almost impossible, and came into a clearing where a few log huts marked a new settlement, dead upright trees standing in the fields, dense woods all around shutting out the rays of the morning and evening sun, and upon my remarking upon the striking pictures afforded by the contrasts in these Western settlements, and the difference between them and the scenery of my own South, the groves of Georgia and Carolina redolent with the luscious perfumes of magnolia blossoms, the glades of evergreen oak and the savannahs clothed with varied wild flowers, or the contrasting scene to be found in these same states of brushwood copses, sandy barrens, dismal woods of pitch pine and untenanted morasses, he replied, with enthusiasm:

"Ah, but you should see the autumn glory of Indiana's forests, the atmosphere of the Indian summer, when for weeks not a cloud appears on the horizon, and the rays of light are mellowed only by that almost imperceptible haze which, the legend runs, comes from the red men smoking their pipes beyond the pasture ground of the buffaloes. The oaks wear a mantle of dark crimson; the creeping

vines and underwood are dyed vermilion; the poplars dressed out in yellow; the beeches robed in purple; a delicate flame color distinguishes the rock maple, while the pine stands aside in its somber green, and above, a sky of brilliant blue completes the gorgeous livery of the scene.''

He fell into silence again, and be it noted, that such was my reverence and respect for him that I ventured not to intrude myself upon his reverie, but waited until his musings again found voice. The sight of some women engaged in outdoor work in one of these clearings, suggested his next utterance.

''Whenever I see women engaged in the hard labor that life in the country places entails, I can but ponder on their hardships and the injustice done them by the laws of our state. No successful settler would ever have built up his fortunes and made comfortable his home without the assistance of his wife, she who saves while he accumulates, who so faithfully seconds all his exertions with her labors and prudent economies. And yet, our iniquitous laws take from her, if disease or accident deprive her of his sustaining arm, the property which her watchful care has mainly contributed to increasing and keeping together. May heaven speed the day when these unjust laws are changed! [3]

[3] Through Mr. Owen's efforts there were procured for the women of Indiana, at a later date: (a) the right to own and control their separate property during marriage; (b) the right to their own earnings; (c) the abolishment of the simple dower of the common law and the widow's absolute ownership of the deceased husband's property; (d) the modification of the divorce laws of the state so as to enable a married woman to secure relief from habitual drunkenness and cruelty.—Editor.

"You are going to Centerville?" he asked presently, and I somewhat bashfully confessed that I had taken that round-about route to Richmond because I had heard he was to speak there.

"You will find in that part of the state," said he, "many members of the Society of Friends, and no doubt will encounter some discussion on the subject of negro slavery."

This, I confessed to him, I had endeavored so far to avoid. I am, I explained, by no means a bigoted upholder of this institution, but, in view of all the embarrassments and obstacles in the way of emancipation interposed by the statutes of the slave-holding states, and by the social influence affecting the views and conduct of those involved in it, one should not pronounce a judgment of general and promiscuous condemnation, implying absolute destitution of Christian principle and feeling on the part of the slave owner.

"No, of a certainty, no," said Mr. Owen, and lapsed into silence for a season. Then, with a smile I had come to watch for, so sweet it was, so indicative of the man's fineness and nobility, "You seem to be a reasonable young gentleman, and open to conviction, so we will not discuss the question further. You are now traveling upon soil which the Ordinance of 1787 has forever dedicated to human liberty; your feet are now set toward two settlements made by the Society whose upholding principle is that of individual freedom. When you mingle with some of these men, when you have longer breathed the free air of our Western country, un-

tainted by any breath of human ownership of fellow beings, I trust, I know, indeed, young sir, that the scales will fall from your eyes.

"We were speaking of the fineness and ability of these Westerners under their shell of uncouthness," he resumed after a season. "They have one vice which is greatly to be regretted—one which is in reality responsible for many of their crimes and offenses, the vice of intemperance. Against this the Friends have labored, and have indeed started a Temperance Society. We at New Harmony[4] have long stood against strong drink.

"This claptrap campaign, with its tin cups, its barrels of hard cider, would indicate that we have yet far to go in this reform," he added with some bitterness.

The first settlement in the county of Wayne, I am informed, was made by one David Hoover, who came out from Ohio, found this garden spot and, returning, brought back his family and others of his faith to find homes in "The Twelve Mile Purchase," made from the Indians in 1810. Centerville is the seat of justice, pleasantly situated on the National Road, and I confess I was much impressed with this place when I first beheld it from the stage, and later when walking about its streets. The town is level, said to be healthy, and surrounded by fine farming land. It contains mills and machinery of various descriptions, several mercantile stores, three taverns,

[4] "New Harmony in 1826 afforded the first known American example of prohibition of the liquor traffic by administrative edict." *Lockwood.*—Editor.

several physicians and lawyers, a printing office, a seminary and, so I was told, a large number of mechanics of almost all descriptions.

Arriving with Mr. Owen, who most kindly introduced me to the gentlemen who received him, I met at once, I believe, most of the intelligent people residing in the town and was the recipient from them of many courtesies. I had been told at Brookville of the Mansion House, kept by Henry Rowan, a commodious three-story brick structure, they said, with accommodations in good style, but Mr. Owen assured me that the Lashley House, a homelike, well-ordered, and most excellent hotel, was always the headquarters for prominent lawyers, and that therefore it had been named as his stopping place. We accordingly put up at this inn, and here it was my good fortune to meet, with Mr. Owen, James Rariden, Judge Charles H. Test, John D. Newman, John B. Stitt, Michael Wilson, Thomas Means, Jacob Julian, and his younger brother, George W. Julian.[5]

To this last named young man, just my own age, I soon learned, I took quite a fancy, and 'twas he who, when Mr. Owen was surrounded by a group of men, took me for a walk about the town and talked most entertainingly, taking me also to the home of his mother, Mrs. Rebecca Julian, whose home is the oldest house in Centerville. Mrs. Julian, it seems,

[5] George W. Julian, born near Centerville, 1817; admitted to bar, 1840; Whig, anti-slavery; elected to Congress as a Free Soiler, 1848; Legislature, 1845; candidate for Vice-President on Free Soil ticket, 1852; Congress, 1848-9, '51, '61, '71; surveyor general of New Mexico, 1880-1890; died in Indianapolis, 1899.—Editor.

is a remarkable woman of strong character, of whose struggles and sacrifices in her widowhood her son spoke most feelingly. This young Mr. Julian has taught school for a season, and then engaged in the study of the law, and he has just been admitted to the bar. I confided to him my similar experience in the law, and we soon found much in common.

He called my attention to many of the houses, the brick house of Mr. Rawson Vaile, a teacher; the home of Mr. Dill, whose colonial pillars reminded me of my own Virginia; the grand white brick house of Mr. Pritchett and many others.

All of these men and many more I met the next evening at the Lyceum, for Mr. Julian promised me that if I would wait over for the meeting of the Lyceum he would ride with me to Richmond on the next day and introduce me to some of the most respectable families there, and, as I had no letters to any one in that town, I gladly availed myself of this opportunity.

That morning, the morning of the next day, I had the pleasure of observing the joint celebration of the scholars of Miss Sarah Dickinson and Mr. and Mrs. George Rea, who formed a procession at the Seminary at 9 o'clock and marched thence to the Methodist Church, where the address was made by John B. Stitt, whom I was also to hear at the Lyceum that night. The Centerville Musical Institute provided the music for this occasion, and as one of two excellent bands had furnished music at Mr. Owen's meeting the evening before, I perceived that the atmosphere of Centerville savored not at all of the

backwoods, and that both literature and the arts here flourished most amazingly.

I was the more convinced of this after meeting John Finley,[6] the clerk of the Wayne County Court, to whose home on Plum Street, I accompanied Mr. Julian.

Mr. Finley is a Virginian, I found, a man of genial manners, and well endowed mentally. He has written, Mr. Julian tells me, much verse, semi-humorous, semi-pathetic, always on homely themes. The best known of this is a poem entitled "The Hoosier's Nest." He read us some verses recently written, "An Advertisement for a Wife," and at my solicitation presented me with a copy in his own chirography. Mr. Julian assured me that Mr. Finley is not only a poet, but has capabilities for business, and is a man highly esteemed by his fellow citizens.

The Lyceum I found of greater interest to me than any form of entertainment I have as yet encountered in the Western country—wilderness I shall of a certainty not call it, for that would be a misnomer. Seat of culture would be a better name for this town, with its academies and schools, and its men and women of culture and refinement. The Lyceum meets weekly in the Court House, at 6 o'clock in the evening, and the public generally is invited to attend. The question for the evening was, "Would it be consistent with the genius of our institutions to add additional qualifications other than the present to the

[6] John Finley, born, 1797; clerk of Legislature, 1837; clerk of Wayne County Court for seven years; author of "The Hoosier's Nest."—Editor.

right of suffrage in this state?" Last week, I was told, the question was, "Has Congress the constitutional power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and if they have, would it be policy to exercise it?"

The meeting was largely attended, many females being among the listeners, and in addition to those lawyers I had already met, I here made the acquaintance of Dr. Richard H. Swain, Dr. John Pritchett and Dr. Israel Tennis, Mr. Lot Bloomfield, a prominent merchant; Mr. Burbank, another merchant; Mr. David Commons and a Mr. Samuel Hannah, a man, I learned, of much distinction. Mr. Hannah was a pioneer of the county and is a member of the Society of Friends. He has been sheriff of the county, has served in the Legislature, was appointed postmaster by John Quincy Adams, and removed by Andrew Jackson. He was one of the commissioners appointed to locate the Michigan Road. I found him a most agreeable and intelligent man, and through his offices I was presented to others, among them some of the females in the audience, wives and daughters of the members.

The scene was an interesting one. The western window and the early hour of meeting made candlelight unnecessary in the early part of the evening, and the rays of the setting sun shone in upon the intent faces of the gathering, some in staid Quaker garments, others in worldly clothing of fine broadcloth with high stocks and ruffled shirt fronts, and I had to admit to myself that nothing more enhances female beauty than the dove-colored garments and

snowy kerchief prescribed by the religion of the Friend.

According to his promise, Mr. Julian met me before the tavern the next morning after the Lyceum meeting, and together we took the stage for Richmond, which lies six miles directly east of Centerville, on the east fork of the Whitewater. He was a personable young man, in his broadcloth garments, tall, with black hair, and bright hazel eyes, and while I had been at once impressed with his dignity of bearing, I had found him fun loving and most companionable. I asked him at once why he had not taken part in the debate the evening before, at the Lyceum. He admitted that he had longed to do so, but, said he, "I have a seemingly unconquerable timidity. I fear to hear my voice in public. Sometimes I fear I shall never overcome it. I have been this long time frequenting the courts, listening to arguments, trying to acquaint myself with the customs of the profession in the hope that when the time comes, I shall dare to address the judge and jury."

We talked on many subjects as we rode, for I found him full of knowledge of many things, and he told me how he had worked, because of the privations entailed by his mother's widowhood, to obtain the means for his education. "I gathered nuts each year, a large crop of walnuts, one fall as many as sixteen bushels, and sold the hulls at Nathan Bond's carding and fulling mills at 6 cents a bushel for money with which to buy my books and stationery." And what books! I found to my surprise that he

was familiar with Plato, Dante, Bruno, Milton, had read philosophy, history, biography, sermons. The whole range of literature and history was his! The love of the woods was his, too, and as we passed over the fertile country and through the great forests of oak, beech, ash, poplar, maple and walnut, he pointed out the plants, the flowers, the wildwood songsters, with all of which he was familiar.

The soil of this country, he told me, is a rich loam bedded in clay, well adapted to the cultivation of grains of all kinds; it is unrivaled in the exuberance and variety of its productions by any county in the state, and without doubt, because of the fruitful soil, the salubrious climate and its moral population, Richmond is rapidly advancing to wealth and independence.

Arrived at Richmond, I waited at the tavern, the National Hotel, while Mr. Julian transacted some business before walking abroad with me, and improved the period by perusing a paper, *The Jeffersonian and Workingman's Advocate,* its motto, "A frequent recurrence to fundamental principles is absolutely necessary to preserve the blessings of liberty," published, so I observed, by a Mr. Samuel Eliot Perkins, who I learned later was a most able lawyer of the town. The paper, I found to be an excellent one, and I perused the foreign news, especially, with great interest, having heard little or nothing of it since I left Petersburg.

The *Great Western,* it seems, has recently arrived with intelligence from Europe. Hostilities are seemingly threatened between England and the

Sicilies over the sulphur trade. The belligerent attitudes assumed by England and China are unmitigated, the cause and nature of the quarrel, the East India Company's opium trade. A railway is planned from London to Bristol, at a cost of $6,-000,000. From the United States the news is of a tornado which has nearly destroyed the city of Natchez, and the arrival in New York of Fanny Elssler, the most brilliant, extraordinary and celebrated opera dancer in the world.

As its title would indicate, this is a Democratic paper, and the first editorial proclaimed the Democratic attitude. "The Fourth of July meeting," it ran, "must go on. We Democrats, being all hard-fisted workingmen, have but little time to spend and scarcely any money in making preparations for celebration, but, though poor, we are honest politicians, go for principle, and want no gull-trap shows, parades and fandangoes. It will cost us Democrats nothing for ribbons, silk stockings and gloves, ruffled shirts, etc. We are all plain workingmen and want things in a plain, equal, Jeffersonian, Democratic way. . . ." I also read with some amusement various flings at some of the gentlemen I had just met at Centerville, who I inferred are of the Whig persuasion.

"Rariden, Newman and Bloomfield owe their future to David Hoover, Esq., but now that Samuel Hannah has come and is elected to a clerkship, they cling to him."

I had just turned the page when a shadow fell on the paper and I looked up to behold Mr. Hicklin of

Madison, my circuit rider friend, who, saddle bags in hand, stood before me.

"I trusted I should meet you here," said he, "and now, we three fellow travelers, Arnold Buffum the Friend, you and I shall again sit in converse together, for he has even now come into this town. And I have other tidings for you as well," he added. "I have but just come from your friend Buford and his ladies, and they hope ere long to meet you again."

CHAPTER VIII

INDIANAPOLIS, JUNE 15, 1840.

GREAT was my joy at beholding again my friend, the circuit rider, and also to hear that he had so recently seen Buford and his wife —his ladies, he had said, but he explained no further, and my tongue was tied when I undertook to inquire if he had meant Mrs. Buford's cousin. Buford had intimated to me when we parted that he and his wife might make some visits in Indiana before setting off for the South, so that I had cherished the hope of meeting them again and with them, the fair Miss Caroline. Mr. Hicklin mentioned several towns which they contemplated visiting, among them Vincennes, returning thence to New Albany. As both these towns are included in my itinerary, it is within the range of probability that I may encounter them. Mr. Hicklin also asked me to go with him on the morrow to Newport, a small town in the vicinity of Richmond, where dwells a well-known and worthy friend, Levi Coffin by name, under whose roof Arnold Buffum is domiciled while in this region. I agreed to this, and he bade me farewell until the morrow, going on to an appointment at some neighboring post town.

Mr. Julian soon returned and together we set about viewing the town, though, it must be confessed, we

spent more time and found more interest in an interchange of ideas, happily finding so much that is congenial in our tastes, so many questions for discussion, that time sped far too swiftly for our liking.

While perusing the paper, I had noted the advertisement of a book store which interested me much; a Mr. D. P. Holloway, a bookseller, had inserted a notice in the paper that he had just received from Philadelphia a small assortment of books in the various departments of literature and science. Mr. Julian readily acceded to my suggestion that we turn our steps thither, and we did so, finding there much of interest. Among the books I noted particularly the works of Patrick Henry, Collins' Poems, "Lockhart's Burns," "The Life of Wilberforce," "The History of the Jews," "The Pirates' Own Book," "The Sentiment of Flowers," "The Language of Flowers." As I opened this small volume with its colored frontispiece, a nosegay in a graceful vase, and scrutinized the page on which, in a delicate combination of learning and sentiment, stood first the popular name of the flower, then its scientific name and botanical description, its language, and a verse full of sentiment, expressing the love, constancy, affliction, despair, or whatsoe'er the meaning may be, memory carried me back to the day in the inn when I had restored a similar volume to its fair owner, and I at once purchased the book of Mr. Holloway. Well, why not? The bookseller and Mr. Julian thought it a gift for a sister, and I did not undeceive them. 'Tis not beneath a man, is it, to learn a language in which the fair sex is so proficient?

Suppose he is a faint heart, and fears to put into words the sentiment he feels for the fair one, what more fitting than that he lay at her feet a nosegay whose lily, rose, and forget-me-not will breathe in perfumed accents his undying love and devotion—his prayer that she be his?

Together with this I purchased an album, richly gilt and profusely embellished with engravings from the Scripture, as a gift for my mother, and also for myself a supply of the gilt-edged paper and quill pens for the excellence of which, it is said, Mr. Holloway is famous. Mr. Julian purchased "The Life of Wilberforce," and after our having examined all the collection and commented upon each volume in turn, we again went forth on to the streets, where Mr. Julian pointed out curious objects of interest to me, as we continued our conversation, light, 'tis true, but with enough sense scattered through it to keep it from flying off to the moon.

In politics, Mr. Julian told me, he is a Whig, and acknowledged that in the matter of attending mass meetings and singing Whig songs, he is playing a considerable part in this campaign. When I mentioned some of the objections that are made to Harrison by the Democrats, he said that one reason for his support of him is that he is a poor man and will be a better man therefore to administer to the poor people in poverty and hard times than Van Buren, who is an aristocrat and has high ambitions to gain all control in his hands by overthrowing the liberties of the people. However, he admits that the campaign has resolved itself into altogether too

much of a frolic, into—to use his words—"such a jubilant and uproarious expression of the imprisoned mirth and fun of the people that anything like calmness of judgment and real seriousness of purpose is out of the question in the Whig camp."

As we walked about the broad streets I was introduced to members of several of the intelligent families of the town. Among these whom I met was Mr. Perkins, editor of *The Jeffersonian,* in whose columns only this morning I had found so much of interest and entertainment, and this gentleman, I was told and learned also from conversation with him, is a man of sound, discriminating mind, untiring energy, industry and strict integrity. Mr. Achilles Williams I met also, who has been in the Legislature and is now postmaster, and Dr. John Plummer, who is a friend and correspondent of Noah Webster, who, he tells me, is about to publish a new edition of his great dictionary. Dr. Plummer possesses a fine cabinet of Natural History specimens over which we spent a great part of the afternoon. He is a man, I learn, of great benevolence, and high moral principles, and we both delighted in his conversation.

Charles W. Starr was another citizen whom I met at this time, a Philadelphian who came here in 1825, bought a farm of more than 200 acres and laid it off in lots. He also established a cotton factory. We visited the State Bank, where Mr. Julian is known, and here I made the acquaintance of its cashier, Elijah Coffin, a friend and patron of education and a most estimable gentleman; Messrs. Leeds

and Jones, who own the paper mill and Jeremiah Mansur, a substantial citizen who only last year sold his mercantile business and retired to his farm near Richmond.

From these gentlemen I learned of the town's prosperity and prospects of growth. Only this year it has been incorporated as a city, its first mayor having been elected last month, and this gentleman, Mr. John Sailor, I met and from him gained much information concerning the city.

Richmond's location, I have neglected to state, is most attractive, standing, as it does, upon an oval crest on the east bank of the Whitewater, its few streets are wide, and its residences well built, in the main. Its population is estimated at 1,130. While I was most favorably impressed with the flourishing business of the town, its factories, mills, foundries, manufactories, its many mercantile establishments, drug stores, stores of general merchandise, silver smiths, and so forth, I was still more impressed with the plans made for its future expansion, the Richmond and Brookville Canal, which I have already mentioned, the macadamized roads which are in contemplation in various directions, the plans for the extension of the town and the erection of new and more pretentious buildings. Still more interesting and worthy of note is the attention accorded to the cultivation of the arts and sciences in this town. Its schools, both male and female, are numerous and well conducted, and the orthodox Friends, I am told, are building in the vicinity of the town a large and beautiful seminary. The town also possesses two

literary and scientific societies, one of which has a large collection of minerals, shells, and other curiosities.

The contrast between this and other towns in the matter of social life is more noticeable to the casual visitor, perhaps, than any other one feature; this, of course, being due to the influence of the Society of Friends, whose members compose the majority of the population. This I spoke of with Mr. Julian, whose mother is a member of this Society, though his father was of Huguenot extraction. Over the town, said I, I felt the mantle of quiet, of silence, and we both agreed that to one not of their faith, and unaccustomed to their mode of thought or manner of life, there seems to be an ever-present feeling of restraint and repression, both mental and physical, a feeling sometimes irksome and uncongenial to a youth of high spirits.

There is little social life here as we understand the word, according to Mr. Julian; no lectures, no concerts; even music is frowned on as unbecoming and even sinful. When written down it sounds far from pleasing—to a gay youth, at least—silence whenever possible, no "concord of sweet sounds," the plainest of plain costumes, all as different as possible from the gay attire, the variety and frequency of entertainment which characterize my Southern home, and yet, I am free to confess at this very moment and to set it down in my diary, that even to so volatile and spirited a young person as I admit myself at all times to be, and one who had been talking most volubly throughout this long-to-be-remembered

day, I fell somewhat under the spell of the quiet dignity, the careful language, the long silences of the Friends, and as to the attire, well, it is true that the long sober coats and the broad-brimmed hats of the men are not so taking as the blue and brown broadcloths, the gay vests, the patent leather shoes, and the bell-shaped beavers of the worldly people, but of a certainty, the garb of the females, the simple robe of dove color, the plain bonnet, the snowy kerchief crossed demurely, when the costume of one as young and fair as Miss Lavinia Cotton, I never have seen in the ballroom a gown which could compare to it in becomingness!

Miss Lavinia, or Friend Lavinia, I should say, rode with us to Newport the next morning in the stage which carried Mr. Hicklin, Robert Morrison and myself to the home of Levi Coffin. Mr. Hicklin met me at the tavern, accompanied by the Methodist minister then stationed at Richmond, with whom he had spent the night, and to whom he now introduced me. This was Joseph Tarkington.[1]

He had come here from Lawrenceburg in 1839, sending his household goods to Brookville by canal and from there to Richmond overland. I found him a most interesting and discursive gentleman, who told me much of the Methodist Church in the Whitewater country, in which he had been preaching the Gospel from the time of his early ordainment into the ministry. A few years before, he had suffered a breaking down of health from hard work and ex-

[1] Father of Mr. John S. Tarkington of Indianapolis. See "Autobiography of Reverend Joseph Tarkington."—Editor.

posure, and had been "located," as they express it, in Lawrenceburg, until his recovery, at which time he was sent to the "Richmond Station," as it is denominated. He spoke of the town's educational advantages and mentioned that three of his children are attending the Poe school in the basement of the Methodist Church. He also mentioned the fact that the Friends had not been at the first particularly friendly to the other denominations, but were growing more so, and he also called my attention to the fact that their influence in the matter of dress and amusement consciously or unconsciously has affected the ministers of other denominations who demand a similar sobriety in dress and amusements from their own church members.

Mr. Morrison, who traveled with us, is one of Richmond's foremost citizens, who came early to this county, established himself as a merchant, and by his frugality, prudence and business talent has accumulated a large estate. He is, I am told, a devout member of his Society and ever a friend of the poor. Naturally, the conversation was carried on principally by Mr. Hicklin, though Mr. Morrison broke through his Quaker silence occasionally to ask questions concerning the formation of anti-slavery societies in which the circuit rider is engaged. Miss Cotton said nothing, not even lifting her eyes after the first glance, in which I discovered them to be a most beautiful dark blue with eyelashes brown to match the heavy bands of hair of which I caught a glimpse under the prim bonnet. "Permit me," I said once, on restoring her reticule which a lurch of

the stage had thrown to the floor. "I thank thee, friend," she replied, and her voice was as soft and low and sweet as her eyes had promised it should be.

The day was an interesting one, and I surprised myself at the interest I took in the words of Arnold Buffum, who seemed truly glad to see my face again, although not given to any expression of emotions. Mr. Levi Coffin, to whose home we went, has been engaged for some years in the mercantile business in this small thriving town settled by Friends, a sightly town with many flowing wells which furnish an unfailing supply of pure cold water. He is also engaged in pork packing, and owns an oil mill for the manufacture of linseed oil.

The early settlers of Newport[2] were, he told me, of a positive, determined class; believing in a right, they would maintain and defend it.

For two principles they had stood from the beginning, temperance and anti-slavery. The Newport Temperance Society was organized in 1830. The conviction against slavery also early found an expression here, and in 1838 Mr. Coffin established an Anti-Slavery Library Society for the collection and distribution among the people of books, tracts, and other publications. "It is not a popular cause," said Mr. Coffin. "It tries a man's soul to take such a stand in these days, when brickbats, stones and rotten eggs are some of the arguments we have to meet, but our faces are set in that way and there will remain."

[2] Newport was first called New Garden, then Newport, and is now Fountain City.—Editor.

I ofttimes thought, during that day, of the amazement, the rage, that would have found expression on my father's face could he have seen his son hobnobbing with these enemies of an institution he supports! I reflected, however, that I was not alone in my position; the father of my cousin Jonathan who has come out to the Wabash country, freed his slaves before his death, and had besought his son to come to a country free from this curse. I reflected also that I could not listen to this talk so calmly had I not been more influenced than I had suspected by the fairmindedness and the friendliness of Arnold Buffum and the really warm affection which Mr. Hicklin had so early shown for me, to say nothing of the weight of Mr. Owen's words on this subject.

So I sat through the meeting addressed by Arnold Buffum, who makes no attempt to organize societies, this being the work of Mr. Hicklin, listening sometimes, though I confess that my mind and my eyes strayed frequently to the side of the meeting house in which sat Friend Lavinia, who had tucked into her kerchief a sprig of the sweetbriar which grows against the church wall, another sprig of which she held in her slim fingers. A dove, a Quaker dove in her soft silk, a rosebud, rather, as yet tightly folded. What youth would not wish to be the wooing sun and air to unfold this rose, to see, within, the hidden heart of gold!

To my great pleasure, I learned that Mr. Hicklin was on the morrow going on to Indianapolis, and accordingly on the next morning we took the stage at

Richmond to travel together over the National Road to the capital city. This would have been my route had I continued on by land from Baltimore, across Pennsylvania and Ohio into Indiana, through Richmond straight west to Indianapolis.

Here I will note that the road presents many of the features which marked it in the East. 'Tis true, the country is flat, and not so picturesque because of this, though most fertile and with many farmhouses and villages along the entire route. 'Tis also true that the road is still in a somewhat unfinished state, and different in that it is cut through what is still a new country, but the pageant of travel is much the same here as in Pennsylvania. For some years there has been a continual stream of movers from the East, from Ohio, from different parts of Indiana and from the South, into the Wabash country, and we passed continually these families, sometimes five or ten in a company, wagons, men, women, children and stock. The younger women were often driving the teams, the men and boys walking by turns to drive and look after the stock. Sometimes there was also, in the procession, a carriage built very high to go over stumps and through streams, in which were sitting the older women and the children. Sometimes, too, one family would have two or more of these great wagons, with their household goods, their farming implements, behind which came extra horses, colts, cattle, sheep, and sometimes even hogs. There were also little Southern carts drawn by bony little Southern horses, and now and again the stage coach, with its bright paint, its fine teams, its

heralding bugle. And on this journey I had many occasions on which to reflect on the pleasures of this method of travel, the interesting fellow travelers, the edifying conversations, the amusing incidents.

Our route led us back through Centerville and as our stage halted before the Mansion House a great number gathered for the mail and to catch sight of travelers and visitors, and we spoke again of what an eminent political center this town is. and to what a future it is destined.

I had been told something of the first county seat, Salisbury, a bit of romance, for, with much opposition from many in the county, it was made the first seat of justice, and for a season was a flourishing town with thirty-five houses, a log Court House and jail, taverns, public buildings and mercantile stores, all now vanished from the earth, since the transfer of the seat of justice to Centerville.

'Tis said that the site of Salisbury was the trysting place of some Indian lovers who were killed by a band of pioneers, and that the Indian mother pronounced a curse upon the place, saying that it should not live, but should disappear forever from the face of the earth. A second curse also rested upon it, a man hanged there, so he declared unjustly, cursed the town. By 1826, 'tis said, Salisbury had only ten families and ere long these dwindled until now the town has completely disappeared, leaving, as the bard poetically expressed it, "not a rack behind."

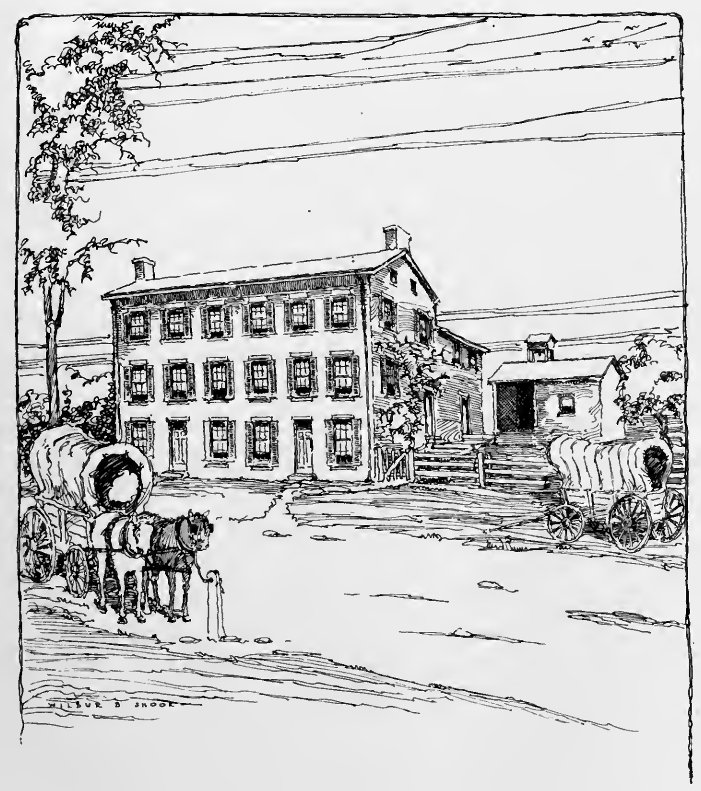
After Centerville our next stop was Cambridge City, and here a most interesting fact was related to me illustrating the change occasioned by the build-

ing of the National Road. In 1824 a little village called Vandalia was established near here and gave promise for some years of a flourishing existence. When the road was laid out, however, it failed to pass through Vandalia, and the town gradually fell into decay and was abandoned, the families going to the beautifully situated and flourishing town of Cambridge City, established on the road.

Here befell one of the most interesting of the many interesting events of my journey, for 'twas here that a gentleman entered our stage coach who we learned later was the eminent Prof. Samuel K. Hoshour.[3]

'Twas not long till we were engaged in conversation, and he told us at length of his theories of education. He had come to Wayne County in 1826, had been head of the Wayne County Seminary for several years, and had only last year come to Cambridge City, to become the Principal of its Seminary, which he described as large and tastefully constructed. His theories are new and, so it appears to me, excellent. His scholars are urged always "to give or get a reason for everything you do." He is deeply interested in the science known as etymology, and when the pupils seem to be wearying of their work, he suggests investigation of various words, their original meaning and their strange changes on their journey down to us.

[3] S. K. Hoshour, born in Pennsylvania, 1803. Professor at Gettysburg in 1826; came to Wayne County, Indiana, 1835; head of Wayne County Seminary, 1836; teacher of sons of Governor Wallace, Cambridge City, 1839; President Northwestern Christian University, 1858; Superintendent Public Instruction, 1862. Died, 1883.—Editor.



AN OLD HOUSE NEAR CENTERVILLE

A stopping place for emigrants on their way to the West

Pen drawing by Wilbur Briant Shook

He told us of a book he had written in 1837, called "The Altissonant Letters," which he had composed for the purpose of impressing upon the minds of his pupils the meaning of the unusual words of the English language. In this, as in his other work, his purpose was "to make amusement the hand-maiden of instruction." Altissonant means high-sounding, and the hero, Lorenzo Altissonant, details to his friend Squire Pedant, the incidents of a pedestrian journey to the West in words which are only occasionally used at the present day, their meaning for that reason being remembered with difficulty. He recited some examples, and we made merry over our lack of familiarity with some of the words, "the ecclesiastic who was to colligate the parties in indissoluble gyves;" "he was a sexagenary;" "the gracility of his crural organs engaged all optics."

It was with regret that we parted from this interesting and learned gentleman at Dublin, where he was to make an address at the County Seminary. This town, though quite small, is the location of the Dublin Academy, in a fine brick building erected two years ago, and also the Dublin Female Seminary, expressly for young females, which is conducted in a frame building built in 1836, and which possessed the first bell in the county.

The landscape changed very little as we passed from Wayne County into the adjacent county of Henry, the land being level and uniformly fertile. The houses are frequent along the road, many of them of brick, and when I expressed surprise at this, I was informed that many of the earliest houses

were built of brick because sawmills were far apart and the use of sawed lumber meant a long haul, while bricks could be made at any place where a clay bank was available. The architecture of these houses followed that of the state from which the settler came, so that many of them suggest the homes of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia. Some of them are set among orchards and surrounded by gardens, so that the landscape, though level, is pleasing.

I was told, too, the way in which the towns grew—first a blacksmith and wagon shop for the convenience of travelers along the road, then a tavern and a general store, in which the postoffice was located. From this store peddlers' wagons went forth to the more remote settlements.

Raysville, the next settlement on our way, though small, is pretty and well built and is surprisingly thriving. There are several mills (it is situated on the Blue River) and a carding machine near the town. The most interesting thing noted concerning this town is an excellent spring a short distance from the town whose waters are brought through an aqueduct into the town, there forming a fine fountain which supplies the whole town with water. It was named after Governor Ray, incidents in whose life I have elsewhere recorded. Two taverns are on opposite sides of the road, kept respectively by Elijah Knight and John Death, and 'tis said by travelers "Knight is on one side of the road and Death on the other."

And now we came to Knightstown just across the

river, a post town located after the building of the road, which forms its main street and along which most of its houses are located. A traveler who entered the coach at this point found fault with it as a village which had received little attention from its citizens. Its streets are wide, said he, but muddy, unpaved and unshaded, and many of the houses are unsightly, though he admitted that improvement is already beginning to be seen, and other passengers said its prospects are promising.

'Twas here we learned of a most interesting debate held at this place only a few days ago between a young Methodist minister, L. W. Berry, and a Universalist minister named M'Cuen. This M'Cuen, it seems, is an old theological pugilist who has held thirty-four debates with ministers of different denominations, and he challenged the young Methodist to debate with him on the question, "Will all men be holy and happy in the future state?" M'Cuen to affirm, Berry to deny.

Young Mr. Berry had never engaged in a debate, but had spent most of his time since the age of 18 in traveling large circuits as an itinerant preacher, so his friends trembled at the thought of his meeting this ecclesiastical gladiator. No church would hold the crowd that gathered to hear this debate, said our informant, so they were assembled in a large grove where for three days the speakers discoursed alternately. Dr. Berry's discourse, said this man who traveled with us, was wonderful. His soul seemed to catch inspiration from on high, his lips and tongue were touched anew with a live coal from

off God's altar and his words burned as they fell upon the audience. Small wonder that M'Cuen and his friends turned pale!

With such discourse we passed the time until we came to Greenfield, a post town and the seat of justice of Hancock County. The town is small but contains several mercantile stores, two taverns, one lawyer, a physician and craftsmen of many trades. The town is supplied with water by a very notable spring within its limits, and has the advantage of mills at convenient distances and on the streams which pass through the county. The most notable point is the rich, fertile land surrounding this town, which is in a very prosperous and flourishing state of improvement. Much buckwheat is raised here, 1,614 bushels I learned and set down as a matter of interest; 39,000 pounds of maple sugar and much hemp and flax, six and one-fourth tons during the last year. Immense crops of flax are sown each year by the farmers because the oil crushers buy the seed to make oil and furnish it to the farmer, agreeing to purchase the crop when made. Tobacco is another important crop, 10,304 pounds being reported last year, and there is one distillery in this county, where 10,000 gallons of whisky were made last year.

'Twas while talking with the traveler who gave me this agricultural information that I learned more of the disease called "milk sickness," of which I had heard at intervals in this state. It is contracted, said he, either from eating beef or drinking milk from a cow that has the disease, but no one has ever

found out how the cattle get this disease. When a person gets the milk sickness it is very hard to get rid of; some say it will always remain in the blood, producing what is known as "the tires." The person will feel pretty well, but can stand very little fatigue; he fails in strength and feels always tremulous.

After Greenfield, our next stop was in Cumberland, a small village in Marion County, just ten miles east of Indianapolis, and night had fallen when we reached the capital. Our stage drew up before the tavern known as Washington Hall, a famous hostelry, so Mr. Hicklin informed me, which has for years been the headquarters of the Whig party. We found our host, Edward Browning, most agreeable, and I am anticipating the morrow's dawning, when I may go forth to present the many letters given me by friends in the state and thus meet the city's notables.

CHAPTER IX

INDIANAPOLIS, JUNE 18, 1840.

I HAVE had a great desire to view Indianapolis, having heard so many opinions of a different nature concerning it from friends and travelers during my journey in the Western country. Some assert, as Governor Ray is said to have done, that it is a miasmatic place, "set in a boundless contiguity of shade." Others declare that its location is not only beautiful but salubrious. It would seem that I must view it with my own eyes and judge for myself. Then, too, there is always much to excite interest in the capital of a state, and I have letters and opportunities for introduction to most of the respectable families residing here, so I have been most anxious for the time to come when I might walk about its streets and meet its people.

I will set down first my observations on the city. The population, I am told, is 2,692, whereas, according to the "Emigrant's Guide," which the host of the inn, Mr. Browning, showed to me, there were in 1832, just eighteen years ago, only ninety families, an indication of rapid growth and, in consequence, prosperity. The county, the Guide continues, is an exact square, a delightful tract of country, presenting a level and rich surface. The town is situated on a

beautiful, fertile and very extensive plain just at the confluence of Fall Creek with the White River, and the main street, sometimes called Washington Street, and which is the National Road, is 120 feet wide. In 1820, Mr. Browning informs me, the whole country for forty miles in every direction, with the exception of a few unimportant prairies, was a dense forest with no settlements nearer than fifty miles, and it was through these forests that the first settlers had to make their way. Naturally they made their first settlements near the river, where there was less underbrush and but a few thinly scattered sugar trees which only required to be deadened and the land fenced in order that it might be cultivated.

Discovering my interest in this settlement, Mr. Browning himself pointed out to me the historic spot where the first settler, McCormick—although I learn that there is a dispute as to whether he or George Pogue really came first to this spot—built his cabin overlooking White River and not far from where is now the long and handsome bridge which spans the river and affords entrance to the town over the National Road from the west, the road being improved by being graded and bridged as far as the town of Terre Haute. The first comers to this spot came because of the Indian trails, a half dozen of which converged to the mouth of Fall Creek, because of a sandbar across the river.

In my few days' stay here I have been several times driven about the city and am charmed with its plan. On mentioning to some friends that it recalled to me the city of Washington, I was informed that this was not singular, since one of the surveyors

who planned the city, Alexander Ralston, had assisted Major L'Enfant in the survey of our national capital. This young Ralston later came out to Louisville, Ky., then to Salem, Ia., and thence to Indianapolis in 1822, where he became county surveyor. He and Elias Fordham, a young Englishman, an engineer, planned the city on a very large scale; their plat, it is said, provides for a mile square, the boundary streets being known as North, South, East and West, a ridiculously large plat, it would seem, even to so thriving a population, but it may be, Mr. Browning says, and many others prophesy, that it will eventually fill the entire space included in these encircling streets.

The four central blocks of the city are known as the Governor's Square, and at their very center is a circle known as the Governor's Circle, on which stands the house of the Chief Executive. From the four corners of the Governor's Square four diagonal streets branch out, which run to the four corners of the plat, and all these streets are ninety feet in width. They are named respectively for the states of Indiana, Kentucky, Virginia and Massachusetts. The streets east and west are parallel with Washington (the National Road) and north of it are named Market, Ohio, New York, Vermont, Michigan and North, and to the south of Washington Street they run Maryland, Georgia, Louisiana and the bounding street, South.

After the first two blocks north of and south of the main street, or Washington, the streets can hardly be dignified by that name. They bear much

more resemblance to the country roads over some of which I have fared. In the very middle of some of them the forest trees are still standing; in others, stumps compel the wagon way to wander crookedly along, and this same wagon way is rendered extremely unpleasant for travel by numerous mud holes. South of Washington, and along the part of the plat traversed by the creek known as Pogue's Creek, the land is extremely swampy, and in order to reach some of the houses of men of prominence whom I shall name later, it is necessary to pass along over corduroyed thoroughfares and skirt swampy pastures fringed with willows. However, this is all incident to the making of a town on level ground traversed by water courses.

These blocks which are built upon, none of them completely covered as yet with buildings, present a very pleasing appearance. Some of the buildings are surrounded by gardens and give evidence of the presence of a sober, moral and industrious community.

Of the salubriousness of this town I was soon to hear varying opinions. Some declare it a most health-giving spot. Others say that it is infested with that ague of which Dr. Peabody of Vernon told me so particularly. Still others declare that while there was much chills and fever at the time of the city's settling, such is no longer the case. So I am forced to dismiss the subject, unsettled, with the hope that I, myself, may not be made the proof of the existence of this dread disease.

The first letter I chose to present was one from

Mr. Dumont of Vevay, to Mr. Samuel Merrill. My reasons for this were several. Mr. Merrill, I had been told by Mr. Dumont, had years ago come out from Vermont, his birthplace, to Vevay, had served in the Legislature, was elected the state's first treasurer, had assisted in the naming of the capital city, and, when the capital was moved to the city in the wilderness, as was said at the time, had brought with him in a wagon the state's moneys, over the long and perilous wilderness road. On the expiration of his term of office Mr. Merrill had become connected with the State Bank.

On seeking Mr. Merrill at his home on Washington Street, opposite the new State House, of which I shall have more to say later, I found him all and more than Mr. Dumont had assured me I would. He introduced me to his family, has invited me to his home several times, has presented me to several of the principal men of the community, and it is in his company that I have viewed much of the city. One of the interesting things he has told me is the story of his journey from Corydon to Indianapolis, a distance of 160 miles, requiring two weeks, on account of the difficulties of travel, and on which journey he carried in wagons the state's silver, packed in strong wooden boxes.

In my several visits to Mr. Merrill's home, I was much impressed with his library, one of the three best libraries in the city, I am told, the others being those of Calvin Fletcher and James M. Blake, Mr. Merrill's being the largest. As to his character, I was to hear from others as well as to observe for

myself, his benevolence, his generosity, his interest in all good works.

Having served as an official in its beginnings, Mr. Merrill was most excellently qualified to describe to me the most intelligent people in the community and to point out the places of interest connected with the government. All center naturally about the Governor's Square, the Governor's Circle and the Governor's Mansion. This mansion, he explained to me, because of the publicity of its location, is not and never has been occupied as a residence, but is used for any social gatherings the Governor may desire, and is now occupied by the judges of the Supreme Court and is also the home of the State Library. He informs me that at the corner of Illinois and Market Streets is to be found the home of Governor Wallace, to whom I have letters from various acquaintances in Brookville, and he has promised himself to accompany me to call on this dignitary.

Mr. Merrill has given me the history of the new State House, very recently completed, and on the occasion of my first visit to him he took me across the street to view it at close hand. It is a magnificent structure, stuccoed and built in the Doric style.[1]

I met at this time, through the offices of Mr. Merrill, James Blake, the commissioner, a most inter-

[1] Our diarist's taste must be at fault here, if we are to credit Col. Holloway, who in his history of Indianapolis (1870) declares that the style of architecture is unfitted to the level country, that the stucco has not withstood the extreme vicissitudes of the climate, and that "the incongruous contemptible dome condemns it utterly." Mr. Parsons being young and enthusiastic, evidently did not think for himself, but reflects the sentiment of the community.—Editor.

esting man, whose commercial venture in ginseng and later in hemp form an interesting chapter in the town's history, and also young Mr. T. A. Morris, an engineer who assisted in the building of the State House, a West Point graduate, who a few years ago organized an excellent military company. This company, in their handsome gray uniforms faced with black velvet, I have several times had the pleasure of seeing drill and parade.

The Court House, also on Washington Street, and two blocks east of my tavern, has been, since its erection soon after the location of the capital, the seat of the town's business and social interests, so Mr. Merrill informs me. It had originally a fine situation among beautiful forest trees, but many of these have been cut away, others, left unprotected, have been blown down, until now almost all are gone, and the grounds present a bare and unsightly appearance. From the years 1825 to 1835 this rather sightly two-story building was the only public building in the town, and was used for the meetings of the Legislature, the Federal and Supreme Courts and the county board. Now that these are passed, it is still in constant use for meetings, lectures, preachings, theatrical exhibitions, concerts, conventions and balls. To one of these last named, soon to be given, I have been invited.

One of Mr. Merrill's daughters, a most intelligent and interesting young female, has been most kind to me, and has given me much information concerning the social side of the city. The family belongs to Mr. Beecher's church, and she tells me that two

of the most beautiful young women in the city are members of this congregation. There are in this city, she says, many men of the most polished manners, among them former Governor Noble, who, Mr. Beecher asserts, has the finest manners of any man he has ever known. Dr. Andrew Wylie,[2] president of the State College at Bloomington, a town at not a great distance from here, who has lectured here recently before the Female Academy, Miss Merrill professes to admire almost more than any man she knows.

"You should have seen him," she said, "that hot June day, walking along in the street in his brown linen coat, with a Leghorn hat, beneath whose ample brim a breath of wind occasionally stole to play with his silver locks; his large, well-proportioned form, his broad, noble brow, the domain of high thought, the bluff independence of his look and manner. And then his address—you should hear him engaged in argument, and hear the depth of his thought, the elegance in which this thought is clad, and his eloquence also. Oh, sir—!" She paused, unable to continue. It is my hope that ere I leave this state I may have the opportunity to meet this man, to whose school I have been told Governor Wise of my own Virginia has sent three of his sons, so highly does he value the excellence of this great instructor's tutelage.

It was this same young lady who informed me of

[2] Andrew Wylie, born in 1789 in Washington County, Pennsylvania. Came to Bloomington in 1829 to assume the presidency of the University. Died 1851.—Editor.

some of the social gayeties of Indianapolis to which, through her agencies no doubt, I am soon to be admitted. There are, she says, parties, church suppers, sewing societies, singing schools, something continually with which to divert and also to improve one's self.

The weather has become quite warm, the heat most oppressive, indeed, within the last few days, and while passing along the main street yesterday in company with Mr. Hicklin, who was bound to a camp meeting in the military reservation, a large ground in the western part of the city, I stopped at a store whose advertisement I had noted in the newspaper at the tavern, to purchase some clothing better adapted to the exigencies of the weather than that with which I am provided. The store is known as The Indianapolis Clothing Store, and is situated on Washington Street, the first door east of the Mansion House, and the notice in the paper advised that its proprietor had just received from Baltimore an extra supply of summer clothing, white and brown grass coats, also drab and white linen, Holland and gingham coats, together with a splendid assortment of muslin, linen and gingham shirts, plain and figured satin vests, and also those of marseilles, valencia, silk, merino and toilonet. I found an assortment quite to my liking, and a most genteel proprietor, Mr. Orr, most solicitous as to pleasing, and soon made a selection of appropriate garments with which to attire myself for the days I intend to linger in this city, whose social life is far more extensive than I had imagined.

I soon met, and this too through Mr. Merrill, whose kindness was unceasing, Mr. Calvin Fletcher, who showed me the greatest courtesy, and on learning that I was a stranger come from Virginia to inspect farming land in the Western country, assisted me in every way in acquiring information and viewing the environing country. He informed me that in 1835 this county contained 1,300 farms, and produced 1,300,000 bushels of wheat and the same of corn.

As we drove about, Mr. Fletcher told me much of the surrounding country and of the citizens of the capital. Born in Vermont, he had lived in Ohio for a season, acting there as tutor in a family, and from there went to Richmond, Va., to engage in the practice of the law. His love for freedom and the rights of man soon caused him to feel the atmosphere of this state uncongenial, and he returned to the north, eventually settling in Indianapolis in 1821, where he was the first lawyer to come to the city. From others I learned of his success in the practice of the law, of his serving as State Senator, and as District Attorney. He is at present sinking fund commissioner for the State Bank, which he assisted to organize.

My acquaintance with Mr. Fletcher I found most delightful, the congeniality of our tastes completely bridging over the difference in our years. Like Mr. Merrill, he possesses an extremely fine and well selected library, and when I visit him I find the greatest delight in perusing the titles of the books, among them some volumes of Audubon's "Birds of America" with beautiful hand-colored plates. Mr.

Fletcher is a great lover of nature and is especially fond of ornithology, and he has told me much of Audubon and of his Western residence in Henderson, Ky.

When he told me something of the round of his daily life, I was not so greatly astonished at the extent of his accomplishment. He rises, so he tells me, at 4 in the morning and attends to his correspondence until breakfast. He next rides out to his farm of 600 acres, two miles from the city, and then returns to take up his duties at the bank. He is interested in every good work, is a man of remarkable temperance in all his habits, and of a most remarkable energy. He is something under six feet in height, strongly and compactly built, and has an extremely penetrating gray eye. He tells me he is keeping a diary in which he records everything of importance which takes place under his notice. I have met him at some of the gatherings of lawyers of which I shall have more to say presently, and I note that while he indulges in none of the conviviality which is a feature of these meetings, he is as fond of a joke as the best of them, and I am told has a considerable reputation for his quizzing and practical jokes among the members of his profession.

On my confiding to Mr. Fletcher my impressions of the city, he informed me that I am correct in concluding that the citizens are unusual in the degree of their enlightenment. He has had ample opportunity for observation during his residence in Virginia, Pennsylvania and Ohio, and he assures me that in the new towns in Virginia, the old towns of

Pennsylvania, and in Urbana, Columbus, Dayton and Bellefontaine, Ohio, there is not the enlightenment that he has found among the citizens of Indianapolis. There is in this place, said he, both a certain intellectual activity and a strong moral bent which is a characteristic of all. There are many political meetings, but these are not all. These men are continually engaged in town meetings to promote civil affairs, in debating societies, in Bible classes, and the union Sunday School under the leadership of Dr. Coe is flourishing beyond belief. "I am convinced," he concluded, "that there is not a settlement in the West which has a more church-going population than has ours. As for our schools, you will, I am sure, find them most interesting and flourishing."

With this I was ready to agree, for I had already viewed the Indianapolis Female Institute, under the leadership of the Misses Axtell, to which I am invited to attend an exhibition given soon by the young females who attend it. I had also seen the Franklin Institute of which Nathan B. Palmer is president, and on University Square, between the streets of New York and Vermont, and of Pennsylvania and Meridian Street, a square held now by the city on consent of the Legislature, but given originally to help endow a state university, the County Seminary, the best educational establishment, I am told, in the city. This building was erected six years ago and stands on the southwest corner of this square.

It is two stories high with projecting lobbies at each end, has two rooms below and a lecture room

and a teachers' private room above. Besides its use as a school, it is much used as a lecture room and for church services, this being the place in which Mr. Henry Ward Beecher holds his church services until the completion of his new church in the Circle, even now in process of erection. The principal of this school, the Rev. James Kemper, it has been my good fortune to meet, and I find him not only a remarkable scholar, but a man of fine personality and highly esteemed in the community.

While I had brought letters and had several means of introduction to citizens of Indianapolis, some of my introductions were brought about quite by accident. One of these incidents I shall narrate because of its amusingness and unexpectedness.

I have neglected to say that the time of my visit finds this city, as it has many others, filled with excitement over the political campaign, although I am surprised to be informed that General Harrison is not so well known here as I had imagined to find him. It is natural that he should not be known outside the Northwest Territory, but even here, it seems that since the days of his active participation in affairs and his return to Ohio, his name has become unfamiliar to a generation that has grown up since the days of Tippecanoe and Tecumseh. However, the Whig population seems to be in the majority, or perhaps possessed of better lungs, and the hurraying and jollifying has been going on ever since my arrival. 'Twas during a Whig procession preceding a stump speaking in the outskirts of the town that I unexpectedly made an acquaintance which I had

expected to make later on through other and more formal channels.

At the corner of Illinois and Washington Streets a cabin of buckeye logs had been erected. "Buckeye" being the name applied, I am told, to the state of Ohio, and this, then in compliment to General Harrison, and whenever a Whig meeting is in progress, as was the case on the day of which I am speaking, barrels of cider are kept constantly running before it. This procession was in nature like all I have seen since coming to the state—wagons with log cabins, with coons, with barrels of cider, "dug out" canoes filled with young females singing the popular Whig song:

"What has caused this great commotion, motion, motion,
The country through?
It is the ball a-rolling on for Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,
And with them we'll beat little Van!"

I was standing on this particular day on the opposite corner from the cabin, where the new inn, which is to be called the Palmer House, is in the process of erection, when two gentlemen stopped near me to watch the procession and to engage in conversation. The one, a tall, striking looking man, I soon gathered from his conversation to be a minister of the Campbellite Church, and who, I learned later, is named O'Kane, and is a distinguished controversialist, who has debated long and successfully on religious topics, his most noted debate being held recently with none other than my recent acquaintance, the Universalist Kidwell. The other man, to whom I felt at once attracted by a certain charm of

manner and an exceeding richness and melodiousness of voice, was a man below medium size, with prominent eyes, large forehead and fine features. They talked first of politics and then spoke of religion, and finally on the last-named subject, the tall man said:

"Suppose we debate on it, Beecher."

"No, no," replied the other man, laughing. "You would soon use me up, O'Kane, and I can't afford to be demolished so young!"

"Beecher!" So this was Henry Ward Beecher, who had preached only the last year at Lawrenceburg and to whom my friend, Mr. Dunn, had given me a letter. Since coming to Indianapolis I had learned, both through Mr. Merrill and Mr. Fletcher, of his success as a minister. I have had pointed out to me the First Presbyterian Church, established here very soon after the founding of the city, and have been told of the separation in 1837 into the Old School and the New School, at which time fifteen males and females left this church and founded the church known as the Second, to which Mr. Beecher came from Lawrenceburg only last year. As Mr. O'Kane passed on and Mr. Beecher remained, looking at the procession, I ventured to step forward, introduce myself, and explain that I had at the tavern a letter to him from Mr. Dunn.

His greeting was hearty and sincere. I knew he meant his welcome and the invitation he extended to me to his church and his home. The latter, a neat, one-story cottage, in Market Street, near New Jersey, I soon visited, meeting his wife, a

rather discontented woman, complaining constantly of the chills and the unhealthy nature of the town. I also met here a Mr. W. S. Hubbard, a young man of the congregation who was boarding with them, for it appears that the ministers' salaries in these new places are insufficient to support their families without additions from other sources.

Mr. Hubbard accompanied Mr. Beecher and myself in a stroll about the garden in which the minister is extremely interested, and which is greatly productive of vegetables, fruits and flowers. I soon found that one of Mr. Beecher's great interests is horticulture, and that he contemplates establishing here a horticultural society and eventually publishing a paper devoted to its interests.[3]

On the subject of horticulture in Indiana, Mr. Beecher talked at length.

"There is," said he, "no better soil and climate for the perfection of small fruits. Our variable springs are their only obstacle. The long summers, the brilliantly clear atmosphere, the great warmth and dryness during the fall ripening months give our fruit great size, color and flavor. There are very few gardens in Massachusetts except near large cities which can compare with ten or twenty in this town."

He then went on to speak of the interest the people in Indianapolis take in gardening. "I hope you have noticed, sir, as you walked about our city, the

[3] He did both. In August, 1840, he established the Indianapolis Horticultural Society, and a few years later published the *Western Farmer and Gardener*.—Editor.

many beautiful little flower gardens, the cleaned walks, the trimmed borders, this, too, when, from the rear, one can almost throw a stone into the primeval forest. In some places you will find only an acre of ground, but this covered with fruits and vegetables of every kind. Ah, when I see, as I have seen, such a little garden, the personal labor of one man, and that man poor and advanced in years, I do believe, sir, that this sight has delighted me more than would the grounds of the London Horticultural Society!"

Mrs. Beecher, in our brief conversation, confided to me that whenever Mr. Beecher goes to see one of his parishioners or some poor person in whom he is interested, it is his wont to carry in his hand some choice specimen from his garden, to present it to the person visited, telling him something of interest concerning it and its growth, and then offering him a plant of it from his garden. And almost always, she said, he arouses sufficient interest for the person to accept his offer and to ask for the plant, and ere long he, too, is the proud possessor of a garden.

Mr. Beecher deplored the cutting down of the trees from the Court House grounds and the Circle, and declared his intention of inducing public-spirited gentlemen to assist in planting the streets with specimens of all our best forest trees.

At Mr. Beecher's request, I remained to tea with them on this evening, and accompanied him to prayer meeting in the room in the Seminary, which, as I have said, he is using until the completion of the church. As we went forth to prayer meeting,

accompanied by Mr. Hubbard, two gentlemen came out of a house directly opposite, a plain two-story brick structure, and turned their steps our way. These gentlemen were presented as Daniel Yandes and his son, Simon. Daniel Yandes is a pioneer, and a man who has hewn a fortune out of the wilderness by his own efforts, I am told, and he is a most devout member of the church and most liberal in his benevolences. The son Simon is extremely tall and thin, with light hair and gray eyes. He is, as I soon perceived, not given to conversation, but as we walked together and he learned that I was a stranger and observed my interest in Mr. Beecher, he told me much of him. He is, says Mr. Yandes, a man admirably adapted to Western life. From the moment he came to town, he entered with the greatest enthusiasm into all the social life and engagements; he has a talent for conversation, is full of wit and fun, and already knows everybody in the town.

I was ready to agree with this, and when I heard him preach, as I did later, I subscribed immediately to the words of praise from other sources—that as a preacher he is a landscape painter of Christianity; that he has no model, is off-hand and original; that his great power over his congregation consists mainly in the clearness of his mental vision, the range of his thoughts, the deep interest he imparts to whatever he teaches.

Before the evening was over I had reason to thank the chance which led me to Mr. Beecher and had brought about my invitation to the prayer meeting,

for here I met among others, Mr. Lawrence M. Vance, a young man near my own age, a member of the choir (Mr. Beecher is said to have introduced choirs into this city), and to Mr. Vance I owe much of the special pleasure I have enjoyed during my stay in the city. I also met here some of the founders of the church, Mr. John L. Ketcham, Mr. Joseph F. Holt and wife, Mr. Sidney Bates, Mr. Alexander Davidson and many others, whom I have encountered again at other gatherings and all of whom have showed me attention.

Time presses and I must bring this installment of my diary to a close. In my next I shall chronicle the next incidents of days in this city, the ball, the tea at Mrs. Sarah Bolton's, a poetess of the Western wilderness, my meeting with a company of lawyers, an evening at the home of Governor Wallace, and my trip to a "pleasure garden" with a most beautiful and accomplished young lady.

CHAPTER X

INDIANAPOLIS, JUNE 21, 1840.

I ALREADY have mentioned young Mr. T. A. Morris, a West Point graduate and an engineer who superintended the work of construction on the State House, and who has for some years been captain of a company of volunteer militia. It was my good fortune to see this militia in action one day of this week. This company, the "Marion Guards," I was informed by my companion at the time, was organized in 1837 by Col. Russell, who was later succeeded in the captaincy and the work of drilling by Mr. Morris. Their uniform is of gray cloth, black-faced, with high shakos of black shiny leather, with black cockades. Col. Russell, 'tis said, drilled them well in the beginning, and after Mr. Morris took them in hand they became quite proficient in their evolutions, which afforded great entertainment to the town. There is another company also, incorporated just two years ago, known as the "Marion Rifles," under Capt. Thomas McBaker, and these men wear an altogether different uniform—a blue-fringed hunting shirt with blue pantaloons and caps, not nearly so soldierly, but after all more attractive, in my eyes at least, because of this very suggestion of the frontier.

Sometimes, I hear, the Guards are called "Gray

Backs" because of their gray uniform, and the other company, perhaps because of their less disciplined appearance and their method of warfare, unlike the European, or Prussian, I should say, in which the Guards are so well drilled, are called "The Arabs."

On this day of which I speak the two companies, by agreement, as I learned later, met for a sham battle along Washington Street, and soon all who were on the street or in the stores and various buildings were lined along the sidewalks watching the performance. Down the street came the Guards, marching and firing in platoons, most stately and imposing in their tall shakos, when suddenly upstarted the Arabs, and went through their skirmish drill, lying down in the dust, firing, loading again, rising, retreating in a run, dropping down again and going through the same maneuvers, much to the delight of the spectators. It was a most interesting spectacle, and I was much pleased to have this opportunity of observing the efficiency of the militia and the interest of the lookers-on.

Young Mr. Morris or Capt. Morris, I should say, who is just 29 years old, is a young gentleman of fine presence and most agreeable manners, and he has been most gracious to me on the occasion of our several meetings and has related to me many most entertaining anecdotes of his experiences. He was, he informs me, at Tippecanoe, at the great meeting which I attended in company with Col. Vawter, and he has presented me to several of the gentlemen who were his companions on this occasion. The delegation which went from this city was

of most imposing proportions and importance, and was given the name of "The Wild Oats of Indianapolis," and several of these gentlemen, among whom I remember most distinctly Elliott Patterson, Charles Cady, John D. Morris, James R. Nowland, Andrew Byrne, Hugh O'Neal, George Bruce, George Drum and Vance Noel, have told me many amusing stories of this long journey through the rain and mud to one of the greatest political demonstrations they had ever witnessed.

This Mr. Noel, or Vance, as he is familiarly addressed by many of his townsmen, is a Virginian by birth, who came here in 1825 with his parents and has been in the office of the *Indiana Journal,* a paper which was first published under the name of the *Western Censor and Emigrant's Guide,* established by Harvey Gregg and Douglass Maguire, most estimable gentlemen, whom I have met several times. My friend, Mr. Merrill, I learn, was an editor of this paper for a season, and five years ago it was purchased by Mr. Douglass and Mr. Noel. The latter tells me that he has learned the entire business in this office, beginning as an apprentice and serving later as journeyman, foreman, and now proprietor.

A most amusing incident narrated to me by Mr. Noel, and one which explains jesting remarks I have heard exchanged frequently among various gentlemen on the occasion of their meetings, concerns an event known as "the Black Hawk War." Early in 1832, I am told, a Sac Indian chief, by name Black Hawk, by his hostile acts aroused much fear among the northern frontier settlements of Illinois and

northwestern Indiana, and in order to reassure the settlers and to provide for the permanence of the settlements Governor Noble sent two detachments of militia to the northern frontiers of the state, ordering small detachments of mounted riflemen to be stationed at different points from the skirts of the settlements beyond the Wabash and the lake.

This same Col. Russell who organized the Marion Guards, was commissioned by the Governor to raise the 300 volunteer militia, and the prestige of this gallant gentleman whose greatest delight, 'tis said, is to ride dashingly along by his line of men, sword flashing, plume flying in the breeze, shouting his orders, induced a great number to join the body. In a very few days the companies made up of citizens of this and adjoining counties were full, at some expense, too, for all were expected to arm and equip themselves with horses, rifles and camp equipage, and were settled in the camp on the high ground just beyond West Street and north of Washington, where they employed themselves while waiting in molding bullets and throwing tomahawks at a mark.

"I shall never forget the day of our departure," said Mr. Noel, as he related to me the story. "It was a Sunday morning, and this long line of 300 mounted men marched along Washington Street, which was lined with onlookers, mothers, fathers, friends, many of them weeping as they thought of the possibility of their heroes never returning. The dreariness of this occasion was enhanced by the dolorous notes of a great tin horn which heralded our movements, and each onslaught on which brought

a fresh deluge of tears from the spectators who thought never to look on us again. As a matter of fact, like that ancient King of Spain, we all marched out and then marched back again. We were gone just three weeks, all told, the greater part of this time consumed in going and coming, for when, guided by William Conner, we arrived at Fort Dearborn, we found that the war was over and Black Hawk a prisoner. We marched around the lake to South Bend on our homeward way, a most unfortunate proceeding, by the way, for the editor of the paper in that town, John B. Defrees, enormously amused by our very warlike appearance and our late arrival on the field of combat, gave us the name of 'The Bloody Three Hundred.'

"The name did not reach Indianapolis for a season. We arrived at home on the 3d of July and were given a dinner at Washington Hall on the Fourth by our grateful fellow citizens, who welcomed us as returned heroes who had undoubtedly prevented their wholesale massacre. However, 'twas not long till the story crept out of our bloodless and uneventful journey, and then Mr. Defrees's happy epithet, the Bloody Three Hundred! 'Twas too apt a title to be forgotten, and though eight years have elapsed since then, we are still twitted with it."

Later I encountered some of the leading men who were members of this company, and to all of them was presented by Mr. Noel—Stoughton A. Fletcher, Gen. James P. Drake, Capt. John Wishard, Gen. Robert Hanna, Capt. Alex Wiley—all of whom, I

observed, still found pleasure in recounting the incidents of this expedition. Col. Russell himself I have had the pleasure of meeting; he is a stockholder in the inn, Washington Hall, whose importance as a center of Whig activities I am beginning more and more to realize as the excitement incident to the prosecution of the campaign progresses, and I have found him a man of most ardent and enthusiastic temperament and one most kind and devoted to his friends.

On the evening of the day on which I saw the militia maneuvers, I went, according to arrangement, to Mr. Merrill's house that he might accompany me to call on Governor Wallace. I have noted before that the house known as the Governor's Mansion, situated in the Circle, has never been used for a residence, the situation being too public, and during the incumbency of Governor Wallace, a house has been purchased by the state which was built by Dr. John Sanders, and which is said to be the finest house in the town. It stands on the northwest corner of Market and Illinois Streets, and at not a great distance from Mr. Merrill's home.

'Twas not yet sunset, as I strolled along Washington Street toward Mr. Merrill's, and frequently I encountered the urchins of the town driving home the cows. From the south they came, from the place known as Sheets' pasture.[1]

This place Mr. Fletcher in driving out has pointed out to me. They came down Illinois Street, a cow

[1] Two blocks between Georgia and South Streets and Tennessee and Mississippi Streets. (*Holloway*, 1870.)—Editor.

or more for every family, it would seem, from their number, sometimes pausing to graze, anon lashed to a gallop by their young drivers who were shouting, fighting, singing, indulging in the thousand and one pranks common to youth the world over. These same urchins I had observed but the day before while walking abroad with Mr. Vance, flocking to Noble's Hole,[2] their favorite swimming place, he said, because of the blue clay in the bank which, sloping steeply, gives them a fine slide into the water, and also affords paint with which they streak and spot their naked bodies hideously for an Indian play about the meadow.

Judge Miles C. Eggleston of Brookville, who was so kind to me during my stay there, had given me a letter to Governor Wallace, who studied law in his office. He is very fond of his former protégé, and declared him one of the finest lawyers of the Whitewater Valley. He told me, too, of the death of Governor Wallace's first wife, a daughter of Judge Test, and of his union four years ago with Miss Zerelda Sanders, a beautiful and accomplished young female, a daughter of Dr. John Sanders, the same whose handsome house has been purchased for the Governor's residence.

I soon found that so far as the cordiality of my reception was concerned, the letter was all unnec-

[2] "Noble's Hole," where Market Street bridge is, "Morris's Hole," where the creek passes out of the culvert under the Union Depot, and another deep "elbow" near the gas works and the foot of Washington Street at the old ferry landing, were favorite swimming places for Indianapolis boys in the forties and fifties. (*Holloway*, 1870.) —Editor.

essary. While Governor Wallace professed himself delighted to hear thus from his old preceptor, he would, I am assured, have been equally gracious to any stranger, unintroduced, within his gates, for he is the happy possessor of most charming and distinguished manners.

I shall not soon forget the happy family scene into which Mr. Merrill and I were welcomed—the spacious house with its plain, but handsome furnishings, the mahogany secretary, the tall and massive bookcase, the central table with its brass candlesticks, the vases of flowers, the little ornamental articles of feminine construction, the knitted mats and anti-macassars, the worked covers of the footstools and fire screen, and, illumined by the soft candle light, the family circle, the handsome head of the house, his beautiful young wife, now only 23; the young sons of the household, William, 15 years old, and Lewis, a handsome and lively lad of 13.[3] Nor must I forget the charming Miss Mary, sister of our hostess, a pretty creature, whom I am sure a nearer acquaintance will prove delightful, who sat throughout the evening engaged in her needlework, but blushingly regardful of our conversation.

Governor Wallace I found a man of a character that at once attracts and holds. He is handsome, with black hair and piercing blue eyes. His voice is beautiful and finely modulated, and I can well believe what Mr. Merrill told me on our way thither, that with this modulated voice, a countenance and

Later to become General Lewis Wallace and author of "Ben-Hur." —Editor.

person remarkable for beauty and symmetry, a style of composition chaste, finished, flowing and beautiful, and a style of delivery impressive, graceful, and at times impassioned, he has, as an orator, few equals in the nation.

In the course of the evening our talk turned on Robert Dale Owen, and I was informed that his play, "Pocahontas," was presented during the last winter by a group of young actors known as "The Indianapolis Thespian Corps" and that the part of Pocahontas, the princess, was taken by the young William Wallace.[4]

I had noted on entering, Governor Wallace's library, among which were prominent Gibbons's "Miscellaneous Works" and Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World" and "Animated Nature," and our conversation soon turned upon this topic of reading. Mrs. Wallace joined in the talk at intervals, and 'twas not long ere I perceived that she is deeply interested in all matters of public weal and of education in particular, displaying therein a taste rare in a female, so that our talk proved most edifying. We spoke of the writings of our American authors, and Governor Wallace declared that he considers Mr. John Quincy Adams's eulogy on the "Life and Services of Lafayette," the best memoirs on this celebrated character published in this country. He

[4] During the winter of 1839-40, an old foundry building called the "hay press" was fitted up with stage and scenery and used by the Indianapolis Thespian Corps to present Robert Dale Owen's play of "Pocahontas." The leading actors were James G. Jordan as Capt. John Smith; James McCready as Powhatan; William Wallace as Pocahontas; John T. Morrison, Davis Miller and James McVey in other characters. (*Holloway,* 1870.)—Editor.

spoke, too, of "The Pioneers," by Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper, a historical novel of our country of which I have heard but have not as yet perused, and also he commended highly the writings of Mr. Washington Irving, whose "Sketch Book" he asserts with some warmth to be, to his mind, as good, if not superior to the "Sir Roger DeCoverley Papers."

"Pray, Mary, hand me that volume on the table beside you," he requested, and turning to me, asked if I were familiar with the effusions of that gifted poetess, Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

"These poems," said he, indicating the red and gilt volume, "are remarkable for their correct versification, their harmony, and their true poetry, as well as for their straightforward common sense, their pure and unobtrusive religion, and their vein of natural tenderness."

"That may be true," responded Mrs. Wallace, "but I confess that my idol is still Mrs. Hemans, the English Sappho, as she has been styled."

Her husband shook his head. "Mrs. Hemans is the high-souled and delicately proud poetess of an old dominion; her lays are full of the noble chivalry of a state whose associations are of aristocracy; she is the asserter of hereditary nobility, the nobility of thought, of action and of soul, 'tis true, no less than of broad lands and of ancient titles. Mrs. Sigourney is the Hemans of a republic; and if she rather delights to dwell in the hamlet, to muse over the birth of the rustic infant, or the death of the village mother, it is that such is the genius of her

country, that the boasted associations of her land are simplicity and freedom, and as befits the muse of such a land, her meditations are fain to celebrate the virtues of her country's children. If, as you say, young sir, you are not familiar with this poetess, permit me to read you a few lines—see if you do not agree with me as to her merits."

And, opening the book, he read.

Death found strange beauty on that polished brow,
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wistful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The Spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal
The signet ring of heaven.

We all sat in silence for a moment, and I noted a tear on Miss Mary's pink cheek. I wondered not, for, recited as it was, the poem was most affecting. I had already heard how our host delights in reading aloud, and that he frequently is persuaded to read for company, and I was most pleased to have this opportunity to hear him. Mrs. Wallace broke the silence, addressing me.

"Oh, sir," said she, "if you are interested in poetry, you must be informed, if indeed, you do not

already know it, that young as is our state, we have already poetry writers of our own."

"And that I do know," I replied, and told her of my meeting with Mrs. Dumont of Vevay and John Finley of Centerville, each of whom had favored me with autograph verses.

"And they do not surpass us, for we have one here," she replied. "Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, and if it is to your taste, you shall go to her home with us to-morrow evening to an evening party."

The name fell on my ears strangely familiar, and then presently it came to me that it was of this lady that my friend Jesse Bright of Madison had told me, and of how that they were schoolmates in Madison, she being then Sarah Barrett.

We went the next evening to the farm, Mt. Jackson,[5] named by Mr. Bolton's stepfather in honor of Gen. Andrew Jackson.

The party consisted of Governor and Mrs. Wallace and myself with Miss Mary and a young gentleman who, from his attentive conduct, I judge is paying her his addresses, a Mr. Robert B. Duncan. I was told something of this interesting family. Mr. Bolton, they say, was for a time the editor of the *Indianapolis Gazette,* and having met with financial reverses, he and his wife removed to this farm a few years ago, in the endeavor to restore their fortunes and to retain possession of this piece of property. The hardships induced by the financial stringency

[5] On Jan. 13, 1845, Dr. John Evans, Dr. L. Dunlap and James Blake were appointed commissioners to obtain a site not exceeding 200 acres for an insane hospital. They selected Mt. Jackson, then the home of Nathaniel Bolton.—Editor.

of the last years, the scarcity, nay, the utter absence of money, have been greatly felt by them. They have transformed their home into a tavern and much of the heaviest work of the household, cooking, cleaning, milking many cows, making butter and cheese, to say nothing of the necessary spinning, weaving and sewing, have been done by this gifted, courageous and high-spirited woman, who, they say, with all this, finds time for much social intercourse—she and her husband are most popular—and for some literary labors.

I was most pleasantly impressed by the atmosphere of this simple home. True, the furnishings were of the plainest, but the hospitable spirit, the evident delight in the society of her guests, furnished an irresistible attraction, and I could easily understand why Mrs. Bolton's parties are so popular and why she is in such demand; her companions being, so Mrs. Wallace tells me, the best in the state. I found Mr. Bolton a man of fine character, of exceptional conversational powers, and 'tis said, too, that he is a ready writer.

When I beheld Mrs. Bolton I perceived at once that the reports of her charm were not exaggerated. Slightly built, of low stature, with a face at once interesting and intellectual, expressive eyes and abundant and beautiful brown hair, she possesses also the charm of vivacity, her every movement speaks of youth and joy.

Her manner is graciousness itself, and she told me in a most humorous fashion of her infancy in Jennings County, of her father's moving to Madi-

son in order that she might attend school, and of her wedding there and her journey through the woods to this town, her trousseau in half a pair of saddle bags. I was emboldened presently to ask her if she would inscribe a few lines in the album I am taking to my mother, adding that the autograph of one so gifted would greatly enhance its value.

"You flatter me, young sir," she replied, making me a sweeping courtesy. "Trust a son of the Old Dominion to understand the arts and graces of polite intercourse with the fair sex! And for that, if you will but bring your book to Mrs. Wallace's house to-morrow, when I shall ride into town, I'll promise to indite a poem for your mother and one on our state, at that."

And so she did, in her delicate chirography, and this poem, "Indiana," she tells me was first printed some years ago in the *Indiana Democrat* at the time her husband was its editor.

"Home of my heart, thy shining sand,
  Thy forests and thy streams,
Are beautiful as fairyland
  Displayed in fancy's dreams.

Home of a thousand happy hearts,
  Gem of the far wild West,
Ere long thy sciences and arts
  Will gild the Union's crest.

Thy skies are bright, thy airs are bland,
  Thy bosom broad and free;
We need not wave a magic wand
  To know thy destiny.

Great spirits bled, and dying gave
Thy stars and stripes to thee;
Thy sons would die that trust to save
In pristine purity."

As I parted from Governor and Mrs. Wallace on our return from Mount Jackson, Mr. Duncan, who had in the meantime been bidding farewell to his pretty companion, volunteered to walk with me towards my inn. He is the clerk of the county, he told me, having held this office for six years, and as we parted he invited me to accompany him, Miss Mary, and several other young people of the town on the evening of to-morrow to the "pleasure garden."

CHAPTER XI

INDIANAPOLIS, JUNE 22, 1840.

I WILL inscribe a few lines in my diary while waiting for the stage which is to carry me from Indianapolis for—I was about to write, forever, but why should I? Should I decide to remain in the Western country, should I cast my lines in these places which have proved themselves so pleasant, I shall not be so remote from this city that I can not visit it again, and again meet these new friends who already seem like old ones, so warmhearted, so generous in their hospitality have they proved themselves to be.

It would seem that most of my acquaintances have been among the lawyers, this not altogether because of my own studies in the law, but in part from accident. First I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Dunn of Lawrenceburg on the steamboat, and through letters from him made the acquaintance of other members of his profession in other places, and so on, one leading to another. This experience has been repeated in Indianapolis through letters from Mr. Bright at Madison and Judge Eggleston at Brookville and also the kind offices of Mr. Fletcher, who has introduced me to many of his profession in this city. It was through him that I came to

know Judge Blackford,[1] concerning whom, his ability and his hermit-like life in his room in the Governor's Mansion I had heard so many stories that I formed a great desire to meet him.

It was with considerable curiosity that I approached the "Mansion," which until now I had viewed only from afar. This location in the center of the Circle was chosen, I was told, because it is central, and lies away from the main business street with its disturbing uproar and constant crowd of passengers. The Circle is inclosed in a neat rail fence; the house is large and square, two full stories high, with a low, slightly inclined roof covering an attic story, lighted by a dormer window on each of the four sides. On the roof is a "flat" about twelve feet square, surrounded by a low balustrade, intended for a resort in the cool of the evening, and it is, indeed, a pleasant place to overlook the town, since the Circle is the highest point in the plat of the city. The floor of the first story is raised some four feet or so above the ground, and is reached by a broad flight of steps at each side. It is divided off from north to south and east to west by two wide halls crossing at right angles, making a large room in each of the four corners, and the partitions

[1] Isaac Blackford, born in New Jersey, 1786; graduate of Princeton University; came to Indiana in 1813; clerk of territorial Legislature; resigned to become judge of the First Judicial Circuit; first located in Salem, moved later to Vincennes. Appointed by Governor Jennings as judge of the Supreme Court, which position he held for thirty-five years. In 1855 appointed by President Pierce as judge of the Court of Claims at Washington, where he died in 1859. "His reputation was at that time and still is, world wide." (*Turpie.*)—Editor.

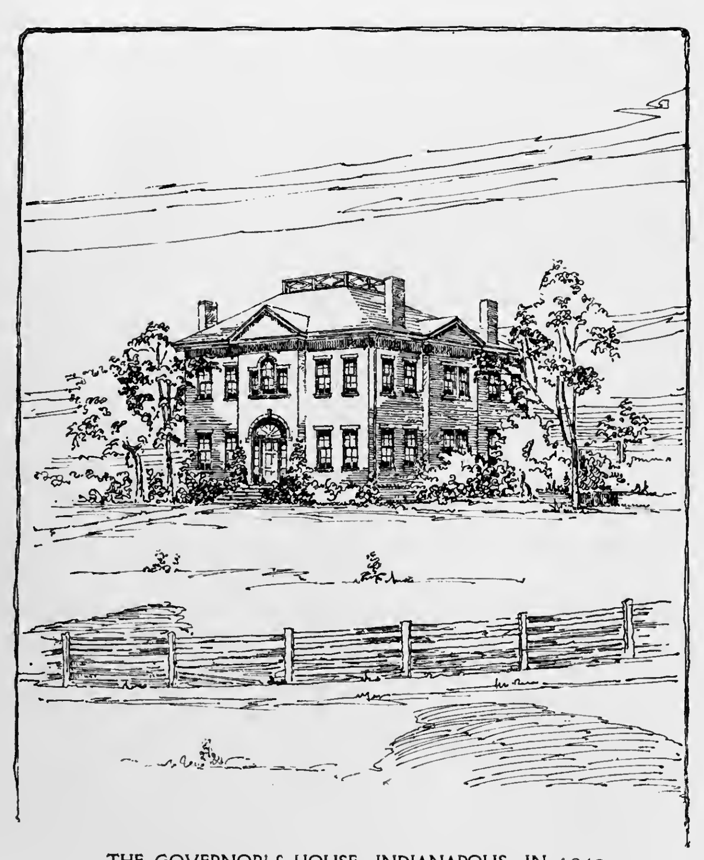
on this floor are made with sliding panels, so that they can be thrown into one room on the occasion of a ball or levee.

The State Library, as yet very small, has its home here, and Mr. Fletcher informed me that the Secretary of State is the librarian and keeps the library in his office in this building. When he told me the small sum allowed by the Legislature each year for the purchase of books, I did not so much wonder at its size. In 1825, said Mr. Fletcher, when an act of Legislature made the Secretary of State the State Librarian, $50 was appropriated for the purchase of books and a continuing appropriation of $30 a year. I noted the beginnings of an excellent library—the *Federalist*, Hume's "History of England," Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" and some few others.

The Supreme Court occupies the upper rooms as chambers, and it was to this upper floor that we turned our steps to meet this judge who, Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Merrill both declared to me, is a man who has attained great eminence in judicature both by natural talents and unceasing industry.

We found the little room—the upper rooms in the Mansion are much smaller than those on the floor below—plainly but comfortably furnished. I scarcely noticed the furniture, however, nothing particularly except the tables laden with books and magazines, and the desk piled with papers, for my attention was at once absorbed by the man himself.

Judge Blackford is not six feet tall, but carries himself so erect that he seems taller; his head is shapely, his face indicative both of intellectuality



THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, INDIANAPOLIS, IN 1840

Pen drawing by Willard Osler

and refinement. His movements are rapid and graceful. He took some papers from the chairs, urged us to seat ourselves, and when Mr. Fletcher explained the object of our visit, that I was a stranger from another state, and particularly when my legal studies and my acquaintance with Judge Eggleston were mentioned, he made minute inquiries into my journey to the Western country and gave me much information concerning my future progress. When I assured him, in answer to his query, that I am going on to the Wabash country, he immediately insisted on writing some letters to friends at Vincennes, his home, for though a sojourner in the capital, he still considers that place his actual home.

"Every year since coming to Indianapolis," said he, "I have spent a part of my time in that town, a town you must see, sir; a town most intimately connected with the beginnings of our state."

With that, he turned to his desk, and began writing the letters, most painstakingly and carefully. Mr. Fletcher told me afterward of this peculiarity of Judge Blackford—that he is prudish in the manner of writing his opinions. The orthography must be perfect and the punctuation faultless before the matter leaves his hand. 'Tis said he pays as much attention to a comma as to a thought. He has been known to stop the press to correct the most trivial error, one that few would notice. Once some one, wishing to delay an opinion, asked him the correct spelling of a word he knew would be in the opinion. The Judge answered, giving the usual orthography.

The other took issue with him, and argued that the spelling was not correct. The Judge at once commenced an examination of the word, dug out its roots and carefully weighed all the authorities he could find. He spent two days at this work, and before he got through, the court had adjourned and the case went over to the next term.

It was not surprising then that we waited some time while his quill was trimmed, the paper adjusted, the letters composed, sanded, folded and addressed in his neat, careful and interesting chirography. Then we lingered a little for conversation on books, on politics, on many subjects. It seems that Judge Blackford was originally a Whig, but supporting Van Buren in 1836, has remained a Democrat.

Judge Blackford told me a story of an accident which happened to him on one of his journeys to Vincennes, in which he came very near to losing his life. On horseback, equipped with overcoat, leggings and saddlebags full of law books, he undertook to ford White River near Martinsville while the river was very much swollen by a freshet. He and his horse were swept down the stream a great distance, but eventually they landed on an island. The judge was wet and cold and it was several hours before he reached the mainland, being at last rescued by a farmer, who had heard his outcries. He spent a couple of days in drying his law books and clothing and in waiting for the waters to fall low enough for him to cross the river with safety, and then proceeded with his journey.

Similar experience I had heard from other lawyers, from Judge Eggleston at Brookville, and at a gathering which I attended at the office of a lawyer one evening during my stay here. I had heard much of the meetings of the lawyers of this new state, and the good fellowship that exists among them, and it was no other than the shy and quiet Mr. Yandes whom I had met the evening I went to prayer meeting with Mr. Beecher and with whom, despite his reserve, I have formed a friendship based upon our youth and similarity of tastes, who invited me to go with him to the gathering. Mr. Yandes began the practice of the law with Mr. Fletcher, who declares him to be remarkably equipped, being a young man of fine mind and a graduate of Harvard College in Massachusetts. We have indeed spent some time in discussing the similarities and differences between this and the University, as we Virginians always call Mr. Jefferson's great school.

This meeting to which Mr. Yandes took me was held in the office of Mr. Lucian Barbour.[2]

Mr. Barbour's office, it turns out, is directly across the street from my tavern, Washington Hall, and here the lawyers of the city are wont to congregate, exchange jests, sometimes very cutting ones at each other's expense, play practical jokes on one another, play cards,—this custom is frowned upon in this community, but none the less 'tis whispered that

[2] Sulgrove in his history of Indianapolis expresses a doubt as to the time of Mr. Barbour's coming to Indianapolis, but the Indianapolis papers for June, 1840, print his legal advertisement and this, together with Mr. Parsons's entry, verify the statement that he was in the city at this time.—Editor.

some of these men are inveterate gamblers,—and as often engage in most serious and edifying discussions.

On this same evening, I met at the inn another one of the Supreme Court judges, Judge Dewey, whose home is at Charlestown, in Clark County, near the Ohio River, who was appointed a judge of this court four years ago. When Mr. Yandes came for me this gentleman was sitting on the recessed portico of the inn, and when Mr. Yandes presented me to him, he remarked that he, too, was going to the office of Mr. Barbour, and would accompany us. He is, I observed, large and commanding in person, at least six feet tall, with black hair, dark complexion, high forehead, and very expressive mouth. I should pronounce him extremely handsome were it not that his nose and chin are too long to be symmetrical, but this is more than overbalanced by the intelligence and dignity of his expression. I found him excellently educated,—he is a native of Massachusetts and a graduate of Williams College,—and a great reader. He is very fond of novels, being conversant with those of Fielding, Sterne and Smollett, I learned from our conversation, this too, in a region where novel reading is frowned upon by the churches, and in spite of the fact that he is himself a devout member of the church known as the Disciples or Christian.

He is also, I was soon to learn, extremely fond of joking and very quick at repartee. In this he is no whit excelled by Oliver H. Smith, whom I met

this same evening, much to my satisfaction, as I had heard of him through Judge Eggleston, under whom he was licensed to practice law and with whom he came frequently in contact during his residence in Connersville, where he followed the practice until last year, when he removed to Indianapolis. He has served in the Legislature, and as circuit prosecuting attorney and United States senator. His most striking feature is his dark hair, which stands straight up from his forehead. He told me an amusing incident concerning his election to the Senate, in which his competitors were Noah Noble, William Hendricks and Ratliff Boon. On the first ballot he fell behind both Governor Noble and Governor Hendricks, but on the eighth took the lead, and on the ninth was elected. On his return home, after election, he started to Cincinnati with a drove of hogs.

"Late in the evening," said he, "I reached Henrie's Mansion House in Cincinnati, covered with mud. There were many inquiries about the result of our senatorial election; I was asked if there had been an election.

" 'Which is elected, Hendricks or Noble?'

" 'Neither.'

" 'Who, then, can it be?'

" 'I am elected.'

" 'You! What is your name? Oliver H. Smith! You elected a United States senator? I never heard of you before!' "

Mr. Smith is an irrepressible talker, jovial and

apparently possessed of a most happy disposition, and, I noted, of great popularity among his associates at the bar.

Among others I met on this evening, were William Quarles, an excellent criminal lawyer, I am told; Ovid Butler, a gentleman with whom I was much impressed, a fine lawyer, so they say, in manner plain, quiet, modest and gentlemanly, and a young Hugh O'Neal, who is a native of this county and who has been educated at the State College as one of the two students to which each county is entitled, and who has just been admitted to the bar. He is already something of an orator, and is a Whig in politics. He is well-known among the young people, and I have met him on more than one occasion.

Noting the pleasure these gentlemen found in each other's company, though of various tastes, some, as Mr. Fletcher, for instance, being most abstemious, others, I was told, being addicted to both drinking and gambling, I was led to marvel over what drew and kept them together, and was told that in the first place all were alike in being men of fine natural endowment, liberal acquirement, sedulous occupation, integrity, dignity, courtesy, and learning, and being thus endowed, find each other's society most congenial.

Moreover, their method of life in itself has tended to draw them together. Their riding the circuit is as laborious as that of the minister, who I now learn is not the only circuit rider. A Mr. Hiram Brown, a lawyer whom I had met on a previous occasion, and who came to this city in 1823, a man unlike most

of these others, it would seem, in that he was born in the West with, therefore, poorer educational opportunities, and who has acquired, all say, a most excellent command of English because of his constant reading, this Mr. Brown, a man now 48 years old, told me something of the hardships of circuit riding, something of which I had already heard from Judge Eggleston. The judicial circuits are large ones, and the roads lead through the wilderness in many cases, particularly near the capital city. It involves weeks of absence from home, swimming swollen rivers, sleeping in the woods. It is at all times tedious and laborious, and in some seasons difficult.

These lawyers, meeting together at the trial court, make the most of their stay at the country taverns, spending their leisure time in discussions of legal questions, in which they display the keenest zest and philosophic foresight. When the session is ended, all wait to accompany the judge on the journey to his next appointment and the end of the session is celebrated in a session of another kind, at the tavern. Then they may indeed be called a convivial fraternity—for those who drink, drink; cards are played by those who do not share the religious convictions of the church-going, and the walls ring with songs, old ballads, comic songs, while those who abstain from such exercises as these, bandy jokes, for almost all are veteran jokers, I am told, and even able to enjoy jokes on themselves—and my informant concluded with the statement that while there are many hardships to be endured in riding

the circuit, after all they can be endured while the circuit riders continue to have good appetites, and to find cheerful landlords and good-natured landladies, and while all are banded together like brothers.

Lest it should slip my mind, I must jot down in this entry the names of several whom I would not forget, and yet have not time to write of in detail—Morris Morris, father of my friend, Capt. T. A. Morris, at whose home I met two Methodist ministers of note, the Rev. Allen Wiley, and the venerable man known as Father Havens; Mr. Nicholas McCarty, one of the town's best business men, a man of remarkable shrewdness and sagacity, and withal one of the friendliest, kindest, most generous citizens of the town; W. H. Morrison, through whose activity and generous assistance Christ Church, the Episcopal meeting house on the Circle, was built, a frame edifice with a spire, said to be the most beautiful house of worship in the state. And I must not forget William Sheets, who was Secretary of State in 1836, and at whose house, a beautiful brick cottage at Ohio and Pennsylvania Streets, I called, on learning that Mrs. Sheets is a Randolph, and a cousin of my mother's several times removed. I found her, I will add, both accomplished and charming, and she played for me on her piano, one of the few of these instruments in the city.

I had not forgotten Mr. Duncan's mention to me of the evening at the pleasure garden, to which I have been looking forward since it was first mentioned, and particularly after my disappointment as

to the ball. Mr. Vance had suggested to me the possibility of a ball during my stay in the city, but he was forced to tell me later that the sentiment of the church people against this manner of entertainment is so strong that the young people who had thought to make my presence an excuse for holding it were forced to give up the plan. It seems that in 1823, when Washington Hall was first opened, a ball was given in celebration of the event, of which my friend Mr. Fletcher was one of the managers; and that a few years later a ball was given at the Governor's Mansion whose managers included Judge Blackford, Judge Wick, Dr. John S. Bobbs, Capt. T. A. Morris and others, but the opposition to this or any other form of light amusement by the churches was present even then, and has increased more and more with each year, so that dancing now is not to be considered. Even the performance of plays is frowned upon, and the only amusements tolerated are church parties, evening parties, such as I had attended at Mrs. Bolton's, invited receptions at which standing suppers are served, and the levees occasionally held by the Governor, at which no refreshments are served and all the world is invited.

I was the more delighted with the prospect of the evening excursion to the pleasure garden, because of an unexpected and most delightful meeting with one of the most beautiful young females I have ever seen.

I first discovered her on the portico of the inn, one morning. This inn is an imposing three-story brick structure, with a large and beautiful recessed

portico, most suitable for promenading, and it has been my custom each morning, on rising, to descend for a turn or two in the fresh air before partaking of my breakfast. Here she sat, bent low over some needle work on which she was engaged, and I could but note how much of expression was centered in the delicate arch of her brow, which spanned eyes whose hue I could not guess. She seemed not to observe my intrusion on her solitude, but when presently Mr. Browning emerged from the hall and presented me to his daughter, but just returned from a visit to some neighboring hamlet, I was allowed to observe for a moment how soft was the melting luster of her dark blue eyes, how surpassingly enticing the sweetness of her smile. Later, I learned from the young gentlemen, what I should have guessed without this information, that this young Miss Elizabeth is one of the belles of the city.

With this same Miss Elizabeth 'twas arranged that I was to go to the pleasure garden,[3] and thither accordingly, on the evening of this same day, we took our way, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Vance, who had been visiting at the home of Mrs. Vance's father, Mr. Hervey Bates, the residence being not very far away, on New Jersey Street. Mr. Bates, whom I have met, is a successful business man, was the first sheriff of the county, and is a very warm friend of Mr. Beecher, of whose church he is a member.

Mr. and Mrs. Vance drove past for us, and as we passed along Washington Street and down Illinois,

[3] The "pleasure garden" was at the corner of Tennessee and Georgia Streets, the corner now occupied by St. John's.—Editor.

they pointed out various objects of interest to me, among them the store of Mr. Pope, a "steam doctor" recently come here from Baltimore, who not only practices this system of medication, but keeps a store stocked with vegetable remedies, prickly ash, lobelia, pocoon, cohosh, May Apple root, and preparations which go by the names of "liquid flames," "bread of heaven," and others, over which names we made merry, as indeed it was easy to do, in such pleasant weather, with such lively young company. I had put on my best blue broadcloth, with the plated gold buttons, a buff vest, and a high hat, and Mr. Vance was similarly attired. Mrs. Vance wore a blue striped silk with a lace mantle, and Miss Elizabeth's frock was pure white with green crepe shawl. Beneath the rim of her bonnet, half-hidden, moss rose buds were peeping, symbol of maiden modesty!

The pleasure garden, while within the plat of the city, is so remote as to be really in the country, and when we at last came to it I was amazed at its beauty and the taste with which it is laid out.

The proprietor is an Englishman, by name John Hodgkins, and 'tis said 'tis marvelous what a transformation he has worked here. The acre on which it stands contains an ice house, where he stores ice for the freezing of his creams, and the confectionery where he manufactures his wares, and the remainder of the grounds is covered with an orchard of apples and other fruit trees under which are arranged rustic seats. Flower beds dot the plat, and winding graveled paths lead to vine-clad bowers and

summer houses; altogether a more charming place and a more delightful company was never looked upon.

Here came together most of the young people I have met during my stay in the city—the fair Miss Mary Sanders, accompanied by Mr. Duncan, the two pretty Miss Browns, and a number of other young females whose names I have already forgotten, Mr. Hugh O'Neal, Mr. Vance Noel, Mr. Nat and Mr. John Cook, both accomplished Thespians, and Mr. Ned Tyler, member of the brass band and most accomplished Thespian of them all.

Never, surely, have I passed a more enchanting evening than this one in the pleasure garden, nor one with more variety of entertainment; the background of green and flowers setting off the delicate costumes of the young females, the handsome young men, the flushed cheek, the bright eye, the whispered compliment. We walked in couples about the graveled paths, we sat in the summer houses, we gathered together over our creams and confections, and then, our conversation. "Ah, the dalliance and the wit," as Shakespeare puts it. 'Twas then, as we lingered, with twilight falling, and the stars hanging low over us, that Mr. Tyler, at our solicitation, sang—a new song and one most beautiful and touching. 'Tis called, "Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well." I had already perused it, but was not prepared for its excessive beauty and its sadness, when sung in such a voice, and with such surroundings. The last verse—I shall not soon forget it—I will here transcribe:

"When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon;
What would I not give to wander
Where my own companions dwell?
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!"

My heart was seized with a strange foreboding. This, this was the Isle of Beauty, this little city where I have been made so welcome, and I—I am the one who is leaving these companions of a few days. Will they forget me? We left the tables soon after the song, for another perambulating of the graveled walks preparatory to our leave-taking, for twilight was now falling and we must return to the city. I still remained with Miss Elizabeth, whom I had discovered in our conversation to be a young lady of singular accomplishments and charms, and we wandered silently about, past the vine-draped arbors, the little bowers, until summoned by the others.

I spoke little until our arrival at the inn, then, having bade farewell to the others with a forced gayety, I asked her, as she lingered on the portico, for a flower she had plucked in the garden and still held in her slender fingers. She gave it to me, blushing, but laughing, too, at my melancholy face.

"If 'twill but make you smile, sir," she said. "Be not so melancholy! No one is dead, nor likely to be, and you will find it just as merry, I'll venture to say, the next place you go!"

Her light laugh followed me up the stairway.

The stage on which I am to journey northward to Logansport makes two trips a week, and belongs to the line of a Mr. Vigus of Logansport. The stage line is a new one, having been in operation only two years, and the stages, which I have already observed during my stay here, are fine, new and shining, drawn by four horses, and carrying the United States mails. I am told that they cost $600 a piece, and that they are a matter of great pride to the settlers along the road. The Michigan Road on which they run is a great thoroughfare during eight months of the year, I am told, and affords an open passable highway to a new and very attractive country, but during the winter 'tis an endless stream of black mud, almost impassable.

I shall close my diary now until my arrival at Logansport, as some of my young friends are coming to bid me Godspeed on my journey. My clothes are packed, my carpet bags locked, I shall soon be embarked for the Wabash country!

CHAPTER XII

Logansport, June 26, 1840.

It was a cool, pleasant June morning when I took my seat in the Vigus line coach, having bade farewell to my young friends who had gathered to see me go. The coach was not crowded, as frequently happens, and I found myself seated next to a gentleman of most pleasing appearance—a little below the medium height, compactly built, with ruddy complexion, blue eyes, and light brown hair. It was not long until we fell into conversation, for I had many questions to ask, and I presently learned that he was Mr. Edward A. Hannegan [1] of Covington, of whom I had already heard as Democratic candidate for Congress against Mr. Henry S. Lane of Crawfordsville.

It appeared, in the course of our conversation, that Mr. Hannegan loves the Wabash country greatly, and when he learned that I was from Virginia and on a voyage of discovery, he gave me many most interesting details concerning the country and its settlement, in which he was joined by other gentlemen passengers, so that I found my

[1] E. A. Hannegan, born in Ohio, studied law in Kentucky, located at Covington, Ind. Entered politics. State Legislature, 1833. Congress, 1835. Defeated for Congress, 1840. United States Senate, 1845. Minister to Prussia, 1849. Recalled. Died in St. Louis, 1859.—Editor.

journey, while much slower than I had expected, occupying, as it did, over two days, very instructive and edifying.

Mr. Hannegan informed me that he could never endure to remain long away from the "lovely valley of the Wabash," and that while in Washington he longed for it continually. He dwelt at length upon its beauty and the fertility of the soil, on the alternating prairies and hills, and then, of the stream itself, extending from the northern part of the state to its southernmost tip, and forming part of its western boundary. Its whole length exceeds 500 miles, and there is but a very small distance that does not present an inviting soil to the agriculturist. The name of this stream in French was Ouabache, and it appears to have been discovered before the Ohio, and is found on maps before the year 1730; the Ohio at its mouth was called the Ouabache. Settlements were made at a very early period at Vincennes and at the mouth of the Wea or Ouiatenon, where the Jesuits had their missions and schools, and the bark canoes of the Indians and French, these gentlemen declared to me, at certain seasons of the year passed from Lake Erie to the Mississippi, by way of the Maumee, a short portage to Little River and the Wabash.

From Mr. Hannegan and my other companions, I learned much of great tides of immigration that some years ago had set toward this part of the state. 'Twas said that in 1834, the streets of Indianapolis were one moving mass of men, women and children, carriages, wagons, cattle, horses, hogs and

sheep, all joyously wending their way to their new habitations in the Wabash country. As many as twenty towns, 'tis said, were laid out in this region from 1827 to 1834; in 1827 'twas reported that 200 families passed through Centerville bound for the Wabash country in the months of September and October. This statement was made by one of the passengers, a young gentleman residing in Carroll County, so he said, who was a boy at the time, and remembered that as his family passed through Richmond and Centerville they were annoyed continually by the croaking predictions of ill luck uttered on all sides. "You will never get through," said one. "You will die if you go to the Wabash; every one that goes there dies in less than a year," said another. This, I presume, from the "Wabash ague" of which my friend, Dr. Peabody of Vernon, had told me, which is so much more dangerous to life than the ordinary "chills and fever" of the other settlements.

My fellow travelers explained to me that these settlers all poured along the roads that centered in Indianapolis, taking from there the Crawfordsville or Terre Haute trails. When the building of the canals began in 1827 the crowd swelled still more, for speculators held out great inducements to city builders and to settlers along the canal routes.

This Michigan Road over which we were traveling begins, it seems, at Lake Michigan and runs south to Indianapolis, then south again to Madison, its purpose being altogether similar to that of the

Cumberland or National Road. Until its construction some years ago, there was no way for travelers to reach the northern part of the state save by Indian trails. However, this road, agreed the passengers, is no easy or comfortable route. I marveled at this, for to me the travel seemed easy enough, save for an occasional jolting over the corduroys. However, my companions reminded me that there had been no rain for some time. Had there been, summer though it is, they informed me, we would be finding ourselves jolting from one bog to another, at one moment on an almost floating bridge of corduroys; at another mired in a mudhole and all alighting to lend assistance in dragging and pushing the coach out again.

I rejoiced, therefore, at my good fortune at finding such fair weather and looked forth with some curiosity on the landscape, interrogating my companions at frequent intervals.

Passing through the county of Marion and a corner of Hamilton County, we came into Boone, the first stop being Eagle Village, a pleasant town of about thirty houses.

This county was named, I am told, after the celebrated Daniel Boone, whose love of forest life, enterprise, and disinterestedness were prototypes of much that is admirable in Western manners. The country is level or agreeably undulating, and the soil is very fertile, and in no part of the state, they say, is the timber heavier or of better quality. One of my informants, the young gentleman from Carroll County, declared that it is not uncommon to

see on a single acre 100 oak trees averaging four inches in diameter, and from eighty to 100 feet in height. The principal products, he informed me, are wheat, corn, beef, pork, honey, etc., and cattle, hogs, horses and mules are driven to market.

This conversation suggested a most amusing incident to an elderly gentleman who had heretofore remained silent.

"You must understand, young sir," said he, addressing me, "that in the thirteen or more years that have elapsed since the settling of this county, great changes have occurred. The heavy timber, level surface, and porous soil of Boone were not very attractive to the agriculturist at the first settlement and accordingly the pursuit of game and the collection of skins, furs and wild honey were reckoned far more important than any kind of farming. The only real necessaries for a family at that time were two rifles, powder and lead, a barrel of salt, a camp kettle, and a couple of dogs. At this time, the only currency was the skins of deer, raccoons, mink and wild honey, and even now, though we have a considerable number of farmers, a large amount of money is made by these hunters and trappers, some even acquiring as much as five thousand dollars a year.

"In these early days," he continued, " 'tis said that a traveler from Cincinnati came hither in company with a resident of the county and encountered on the road a man whose horse was so covered with the skins of 'varmints' as almost to hide both horse and rider, and the only information he could get was

that this was the collector of the county seat with the 'funds' from one of the townships."

When asked if this were true, he replied with a laugh: "Well, at any rate, the story found its way into the newspapers, and those who gave full credit to the statement must have supposed the collector of Boone had an odd set of customers to collect his poll tax from. The coon skins, it was said, were for the state, the deer for county revenue and the mink for change."

When we laughed over this, he told another story to illustrate to me the rudeness of pioneer life. In those early days one of the judges, who, for want of other accommodations, had taken his luncheon to court, was supposed at a distance to be reading a newspaper, when, on nearer approach, it was ascertained that he was eating a large buckwheat pancake!

Noting the considerable difference in vegetation in this and the lands contiguous to the Ohio River, I made inquiries concerning both fauna and flora, and set them down in order in my book, as they were enumerated to me. I did this at a tavern where the mail was being sorted. The mail pouch is carried under the driver's seat, and as the pouches are scarce in this new country, the stage is compelled to stand at the small towns along the line while the postmaster opens the pouch and makes up the outgoing mail.

As to the quadrupeds, I was informed that the buffalo long ago disappeared, but their bones are found about the "salt licks," and their paths known

as "traces" were frequently used as trails by the first settlers. The bear, panther, wild cat, beaver and others are now but seldom met with except in the unsettled parts of the state. Wolves are more numerous. But the deer, opossum, raccoon, and several species of squirrels are sometimes more numerous than when the country was first settled. When nuts and other food they are fond of in the forest fail, they migrate to the vicinity of the cultivated fields and supply themselves there, and their numbers are sometimes immense. Besides these, the fox, porcupine, polecat, ground hog, rabbit, mink, muskrat, weasel, mole, mouse and gopher are found in particular localities, but not usually in great numbers. In place of the animals that have left, others have been gained by migration. Rats are not yet found in new parts of the state, but they are becoming very numerous in other parts.

Singing birds were rare a few years since, but a variety has rapidly followed the increase of civilization. Not being carnivorous, they are not usually found except where fields of grain are cultivated. Of birds originally found in this country, the most common are the wild turkey, prairie fowl, partridge or quail, pigeons, geese, ducks and cranes. Pheasants, paroquets, woodpeckers, Baltimore birds, red birds, mocking birds, humming birds, indeed, most of the birds of the Eastern states are found here, but not usually in large numbers. Of carnivorous birds, the eagle, the buzzard, the hawk, the crow or raven, the owl, etc., are occasionally found.

Two most interesting facts concerning these birds:

There are here great numbers of wild pigeons, so vast indeed that sometimes in flight they obscure the sun. They sometimes resort to roosts in such large numbers that for miles nearly all the small branches of a thick forest are broken off by them. The second concerns the cranes. On the large prairies in the northwest part of the state it is not uncommon, I was assured, to pass in a single hour thousands of sand hill cranes who stand quietly and gaze at the traveler from a distance of but a few rods.

Reptiles abound, the most formidable being the copperhead and the rattlesnake, and many a pioneer has had a gruesome story to tell of encounters with these formidable foes, whose bite is so poisonous as to occasion death. However, the fires on the prairies destroy them and the hogs running at large are their inveterate enemies.

One gentleman, who seemed inclined to an interest in scientific matters, informed me that Dr. Richard Dale Owen reports that none of the precious metals will ever be found in Indiana, unless in minute portions in bowlders or in small quantities in combination with other metals. This Dr. Owen, I learned to my great pleasure, is a brother of Robert Dale Owen, and a scientist of great repute, and when State Geologist made exploratory tours of the state and published the result of this in a volume entitled "Report of a Geological Reconnaissance of the State of Indiana."

We had by this time come into Clinton County and approached the village of Kirklin, named after its proprietor, Nathan Kirk, this and Michigantown

being the only towns in this county on the Michigan Road. Thence we passed into Cass County, of which Logansport is the seat of justice and the objective point of my journey.

A part of this county, I was informed, is level and consists of prairie land; the other, either bottom land, along the rivers, or high bluff land. The Wabash and the Eel Rivers run swiftly through this county; they have high banks and solid rock bottoms, and afford an immense amount of water power.

A gentleman, a fellow passenger, who later gave me interesting information concerning the Indians, informed me that in a prairie southeast of Logansport there is a spring that boils up from the center of the mound, six feet above the level surface of the prairie. Three miles below Logansport is a stream that turns a saw mill on the top of a bluff 150 feet high, and then pitches down the whole distance with but few interruptions. This stream has its source only a mile and a half in the rear of the bluff.

Two points clearly mark the difference between this and the earlier parts of my journey. This part of the country being so much more recently settled is much less advanced—the life is much more that of the pioneer than in the other localities visited. Also, there is much that is interesting connected with the aborigines. Frequently, on the road hither, the sites of villages were pointed out to me that were very recently entirely inhabited by Indians and a few French traders. The country about Logansport was inhabited, I am told, by the Pottawotamies and the Miamis, the former being the owners and pro-

prietors of the lands north of the Wabash, and the Miamis, south, and both dwelling along the Eel.

I have already spoken of the Black Hawk War in connection with the story of the "Bloody Three Hundred" in Indianapolis. It was this war that caused the settlers to be continually uneasy over their Indian neighbors; undoubtedly, too, these settlers cast covetous eyes on the Indian lands. There was continual trouble between them, and various treaties and purchases made until finally the Pottawotamies were removed to a reservation in the West.[2]

[2] "The best illustration of the attitude which the Indiana settlers bore toward the Indians is their treatment of the Pottawotamies, whom they forcibly expelled from the state in 1838. The Pottawotamies originally hunted over the region south of Lake Michigan, north of the Wabash and west of the St. Joseph and St. Mary's Rivers. As early as 1817, in a treaty at Fort Meigs, the government adopted the unfortunate policy of making special reservations for Indian chiefs who refused to join the tribe in selling land. As a result of this policy, several bands of Pottawotamies had special reservations in Marshall and adjoining counties. The treaty of 1832 took from the tribe its tribal lands, leaving the chief Menominee a reservation around Twin Lakes. . . . In fact, the Indians claimed and occupied the whole county except a strip of land which they had given the state for the Michigan Road. . . . In 1834 a commission tried to buy the land. . . . Col. Abel C. Pepper, Indian agent, finally succeeded in buying the Indians out at $1 an acre, and giving them the privilege of remaining two years on the land. The Indians asserted that this cession was obtained by unfair means. Anticipating the sale which was to take place when the Indian lease expired, Aug. 5, 1838, the squatters began to enter the country and settle on Indian land. . . . The Indians began to show resentment as the time for their forced migration approached. . . . They made no excuses for their outbreaks and refused to leave their homes. . . . Squads of soldiers patrolled the country in all directions looking for the Indians and driving them in. . . . All the Indian cabins and wigwams were destroyed. . . . Early on the morning of Sept. 4, Tipton commenced to load the thirteen army wagons in which their goods was to be removed (their destination was the Osage River, Kansas). The journey required about two months and cost the lives of one-fifth of the tribe." (*Esarey.*)—Editor.

Two of the gentlemen in the coach told me something of the incident of the removal. One of them, a Mr. Sluyter, said, "I lived near the Menominee village at that time, just north of Twin Lakes, and was present when the Indians were congregating there in September to be removed to the new reservation. Their village was composed of seventy-five or a hundred log huts and wigwams of poles covered with bark or matting, erected without any system. The soldiers disarmed the Indians, taking from them their guns, tomahawks, axes, bows and arrows, knives, etc., and placed them in wagons for transportation. They marched off in single file, a soldier at the head of about every forty or fifty. It was indeed a sad sight to see them leaving their homes and hunting grounds, where many of them had lived all their lives, and going to a strange land concerning which they knew nothing. Over 800 started on that September morning. After they left the wigwams were torn down and burned."

A younger man, not over 22 I should judge, said that he went with the caravan to Kansas as a teamster, driving a four-horse team. The Indians, he said, were afraid of the wagons and could not be induced to ride in them unless so feeble that walking was impossible. He told of their sufferings from hunger, thirst and fatigue.

It was with considerable curiosity that I approached Logansport, named, I was told, for the Indian chief of that name, and I was not disappointed in my anticipations. It lies in the center of the county, and has a most beautiful situation in the

valleys of the Wabash and the Eel, occupying ground between the two rivers at their junction, with the hills rising to a height of 150 feet to the north and south. The town thus lying in the valley with two rivers flowing through it and uniting their waters at its very heart, presents a most picturesque aspect.

The interest and importance of the town are enhanced moreover by the Wabash and Erie Canal, which is to extend from the northeast to the southwest corners of the state, from the city of Fort Wayne to Evansville on the Ohio River, and a part of which is already completed. Of this canal I expect soon to know more, as the next stage of my journey is to be made on its waters.

I stopped at the Mansion House, kept by a Mr. Douglass, which I found an agreeable resting place, and fitted up in good style. As my stay in this city was to be very brief, I hastened at once to seek out Mr. D. D. Pratt,[3] to whom I had a letter from Mr. Calvin Fletcher, in whose office Mr. Pratt had once engaged in the practice of the law. I observed the town with much interest as I passed along; it has less than 1,000 inhabitants, I judge, but because of its location on rivers and canal and its plentiful water power, gives promise of flourishing growth. I noted its bridge, a handsome covered structure

[3] Hon. D. D. Pratt, born in Maine, 1813; died in Logansport, 1877. Graduate of Hamilton College, 1831. For twenty-five years he was without a rival in northern Indiana before a jury. Presidential elector, 1848; Legislature, 1851-3; secretary of national convention at Chicago, which nominated Lincoln, 1860; Congress, 1868; Senate, 1869. "Pratt is the most absolutely honest man I ever knew," said Wendell Phillips.—Editor.

over the Wabash, its Market House, a roof on brick pillars, much frequented by farmers I am told, its library, a substantial log building, and a brick edifice which I later learned is the Seminary.

Mr. Pratt, whom I found to be but a few years older than myself, is a most interesting young man. He is tall in stature, something over six feet, and well proportioned, possessing unusual conversational powers, and having a fluent command of the most classic English.

Mr. Fletcher, who has taken the greatest interest in him, had told me much concerning his life. He was born in Maine and passed his early life in New England, in adverse circumstances, but his father, early perceiving his mental powers, gave him an excellent education. He taught, studied law, and came out to Ohio, journeying part of the way on foot, taught at Rising Sun, Indiana, and in 1836 arrived in Indianapolis, where he went into Mr. Fletcher's office. Later, he located in Cass County and as Mr. Fletcher, together with many other attorneys, practice in this court, he has been able to continue their friendship. Mr. Fletcher, so Mr. Pratt informs me, was one of the first practitioners in the courts of this county, and ranks as high here as he does in his own home. Here also came James Rariden of Wayne County, whom I met during my stay there, and many other of the lawyers, of whose long and tedious journeys I have spoken before.

Like the other residents of the Wabash country, Mr. Pratt loves it, and has great hope of its future. He told me with much enthusiasm of the town and

its people, and dwelt at length on one of its pioneers, Gen. John Tipton.[4]

This Gen. Tipton, it appears, who conferred honor on the city by his residence here and had much to do with the state's early history, died here only last year. Coming to Indiana in early days, he first settled on the Ohio River and joined the "Yellow Jackets," a military company which played an important part at the battle of Tippecanoe, where, because of so many being killed, 'tis said, he rose in one day from the rank of ensign to that of captain. Later, serving in the Legislature, he was one of those chosen to select the site of the state's capital, and in 1823 was made Indian agent. At this time he removed to Fort Wayne, the seat of the agency, and a little later at his instance this agency was removed to Logansport. After this he served as United States Senator for some years.

His political and military careers, it can be seen from this, were of sufficient importance, but the citizens of Logansport think even more of his life as a civilian and a citizen. He loved the city of his adoption, a mere village at the time of his coming, and did all in his power throughout the term of his life to make it better, to secure for it the advantages incident to cultivated society and the development of its natural resources. I have already mentioned the building pointed out as the Seminary. It seems that one of Gen. Tipton's first steps on reaching

[4] "Among the pioneers of Indiana, few did a grander work than John Tipton. He was a great man in the council and in the field, and no history of the state can be written without honorable mention of his name." (*Woollen.*)—Editor.

Logansport was to organize the Eel River Seminary Society, to erect a suitable building for school purposes, and to employ and support teachers. This was accomplished in the winter of 1828 and 1829; he used his means and never allowed his cares to detract from his interest in it. Both courts and church were held in this building until suitable edifices could be erected for their occupancy.

One of the most interesting things Mr. Pratt narrated to me concerning Gen. Tipton, however, was the statement that he presented to the state the battle ground of Tippecanoe, that it might be preserved as a monument to the victory over their savage foes.

It was interesting, too, to hear that Gen. Tipton was a member of the Free and Accepted Masons. Lodges of this fraternity, I am told, were established at an early date in what was then Indiana Territory; Gen. Tipton was a member when residing at Corydon, and on coming to Cass County, he established a lodge at Logansport when this town was only two months old. The town has already a Lodge Hall, which was dedicated four years ago. When Gen. Tipton died last spring, most impressive funeral services, said Mr. Pratt, were conducted by his brother Masons. This is my first encounter with members of this fraternity in this state.

Through Mr. Pratt I met some other lawyers of the town, G. W. Blakemore, S. S. Tipton, Williamson Wright, and his partner, William Z. Stuart, and Mr. Palmer, Mr. Pratt's partner. I met also a most interesting physician, Dr. Graham N. Fitch. Dr. Fitch is a man of about thirty years, who has al-

ready attained a high standing in his profession, and is one of the most entertaining men I have met. He is deeply interested in politics, and has read and thought much upon the constitutional principles of our government, and has formed his opinions of the proper mode of their development by legislation. He is deeply read in the writings of Mr. Jefferson, so I found to my delight, and the hour I spent in his society I consider one of the most pleasant of the many hours I have spent in the Western country. With all this, I found that Dr. Fitch cares most of all for his profession, and when I considered his hardships, for even more than the lawyer or the circuit rider, the country medical practitioner suffers from bad roads and bad weather, I marveled at once over his endurance and his enthusiasm.

With an account of an interesting meeting with three other gentlemen of Logansport, I must close this entry in my diary. These gentlemen were Mr. Horace Biddle, whom I met through the kind offices of Mr. Pratt, and Mr. John B. Dillon and Mr. George Winter, whom I encountered in Mr. Biddle's office.

Mr. Biddle is a young lawyer, admitted to the bar only last year, and only last fall come to this city. He too loves the Wabash country, and spoke most poetically of the gentle hills that surround the city, and of the meeting of the waters in the valley. "I was pleased with it when I first saw it, and its charm is on me yet," he said. Mr. Pratt told me that he is a young man of brilliancy and attainments, and has literary tastes as well, having already contributed both prose and poetic efforts to magazines and

papers. He is a great friend of a most interesting young man, Mr. John B. Dillon,[5] editor, with Mr. Hyacinth Lasselle, of *The Logansport Telegraph.*

Mr. Dillon, I was told before meeting him, is a man of fine literary tastes, which has no doubt cemented the friendship between him and Mr. Biddle. Before coming to Logansport Mr. Dillon resided in Cincinnati, and while there was connected with the *Cincinnati Mirror,* a literary paper of high excellence. As we chatted together Mr. Biddle talked at length and with enthusiasm of this friend.

"He cares nothing for the law," said he, "but he is an attentive reader and is well acquainted with the general principles of jurisprudence. He has, however, no adaptability to the business affairs of life; all he desires is to think and to know; he has no disposition to do and to have. He delights in original composition and in belles lettres."

As he spoke Mr. Dillon entered in company with Mr. Winter. In person, I found him peculiar. He is of medium height, with a fine athletic figure, yet his hands and feet are clumsy and quite ungainly. His head is large, his hair dark, and, perhaps because of some affection of the eyes, he wears spectacles with large, dark sideglasses, which effectually conceal his eyes. His manner is most serious and he seems very shy, though Mr. Biddle assured me that with his familiar friends over a game of chess, or at a feast of anecdotes, or in athletic exercises,

[5] John B. Dillon, born in Virginia, 1808; Logansport, 1834, studied law and admitted to bar; editor *Logansport Telegraph,* 1839-43; later went to Indianapolis; author "History of Indiana," two volumes.—Editor.

he is often mirthful and sometimes even uproarious.

We talked at some length together, and soon, feeling the comradeship of ambitious youth, spoke of our hopes and our dreams. Mr. Biddle yearns for fame in his chosen calling, but he intends ne'er to desert the muse. Mr. Dillon's ambition is to preserve forever the facts of our early history for the great and wise and good of all coming generations in a history of merit. He does not care for popular applause, he says, but desires to be read by scholars, by statesmen, by historians, by students of the past. To such ends, he devotes all his spare time to the general reading of English literature and the special investigation of the history of the Northwest Territory and the states formed from it, in connection with the history of Indiana.

The other young gentleman, is, I learned later, about 30 years old, and is an Englishman and an artist. When he found that I was a stranger in the state and much interested in its history, he gave me much information concerning his work and the country.

It seems that he was born and educated in England, and then came to New York. Later, he came out to Cincinnati on account of his interest in the Indians and their proposed migration, and at the council held by Col. Pepper concerning the Pottawotamies of which I have already written, he found excellent material for his sketches. His painting, "The Treaty of Kuwa-nay," so pleased Col. Pepper that Mr. Winter presented it to him. He has continued to paint Indians, and the reason for his

residence in Logansport was its nearness to the reservations. He told me at length of his visit to "Dead Man's Village" only last year, at the request of the Slocum family to sketch the likeness of Frances, the "lost sister," a little girl who was stolen from her Quaker parents in Wilkesbarre, Pa., and was not discovered until she was an old woman and had become the wife of She-buck-oo-wah, an Indian chief.

He also confided to me that he had been painting views of the Tippecanoe battle field in the hope that they would find a sale because of the great interest in the election. One of these views was hanging in Mr. Biddle's office at this time, and I immediately purchased it as a gift for my father, who has a taste for historic happenings. I judge him a young man of great talent, no doubt destined to acquire name and fame in this new country.

I found him most genial and witty, and before we parted we all three became on such intimate terms that they told me of a practical joke they played on the town this very spring.

"We were sitting together here," said Mr. Biddle, and I guessed that they sat much together, these three young men, with their interest in art and belles lettres so out of keeping, one might think, with a rude pioneer settlement, "when all at once Mr. Dillon said (the day was April 1):

" 'Let us fool somebody!'

"We all agreed, and he took a pen and a narrow strip of paper and wrote: 'There will be exhibited at the Court House this evening a living manthrop,

from 8 to 10 o'clock. Sir Roger DeCoverley, manager.'

"He took a couple of wafers, and when we went to the hotel where we all three board, he managed to stick up the notice on a small billboard without being observed.

"Much to our amusement, there was a great discussion at dinner about the strange animal. During the afternoon, young gentlemen of the town who prided themselves on their learning, several of the clergymen, and some of the lawyers, were busy studying the encyclopedia, natural histories, all the books they could find, to ascertain what the new creature was. The word manthrop, as you no doubt know, sir, is really a compound of two Anglo-Saxon words meaning 'the man of the village,' and as Sir Roger DeCoverley is Addison's amiable character, Mr. Dillon had no expectation of the success of the joke, indeed he was mortified at the result. For a long time, Dillon's April fool was talked about through the town."

CHAPTER XIII

June 30, 1840.

A FEW more interesting items concerning my stay in Logansport are to be noted before leaving the subject.

In the office of Mr. Pratt I met a most agreeable young gentleman, Charles B. Lasselle,[1] who is just 21 years old.

Mr. Lasselle received his early education at the "Seminary," which I have already mentioned as founded by General Tipton, and then went to the State College, where he pursued his studies until last year, when he entered Mr. Pratt's office to engage in the study of the law. His grandfather, Col. James Lasselle, descendant of French emigrants to Montreal, was Indian agent near the village of Fort Wayne and his father, Gen. Hyacinth Lasselle, was the first white child born in that locality. His mother is also of French parentage and her father fought in the Revolutionary War. General and Mrs. Lasselle came to Logansport in 1833, first settling on a farm and later moving into the town, where

[1] Charles B. Lasselle, born in Vincennes, 1819; admitted to bar, 1842; prosecuting attorney, 1847; assistant editor *Logansport Telegraph;* Legislature, 1862; State Senate, 1868-9-70; took much interest in Wabash Valley history; part of his collection in State Library. —Editor.

one of the sons is proprietor of *The Telegraph,* of which Mr. Dillon is editor.

Young Mr. Charles and I found much in common in our brief conversation, and on learning that my last evening in the town was unoccupied, he invited me to supper at his father's home, where I enjoyed a most delightful visit with this charming family and learned much of the French occupants of the Wabash, besides being given letters by them to some of the most respectable families in Vincennes, which city is included in my itinerary.

In the home of the Lasselles I found, together with relics of the aborigines collected by the grandfather, many indications of culture in books, pictures and furniture. The only piano in the town is in this home, and General Lasselle told me a most amusing story of its coming to Logansport. It was purchased, it seems, in Philadelphia and shipped thence by water to New Orleans. From there, it was sent up the Mississippi on a steamboat, and from there by the same means up the Ohio and the Wabash, reaching the Logansport wharf in safety. But from carelessness on the part of the deckhands, when it was undertook to carry it ashore, it fell into the river and must needs lie there until the waters subsided, when it was lifted out.

I discovered that young Mr. Lasselle is most interested in history and belles lettres. We talked much of books and he presently brought forth for my perusal a publication now being issued at Bloomington at the State College, a periodical entitled *The Extra Equator,* devoted, so it was stated on

the cover, "to the interests of science and literature in the West."

I examined this periodical with great interest. The opening article is a translation of one of the dialogues of Plato, especially addressed, says the editor, "to those who are in the habit of thinking accurately and deeply on every subject within their mental grasp. To those who do not cultivate this faculty it is not addressed; for upon such its operation would be most unwelcome and even painful.

"Readers of a more serious turn," he goes on to say, "may be pleased with the 'Notes of Sunday School Instruction,' all the lovers of our civil institutions will admire the humor and spirit of the 'Fourth of July Address,' and the candor and fairness of the review department. The 'studious of change and pleased with novelty' will be amused and instructed by the 'Rambles in Vacation,' and sundry descriptive and poetic pieces interspersed throughout the work."

The editor seemed somewhat uncertain, apparently, as to the acceptance of his Greek translation, for he continues to insist that it is worth the reading for the improvement such reading will give. "The stiffness and pomp of our style, I have often thought," he says, "might be corrected by a more intimate acquaintance with the manner of the ancients. It should be published moreover, because it is edifying to furnish a specimen of the method of instruction pursued by Socrates, the most celebrated teacher of ancient times."

The Fourth of July Address, I noted, is one given

the preceding year by Dr. Andrew Wylie, President of the College, he whom Miss Merrill had so highly praised to me, and one of the poetic selections noted in the table of contents is an extract from a poem delivered "At the Departure of the Senior Class of Yale College in 1836."

All this was most interesting and, with Mr. Lasselle's permission, I made note of this publication and its contents in my pocketbook. The most interesting article to me, however, in the entire book concerned a volume published in Louisville, Ky., whose second edition has just appeared. This work, it would seem, is entitled "Tannehill's History of Literature," published by subscription. The first edition was published some years ago. The notice I will quote:

"This volume was published in the West and little or no pains were taken to make it known or to give it circulation in other sections of the Union. The few copies, however, which were sent to the Northern and Eastern states were well received, and it was pronounced a work of great research and merit; and the *New York Review* seems utterly surprised that a volume requiring so much and so extensive reading could have been produced in the backwoods of the West. The work is a succinct compendium of the history of literature from the earliest period to the revival of letters in the fifteenth century. It is written in a neat and chaste style and while it can be perused with interest and profit to the general reader, by literary men it will be hailed with delight as an invaluable companion. We can

not help thinking what a God-send such a volume would have been in our college days when themes and compositions weekly stared us in the face. With this ample magazine at our elbow, how learnedly could we have descanted on the literature of Greece and Rome, those fruitful themes for the sophomore's pen—while in Egypt or Russia, or China or India, or Arabia or Spain, we should have been as much at home as Sir William Jones or the learned blacksmith of Massachusetts."

I have made a note of this valuable volume, the title and publisher with the intent to purchase it when next in a bookseller's shop.

The discussion of books led to the subject of public libraries, and a regret that there was not more money available for the purchase of books for the Logansport Library. A gentleman, a Mr. Taber, who had come in to spend the evening, at once entered into an argument over the means of raising funds for the purchase of books for the Library.

"Every citizen," said he, "will readily acknowledge the importance of public libraries in promoting the cause of general education. Well, then, let a library company be founded and incorporated and let the company obtain from the Legislature a charter for the purpose of raising a library fund, say $50,000 by lottery." He admitted that this was not an original idea with him, but that he believed it a most feasible one. "By this means," he went on to say, "the town and country might become possessed of one of the best libraries in the Western

country. The plan, if properly managed, can not fail to prove successful.''

Another member of the company objected at once, declaring that the influence of the lottery is most pernicious.

''Not at all,'' declared its first advocate. ''The case is altogether different when the lotteries are used for the purpose of promoting the cause of education and other useful interests. In almost every state, lotteries have been authorized by law to aid in building colleges, academies, hospitals, asylums, etc. They have also been authorized by law for purposes of public improvement, such as the making of roads, the building of bridges, the improvement of the navigation of rivers, the draining of large tracts of wet land.''

He appealed to me to know if this were not true, and I was compelled to acknowledge that this means of raising money for educational and other worthy purposes was no novelty in many of the Eastern states. The gentleman concluded by stating that he was going this very week to issue a call for a meeting to consider this subject, at the Presbyterian Church at candlelight on Friday night.

In the course of the evening these friends gave me much other interesting information concerning their city and the Western country in general. It would seem that much ginseng grew in the woods and was an early source of income to the first settlers. James Blake, whom I had known in Indianapolis, had soon perceived the value of this product of the woods and had established in several places,

among them Logansport, factories in which the root was prepared and dried for shipment to China, where it is highly valued as a medicine. As civilization advances and the country is cleared, 'tis said the ginseng gradually disappears, and one of the "first wave" pioneers, those who make the first clearings and then move on to the wilder places, said that he followed the wild turkey which, when there are no more "sang" berries (the pioneer calls the ginseng "sang") to eat in the forest, leaves it for wilder and more remote places.

These gentlemen, perceiving my interest in the town's social affairs as well as its business development, told me something of their musical societies and of the Thespian Society, in which all are most interested and which has been in existence for several years and has given several notable performances. Among these, they mentioned the play of "Douglas," acted together with the farce, "Tom Noddy's Secret," and Kotzebue's "The Stranger," with the farce "The Mummy." Another all remembered with the greatest pleasure, was the "Tragedy of Bertram," by the Rev. Mr. Mathurin, pronounced universally one of the best and most beautiful productions in the language, to do justice to which entirely new scenery was executed by an artist, which would have been creditable, they declared, to any theater, and which, together with the costumes made for the occasion, won universal admiration and wonderment.

My father having suggested that I occasionally note prices of various commodities in order to com-

pare them with similar commodities in the East, I will here set down prices as copied from a number of the *Logansport Herald* for the month of June, 1840, as read out to me by Mr. Lasselle on this evening.

Beef, 3 cents a pound; pork, 2 cents; lard, 5 cents; butter, 8 cents; cheese, 10 cents; ham, 6 cents; shoulder, 5 cents; flour, $3 a barrel; wheat, 56 cents per bushel; oats, 12 cents per bushel; coffee, 25 cents a pound; whisky, 19 cents a gallon.

The time had now come for my departure from this town, and with it a slight change in my plans. As noted before, my cousin, Jonathan Parsons, had come out to the Wabash country and it was my intention to pass through Covington and pay him a visit. On my inquiring of Mr. Hannegan, however, on learning that this town was his home, I was informed that my cousin had left this country some months ago, having suffered greatly from the ague, with the intention of going to Ohio. We have cousins there from Maryland and it is possible that he has sought them out with the idea of settling there. As Covington is a new settlement and not unlike these other towns of the Wabash country, I shall not now visit it, but shall continue my journey to Lafayette and thence to Crawfordsville.

I have learned, much to my chagrin, that the Wabash and Erie Canal, on which I had hoped to make part of my journey, is not yet completed. Advertisements in the Logansport papers had led me to believe that the canal was open for some distance, but it seems that it is only open to Georgetown,

seven miles from Logansport, although work is being done at several points along the line. This being the case, I engaged passage on the stage for Lafayette.

The beginning of my journey was not altogether propitious. The stage was a dingy lumbering vehicle, altogether unlike the trim Vigus coaches; the driver, rough and profane. We started off well enough, however, and as usual, I gathered much information concerning the country from my fellow travelers with whom I was soon engaged in conversation. The county of Carroll, in which we found ourselves after driving a considerable distance and crossing the river, which runs diagonally through Cass County, Carroll and Tippecanoe, southwest of Carroll, was named after the venerable Charles Carroll, at the time of its organization, the sole survivor of those noted men who signed the Declaration. The surface of this county is not unlike that I had just quitted. The road could be called so only by courtesy,—'twas simply a way made by felling the trees, many of whose stumps remained in the roadway, together with some of the logs. I scarcely noticed the miserable jolting, however, so impressed was I with the marvelous beauty of the country we were traversing.

Sometimes the road ran through the forest, where the trees rose nearly 100 feet in height, standing on either side of the road like a protecting wall. Again we passed over level plains, or again, through the river bottoms and this last was a most beautiful and novel sight to me, indicating clearly why men were

willing to endure fever and ague and other ills to abide in the Wabash country. The river rolled its silver current along the edge of the plain, which was besprinkled with wild flowers of every rich and varied tint, intermingled with tall grass that nodded in the passing breeze. The hawthorn, wild plum and crabapple bushes were overspread with a tangle of vines, grape, wild hops, honeysuckle, and clambering sweet brier, fantastically wreathed together, all growing in clusters along the river bank as if in love with its placid smiling waters.

The forest rang continually with the songs of the birds and among them I noted particularly, because of their strangeness, the crane and the parroquet. These sand-hill cranes are quite different from the common blue cranes, being much larger and of a sandy gray color. They go in flocks, I am told, like wild geese, but fly much higher and their croaking can be heard distinctly when they are so high in the air that they can not be seen. The parroquets are beautiful birds, as I have already noted in writing of my ride along the Ohio River. In size they are a little larger than the common quail and resemble small parrots. When full grown, a gentleman informed me, their plumage is green, except the neck, which is yellow, and the head is red. The heads of the young continue yellow until they are a year old. When flying, this bird utters a shrill but cheerful and pleasant note and the flash of its golden and green plumage in the sunlight is indescribably beautiful in its tropical suggestion.

The gentleman who gave me much of this infor-

mation and who, he confessed, is much interested in natural history and has many times perused Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," said most poetically, that on seeing these brilliant birds in the sunlight, he "deemed for the moment that he was on the verge of a brighter sphere, where the birds wear richer plumage and utter a sweeter song."

We had left Logansport at noon, and time sped rapidly enough in gazing at the varied and delightful landscape and in conversation of a sort which ever proves edifying. Evening was coming on when, after a crash as of the wheel striking a log or obstruction of some sort, the stage gave a tremendous lurch and precipitated us one against the other as it came to a full stop, half overturned.

Having scrambled out as best we could, we were informed surlily by the driver that we would have to find lodging in a cabin in a clearing nearby the place where our accident had fortunately occurred, as it would be impossible to repair the damages done to the stage before morning.

Looking about bewildered, we discovered near the roadside, in a clearing of some fifteen or twenty acres, a single cabin built of logs to which our driver was already leading his horses, which he had speedily unhitched from the stage. My fellow passengers and I walked toward the door of the cabin, where we were met by a half grown girl, rudely attired in a coarse garment of dull blue, 'tis true, but possessed of delicate features and fresh color. All romance was dispelled when she spoke, however!

"May we stay here for the night, my girl?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"I ain't your girl that I knows of," she drawled, "but we sometimes keeps strangers, and I reckon you kin stay here if you like."

At that we entered the cabin, which consisted of a single room with a large fireplace at one end. The walls had been whitewashed, and from pegs here and there was suspended the family's extra wearing apparel. Two large beds occupied the sides of the room, with trundle beds beneath; some splint-bottomed chairs and an old bureau completed the furniture. The kitchen was in a "lean-to" at the back of the house.

The father came in presently, a tall, raw-boned man, with a face bronzed by exposure, and shook hands with us warmly and made us welcome. Soon the children, healthy and sunburned, came straggling in, and last the mother, she alas! the true pioneer wife, broken by many hardships. How many of these poor women have I already encountered on this Western journey, prematurely old and broken from hard work and many privations!

She was kind, too, and welcomed us shyly, and presently we sat down to a meal of fried pork, corn dodgers and tea. Later, I talked with her concerning a beautiful hand-woven coverlet which spread its gorgeous colors on the rude high bed, and which for the moment I had the thought of attempting to purchase for my mother. She said she did not weave it, though the other was her handiwork, pointing to the other bed on which one of plainer design

was spread. Perceiving that my interest was genuine, she forgot herself and grew eloquent over the subject of designs. Her "mammy" had woven many of them, she said. In that old "chist" she had the "Sunrise," the "Pine Bloom" and the "Dogwood Blossoms" folded away, all brought from "Kyarliny," and she had a loom in the shed, and some of "mammy's" patterns. But this one which I admired was a "double kiver," the art of making which is known only to the professional weavers. The soft, fine wool for this, to whose exquisite quality she called my attention, she herself had prepared, carding, spinning, dyeing, and her sister, who lived over in Fountain County, had taken it to be woven to a woman, French, she reckoned, whose name was Lattaratt. (After a while I translated her barbarous pronunciation into LaTourette.[2])

"Frenchman's Fancy," was its name, and she reckoned "it was the prettiest kiver in this part of the kentry." When I saw her hungry eyes feast themselves upon this one beautiful object in the dreary cabin, I said no word concerning its purchase.

As we sat and talked after supper, the farmer told us something of his history. He had come with his wife from North Carolina to Ohio, and thence to Indiana. He owned now eighty acres of land, twenty of them cleared, a yoke of oxen, a mule, a cart and some farming tools. He was getting restless, though; it was becoming too thickly settled

[2] The LaTourettes of Fountain County were famous weavers of fine coverlets.—Editor.

about here, and he might yet be moving on to a wilder country.

Ere long bed time was announced, the trundle beds were brought forth, pallets made on the floor, each one's couch assigned him, and soon we all were sound asleep.

Next morning we performed our ablutions in a tin basin set on a rough bench beside the door. The water was from a spring near by, clear and cold, and a clean towel hung from a nail by the door casing.

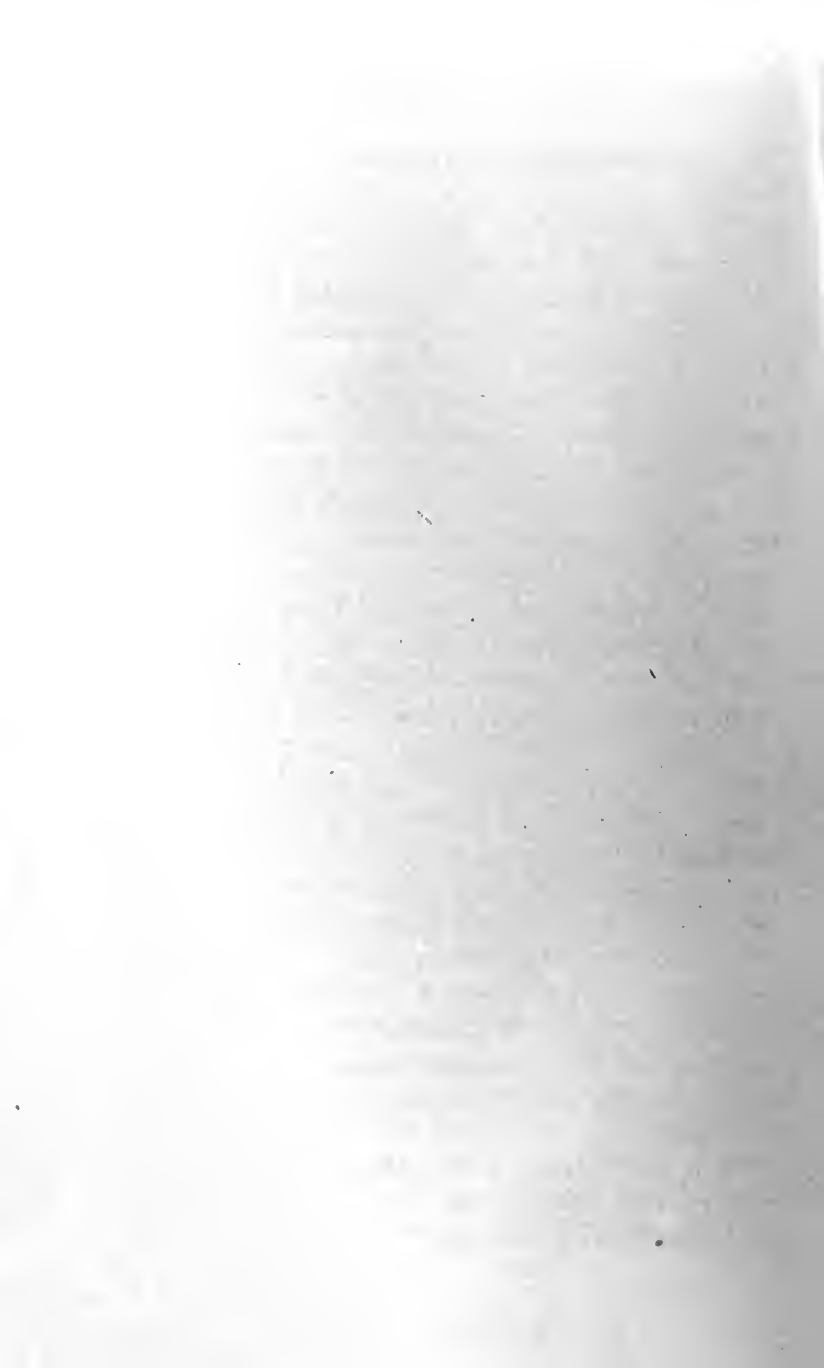
After breakfast, a good one, of fried ham, eggs and coffee, our host informed us that a little further down the road a wedding was to be celebrated that day, and suggested that as he and his family were going, we join them and remain there until the driver had finished his repairs on the coach and came to pick us up.

Being assured that we would be welcome, and having agreed among ourselves to make up a purse as a gift for the bride, we accordingly joined the family procession to the next clearing.

This house proved a much more pretentious dwelling than that of our host of the preceding night. This was a "double cabin," one room of which was very large, the other of ordinary size, about eighteen by twenty feet, I fancy. In the smaller room, the floor was of dirt, and here were most ingeniously constructed tables for the day, made by forked sticks driven into the floor at regular intervals, upon which were laid other sticks, and on these ranged puncheons, upon which the cloths were spread.

A PIONEER'S CABIN IN 1840

From a drawing by Gaar Williams



It was about 9 o'clock when we reached the cabin, and many of the guests were already assembled. The elder ones came, I was informed, to assist in the preparation of the dinner; the younger, to engage in dancing, as soon as the ceremony was performed, so popular is this amusement in these settlements. As the two rooms were already occupied, the bride had to make her toilet in the "lean-to," where she, with the friends who "stood up" with her, received the bridegroom and his attendants on their arrival. All this, we witnessed, as also the coming of the squire who was to perform the ceremony.

This ceremony was performed in a most backwoods fashion in the larger cabin, and immediately afterward the bride and bridegroom, together with the older guests, and ourselves—we were treated, I have failed to note, with great respect—were invited to the dining table. I perceived the necessity now of the strong structure I had observed this morning, for an enormous feast now stood upon the coarse white cloths that hid the rude puncheons. Wild turkey, roasted and steaming hot; a saddle of venison, various vegetables, pies of all sorts, dishes of wild honey, and a great pot of coffee, with the "fixin's," as they called it, of rich cream and a great pan of maple sugar, stood before us, but only for a season, for this Brobdingnagian feast vanished all too quickly.

When we returned to the first cabin we found the young people already dancing, having induced the old fiddler to take his station in one corner, where

he played in a most lugubrious fashion the old tune of "Leather Breeches."

We tarried for a season watching them, and then, our driver appearing with the coach, we presented our gift to the buxom bride, thanked our hosts for their hospitality, and, I'll confess it, since she was a comely girl with sparkling, black eyes and a fine color, availed ourselves of the permitted "salute" on the bride's rosy cheek! Then, assuming our seats in the coach, we were soon bowling rapidly along over the road to Delphi.

CHAPTER XIV

LAFAYETTE, JULY 2, 1840.

NOTHING of particular interest occurred to mark our journey from the settler's cabin where we beheld the marriage ceremony, until we came to the village of Delphi. The prospect was much the same, alternating woodland and prairie, and I occupied my time in gazing upon the scenery, whose natural beauty had not yet palled upon me, and in conversation with my fellow travelers.

One elderly gentleman—I learned later that his name was Odell—who took the stage for Delphi at a hamlet at which we stopped on the morning of the wedding, proved to be one of the pioneers of Carroll County and told me much that was interesting concerning the newness of these settlements and the hardships of the first settlers. Looking upon the small but thriving villages and the cultivated fields separated from each other though they are by dense woodlands, I found it difficult to comprehend that only fourteen years ago when the people in the locality that is now Delphi, came together to assist in raising a saw mill, there were only twenty-eight present and those twenty-eight were all of the residents, as he put it oddly enough, "from Wild Cat to

Rock Creek" within the limits of what two years later became Carroll County, and that now there are in these same limits several hundred people. These first settlers, he said, suffered many privations that first winter. Their stock of provisions, tea, coffee, and flour which they had brought with them was soon exhausted and they were forced to subsist on what substitutes were to be had—potatoes and squash for bread stuffs and a brew made from spice-wood to take the place of tea and coffee.

The mail in these early days, he told me, was first carried on horseback, later in what were called "mud wagons," and still later in "hacks." Indian trails and deer paths were the roads, and he declared that a settler who came into the country in 1824 said that the face of the country was then covered with a growth of nettles as thick as a crop of flax and about as high, and in the river bottom as high as a man's head when he was on horseback.

There were many frogs and snakes, he said. Indeed, every one with whom I have talked has an experience with these reptiles to relate, for the rattlesnakes abounded here in such numbers that the settlers frequently formed companies to go forth and attack their dens. In one place, near Deer Creek, ninety-five were once killed in one day.

The wolves, too, were plentiful in the early days, and after telling me several stories of these huge gray wolves, the old gentleman recited a poem he had composed last winter on a bill introduced into the Legislature asking for a bounty on wolf scalps:

"The wolf, the enemy of sheep,
Prowls about when we're asleep,
And in despite of faithful dogs,
They kill our sheep and junior hogs,
And rob us of our wool and bacon,
One by one, the imps of Satan.
Hence, I pray the Legislature
To pass a law to kill the creature;
And by a unanimous vote,
Make the scalp a treasury note."

A Methodist minister, who was also a passenger and who until now had taken little part in the conversation, perceiving my interest in these stories relating to the wildness of the country, informed me that only last year, when going to Conference with some of his fellow circuit riders, one of them feeling ill, they all stopped for the night at a farm house somewhere between Greencastle and Crawfordsville. During the night they were aroused by a great commotion in the yard, the barking of the dog and the voice of the farmer, but presently when all became quiet again, they fell asleep and were surprised in the morning to hear from the farmer that a bear had climbed into his yard and endeavored to get away with one of his pigs. The bear was compelled to surrender his prey but managed to make his escape. The ministers were chagrined that they had not arisen and assisted in the capture of the bear on their way to Conference—it would have made such a good story!

I learned more, too, on the stage of my friend James Blake of Indianapolis, of whom I have written several times before, and whose activities

in this part of the state in the early days of the settlement are still remembered.

In Indianapolis I had heard Mr. Blake's praises sung on all sides as one of the most useful, energetic and public-spirited of its citizens, always first to help in any improvement that was to be made, always heading the list in every benevolent enterprise, a man most noble and unselfish, to whom was due much of the prosperity of the city in which he made his home. It was therefore most interesting to come upon a chapter of his early life in this country.

'Tis said that he lived several months of every year in Carroll County at its beginning and established a ginseng factory on Gen. Milroy's farm, purchasing large quantities of this root from the settlers, from which source alone many of them acquired sufficient funds for the purchase of their land from the government.

He attended the first sale of lots in Delphi and was leader of the subscription for the erection of the school house. He at once organized a Sunday School, and as long as he remained a resident of the county kept it under his supervision. In short, it was evident that Mr. Blake did not become a resident of the town for purely selfish reasons. He became a citizen not only to better himself but to better the town. He set a standard of religion, morality and virtue, and made it easier for other good men to stand for these principles. In brief, every town in which he has lived felt the influence of his residence there long after he had departed. To use Mr. Odell's words, "He gave the young community a

start in the right direction, and that influence is still felt."

As the old gentleman concluded his speech, I sat in silence for a period, meditating on what he had told me and on the influence for good a man may have in a community. Here, thought I, is this man who came out to the Western country, just as I have now come, to carve out his fortune and to make a place for himself. By his own efforts, he has not only succeeded in one but in both. Here and in Indianapolis, his present home, I have heard only words of praise when his name is mentioned. And here am I, come likewise to find a place for myself in this new country. Twelve, fourteen years from now, will some young man, such as I am now, riding through the country on a similar voyage of discovery, hear my name spoken in such terms of gratitude and praise? What a happy destiny could such a thing be!

We had by this time approached Delphi where I had planned to remain over night. I accordingly took lodgings at the Delphi House. This hotel, I am informed, was established in 1835 and stands at the foot of Main Street. I was most agreeably surprised to find so large and handsome a tavern-stand in so new a town. The building is of frame, contains forty-five rooms and a cellar and also possesses a most commodious stable. Its situation is a fine one as it commands a view of the river, the canal and the town.

Unfortunately, the town only last year suffered from a most disastrous fire, in which an entire block

of buildings was consumed, and has not yet recovered from this catastrophe. However, it is a pleasant looking village, and, while small, it is hard to believe that so few years ago its site was an open woods of oak, walnut, elm, plum bushes and hazel, as I am told. The surrounding country is beautiful beyond description, the river, the creeks, the bottoms overgrown with flowers, the forests, altogether forming a scene to cast a spell over any one possessed of imagination.

The editor of the paper, *The Express,* R. C. Green, to whom I had a letter from one of my Logansport friends which I speedily presented, gave me to understand that in spite of this calamity, Delphi will rally and that the day is not distant when it will be the largest town on the Wabash River. Mr. Green has been, until last year, the editor of the first paper started in Delphi, but recently gave this up to become editor of *The Express,* which is a Harrison paper. He and a gentleman whom I found in his office, a Dr. Blanchard, talked much of the resources of the town and most bitterly regretted that the Michigan Road did not pass through it, this, they declared, being due to carelessness on the part of some of the citizens who did not take time to explain the advantages of such a route to the commissioners, who therefore went into Cass County, where they found men who were willing to spend the time and gain this important thoroughfare.

They talked much of the natural advantages of Carroll County, its fertility of soil and facilities for water power, and pointed out to me the fact that

it is the head of steamboat navigation on the Wabash, because any time that steamboats can come to Lafayette they can come to Delphi.

Similar enthusiasm over the county's resources I found in General Samuel Milroy,[1] one of the pioneer settlers.

Gen. Milroy was most agreeable to me and narrated the circumstances of the naming of Delphi. He had in mind of course the ancient shrine of Apollo, the seat of the famous oracle, and by a pretty fancy the first newspaper established was named *The Delphi Oracle.*

Gen. Milroy assured me, as others have done, that the first settlers of this county possessed more intelligence and piety than is usual in new settlements, early establishing churches and schools, and the moral tone of their influence and example has left its impress on the present inhabitants.

It was this gentleman in his talk on internal improvements who called to my mind again the Madison and Lafayette Railroad, on which I had traveled from Madison to Vernon, its terminus at that time, and which if ever completed will connect the north

[1] Samuel Milroy, born, 1780, in Pennsylvania; lineal descendant of Robert Bruce; came to Middle West when a young man; to Indiana in 1814; delegate to constitutional convention, 1816; member of first Legislature; Brigadier General, commissioned by Gov. Jennings, 1819; in Legislature for nine years in succession; moved to what is now Carroll County in 1826; petitioned Legislature to form county; drafted bill for same, located county seat and suggested name; appointed by J. Q. Adams to inspect Illinois land offices; same year made register of land offices at Crawfordsville; delegate to first Democratic national convention at Baltimore, 1832; opposed internal improvement system, 1839; agent for Miami and Pottawotamie Indians; died, 1845.—Editor.

part of the state with the south in a way now almost unbelievable. He told me that he had aroused much enmity in the Legislature by opposing the building of a steamboat lock at Delphi, but he stood firm because he was determined that time and materials should not be taken from the citizens of Carroll County to construct something which he considered as absolutely useless. I discovered in the course of our conversation that he is an ardent Democrat and a great admirer of Robert Dale Owen. On learning of my admiration for him, although I am a Whig, he presented me with a printed pamphlet of an address which Mr. Owen delivered before a meeting last year, which he considers a most noble effort.

In answer to my inquiry as to whether the town is sickly, he assured me that other settlements jealous of Delphi have circulated the report that it is sickly, whereas, to the contrary, in four years only one adult person has died in the town.

During my stay in Delphi I met several of the physicians in addition to Dr. Blanchard, among them Dr. Ewing and Dr. Webber and Dr. James Stewart, also Judge Grantham, the probate judge; John Armitage and several attorneys, including L. B. Sims and a Mr. Graham. In company with these friends I viewed the little city, saw the substantial Court House, a brick building with a bell and cupola which cost $1,351, I am told, and the octagonal school house erected several years ago.

I was told by these gentlemen of the Moot Legislature, an organization that existed at Delphi for a season. It consisted of a body of men supposed to

represent a legislative body with officers consisting of a governor or speaker, a clerk, a treasurer and a doorkeeper. This Dr. Stewart, whom I found much interested in all the county affairs, was my informant, and he was the first clerk to be elected for this body. The length of the session was four weeks and the Governor delivered a message at its beginning.

It was most interesting, he said, and nothing ever created more interest in the community than did this organization.

Again on the stage and bound now for Lafayette, the seat of justice of Tippecanoe County, which county I had visited once before on my journey to Battle Ground with Col. Vawter.

The first town on our course was in Tippecanoe County, on the east side of the Wabash River, a village called Americus, and as our stage stopped there for some time for the exchange of mail I stepped off to view the town. I became so impressed with the possibilities of this town in the wilderness that I ordered my carpet bags set off and remained at the tavern until the coming of the next coach, two days later. There is no haste in my journey and as the object of my visit is not so much recreation as search for an abode, or an investment in lands which may later prove valuable, it seems important, since I have decided that the Wabash country is the most promising I have yet discovered, to take time in the investigation of the possibilities of these various locations.

Americus is a new town and a small one, laid out,

I have learned, in 1832 by William Digby, who also ceded the land for the original plat of Lafayette. At this time, it is said, it was considered as the location for the seat of justice for its position as the terminus of the Wabash and Erie Canal, where the Tippecanoe River empties into the Wabash, was of great importance. Because of this, lots sold at very high prices and it gave promise of becoming the foremost town in the county. However, it was decided to extend the canal to Lafayette, which was made the seat of justice, and the price of the lots in Americus therefore declined. However, this does not indicate to me the end of Americus. On the contrary, I am convinced that it has a great future; it has the canal, the Wabash River, the neighborhood of the Tippecanoe River, the advantages of water power of various sorts. The township in which it is located is in the extreme northern part of Tippecanoe County. The surface of the township is low and level along the river banks, the soil being of the richest formation and produces corn and wheat in great abundance. From north to southwest the surface is characterized by hills that slope gently toward the center of the township, forming beautiful farming lands.

Americus is the only town in this township and with such advantages of location and resources I see no reason why it should not soon become a great commercial town, outstripping Logansport, Delphi and Lafayette. Having drawn these conclusions after a study of the land and the town during my two days' stay, I have written at length to my father

of the advisability of making investments here. 'Twill seem strange to him no doubt, yet I have heard so much since coming into the Wabash country of these towns of mushroom growth that I am no longer astonished, but only desire to find the proper one and there to invest my money with the hope of profit in the future.[2]

On my way to Lafayette I found much to interest me in Tippecanoe County and learned much of its configuration from fellow travelers. On my way to Crawfordsville I shall pass, I am told, over the beautiful Wea Plains and there make my first acquaintance with prairies. This county is not excelled in beauty and fertility by many lands in the Western country; it is generally level or gently undulating, and consists of prairies, barrens and forest lands, one-half prairie, one-eighth barrens and the remainder heavy forests.

I have for two days now been taking my ease in Lafayette, a town picturesquely situated upon a declivity which affords a beautiful view of the Wabash, three miles above and two below the town. It is sufficiently elevated to prevent inundation and

[2] Mr. Parsons, like others of his time, was no prophet on this subject. The collapse of the canal system, the "hard times," the building of railroads, combined with other circumstances caused the growth and duration of Americus, to quote S. C. Cox, "to be much after the fashion of Jonah's Gourd." *The Indiana Gazetteer* of 1849 describes Americus as "a small town on the Wabash River in Tippecanoe County, ten miles from Lafayette, containing one dry goods store, two groceries and about fifty frame dwelling houses." In 1887, it had forty inhabitants.

Unfortunately the diary does not disclose whether Mr. Parsons made investments here, if so to what extent, or whether this course was opposed by his father.—Editor.

low enough to make access to the river quite convenient. The ground ascends gradually for the distance of about 300 yards from the river; it then descends a little and again swells into a handsome eminence on the east side of the town on which fancy may place in anticipation the habitation of future wealth and luxury. It contains about 400 houses and between 1,900 and 2,000 inhabitants, and already possesses a Court House, churches and a school.

If I am pleased with the town, what shall I say of its citizens? The letters I have carried with me have given me a welcome into several interesting circles and I already number among my acquaintances some of the most respectable attorneys, business men and men of letters of the town.

Having been informed that there is an Episcopal Church in the city and having seldom been able to worship with my own denomination, their churches being few in the Western country, and the next day being Sunday, I betook myself to St. John's Church, and met the pastor, the Rev. S. R. Johnson, with whom I speedily formed a warm friendship. He came out to the Western country from New York State as a missionary some years ago, and, making his home in this town, gave the lot on which the church is built, and has refused during these years of his pastorate to accept any salary for his services. He is a most excellent man and one whose companionship I have found most delightful. I have accepted an invitation to his house for the morrow and

I anticipate a most delightful evening, which I shall record later.

The church I found a most handsome structure of frame, erected at a cost, I am told, of $3,500. In the high pulpit, the reading desk, the communion table, all painted white, and the square-topped pews with doors, I found a sufficient suggestion of home, barring the antiquity of our buildings of worship, to put me at my ease. I went again at candle light and found the music most pleasing, the voices of the choir being augmented most pleasingly by the flute, violin and bass viol. Mr. Johnson detained me after the service that I might meet the choir, Ezekiel Timmons, Mr. Bansemer and Mr. Rhein playing the instruments, and the singers being David Turpie and the Misses Mary Turpie, Mary Hatcher and Hannah Wilstach. The "parson," as he is commonly called, is fond of music and has in his home the first piano brought to Lafayette. In fact, the entertainment to which I am invited at his home is to be a musical entertainment.

The next acquaintance I made, and this through a letter from Mr. Green of Delphi, was Henry William Ellsworth,[3] on whom I called on Monday and in whose company I have already spent some delightful hours. Mr. Ellsworth is a son of Oliver Ellsworth, chief justice of the Supreme Court of the U. S.

Mr. Ellsworth has told me much of the society of

[3] William Henry Ellsworth, born in Connecticut, 1814; graduated at Yale, 1835; came at once to Lafayette; author of some poems and of a book entitled, "Valley of the Upper Wabash, Indiana," published in New York in 1838.—Editor.

Lafayette and has introduced me to many gentlemen. He pointed out to me many of the public buildings, the Presbyterian Church among others, to show to me the early interest of the community in education, for, said he, those who contributed to its erection stipulated that a room should be set off on the west end for a schoolhouse until such time as it was possible to erect a proper school building.

He told me something of the social life of the city. "The rules for good society are now well established," said he, "embracing, we may hope, every honest man and woman. True, there are some who, through perverted minds, consider themselves individually too high above the masses to be agreeable. This class is to be pitied. Maturer years may teach them better."

Accidentally mentioning my interest in the Wabash country as a field for agricultural experiment, I found to my delight that this is a subject on which Mr. Ellsworth may be said to be an authority. He confessed that in the five years of his residence here he has made a study of this subject and is thoroughly convinced of the superiority of the Wabash Valley as a home for the enterprising settler because of its position, the extraordinary productiveness of its soil, its delightful climate, and its means of communication with the markets of the Northern and Southern states. Two years ago he published a book entitled "Valley of the Upper Wabash, with Hints of Its Agricultural Advancement, the Plan of a Dwelling, Estimates of Cultivation and Notices of

Labor-Saving Machines." He showed me a copy of this work, and I perused with interest his description of the geographical position of the Wabash Valley, the railroads which it is hoped ere long will be constructed, the discussion of the soil and its products and the products that can be grown on these fertile fields are hay for the New Orleans market; flax, from whose seed quantities of oil can be extracted; beet sugar, hemp, sunflower, etc. He gives also, with a plan for a neat and convenient dwelling for the settler, a minute description of a mowing and reaping machine recently invented by a Mr. Hussey of Cambridge, Md., which is especially adapted for use on a large prairie farm, and also of a ditching and banking machine.

The book is written in a most interesting style and closes with an eloquent chapter on the effects resulting from the rapid means of intercourse between distant nations and an impassioned appeal to all true Americans to preserve their country—the abode of liberty—at any cost, from disruption.

"And above all, let us guard against contentions, schisms, and disunions. Pluck not a single plume, cripple not one pinion of the heaven-daring bird we have chosen as our symbol. Let his flight be still as far, as strong and as fearless. Let him soar amid the full effulgence of a noon-day sun and that the sun of liberty! Pluck not out one star from the rich group that sparkles in our country's banner! Let them shine in all the brightness of untarnished

lustre as a beacon to the storm-tost nations of the earth, of the home which they adorn. Let them shine, outshone by none save those brighter constellations of a world above."[4]

[4] In the light of future events in their country's history, it is interesting to think of this ardent young Southerner reading with such delight this appeal for loyalty written by a New Englander.—Editor.

CHAPTER XV

CRAWFORDSVILLE, JULY 6, 1840.

THREE events of my visit in Lafayette stand out above all others, never to be forgotten—a political speaking, an evening party at the home of the Rev. Mr. Johnson and a Fourth of July celebration.

My subsequent journey over the Wea Plains, a scene of enchanting beauty, and my arrival in this delightful town have served to strengthen rather than to efface the impressions made by that visit. When I recall that galaxy of brilliant men, that company of elegant and beautiful women and when closing my eyes the vision of the lovely Julia again rises before me, then—ah, then, I know that I have graven it deep upon the tablets of my memory, never to be effaced!

Mr. Ellsworth had most genteelly accompanied me to the office of Rufus A. Lockwood to whom I had a letter given me by Mr. Biddle of Logansport, and it was through his offices that I found myself at the political speaking.

I had already been informed that Mr. Lockwood is a gentleman of marked eccentricities but of great intellectual powers. Mr. Ellsworth told me that he has again and again heard him plead in court, and that he is each time more deeply impressed with the

superbness of his diction, his style and his delivery. Mr. Hannegan had mentioned him on our stage coach journey. When I informed him that my itinerary included Lafayette, he remarked that as an orator, Mr. Lockwood is not unlike Joseph Glass Marshall of Madison, both of whom he had heard speak in a certain trial.

"However," said he, "Mr. Marshall's argument was from first to last, a splendid conflagration; Mr. Lockwood's, a slower more consuming fire."

The speaking to which Mr. Lockwood himself conducted me was held outdoors in a grove on the outskirts of the town.

The speaker, he informed me, is a senator at this time, the Hon. Albert S. White.[1] I subsequently met Mr. White at the inn, where, as he is a bachelor, he makes his residence, having an office in another part of the city. The day was fine, not too warm, and the attendance was quite large, a number, so Mr. Lockwood informed me, having come in from the country, for this town is surrounded by fine farms, and its farming class is intelligent and prosperous.

A wagon had been driven underneath a giant beech tree, the horses unhitched, and in the back of the wagon, Mr. White took his stand. It was a most interesting scene. Here were gathered people from town and country, men in broadcloth and beaver hats, others in the rude garments of the pioneer farmer. There were graybeards leaning upon

[1] Mr. Parsons fails to mention it, but Mr. Lockwood was the partner of the speaker of the day, the Hon. Albert S. White. Mr. White was one of the ablest and most popular lawyers in the state, and Mr. Lockwood soon proved himself his equal.—Editor.

canes; there were young boys who had left their games of marbles and mumble-peg to come to the meeting; all gathered together eagerly listening to this small, narrow-chested young man, who with his thin face and Roman nose could not be called handsome. His voice is fine, however, his manner most pleasing, and in a little while I perceived that he is a most strong and convincing speaker.

He held a document in his hand, to which he occasionally referred for items and facts, and he began his address with an attack on the extravagance of the Van Buren administration, charging it with lavish and unnecessary expenditure of public money in furnishing the White House and beautifying its gardens and grounds. For all this, he declared, Mr. Van Buren is responsible, this man who eats from gold spoons, also purchased with the public money, and this at a time when most of the people of the United States are still using spoons made of horn and wood. He read from the paper the account of the purchase of a large number of young trees of the "morus multicaulis."

"My Latin is a little rusty," he explained, "but I understand this to mean the many-leaved mulberry, whose foliage is fed upon by the silkworm. The President is evidently going into the mulberry trade in order to procure, I presume, silk napkins, tablecloths and towels to match the golden spoons. But let me say, gentlemen, that there is another tree which would have been far more appropriate to adorn the lawns and gardens of the executive mansion than the morus multicaulis; that tree is the

ulmus lubrica, rendered into English, the slippery elm!''

At this there was loud applause and much laughter, with shouts of ''Down with the Kinderhook Wizard'' and ''Little Van's a used-up man!''

When the crowd again became quiet, Mr. White dropped into a more serious vein and described the great Whig national convention at which he was present; he detailed Gen. Harrison's government of Indiana Territory; told of the faithful and long continued safe-guarding of white settlers on the frontier; his treaties with the Indian tribes; his defeat of the Prophet at Tippecanoe and the subsequent overthrow and death of Tecumseh at the Thames, closing with an appeal full of force and feeling to the old soldiers and settlers of Indiana to stand by their former friend and commander.

I thought the applause would never cease when he had concluded. Men threw their hats in the air, clapped their hands, shouted and huzzaed. It was evident that Mr. White is a man of great popularity as well as ability.

As I approached with Mr. Lockwood to be presented to him, I observed part of the secret of his popularity. He is extremely affable, and I noted again as we walked into the town in his company that his greetings to the young boys whom we met and to whom he always touched his hat, was ever as agreeable as it was to his elders.

I learned in the course of our pleasant conversation that he is a graduate of Union College and came to Lafayette eleven years ago. I had already dis-

covered that he is a ripe scholar, his speech was full of classical allusions, his references and quotations from the most noted thinkers and writers disclosed the wideness and depth of his learning.

'Twas on the evening of this same day that the Rev. Mr. Johnson had invited me to a small company at his home, and I must confess that my mind had dwelt continually on this event with the greatest anticipations of pleasure. Much as I have enjoyed my experiences in the wilds, the crude life, the adventure, yet the thought of again mingling with those of my own kind and my own age in social intercourse was irresistibly attractive.

I found the little company assembled when I arrived at the house, for I had spent some time at my toilet, arraying myself in my brown broadcloth coat with the velvet collar, drab pantaloons and Monroe shoes with brass buckles. My host I found as charming as he had been on the day of our first meeting; his manners are marked by a childlike simplicity, and his countenance wears the pale cast of thought. It was evident that these young people whom he has gathered around him are bound to him by the ties of love and affection as well as of similarity of taste.

I learned here, on commenting to a young gentleman on the excellence of the music I had heard at the church on Sunday, that this music is widely known and that the special music given by the choir at Easter and Christmas brings large crowds to the church from the town, the country, and even from other towns.

In my occasional visits to the capital of my state and to Washington I have been a guest at various parties where there has been a vast amount of graceful pantomime and pretty conversation, sometimes sparkling, mostly, I must confess, silly; where there have been Italian music and American dancing; pyramids of ice cream and piles of confectionery and mountains of cakes; where the guests talked about the last opera and quoted long Italian names, and criticized the new theater and the star actresses, or indulged in little side eddies of gossip. At the time, I thought it all most enchanting and edifying, but I must confess, no social gathering I have ever attended has had for me the interest, the charm, of this at Mr. Johnson's. The simple rooms, candle lit, with their plain mahogany furniture, the wildwood flowers disposed with such taste, the handsome young gentlemen in their broadcloth and ruffled shirts, the beautiful young females in gowns of silk or of cambric, the music, the sweet voices, the light laughter, the edifying and intellectual conversation, I shall probably never again, take it for all in all, experience another such evening.

'Tis impossible to transcribe all the events of this evening. When I write of the episode of Julia 'tis not that I need to do so to fix her image in my mind. Far from it—'tis ineffaceably graven on my memory, on, alas, my heart! Julia, in white book muslin with blue sash, her bright brown hair looped in smooth bands over her ears, most timid and maidenly, until she lifted those white lids, and one perceived gazing forth from those glorious dark

orbs, the spirit of proud, impassioned youth! And when she sang, and when she talked, such charm, such grace, such cleverness in conversation I have never before heard from the lips of a young female.

Mr. Johnson had recently been sent by a friend in the East, the autographs of some famous English writers, and these he now exhibited to us. The first was the autograph of the Honorable Mrs. Caroline Norton. "Poor lady," he said, "I sympathize with her in her domestic sufferings."

"What?" exclaimed his wife. "I thought you always blamed her for leaving her husband's protection."

"I no longer blame her for leaving her husband since I have had the opportunity of learning the abuse she has suffered."

"No good wife ever left a good husband," replied his wife, "and it is very doubtful to me whether a wife ever improved her own happiness by leaving a bad husband."

"Her conduct since her separation has been above reproach," the minister responded warmly, "and her genius has been, as it were, endowed with new life; for genius often seems to require crushed affections for its sacrifice."

"I have heard," remarked one of the young gentlemen, "that some of the English reviewers have styled her 'the female Byron.'"

"For that I am sorry," said Miss Julia, who, it seems, is something of a blue, "for it seems to imply more of passions than affections and the last are so much more the province of woman's poetry

that I think the critic paid her a poor compliment."

"Critics often consider more the effect than the truth of these comparisons," replied Dr. Johnson. "It is a very pretty turn of expression, this 'female Byron,' and Mrs. Norton may have fallen a little too much into his habit of dwelling too much on his own sorrows; but there the similarity ceases. She is tender and devotional in her sorrows and wrongs; Byron, terrible and misanthropical in his injuries and resentments."

My friend Mr. Ellsworth launched into a eulogium of Eliza Cook, whose autograph he had found and whom he declared deserved the laurel, displaying as she does more native poetical talent than any female writer now living in Great Britain.

"She displays such originality," he persisted. "Listen to this:

> "'Hold up your heads, ye sylvan lords,
> Wave proudly in the breeze;
> Our cradle bands and coffin boards
> Must come from the forest trees.'

"The idea in the third line was never probably expressed before," he continued. "It strikes the reader at once as original, bold and true. Such new thoughts, vivid as a flash from a dark cloud, and strong enough to paint the rush of the cataract, are not infrequent in her productions. She wants a little sweetness, a little grace at times, but she will gain these by and by, when she marries."

"La! la!" cried Miss Julia, tossing her pretty head.

"I mean it," said Mr. Ellsworth earnestly. "She

only needs to become a wife and mother to know the real tenderness of the heart, and then her lyre will assume all the softness it needs to make its tones perfect; it is now, at times, harsh."[2]

'Twas soon after this most learned and edifying conversation that music was called for. The violin was played by the gentleman of the choir; there were some instrumental selections and then Miss Julia sang. 'Twas a little song, the words by Mrs. Hemans, entitled "The Stranger's Heart," and when it was received with much applause she was besought again to favor us. She refused at first, but when I, standing close to the piano, besought her, telling her in low tones that this was the first music I had heard on my journey, and that, after another day, I should again set forth into the wilderness, she turned the stool and sang a gay little melody, the music by Miss Augusta Browne, Professor of the Logierian system of music, and the piece, I noted that I might purchase it, is to be had at Osbourn's Music Saloon in Philadelphia. The words I jotted down with her permission:

> "Dost thou idly ask to hear
>   At what gentle seasons
> Nymphs relent when lovers near,
>   Press the tenderest passions?
> Ah! they join their faith too oft
>   To the careless wooer;
> Maidens' hearts are always soft;
>   Would that men were truer!

[2]It is fortunate for us that Mr. Parsons' admiration for Miss Julia led him to record this conversation which gives so illuminating a glimpse into the literary tastes and standards of the time.—Editor.

"Woo the fair one when around,
Early birds are singing.
When o'er all the fragrant ground
Early herbs are springing;
When the brook side, bank and grove,
All with blossoms laden,
Shine with beauty, breathe of love,
Woo the timid maiden.

"Woo her when with rosy blush
Summer eve is sinking;
When o'er rills that softly gush
Stars are softly winking;
When through boughs that weave the bower
Moonlight gleams are stealing;
Woo her till the gentle hour
Wakes a gentler feeling."

We were served after this with a most delicious repast of floating island and pound cake made by Mrs. Johnson from her tried New England recipe, and the party was then over much too soon. I had the pleasure of escorting the fair Miss Julia to her home, or, to speak more correctly, half the pleasure, for on the other side of her strutted a pert young coxcomb in blue broadcloth and white beaver hat, by name Jones, who monopolized the conversation and had the impertinence at the gate to ask for one of the pink roses from her garland. She suffered his impertinence, not well being able to help it, but as we parted I felt the slight pressure of her fingers returning that of mine, and I, too, received one of the pink roses, which even now reposes over my heart.

The next day was the Fourth of July and I was

invited as a special guest to be present at a great celebration and dinner in honor of the occasion.

I have attended many Fourth of July celebrations, but never one planned on lines of such magnitude and carried out with such perfection of detail. On this occasion I met some of the notable men of the town, of whom there is a surprising number, Mr. Sandford C. Cox, Dr. Elizur Deming, a physician of prominence; Mr. Martin L. Pierce, who is the present sheriff—these gentlemen all from the East, and Mr. Lawrence B. Stockton, a Virginian like myself, who has resided here for sixteen years and was the county's first surveyor. He drove me out to his house that evening, a palatial residence erected five years ago and said to be the largest and finest in the county. I also made the acquaintance of Mr. Henry T. Sample, who came here from Ohio, and of Mr. Moses Fowler, a young man near my own age, who came here only last year and has engaged in the mercantile business. He talked to me at some length of the importance of this city and the business opportunities in the way of importing goods from Southern ports. It seems that he and his partners have five or six steamers chartered for this purpose, so were I minded to enter the business world instead of engaging in the practice of the law, I should be inclined to choose this city as my location.

Among the lawyers who here as elsewhere I found banded together like brothers, I remember most distinctly in addition to Mr. White, Mr. John Pettit, who came here from New York. Mr. Pettit has

served in the Legislature and was last year appointed United States district attorney by President Van Buren. He is, I am told, no scholar, but has a mind of great force and an intellect which grasps successfully great and mighty questions.

With him was his protégé, a young man just my own age whom at first sight I fancied mightily, a Mr. Godlove S. Orth. I do not flatter myself that I displayed any great intuition, however, for I am told that when he came to this state from Pennsylvania where he was reared on a farm among the yeomanry, and educated at Gettysburg College, he met Mr. Pettit at Delphi and that this gentleman was at once so impressed with him that he gave him the keys to his law office at Lafayette and told him to go on and take possession as his partner. Mr. Orth is a tall young man, already inclined to corpulency, and extremely complaisant in manner.

This Fourth of July celebration began at daylight with the hoisting of a superb national flag and after this was unfurled to the breeze, a salute was fired from some pieces of artillery. The morning was spent in mingling with friends and acquaintances on the streets, and at 12 o'clock a procession was formed in front of the hotel of the highly respectable citizens of the town and county and a few of the venerable worthies of the Revolution yet surviving. This procession moved to a grove in which a platform had been erected under a giant tree, and here the Declaration of Independence was read by Mr. Orth, and an eloquent and highly appropriate address was given by no less a personage than Mr.

Tilghman A. Howard,[3] the Democratic candidate for Governor.

I was most pleased to have the opportunity to hear this eloquent speaker of whom I had heard so much during my travels in the state. He presents a most dignified appearance, and it is said is extremely sober, seldom indulging in levity. In appearance, he is most striking, being very tall, of symmetrical form, with coal black hair and eyes, large and most expressive features. Every gesture, every expression of his face betokens intellect of the highest order.

After paying tribute to the veterans of the Revolution, "the men who in the dark and portentous era of '76 promptly stepped forth, the avengers of their country's wrongs, and freely offered themselves a willing sacrifice at the shrine of patriotism," he made a most stirring appeal for the support of a representative democracy. He quoted in conclusion with most telling effect:

"Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, mercy, freedom, yet shall find a home.
Where'er degraded nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Siber's dreary mines,
Truth shall pervade the unfathomed darkness there
And light the dreadful features of despair.
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load
And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed.
Fierce in his eye the fire of valor burns,
And as the slave departs, the man returns!"

[3] Tilghman A. Howard, born in South Carolina in 1797; district attorney for Indiana, 1832; Congress, 1839. Candidate for Governor, 1840.—Editor.

After the address the procession again formed and returned to the hotel, and at 2:30 o'clock we sat down to an elegant repast at which the utmost harmony prevailed. Upon the removal of the cloth the following toasts were drunk with great unanimity, amid the roar of artillery and the cheerings of grateful and happy hearts. These I have copied from the newspaper, a number of which I secured before leaving the city: (1) "The day we celebrate—the sixty-fourth anniversary of our country's freedom"; (2) "the memory of those illustrious patriots who on the Fourth of July, '76, mutually pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor"; (3) "the memory of George Washington"; (4) "the officers and soldiers of the Revolution—death has thinned their ranks, but their fame is defended by the shield of immortality"; (5) "the President of the United States"; (6) "the Vice-President and heads of the departments"; (7) "the Constitution of the United States—like a root in the rifted rock, it will withstand the storms of faction and the tempests of party"; (8) "the People—enlightened they can never be slaves; ignorant, they can never be free"; (9) "our Flag—may its stars ever shine resplendent in glory until the lights of heaven cease to burn"; (10) "the American fair."

> "Oh, woman, woman, thou wast made,
> Like Heaven's own pure and lovely light,
> To cheer life's dark and desert shade
> And guide man's erring footsteps right."

These toasts were followed by volunteer toasts, for the first of which I was called upon. I proposed

that we drink "To the Sovereignty of the People—let it pervade the globe." The others that followed were: "Our Farmers and Mechanics—the nerves and sinews of the commonwealth"; "The Militia of Indiana—when again called into the field of battle may they imitate the valor of their countrymen at Tippecanoe"; "Wisdom, Strength and Beauty—our executive, legislative and judicial departments possess the first, our army and navy the second, and our fair countrywomen the third"; "Gen. Lafayette, the Companion of Washington—may his virtues be ever engraven on the hearts of Americans"; "The Love of Country—may it always prevail over personal and party considerations"; "The People's Servants—may they never succeed in becoming the people's masters. May a generous and enlightened competition induce them to look solely to the common prosperity."

With these toasts, the celebration ended, and the next day I set forth to the town of Crawfordsville from which I am now writing, directly south of Lafayette and in the adjoining county of Montgomery. The road runs over the beautiful Wea Plains, called, 'tis said, for the Wea or Ouiatenon Indians, a branch of the Miamis. These prairies, gently rolling and absolutely treeless as far as eye can see, gemmed with flowers of all varieties, the brilliancy of whose coloring baffles all description, are a most entrancing sight to the traveler. At this season, the wild rose is in predominance and frequently the entire surface of the plain appears to be carpeted with these blossoms of ravishing beauty.

These prairies are sparsely settled, I am told, and the solitary traveler may ride for hours without meeting or seeing any one, directing his course by the distant groves which look like islands in the sea of grassy plains.

The most notable plant is the bluejoint grass, so called from the color of its stalk and leaves, which is dark green with a bluish tint near the ground. It is indigenous to the prairie and grows to the height of a man's shoulder, sometimes even high enough to conceal a man on horseback. Cattle, sheep and horses are all fond of it and it is said to remain juicy and tender until late in the fall, and is an excellent food when cut and dried as hay.

CHAPTER XVI

CRAWFORDSVILLE, JULY 8, 1840.

I FAILED to record in my last entry in which I told of my closing days in Lafayette, the manner of my journey to Crawfordsville. I started off, commonplace enough, in the stage coach, a manner of traveling of which I had by now grown sufficiently weary, when a young gentleman from Lafayette, the same coxcomb Jones who had aroused my indignation by his attentions to the beautiful Julia, proposed that we vary the monotony of the journey by changing our method of travel. We would shortly, he said, come to the village of Concord, and he proposed that here we should leave the coach, send our baggage on by this means, and make the remainder of the journey on horseback. In that way we could get a much better view of the beautiful country, we could travel as leisurely or as rapidly as we pleased, and altogether we would find this manner of travel most pleasant. A fellow passenger reminded him of a story he had from Judge Law of Vincennes of a time in 1828 when he and Gov. James B. Ray, who was at that time a candidate for re-election, were traveling over the Wea Plains, lost their way and lay out all night without shelter or supper. My companion responded that that was twelve years ago, when there were far

fewer settlements, and that to such men as ourselves, the matter of going without food or lodging was a matter of indifference, anyway.

I hailed his proposal with delight, and in a short time we were cantering along over the plain, "the prettiest place this side of Heaven," he declared, which I found most entrancing in its summer garment of green, scarlet and pink. Occasionally we could catch a glimpse of the silvery river, along which grew clusters of hawthorn and wild plum trees overgrown with honeysuckle. When night fell, it was still more entrancing, for the moon was at its full, and poured its silver light over a scene which would have delighted the heart of a painter.

'Twas on this same night that we overtook the "movers" encamped by the side of the road.

'Twas an interesting sight, as we approached them—the two great wagons filled with household furniture and farm implements, standing at one side of the road, the horses unhitched and tethered near by. Here also were the cow, the colts and a few sheep.

They had kindled a fire and were cooking their supper over it, the mother and two half-grown girls, pretty, though shy creatures, while the father and his sons were busying themselves about feeding the cattle and disposing of them for the night. We drew rein as we approached, and asked some questions. The family, it seems, had come two years ago from North Carolina and had settled in the northern part of the county. Two months ago, the man had taken up land in the southern part of this

county, and after building his cabin and clearing a piece of land, had returned for his family and his household goods, and they were now all on their way to their new home. On learning of our destination, they invited us to share their evening meal, and suggested that we pass the night at their camp. We accepted their invitation with undisguised eagerness. I could see that my friend, for all his braggadocio on the stage, had some fear, after all, of sharing Governor Ray's fate and lying out all night without shelter or food, and from the manner in which he devoured the ham, eggs and Johnny cakes which the girls shyly brought us, and drank the scalding hot coffee, I perceived that food was not such a matter of indifference after all, as he had feigned.

After supper, our new friends again insisted that we spend the night near their camp fire where we would be safer from snakes or any prowling animals.

"'Tis not a Wabash bedstead," said our host, "but it will answer the purpose, and we can lend you all a Kyarliny kiver. It gits right cold out in the open."

"And what, pray, is a Wabash bedstead?" I asked, and was told that the settlers who had no beds were wont to construct them by driving a piece of a huge sapling upright in the floor for one leg of the bed, and with smaller saplings fitted into holes bored in the wall making side pieces and supports for puncheons upon which were placed the ticks of straw and feathers, the whole forming a very substantial and comfortable bed.

A long time we sat in the moonlight around the

dying fire, talking of the fertile prairies, now covered with blackberries and raspberries, and of the great range they afforded for cattle and horses; of the game and fish in the streams, plenty and plenty for these men's sons and their sons after them.[1]

The talk of danger from wild animals suggested stories of the wolf hunts which the early settlers often found necessary, in which the inhabitants of several neighborhoods, and sometimes of a whole county, took part. The territory to be hunted over was circumscribed by four lines sufficiently distant from each other to inclose the proper area. To each line was assigned a captain, with his subaltern officers, whose duty it was to properly station his men along the line and at the hour agreed upon to cause them to advance in order toward the center of the arena. The lines all charged simultaneously toward the center on horseback, with dogs, guns and clubs, thus completely investing whatever game was within the lines and scaring it from the advancing lines toward the center, where the excitement of the chase was greatly heightened and the greatest carnage ensued. Often from two to ten wolves and as many deer were taken in a day at these hunts, and wildcats, foxes and catamounts in abundance. Horses and dogs soon became fond of the sport and

[1] Short visioned settlers. In 1860 Mr. Sandford Cox wrote of these "boundless plains:" "For more than fifteen years past these plains have been like so many cultivated gardens, and as for venison, wild turkeys and fish, they are now mostly brought from the Kankakees and the lake."—Editor.

seemed to enter into it with a zest surpassing that of their masters.

With this man was his brother-in-law, a tall, gaunt young man who, up to this time, had kept silence. Now he was moved to tell an adventure of his own with the wild hogs, which, 'tis said, roam through the woods in some places and are most dangerous if encountered when in any way enraged. This young man—his name, I think, was Tucker, and he, too, had lived for a season in the northwestern part of the county, said that he had had a most exciting adventure some years ago. He had, it seems, been the first of the family to come to the county, having come from Carolina into Kentucky, and now he had sold his farm and was accompanying his brother-in-law to his new location.

'Twas just such a night as this, he said, bright moonlight, and he had rambled out before going to bed into a little valley, near his cabin. He is a shy youth of few words, but I fancy he is at heart poetical and that he wandered farther than he thought under the spell of the moonlight and the beauty of the landscape. He had climbed one of the wooded hills that edged the valley, he said, and stood gazing over the beautiful valley and the silvery river in the distance, when all at once, a fox darted past him, barking as it ran. Back it came in a few minutes, followed by a gang of wild hogs which it had aroused, and which came in pursuit with a cracking of bushes, rattling of stones, and gnashing of teeth. For a moment his heart stood still. He

could not climb the huge tree near which he stood, he had only time to snatch a fallen limb with which to beat them off. His only hope lay in keeping them off until his calls could be heard at the cabin, if they could be heard. He stood fighting the furious gang, shouting desperately, foreseeing himself devoured alive, when, presently, his calls heard, his friends came to the rescue. It was a narrow escape, and he wiped his brow as he spoke, as though even yet the very thought caused him to break into a perspiration.

Presently our talk turned into lighter channels—we told jokes, we sang. The young man who told the wolf story had a fiddle which, after some persuasion, he was prevailed upon to bring from the wagon, where it hung safely up in the bows, with the guns, and to its accompaniment we sang homely songs, "Old Virginny Never Tire" and "Old Dan Tucker," songs which I have heard from my cradle up, in the darky cabins on my father's plantation. I was pleasantly surprised to learn that these settlers knew some of the old ballads, too, and we sang together "Barbara Allen" and others. The young girls spoke never a word, though they listened most attentively to our conversation in which, it must be confessed, I took a part, for I was importuned to relate the story of my journey from Virginia to this remote part of the country, and I felt in the gaze of their deep dark eyes and the interest expressed on their innocent faces something of the stimulus Othello must have felt when he recited to Desdemona his adventures in field and flood.

At last we lay ourselves down under our homespun "Kyarliny kiver" and slept soundly until dawn, when we again gathered round the fire and partook of an excellent breakfast, corn bread baked in a covered skillet piled over with hot coals, a most delicious concoction, with the added relish of fresh berries which the young girls, risen early, had picked, and then, mounting our horses, we galloped on, after bidding farewell and Godspeed to these good people who had shown us such genuine hospitality.

I have neglected to state that this young gentleman, my companion, is a student of the law in the office of Mr. Lockwood at Lafayette, and only last year graduated from a college at Crawfordsville known as the Wabash College, although its title was originally "The Wabash Manual Labor College and Teachers' Seminary." He is, I judge from his attire and his manner, in affluent circumstances, and he is going for a visit to his Alma Mater and to attend the Commencement at which a young friend is to graduate. He is 22, of good form and feature, and of a gay and lively disposition, and in pleasant desultory conversation the time has passed most rapidly.

After we left the "movers" and entered the county of Montgomery of which Crawfordsville is the seat of justice, he gave me much information concerning the county and town, for, 'tis clearly to be discerned, he has habits of observation, and is well fitted by nature as well as education for whatever career he chooses to embark in.

The county, which was organized seventeen years ago, was named for Col. Richard Montgomery. 'Tis marvelous, he says, in the way of natural beauty and fertility of soil. The northern part of the county is prairie, interspersed with groves of timber, oak, hickory, elm and ash; its soil is rich black loam, mixed with sand. The middle is chiefly forest land, watered by Sugar Creek and its tributaries. The southern part is gently rolling and covered with timber, chiefly walnut, and sugar tree, with a rich loamy soil, and is watered by a creek called Big Raccoon. This land, he assures me, is so fertile that the owners grow rich almost without labor, for it has been said that at the time of the first settlement a settler no sooner put up a cabin, deadened fifty or a hundred acres, fenced in fifteen or twenty, sufficiently cleared to raise a corn crop, than he asked $800 or $1,000 for his improvements, and what is still more astonishing, no sooner offered to sell than he realized the amount in cash. During his stay at the college he had explored much of the county, being of an investigating mind, and he told me of a most beautiful spot some miles away from the town where two small streams run together and where the scenery is of stupendous grandeur, with towering cliffs, deep ravines, waterfalls—altogether a most marvelous and indeed terrifying scene.

Our ride through the northern part of the county was uneventful though the landscape was ever of interest to me. Before entering the town we forded Sugar Creek, a large stream running diagonally through the county, and soon came into the town of

Crawfordsville, named, my companion informed me, for Col. William Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury at the time it was laid off. The site was chosen no doubt because of its proximity to a great Indian trail that, crossing Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, gave passage through the wilderness to the tide of immigration from the East. These settlers were no doubt also influenced by the neighborhood of several large springs of pure and medicinal qualities of water. The growth of the town, he told me, was assured from the first, by the location of the land office which was moved there from Terre Haute, and of which Judge Williamson Dunn of Hanover was the first Register.

I can not now disentangle the sensations of my first view of this little town and my later impressions; suffice it to say that I have found it, small as it is, most pleasant to look upon, with its broad streets and its forest shade. Its material prosperity is shown in its new Court House, a two-story brick building, forty by fifty feet, with a cupola, which stands upon the public square, and which was erected, I am told, at a cost of $3,420. I was shown, too, the Baptist church, the first church erected in Crawfordsville, on a lot given by Major Whitlock, of whom I shall have more to say later, a building of brick, used exclusively for church services, and which was used by all sects until they were able to erect edifices of their own. The Presbyterian Church was established in 1824, and a building soon after erected. As in the other places I have visited, there has been the separation into old school and

new school, and the new school has only this year erected a large frame structure. There are here taverns, merchandise stores, in short the town is in all respects most thriving.

Something of its growth and prosperity I learned from Mr. Henry S. Lane [2] upon whom I soon called in company with Mr. Jones, and to whom I had been given a letter by Mr. Lockwood.

Mr. Lane is an ardent Whig, has served in the state Legislature and is now a candidate for Congress, and as he is a popular speaker, he is engaged in the campaign almost constantly, so that we were fortunate to find him in his office. Mr. Jones has heard him frequently, and informs me that he has a most winning address, that he abounds in anecdotes, is very felicitous in illustrations and happy in his applications of them, speaks most fluently, and has such charm of manner that he is irresistible.

He welcomed us to his office, and on learning who I was and the object of my visit from Mr. Lockwood's letter, made himself most agreeable. He is a tall, slender young gentleman, just 29 years of age, with light hair and gray eyes; his expression is most kindly, and never have I heard a voice of such peculiar sweetness. From his voice, his charm of manner, from his every movement and gesture, I could comprehend his power over an audience.

[2] Henry S. Lane, born in Kentucky in 1811; studied law at 18; settled in Crawfordsville in 1835; popular and successful criminal lawyer; state Legislature, 1837; Congress in 1840; worked for Mexican War and in this war was commissioned Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel; became Republican on formation of that party; elected Governor in 1861, served two days and became United States senator; died 1881. "A gentleman, a patriot, a Christian."—Editor.

He at once began to tell me of the town in which he had cast his lines, as he expressed it, and cast them, he added, in such pleasant places. The site, he said, is an excellent one, surrounded as it is with such fertile fields, and already the township in which Crawfordsville is located is well settled, was so indeed in 1828. The location of the land office at once added to its growth and prosperity, and now, he declares, the town is a center of trade, of enterprise, and of education, leading in politics, social life and general progress.

He inquired as to the method of my travel from the East, and when I replied that it was by the railroad, the stage, the canal boat, horseback, and steamboat, he told me of the growing interest in railroads throughout the state. Eight years ago, he said, books were opened at the clerk's office for subscription to the capital stock of the Ohio & Lafayette Railroad,[3] which is to extend from New Albany to Lafayette.

Shares were sold at $50 each. A gentleman from Salem, Mr. Booth, was the president, and two gentlemen, to whom he introduced me later, Dr. Israel Canby and John Wilson, were agents to solicit the subscriptions. He has hopes yet that when the elections are over and the Whigs in power (he spoke as though there was no manner of doubt as to the election), the country might come out from under this cloud of depression and become sufficiently prosperous to undertake this new enterprise.

[3] The present Monon line—Louisville, New Albany & Chicago.—Editor.

Mr. Jones remarked that he had heard that Montgomery County was for Van Buren.

Mr. Lane smiled. "Most amusing! A superlatively ridiculous idea! Never will Montgomery swerve from her political faith to bow the knee to the Baal of Van Burenism. If there be a county in the state which will adhere to the correct principles for which it has been so long distinguished, it is the county of Montgomery. That she will carry the whole Harrison ticket triumphantly next month, there can be no question."

Mr. Jones informed him that we had heard Gen. Howard pronounce the Fourth of July address at Lafayette.

"Yes, and I have heard him pronounce political addresses here and elsewhere and heard reports of these speeches," said Mr. Lane contemptuously. "He says but very little of Gen. Harrison, less about Mr. Van Buren. The burden of his speeches is system, system, Whig mismanagement, Bank of the United States, soft sawder, democracy—bah! But enough of politics! This young gentleman, I fancy, would fain know more of our town. You will find it agreeable, I am sure," he continued, turning to me again with a smile. "While our citizens are in the main of a most polished and intellectual cast, their hospitality is of the genuine backwoods, log-cabin kind, free from the affected cant and polished deception of conventional life. Come, and I will introduce you to some of our citizens."

With that, he led us out upon the streets, into the taverns, the stores of general merchandise, where he

presented me to many of the most respectable citizens—David Vance, the sheriff; John B. Austin, George Miller, Frederick Moore, Robert McAfferty, James Gregory—these last-named gentlemen all commissioners of the county, who told me something of the labors of the early citizens, who rolled logs, burned brush, blazed out paths from one neighbor's cabin to another, and from one settlement to another, made and used hand mills and hominy mortars, hunted deer, turkeys, otter and raccoons, caught fish, dug ginseng, in short, did everything necessary to the making of a settlement, and now were reaping the reward of their labors, taking their ease in this pleasant and prosperous community.

I met also Maj. Henry Ristine, who had come here in 1825 and had opened the first tavern; his son, Benjamin Ristine, just my own age; Maj. Isaac Elston, proprietor of one of the merchandise stores and one of the early settlers; Mr. Nicholson, who owns the tanyard and who told me of his voyage here in a pirogue down the Ohio and up the Wabash to Sugar Creek; Maj. Randolph Davis, Jeremiah Stillwell, James Herron, Samuel Gilliland, Dr. Israel Canby, Mr. Burbridge, the merchant, a most interesting man; Maj. Whitlock, who was born in Virginia in 1767, assisted in the erection of Fort Washington at Cincinnati, engaged in Indian warfare at various times, and, under Mr. Jefferson, was made paymaster, with the rank of major, in the United States Army. Later he was made receiver of public moneys at the Land Office, which, by direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, he located in

this town. He gave me much information of a valuable nature and I found him most affable and pleasing.

I now come to the most pleasant experience of my many pleasant experiences in Crawfordsville, which I have left to the last of my record, my visit to Wabash College.

Young Mr. Jones had told me something of the founding of the college but I was to hear it again from another and a greater, on the evening on which he took me to call at the home of the president, Dr. Elihu Baldwin, who had been pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian Church of New York City before becoming President of the College. It appears that on this evening Dr. Baldwin was holding a reception at his home to which Mr. Jones was invited and he had asked the privilege of bringing me. When I recalled that I had met in Indianapolis a daughter[4] of Dr. Baldwin, who had urged me when I told her that I would probably include Crawfordsville in my itinerary, to pay my respects to her father, he was even more agreeable, and I had marked him at once as a man of great urbanity as well as of kindness of heart.

'Twas Dr. Baldwin who introduced me to Dr. Hovey, professor of chemistry and natural science, and Dr. Hovey told me the story of the founding of the college in the wilderness, how he and four other young men, all home missionaries to the Wa-

[4] Either from haste or from failure of memory, Mr. Parsons has omitted the name of this daughter of Dr. Baldwin who lived in Indianapolis.—Editor.

bash country and all very poor, finding the fields ripe for the harvest and the laborers few, realized that somewhere in this country a college must be founded in which young ministers could be trained for the service. Simply and modestly he told the story of their labors, how Judge Dunn had given the land; how they had organized the college seven years ago, planning at first only a classical and English High School to rise into a college as soon as it was demanded. He told the story of their early struggle to secure funds, of the coming of Dr. Baldwin and their help from the East, of their building, and then of the disastrous fire two years ago; and of their determination not to be thus thwarted, and of the new building now completed and occupied. Simply he told the story, but it was as though his lips had been touched with coals from the altar, and as he spoke I pictured the scene he described so vividly, the earnest young men going to the spot in the primeval forest selected for their building, and kneeling there in the snow dedicating the grounds to the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost for a Christian college.

The same evening will ever remain a memorable one to me for 'twas then I met for the first time a man whom I regard as one of the greatest men I have met in the Western country, Caleb Mills,[5] Professor of Languages in the College.

Professor Mills is a native of New Hampshire

[5] Indiana's debt to Caleb Mills for its present school system is too well known to make further note necessary. Its history is given in "Caleb Mills and the Indiana School System," by Charles W. Moores, published by the Indiana Historical Society.—Editor.

and a graduate of Dartmouth College and of the Andover Theological Seminary.

He came out to the Wabash country in 1833, a young man who had just married. We at once entered into conversation, for he expressed interest in my journey and told me of his early visits in southern Indiana and Kentucky in the interests of schools, and how much he had desired to have a college founded here in the wilderness. "Two things," said he, "are most important in this country, the common schools and the preaching of the gospel, and I hold one as important as the other." He told me how in his travels through the country he had come to realize that the children of men who had come out to the Western country, themselves college graduates, were to be deprived of the commonest education because of the lack of schools and of suitable teachers and he saw that the population would speedily sink lower and lower unless the condition was soon remedied. It was necessary that the people should be made to see that they must have schools, and that in order to have schools and to keep churches going, they must have a college in which the young teachers and preachers could be trained. His desire most of all was to establish a classical school to train competent teachers to spread over the country to teach the children of these rapidly populating districts; to change public sentiment in regard to free schools, to awaken it to the need of carrying the means of education to every door.

I was not slow to perceive as he talked, how fine

a scholar he is, how modest, how courteous, how conscientious. And as I looked into his face, and met the kindly glance of his fine eyes, I thought, here now is a man who has come into a community without a thought of self, who is willing to give all his strength, all his wisdom, for the betterment of his kind. He more than any man I have met in this country, has looked forward, has had a vision of the days to come. He has been able to see the future of this loved Wabash country, when its forests will be leveled, its fields all tilled, its population doubled, yea, trebled, and he is even now engaged in forging the weapons by which its insidious enemy, Ignorance, shall be laid low. Noble man! To hear him was to forget all thought of self, to yearn to do something, as he is doing, for the betterment of one's kind. Long may it be before I forget that kindly countenance!

Professor Mills lent me a catalogue of the College from which I might copy some of the items, for I was interested to note how it compares with my own University, and also with other institutions of learning in the state which it is my purpose to visit. The faculty consists of Dr. Baldwin, who is President and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy; Mr. Hovey, M. A., Professor of Chemistry and Natural Science; Mr. John S. Thomson, M. A., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; Professor Mills, Professor of Languages; and Mr. Thomas S. Milligan, B. A., Tutor. The courses are divided into four departments, the Classical, the Physical, the Rhetorical and the Department of In-

tellectual and Moral Philosophy. In Greek, Homer, Xenophon, and Demosthenes are studied; in Latin, Cicero and Horace with exercises in the composition of Greek and Latin. In Physics, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Analytics, Mechanics, Optics, Astronomy, Chemistry, these last two in lectures, Mineralogy and Geology. In the Rhetorical department, Rhetoric, Criticism, original declamation and forensic discussions occupy the year, and in the department of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, the texts include Paley's "Natural Theology," Butler's "Analogy," "Moral Philosophy," "Evidences of Christianity," and "Political Economy."

I made note also of the fact that the tuition is $7 a term, there being three terms a year, extending from Sept. 17 to the last Wednesday in July, the room rent, $3 a term, the board in private families, $1.50 a week. For indigent students there is a text book library from which books may be procured, and these same indigent young men have an opportunity to earn their expenses by cutting wood, being paid 31¼ cents a cord for their labor.

The senior class of this year numbers six, the sophomore, five; the freshman, thirteen; the preparatory, seventy-six, making a total of 100.

Mr. Jones desired that I meet some of his young friends, and 'tis but an indication of the frivolity of youth, I suppose, that I should turn so readily from the conversation of these great men and good to the chatter of the young gentlemen by whom the popular and vivacious Jones was surrounded.

Among them were all the members of the senior

class, Smith Fry, George Miller and Ebenezer Palmer of Crawfordsville, Alex Lemon of Tippecanoe County, Jones's friend, whom he had come to see graduate; Mr. Newbury of Harrison County and Franklin Robb of Princeton. Among the sophomores I remember particularly Dr. Canby's son, Charles; Maj. Elston's son, James; Henry Ristine, Jr., and young John Maxwell Cowan, just 19, he told me, whose father is a Virginian.

As I turned to meet them, they were in a circle about Jones, who was taking on some airs, I perceived, as a graduate and a student of the law, and I fancied as I approached that he had been boasting of his conquests. "And have you yet seen the fair Susan?" asked one. "Of course that is why you have returned—you say it is Alex's commencement, but we know it is Susan."

As Jones blushed and turned the subject, my heart lightened. He had referred to Julia several times on our journey without a blush or an indication of embarrassment. It must be Susan, then. My heart warmed to him as I watched him in conversation with his comrades. A fine fellow, Jones, a young gentleman of parts!

CHAPTER XVII

PUTNAMVILLE, JULY 26, 1840.

THE road from Crawfordsville runs directly south through Montgomery and Putnam Counties into Greencastle, the seat of justice, with but few stops at insignificant villages. The county, so far as I was able to observe, is, in the northern part, either level or slightly undulating; in the center, and Greencastle is situated in exactly the center of the county, it is more rolling, and quite hilly in the neighborhood of the streams. The timber is the usual beech, sugar, walnut, ash, oak, and poplar, and the soil, so far as I could observe, a rich black loam, excellently adapted, I was informed, to the production of wheat, corn, grass, hemp and fruit.

The town of Greencastle, into which I came by stage in the evening, is very small and unpretentious. The houses are mostly of logs, with the exception of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, which are one-story brick edifices, and the streets are so-called only by courtesy. Locomotion is at all times difficult but, as one of the citizens pointed out to me, jestingly, in muddy weather it is necessary to exercise great precautions in crossing the ravines on the logs which are used as foot-bridges. I have already learned, however, that

these pioneer settlements are not to be judged by their outward appearance, and that in the most unprepossessing surroundings I am likely to find citizens of great business ability and men of education and refinement, so that time only is necessary to change the pioneer settlement into a thriving town.

I betook myself at once to the tavern of which I had been told by friends in Crawfordsville, Washington Hall, kept by Col. John Lynch, which I discovered to be an inn of some pretensions. Mine host, I soon learned, is a great admirer of Andrew Jackson, whom he in some measure resembles, and, I noted, takes great pride in the resemblance. On learning the nature of my journey, he immediately made me most pleasantly at home, and introduced me to a number of the respectable gentlemen of the community, who were gathered in the cool of the evening in the front of the tavern, engaged in conversation.

In the course of my travels, I have learned to value the inn where, winter and summer, are gathered the men of the community and the travelers, the lawyers, and judges, where all public questions are discussed, arguments engaged in, sallies of wit exchanged. Certainly no better place can be found for the traveler who would learn the nature and temper of the community in which he stops for the moment.

I was especially fortunate this evening, for here I found gathered a number of the citizens, among them Judge Joseph Farley, the first Probate judge, I am told, associated in the publication of the first

paper, and a man who took part while still a resident of Kentucky in the expedition against the Indians who committed the great Pigeon Roost massacre, of which I have heard much since coming into the state. Here were also several of the county officers—David Rudisill, the sheriff; William E. Talbott, the recorder of deeds; William H. Shields, the surveyor, and the county clerk, Arthur McGaughey. This last-named gentleman I met again, for upon his invitation I stopped at his farm, three miles south of Greencastle, on my way to Putnamville, where I found great pleasure in meeting his family, particularly his wife, a woman of unusual strength of character and remarkable energy, of which last-named quality she showed me an unusual product. On a large and flourishing mulberry tree on their place she has cultivated silk worms, prepared the thread, and from it knitted a pair of gloves for her son Edward, a young gentleman of my own age.

Mr. McGaughey is somewhat past 50, I should judge, and is a native of Pennsylvania. He has lived here several years, his daughter, Mary Jane, being the first white child born in the county. He told me something of the character of the settlers, of whom he is able to speak with authority, by reason of his long residence here. The early settlers, he informs me, came mostly from Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina, many of them because of the growing disapproval of slavery, and they are of high moral character, are honest, industrious, charitable toward their neighbors, and

amply imbued with the principles of the Christian religion.

At the tavern I met also the proprietor of a farm north of the town, Colonel Alexander Farrow, who informed me that he had brought blue grass seed from Kentucky and sowed it successfully in his fields. He is a most interesting gentleman who gave me much information concerning the Western country, and was, so he told me, appointed a colonel of the fifty-sixth regiment of militia by Governor Noble. There was present also a lawyer, a Mr. Henry Secrist, whom I found a most genial and interesting gentleman, and who, I was told later, is a brilliant lawyer, a fine speaker, and a young man of keen wit. To my great delight, I learned that several of these gentlemen are trustees of the college, Mr. James Talbott, who is also the postmaster, Mr. Rees Hardesty, a cabinet maker, a sturdy citizen of great worth, and president of the board of trustees, Capt. W. H. Thornburgh, the most enterprising business man of the town and a man of taste, as I soon discovered in our conversation, and Dr. A. C. Stevenson.

Dr. Stevenson, who is a tall, dignified gentleman is, I learned later from Col. Lynch, a physician of prominence and a native of Kentucky, who sought this state because of his opposition to slavery. He conversed with me most entertainingly on the subject of education in the West, in which because, perhaps, of my acquaintance with Professor Caleb Mills, I take greater interest than heretofore. Dr. Stevenson is one of the trustees of Asbury College

and is, as is Professor Mills, an advocate of the establishment of free schools, in which, he insists, in addition to the regular curriculum, training should be given in agriculture and the mechanical arts. I learned, too, that he has served in the Legislature and is a follower and great admirer of Henry Clay.

Here to my great delight I heard again the name of Calvin Fletcher, who, I am told, is one of the trustees of the College.

From these gentlemen I learned something of the establishment of the College, which is named for the celebrated pioneer bishop, Francis Asbury. Another bishop, Bishop Roberts, has been most active in its founding, and most deeply imbued with the spirit of sacrifice, since, 'tis said, he gave out of his salary of $200 a year $100 to the new institution.

It has been many weeks since I left my friend, Louis Hicklin, the circuit rider, whose society I had enjoyed so greatly in the early part of my journey and from whom I had learned so much of the spirit of these circuit riders, one of whom was described to me as "a man of iron frame who traveled the district from Bloomington to Crawfordsville, who could swim rivers and climb mountains to reach his appointment, and who died as he lived, full of faith and the Holy Ghost," and now again I was come among them and was to hear the story of their carrying the tidings of this new school far and wide among the people of their appointments.

These men had felt, as did the young Presbyterian missionaries in Montgomery County, the need of a higher institution of learning in the Western coun-

try, and accordingly three of their ministers, Calvin Ruter, Allen Wiley, of whom I had heard much in Indianapolis, and James Armstrong, were requested, in 1832, to report at the Conference on the advisability of establishing a higher school of learning to furnish its people with both intellectual training and the means for spiritual growth.

When the establishment of such an institution was agreed upon, several towns were competitors for the site, Putnamville, Rockville, Madison, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Greencastle, and a very large subscription was offered by Putnamville in particular, but Greencastle having presented the largest subscription, was the site selected. At this time, the population of the town numbered but 500.

The College, these gentlemen informed me, was opened at first on a very small scale, in an old school building, but last September the first regular faculty entered upon the duty of teaching in the new building, with eleven students enrolled.

I bade good night to these new-found friends who, in our few hours' intercourse had shown me such courtesy that I consider myself justified in calling them friends, and sought my bed, but I could not sleep. All the while these gentlemen were talking of the College I had been trying to remember something which had some connection with this school, and which I should remember. And all at once it came back to me.

On the day in Brookville which I spent with young Mr. Shirk, one of the most delightful days of my entire experience, he had told me of a young friend

of his who was in Greencastle attending Asbury College, one Tom Goodwin, he had called him, who would graduate in September, and he had urged me to seek him out if by chance I should visit Greencastle. Goodwin! The name recalled, I determined to seek him out early in the morning.

The next day chanced to be Saturday, and on inquiring of Col. Lynch, I was directed to the house at which the young gentleman is boarding. I found him, and, moreover, found him all that my friend, Mr. Shirk, had described him to be. He is just 22, a year younger than I; born in Brookville, but of Virginia descent; he is tall, slender, with very keen eyes, and a manner which I have learned characterizes the Hoosiers, as they sometimes call themselves, of high degree; a free and easy manner, though with no tincture of familiarity; a most engaging warm-heartedness and interest in all whom they encounter; a natural independence of manner and thought—most admirable in all its manifestations. All of these Mr. Goodwin possesses, and on hearing my story and of my visit to Brookville and of my friendship with Mr. Shirk, he again shook my hand and offered himself as my cicerone.

Off we set toward the College, for it was a sight of it that I most wished for at this moment, Mr. Goodwin enlivening our walk by congratulating me on making my journey in warm and dry weather. "Better be glad that this is not a rainy day," he said. "Do you see that gully? It looks bad enough now, but when it has been raining for a week or more, and the water is rushing along, digging it

deeper and deeper, and you have to balance yourself along this bridge, if it is not broken down, or if it is, on a log or two that some kind-hearted person has laid across, and if your boots are so heavy with the mud gathered up on the streets that you can't calculate how and where to set them down, and may slip, for as the old janitor says, 'hit's powerful slippery mud,' then you can imagine that going to college or at least going to the college building, is pursuing learning under difficulties.

"Speaking of mud," he continued, "would you like to hear of my first journey to this institution?" And when I assented, he continued: "An agent of the college came to Brookville and induced my father to buy a scholarship, so in November, three years ago, I set out by stage from Brookville to Greencastle. You haven't seen our roads in winter and wet weather, so you can have no idea what they are like.

"I left Brookville Wednesday at noon, expecting to reach Greencastle by Friday night.[1]

"We should have known better, for it had been raining for two weeks. However, with high hopes, I left home in a two-horse coach in which my fellow passenger and I traveled for seventeen miles. It took us several hours to travel this distance, and at that point we learned that the stage to Indianapolis had been taken off on account of the roads, and that we must transfer ourselves to a two-horse wagon without cover or springs.

[1] The distance to be traveled was one hundred and ten miles.—Editor.

"Fifty-three miles stretched between us and Indianapolis, but as we started before daylight Thursday morning, the driver assured me that we would reach there by ten that night—in time for me to catch the stage to Putnamville.

"It rained all day, and the roads grew worse and worse. The corduroy was floating like a bridge. Creeks and rivers were bank full, and no bridges. Night came on, dark as pitch, and we with no manner of light, and at last—our wagon broke down, stuck in a mud hole.

"The driver finally decided that he would ride one horse, carrying my trunk before him, while the other passenger, who was the agent of the stage line, would ride the other, with the mail pouch before him and me behind. In this manner, we reached Indianapolis at 11 o'clock Thursday, too late for the coach, which meant that I must spend all the next day and till 10 o'clock at night, in Indianapolis.

"We started for Putnamville the next night, to find the mud even worse than before. In fact, there was more water than mud from Brookville to Indianapolis, while this was mud deep and stiff, and in a little while, at midnight, in fact, we—the eleven passengers, two of them females, found ourselves stuck in a mudhole. Out we got—the men I mean—and pried the coach out of the mud, then on again, repeating this process many times. One took rails from a fence and constructed a corduroy, and the driver, pleased with our inventiveness, suggested that we take more rails and carry them on two hun-

dred yards and more to another mudhole which was worse than this. At this, one of our passengers, a merchant who had been East for goods, and who had led the rescue party, informed the driver in profane language that while he did not mind paying his passage and walking, he'd see him hanged before he would carry rails and walk.

"In spite of all this, we finally came to Putnamville, which, you may have learned, is on the National Road. What? No?" He made a gesture of mock surprise. "Oh, yes, you haven't yet been to Putnamville. When you pass through that settlement, if you stop long enough, you will hear just such laments as I did over the stupidity of the people who would locate a seat of justice and a college in a town that is not on the National Road. My inn-keeper informed me that there was no stage to Greencastle, and that my only way of getting there would be to wait till Sunday, when, for the sum of $2, he would convey me and my trunk thither in his two-horse wood wagon, and wait I did. And while I waited, I heard again and again the lament over the stupidity of people who would locate a college off the National Road, in such an out-of-the-way town as Greencastle, which would never amount to anything anyway, being off the National Road, whereas Putnamville has all the advantages of location and business. And so on, until I reached Greencastle and stilled his laments with my $2."

I had not laughed so much since the day that Mr. Shirk and I sat on our horses outside the country church and conjured up a vision of the early set-

tlers. There is something most humorous about this Goodwin, and anything he tells he knows how to invest with interest. He has, too, a most convincing manner.

We had by now come within the high board fence which incloses the college grounds, and beheld the campus, on which there is little shrubbery, only a few locusts and other forest trees. The building I viewed with much interest. It is constructed of brick, with a hall through the middle, recitation rooms on either side, and a chapel in the rear, with an elevated platform. Recitation rooms are on the second floor; on the third, museums, the library and the meeting rooms for the two literary societies, concerning which I inquired with some interest. They are called, he informed me, The Platonian and The Philological, and their purpose is to improve the young men in public speaking, and also to familiarize them with the forms of transactions of most deliberative assemblies. An attic occupies the fourth floor, and there is a cupola, but, as yet, no bell.

"This is not the building I saw the day after my arrival," said Mr. Goodwin, "and I wasn't even sure I would find any building, after what the tavern keeper said to me. When I asked where the college was he replied, 'I don't know for certain. It was, last summer, at the district school house, but I have hearn that they have moved it to the County Seminary. Be you come to go to it? You'll not find it much of a university, I reckon.'

"However, I went to church the next morning, in

my Sunday suit of blue jeans, and summoning courage to introduce myself to the minister, afterwards, I received a warm reception, for I was the first student who had come from outside the town. Reverend James Thompson was the preacher, and he called out, 'Hold! Stop, brothers! Here, Brother Dangerfield, Brother Thornburgh, Brother Cooper, Brother Hardesty, Brother Nutt, here is Brother Tommy Goodwin come all the way from Brookville to attend the institution!' And then, sir; you ought to have seen the handshaking I got."

Having expressed a desire to examine the College Catalogue, and make some notations in my book, as I did of the Wabash College, Mr. Goodwin procured me one, from which I have set down the following:

The course of study for the Freshman year is Sallust and Roman Antiquities; Graeca Minora and Algebra, continuing into the second session with Cicero and Horace, Graeca Majora and Legendre's Geometry.

The Sophomore year embraces Horace, Tacitus and Juvenal, Graeca Majora, Trigonometry and Analytical Geometry, continuing in the Junior year into Calculus, Ancient and Modern History, Chemistry, Rhetoric and Logic.

In the Senior year, Natural Philosophy is continued from the second session of the Junior year, Geology is taken up, Mental Philosophy, Political Economy, the Law of Nations, Paley's Theology, Moral Science and Evidences of Christianity. Particular attention is paid, I noted, to composition and declamation, and the seniors are regularly exercised

in forensics. I noted, as of particular interest, that instruction will be furnished, if desired, in the Hebrew, French and German languages, "when either the inclination of the student or his peculiar destination may render them desirable."

The collegiate year embraces two sessions or terms of twenty-one weeks each, the winter session commencing the first Monday in November, after a vacation of six weeks, the commencement exercises being held in September. The tuition per term is $12, $7 more than the tuition at the Wabash College, the boarding in private families the same—$1.50 a week. The discipline is announced as mild but firm, and parents and guardians are requested not to furnish funds to the students, but to place the money in the hands of some member of the faculty or some other citizen, giving specific directions as to what amount shall be furnished except for necessary expenses—a quarterly exhibit to be sent to parents containing items of the accounts. There are about 120 students, all told, in the college at this time.

The other members of the senior class I met through Mr. Goodwin. One of them, Mr. John Wheeler, is an Englishman, a young gentleman of 25, with all the English characteristics. Mr. Madden, the other member, is a Kentuckian, just Mr. Goodwin's age, and possessed of the ardent temperament of the Southerner. Mr. Goodwin I have already described, and the three present a most interesting contrast.

To Mr. Goodwin I owe also my acquaintance with some members of the faculty. The next day was

Sunday, and he informed me that Dr. Simpson,[2] the President of the College, was to preach on that day, at the Methodist Church, and that it would be well worth my while to accompany him thither. Accordingly, I went with him to the little one-story brick church with its one coat of plastering and its rude benches, where, in primitive fashion, the men sat on one side of the room, the women on the other.

Perhaps I was a little more affected than I wish to admit by the pioneer aspect of my surroundings; the rough church, the simple and, in many cases, poorly dressed congregation; and when I saw Dr. Simpson enter the pulpit, this very young-looking man, stooped, with a shock of brown hair growing very near his eyebrows, clad in the blue jeans of the men of his congregation instead of the clerical black to which I am accustomed, I felt great disappointment and even a wonder that my friend should have brought me here. He evidently guessed my feeling, for, catching my eye, he smiled and whispered, "Just wait."

The hymn was sung, a hymn in which all joined, untutored voices, 'tis true, but so full of faith and hope and love that ere I knew it, my eyes were moist, and I had entered into the spirit of the meeting. The minister made the prayer and read the lesson, and then Dr. Simpson stood forth, read the text, and began his sermon. And had I thought him ungainly and rough and unprepossessing? Had I presumed to sit in judgment upon this god among men? Scarcely had he begun to speak than he took on a

[2] Later to become the celebrated Bishop Simpson.—Editor.

new expression, his eyes burned, his face wore a look of unearthly beauty. And his voice; I kept no record of the sermon, even the text has slipped my memory, but it now seems to me that whatever words he may have spoken, had they been in Greek and Hebrew they would have had the same effect, it was the voice, the manner, that swayed his audience. For swayed the audience was by this pathos, this power. One moment, a hush like death rested over them, the next moment their shouted "Amens" rose to the heavens. Never, never have I seen such a sight.

And this young man, so Mr. Goodwin told me later, has ever this effect. Always at first, the disappointment over his youth, his shyness, his homeliness, always the triumph of his spoken word.

Dr. Simpson, I learned later, is a native of Cadiz, O., and is just 29 years old. He came here last year from Allegheny College, where he was engaged in teaching. His motto, inscribed in all his books, is "Read and know. Think and be wise."

It was with great regret that I parted from young Mr. Goodwin, but I wished to spend a day in Putnamville, which from all accounts is one of the most flourishing towns in this region, with a beautiful situation on the National Road. I was directed by friends to the tavern kept by James Townsend, and never was a more happy direction given a traveler.

Mr. Townsend is known as the proprietor of Putnamville, for he it was who laid out this thriving town. Having inclinations toward civil engineer-

ing, he had already laid out the town of Morganfield, Ky., to which he had gone from his native Maryland, before coming here. In his society, I found myself quite at home, and yet, his attitude toward some of the questions of the hour gave me food for thought. Mr. Townsend is a man of 50. He lived, as I have said, in Maryland and left it for Kentucky, leaving Kentucky for this state because of his feeling against slavery. He owned a large number of slaves, so he told me, and on preparing to leave Kentucky, he freed them all, and offered to bring them North with him. To each of those who wished to remain behind, he made a present of $50 in money; for those who accompanied him, he has built cabins, giving each a home. There are seven of these former slaves, and when, in his company, I visited them, old Grandmother Sibley, whom he had brought out from Maryland; Aunt Hetty, Uncle Tom, it turned my thoughts toward home. And yet, when I reflect on my attitude toward this question at the time I left my home and my attitude now, for I must note down here that, little by little, the strong convictions of Arnold Buffum and Louis Hicklin and the many other wise and honorable gentlemen I have encountered during my journey through this state have unconsciously changed my feeling on the subject of slavery; I do not believe that I could willingly again become the owner of human flesh and blood; and I am convinced that this, more than any other one thing, has made me wish to cast my lot in the new country.

Mr. Townsend's wife is also a Southern woman,

and we found many subjects for conversation, for she has visited widely and knows many of my mother's friends. I learned that she is a cousin of Jefferson Davis, whom I had met while on a visit only last year.

Putnamville is, I believe, one of the most flourishing towns it has been my fortune to visit, and through the kind offices of Mr. Townsend I have met many of the respectable citizens and have seen most of its industries, remarkable in number and variety, it would seem, for a town only nine years old. The National Road, here in a very good condition, is a most interesting spectacle, with its red stage coaches, passing frequently; its barns, for the horses are always changed here, the wagons pushing on to the West; the "movers," the merchants with their goods, a continual stream of travel from sunrise to sunset. All this activity brings business to the town, so its many industries are, after all, not such a matter for surprise, but I continue to wonder at the aggregation of men of fine education and excellent family who have gathered into this place.

In company with Mr. Townsend I met Worthington B. Williams, a graduate of Dartmouth College, who came here from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to look after lands bought by his father and who owns a store of general merchandise and is a man highly respected in the community; John Hendrix, who came here from Kentucky to set up a sawmill and gristmill; John S. Perry and Amos Welker, each the proprietor of a pottery; William Eaglesfield, a

keeper of a tavern at Deer Creek; Dan Hepler, who owns a flourishing distillery; Jack Clark, a carpenter and owner of a store of merchandise; Mr. Smock, a merchant of prominence; Mr. Griggsby, a very intelligent man, the proprietor of a harness and saddlery shop, one of the most important callings here, 'tis said, on account of the large amount of travel along the road and necessary repairs to harness, etc.; Wesley Nance, a stock dealer and large farmer; the proprietors of two tanneries, whose names I failed to set down in my commonplace book and hence can not reproduce here; Gilmore Connelly and Flower Swift, both of whom are proprietors of large holdings along the National Road and citizens of importance; Mr. Chapin; Benjamin Parks, a Baptist minister and farmer from North Carolina; and the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, founded in Mr. Townsend's home, the Rev. Mr. Ransom Hawley, who, with his wife, came out from Connecticut, where they had been prominent educators.

I met also the proprietor of another store and a tailor shop, Albert Layman, a most interesting gentleman, whose wife I found a charming female from the East, a graduate, she tells me, of a female college recently founded there by Miss Mary Lyon. Her father, I learn, is judge of the Supreme Court of New York.[3]

Ever to live in my memory are the hours I spent in company with Mr. Townsend's son-in-law, Dr. D.

[3] Judge Estes Howe. The college referred to was Mount Holyoke. —Editor.

W. Layman,[4] whose society I found most congenial and whose story, he told me as we sat pleasantly together on his porch in the evening.

The sun had set behind the forest trees on the horizon, and the twilight was gathering around us, and from the parlor came the tinkling notes of the spinet which Mrs. Layman's father had purchased from her French teacher in Kentucky and had brought with him to Putnamville. The atmosphere breathed romance, and as I listened to this story of the National Road, and of the accidents by which love comes, told in his gentle voice, with the notes of the spinet struck at intervals, almost as an accompaniment, I was moved to wonder if I, too, was destined in my wanderings to some such happy fate!

"I was born in Pennsylvania," said he, "and being early left an orphan was reared by relatives in Augusta County, Virginia. At the University of Virginia, where I received my education, I formed a warm friendship with a young gentleman who came out to Terre Haute, and who wrote repeatedly, urging me to come to him as soon as I had completed my medical course.

"Accordingly, one day, driving my faithful horse and carrying all my worldly possessions, I set out over the National Road for Terre Haute.

"My first unusual experience was at Zanesville, O., where I enccuntered an epidemic of typhoid fever, and remained for a week to assist in the care

[4] Father of Mr. James T. Layman of Indianapolis. After a long and most successful career in Putnamville, Dr. Layman died in Indianapolis in 1887 and is buried at Crown Hill.—Editor.

of the stricken. They besought me to remain permanently, and 'tis true, the location offered many inducements, but something pushed me on. I refused their pleadings, and turned my face toward the West.

"It was nightfall when I came through Putnamville, and just as I reached Mr. Townsend's inn my horse fell lame and I must perforce dismount from my vehicle and remain until he had recovered. 'Tis a matter of nine years now, and from a lad of your age I have come to be thirty-two—the horse is long since over his lameness, and I am still here!

"The reason? Mr. Townsend had a daughter just seventeen, and the next morning after my arrival I beheld her for the first time. She was pressing grapes, all unconscious of my scrutiny, and when I saw her lovely, serene face, her air of gentle dignity, I resolved that if the fates were kind, she should be mine, and I would remain in Putnamville!"

He paused, and we sat in silence for a season, pondering over who knows what—life, youth, love!

From him and from others I have learned much of the life and the work of this admirable man. His only ambition is in the line of his profession, for he puts his work above all else, and such is his popularity that no other physician can gain a footing in this locality. His calls are so many that he keeps four horses always in his stable, driving them in the summer and riding horseback in the winter when the mud makes the roads impassable for vehicles. He could have won political preferment. I am told he was urged to accept the nomination for Congress

four years ago, but refused to sacrifice his profession to politics. He is interested in politics, however, for we have discussed the campaign frequently, and he has told me that he was once a Democrat, but because of his dislike for Andrew Jackson has become an ardent Whig, and that he particularly admires Gen. Harrison.

Mrs. Layman I found as lovely as he had pictured her, a convent-bred girl of intelligence and charm. It is with deep regret that I part from these friends, who recall so vividly the atmosphere of my home, and set my face toward Terre Haute.

CHAPTER XVIII

Terre Haute, July 16, 1840.

LEAVING Putnamville, charged by Dr. Layman with many messages for his friend in Terre Haute, and thanking the providence that had guided my footsteps among such delightful acquaintances, I found myself in the stage coach, again on the National Road, on which I had not been since arriving in Indianapolis. This last stretch of road toward the state's western boundary was under construction during last year and the year before, and is in fairly good condition. There are some excellent bridges with stone abutments across small streams, and a notably long one, the yellow bridge, just before one arrives in Terre Haute. There are many inns along the way, in Clay County, Kennedy's, and, in a delightful situation, upon a hill, Cunningham Tavern, which last named is fixed in my memory because it stands just opposite a most beautiful homestead erected by a Mr. Usher just two years ago, I was informed, and which is considered the finest dwelling house in this part of the state.

I had not been long in the stage coach before noting the physiognomy of the gentleman who was my vis-à-vis. There was something strangely familiar in that noble face, the finely curved mouth, the strong chin, whose squareness was but empha-

sized by its cleaving dimple. When he smiled and spoke, I recognized his voice at once; he was a clerical gentleman, a Methodist minister, whom I had met briefly in Indianapolis, at the home of Morris Morris, the Rev. Allen Wylie.

Mr. Wylie had recognized me immediately, he said, and had been waiting to see if I would remember him. We talked most pleasantly of Indianapolis, and of our friends, and then he disclosed to me that he was going on to attend the closing days of a camp meeting, and suggested that if I had no great reason for haste, I would find it well worth my while to bear him company thither.

Needless to say that I accepted his invitation at once. I had heard much of these camp meetings, for this was the season in which they are held. I was aware that this peculiar style of worship belongs to the Methodists, and I felt considerable curiosity concerning them and was well aware how pleasant it would be to visit one in company with a man of the prominence of Mr. Wylie. As we rode forward, he gave me much information concerning the church and its practices.

This state, it seems, is divided into districts called Conferences. At intervals, gatherings known as Conferences are held quarterly. The camp meetings are always held in the summer, and take the place of the Conference for that quarter. They are largely attended, many eloquent divines are present, and Mr. Wylie assures me that they are occasions of great spiritual outpouring, and conducive to great moral and spiritual good. Unlike the other re-

ligious gatherings I have heard of or beheld in this state, the debates between those of opposite sects, for example, there are here no controversies, only exhortations to repentance, a continuous effort to bring the sheep into the fold. There is, Mr. Wylie declares, a great need of such meetings, because there is, in this state, a class of well-disposed people who have grown up without much religious instruction, and children of families who have run wild in pursuit of pleasures of the world, and toward these their efforts are mainly directed. Then, the occasion is one to strengthen the faith of those already within the fold, a time when, undistracted by either duties or pleasures, they may give themselves altogether to worship, and renew their spiritual strength from the Eternal Fountain.

All this is altogether new and unlike anything to which I have been accustomed, and yet I am aware that a new life and new conditions may perhaps demand a new form of worship and, while anything so far from the conventions among which I have been reared was, I will admit, on my first coming hither, somewhat repugnant to me, I have now breathed sufficiently the Western air, acquired sufficiently the Western habit of thought, to be fain to see somewhat of truth in what he told me. Mayhap, too, I was the more readily become a convert because of his eloquence, for he spoke the most quaintly and yet withal most wisely and convincingly. I had already witnessed it, and I was again to observe at this camp meeting, that, while these circuit riders are not, in the main, educated men,

yet they have studied the Scriptures so thoroughly, that their speech, even their common conversation, is almost altogether that of the Word—simple, most convincing, often poetical beyond belief. Yea, I have heard prayers—but I anticipate.

We left the stage at some wayside tavern, sending on my bags to Terre Haute, and rode some distance on horseback, penetrating deeper and deeper as we rode into the primeval forest. I thought, as I rode under these noble trees, centuries old, erect as marble columns, their heavy branches arching over us, and came at last into the opening chosen for the "camp grounds," as they are called, that I had never seen a more beautiful spot nor one more appropriate for such worship. The camp was pitched on a gentle declivity covered with a large growth of trees, but no underbrush, and from a neighboring spring a little stream rippled, providing water in plenty for all purposes of the encampment.

In this spot, a hollow square was laid out, the inner side of which formed the front row of tents. About midway on the lower side of this square, a little in front of the line of tents, was erected the preacher's stand or pulpit, in the rear of which was a tent which served as a sort of vestry room for the ministers. From this point tents were put up in the form of lines fronting together, the rows being left with proper entrance openings at the corners of the main avenues. The cooking, I learned later, was done in the rear of the tents, where also the meals were eaten. In front of the preaching stand were log seats for the congregation.

By day one was impressed by the forest depth and stillness, the arches of the great trees, the slanting rays of sunlight on the thick turf; by night, in the light of the candles thrust into bolts driven in the trees and of beacons kindled on mounds built up, not unlike altars, at frequent intervals without and within the grounds, the heavy shadows throwing into strong relief the rapt faces of the congregation, one could but long for the brush of the artist, since words alone could ne'er depict the scene. I bethought me of the lines of our native American poet, William Cullen Bryant, which I had read many times with pleasure, but which I now recalled with true appreciation. He must have witnessed some such scene as this, or he could ne'er have written so feelingly of "God's First Temples," these groves where—

> "—in the darkling wood,
> Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
> And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
> And supplication. For his simple heart
> Might not resist the sacred influence—"

These backwoods ministers are right when they choose such spots as this—among these "venerable columns," "this verdant roof," these "dim vaults," "these winding aisles," "fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold communion with his Maker."

There was, I soon learned, a rigid program for the day, which is strictly followed out. I was aroused very early, our first morning, by a loud voice, the voice of some Brobdingnagian, it would seem, for surely from no ordinary mortal throat

could such a voice proceed, and obeying Mr. Wylie's beckoning forefinger, I peered through the tent entrance to see, in the preacher's stand, a man of ordinary stature, rather uncouth in appearance, clad in blue homespun, the skirted coat enormously long, reaching indeed almost to his heels. His face was upturned, his eyes closed, and he was bellowing forth a song which, later, with Mr. Wylie's aid, I recalled sufficiently to inscribe two stanzas in my commonplace book. "Fishing Peter" was its name, and the stanzas ran:

"When Christ the Lord was here below,
About the work he came to do,
Before He left His little band
He said to Peter, 'Feed My lambs.'

"But Thomas was of doubtful mind,
Yet Jesus left him not behind.
'Thomas,' He cried, 'behold My hands!'
To Simon Peter, 'Feed My lambs.'"[1]

'Twas fortunate for me that Mr. Wylie, although most devout, was also most full of fun and life, for he therefore has told me the amusing sides of camp life as well as the serious. 'Tis usual, he says, at the meeting, to call the people together, to indicate the time for prayers, for meals, for all down sittings and uprisings; in fact, by means of a horn hung in the speakers' stand. This man, he said, is old Father Bennett, known as an "exhorter;" that is, not a licensed preacher, but one who speaks God's word and calls the sinners to repentance at various

[1] A song of innumerable stanzas much in vogue in southern Indiana in the forties and fifties.—Editor.

religious meetings. He possesses, moreover, this tremendous voice, and 'tis his pleasure, when he attends a camp meeting, to sing this song, a favorite of his, with, says Mr. Wylie, innumerable verses, to call the people together, and from my own observation 'twas an undoubted success, for I give my word 'twas heard from one end of the township to the other.

Mr. Wylie told me many other things which I have not space to record—some of the humors of the meeting—for when these simple people are overcome with emotion they are wont sometimes to express themselves in most amusing fashion, and to express their conversion in most amazing terms. One young man, Mr. Wylie told me, insisted that no one was converted until he could smell fire and brimstone, and that he himself smelt it. When the minister assured him that this was imagination, and tried to turn his mind toward Christ, he declared that he did and that no one could be truly converted until he smelt the terrible pit. At another time, a woman, overcome with emotion, kept up her shouting throughout the night, keeping all the camp awake. When one of the ministers at last remonstrated with her, urging her to save herself for the morrow and be quiet, she called out, "Quiet? Quiet? Ah, brother, if I were to keep quiet the very stones would cry out!"

Many amusing and many serious stories he told me, and explained at length the program of the camp meeting.

These meetings, he explained, usually begin on

Thursday, this being the day of pitching the tents, gathering the supply of wood, arranging the lights, settling the families; by night, all being in order, a special opening service is held, the first sermon preached and the evening concluded with a brief prayer meeting. The following Tuesday is the last day, because, he explained, "the true time to adjourn is while the spirit of the meeting is yet in its strength."

No liquor is allowed on the grounds, and a volunteer police of young men of good family and friendly to the church but not religiously affected by the worship, keep guard against the rowdies who delight in disturbing such meetings by trying to pass within the lines, untethering horses, pulling down fences, making an uproar and mimicking sounds.

In the morning, the horn is sounded at sunrise—or in this case Father Bennett sang—at which time all are to rise; half an hour later it is blown for family worship, which must be observed in every tent; breakfast next, and at eight or nine the horn announces prayer meeting in tents.

At ten, preaching is held, then prayers at the stand and call for "mourners," this meaning, it seems, an invitation to such as desire the prayers of those present from a conviction that they are sinners. After this, there is a recess for the mid-day meal; at two in the afternoon, preaching; again prayers at the stand and a call for mourners. A stop at the setting of the sun for the evening meal, through which the mourners commonly fast, then, the fires are lighted, making the beautiful scene I

have described, the heavy foliage brought out by the light, the rapt faces before the pulpit; at seven, the preaching, the hymns, the call for mourners; at nine, the horn, the signal for family worship in tents, and then, to bed.

Mr. Wylie explained to me that the preaching is regarded as a subordinate matter; the sermons, to be successful, should be brief and telling; that the desirable thing is exhortations to repentance, a service which will convict the sinner of his sins and bring those seeking repentance into the fold.

I have not yet spoken of the singing, of the plaintive voices joining in songs of exhortation, of invitation to the sinner, yet 'tis the most agreeable and striking feature of the meeting:

> "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
> Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
> Jesus ready stands to save you,
> Full of pity, love and power!
> He is able,
> He is willing; doubt no more."

And of the one with which those who have found light, who have become converted are greeted, the Hymn of Rejoicing in Communion with God.

> "Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
> Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
> Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
> Call for songs of loudest praise.
> Teach me some melodious sonnet,
> Sung by flaming tongues above;
> Praise the Mount, I'm fixed upon it,
> Mount of thy redeeming love!"

I can not describe the effect on me of this hymn, carried by the high treble voices, rising in the summer night. Ah, who can say that this homage in His woodland temple is not pleasing to the Great Jehovah, and that He does not incline His ear, hear, and grant these prayers?

I must haste, without further detail, to describe the breaking of the camp which I remained to see and which I deemed most impressive.

Early in the morning, the tents were struck. The congregation then assembled, the exhortation was given, hymns were sung, prayers were made. Then the farewell procession was formed, led by the ministers, followed by the congregation, and all marched around the outside row of tents. On approaching the stand, the ministers stopped, and as the line passed by, they took the hand of each one in solemn farewell. 'Twas a most moving sight, one I shall ne'er forget, and which left me most solemn long after the woods had closed behind me and my face was again turned toward Terre Haute.

The journey to Terre Haute was accomplished without incident worthy of note, across the county of Clay and into that of Vigo. I was so fortunate, however, as to meet on the stage coach, which, as I have noted before, is, like the inn, the great meeting ground, and whose enforced intimacy one may say almost compels conversation, a Mr. Chapman, who told me presently that he is the editor of the *Wabash Enquirer*, a newspaper published at Terre Haute, and who, on learning of my tour of the country, volunteered much information to me.

The county of Vigo, I learned from him, is named for Col. Francis Vigo, a companion and friend of Gen. George Rogers Clark, a most gallant gentleman, who, after the war, cast his fortunes in the new country and settled at Vincennes. Touched by the compliment of conferring his name upon the county, Col. Vigo left a bequest[2] to Terre Haute for the purchase of a bell for the Court House cupola, which will be purchased if e'er the estate is settled.

The surface of this country is either level or gently undulating, its fine timbered lands interspersed with beautiful prairies, and the land is uniformly rich, giving large crops of wheat, corn and oats. The town, Mr. Chapman informs me, is beautifully situated on a high bank of the Wabash, indicated by the name, Terre Haute (high land), and the views, as I was soon to learn, of prairie, river and bottom land, most enchanting, the banks along the river being especially beautiful with grass, flowers and large trees. This town has the distinction of having come into being the same year that the state was admitted into the Union, 1816, so it is now twenty-four years old, and has about 2,000 inhabitants. As are many of these towns, it is built about a public square on which the court house

[2] The money mentioned in the bequest was to come from Vigo's claim against the United States government for money loaned the government by which Gen. George Rogers Clark was able to provide rations for his soldiers in their march for the recapturing of Vincennes in 1779. The original amount loaned was $11,387.40. When it was at last allowed, the principal and interest amounted to $50,000. The claim was paid in 1876, forty years after his death. Vigo's bequest was used as the nucleus in the purchase of a bell and a clock for the new Court House erected in 1884.—Editor.

stands, and when this was reserved, two quarter blocks were also reserved, one for a Seminary and one for a church, located at an equal distance from the public square. The town, said Mr. Chapman, was laid off and platted by the Terre Haute Company, and when he recited the names, I found to my great pleasure that I knew one of the gentlemen and was familiar with the names of the others. The Bullitts of Kentucky were known to me by reputation, some members of the family having attended the University while I was there, and the other familiar name was that of Hyacinthe Lasselle. Other members of the company were Jonathan Lindley of Orange County, Indiana, and Abraham Markle of Fort Harrison, whose sons I was soon to meet.

Mr. Chapman waxed most enthusiastic over the past and future of this city.

"Who," said he, "would have expected such rapid growth of a settlement in this situation? A thousand miles from the sea coast, with no highway of intercourse, no approach even, excepting the back door of Vincennes, by way of Cincinnati, in a region subject to incursions of the Indians, yet what happened? In 1815, a settled peace was concluded with the Indians, permanent settlers began pouring into the state; later, the National Road was planned and constructed, and now, in a location geographically on the direct line of travel from East to the far unexplored West, with the Wabash and Erie Canal on the way toward completion, and with citizens of in-

telligence and gentility, the town has grown beyond belief, and has a radiant future."

On perceiving my interest and my desire to note facts in my commonplace book, he drew forth from his pocket a copy of the Bloomington paper, *The Extra Equator*[3] a number of which I had seen before and made note in this diary, and read me the following selection:

"There are some towns, however, and irrespective of the aid they receive from this source (the public works) have sprung into life as if by magic. Among these and at the head, stands the town, almost city, of Terre Haute. Here, where a few years since, all was in its native wilderness, now is the show of life and business. Farms cover the rich prairie as far as the eye can reach. By what town is it surpassed, by what place is it equaled in beauty, elegance, and health? Surrounded by the large and rich farming communities of Parke, Clay and Sullivan, the products of which may easily be launched on the bosom of the Wabash, which rolls at her base, and thus quickly be deposited at any of the Southern ports, her commercial advantages are by no means of minor importance. Neither are her means of communicating less than those of any other place in our state. From every direction, stages are running—the proprietor of one of which resides in our town—and in favor of whose enterprise and accommodations too much can not be said. To what, then, can this growing superiority of Terre Haute be at-

[3] *The Extra Equator,* Bloomington, Ind., Nov. 8, 1839.—Editor.

tributed? Next to her local advantages may be mentioned the enterprise and industry of her citizens. By her salubrious soil and beautiful situation she has invited the stranger of intelligence and capital to reside here. When here, they have evidently taken a pleasure in expending their industry and capital in benefiting and launching the town. In a word, as the prints of a town are generally considered as the representatives of its prosperity and generosity, if judging from this infallible proof in this case we read the interesting, racy and spirited columns of the *Courier* and *Enquirer,* we should say that Terre Haute is unequaled."

"By far too complimentary to the editors," observed Mr. Chapman modestly, "but most true of the town."

I learned from this same source that I was now approaching a place of genuine historical interest, a place that has a part in the history of the northwest territory, Fort Harrison, erected by Gen. William Henry Harrison in October, 1811. The old log fort, now sadly fallen into decay, I have looked upon with the greatest interest. The inclosure is 150 feet square, a stockade of heavy timbers, with block houses at the corners and two-story bastions, a typical Western fort, even in its decay calculated to fire the imagination and to recall the day when from beneath the high bluff came the war cry of the savage in his canoe echoing the shout of his brother lurking above in the forest fastness!

For some time after 1816, 'tis said, the fort was used as a refuge, for although the Indian was said

to be friendly, he was still regarded with suspicion. The fort, too, was the landing place for all who came up the Wabash to the new settlement, and many of the first prospectors boarded at the fort on their arrival, among them, Chauncey Rose,[4] Abraham Markle and Curtis Gilbert.

I was quite ready, therefore, to be pleasantly impressed with Terre Haute, at which we arrived near nightfall. I had been advised by Dr. Layman to go to "The Eagle and Lion," one of the oldest and best taverns in the town, but Mr. Chapman advised me of a new inn which I should by all means seek out. This inn, he says, has but recently been built by Mr. Rose, and is kept by a Mr. Barnum. This Mr. Rose, he says, I must by all means make the acquaintance of.

Mr. Rose is a gentleman of about 47, who came out to Terre Haute from Connecticut in 1817. He has, during his residence here, engaged in mercantile pursuits, purchased vast tracts of land, built houses, and, said Mr. Chapman, if I am interested in investments in the new country he is the man above all others with whom I should hold consultation. He furthermore promised himself to introduce me to Mr. Rose.

I found the inn, while some distance removed from the rest of the town, all and more than Mr.

[4] Chauncey Rose, born in Connecticut, 1793; went to Terre Haute, 1817; died, 1877. "The list of his benefactions is a long one, including the Rose Ladies' Aid Society, the Rose Polytechnic School, the Rose Orphans' Home, the Rose Dispensary." The inn referred to is the famous Prairie House, whose name Mr. Parsons neglects to give. It is described at length in Beste's "The Wabash" (1851).—Editor.

Chapman had declared it to be. His statement that it is the largest and best appointed inn in this state, if not in the West, is true without doubt, and I found my apartment both commodious and comfortable, and my meals all and more than I could have demanded. It was in a most excellent humor, therefore, that, the next morning, having changed the garments in which I had traveled for the more modish attire of broadcloth, fresh ruffled shirt, and my best beaver hat, I set forth to find Dr. Layman's friend,[5] and to view the city.

Through this friend, it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of the town's most prominent physicians, of whom there is an unusual number. Most capable and interesting men I found them. It is a matter of interest and worthy of note, I think, that among the pioneers, the professional men—the preachers, the doctors, the lawyers, who endure great hardships in the practice of their professions—have been formed by this hard school of experience into men of mark. To change the figure, those of baser metal do not survive the fire, and those who do survive are all men of exceeding ability. However it be, I have found this uniformly the case in each community I have visited.

A most striking and interesting figure is that of Dr. Modesitt, pioneer physician, a typical Virginia gentleman, unchanged by his residence in a pioneer settlement. He can truly be called a pioneer, for he built the first log house in Terre Haute, and proved himself a man of affairs, setting up a mortar

[5] Strangely, at no time does he give this friend's name.—Editor.

for corn, when there was no mill, and establishing a ferry across the Wabash, at the same time laying the foundation for his reputation as a most excellent physician and surgeon. He is a graduate of Prince William College, and resided in Cincinnati for a season before coming to this place. He is a handsome gentleman, somewhat past 50, with snow-white hair, an erect figure, an imposing presence and most courtly manners, reminding me much of my father.

Among the younger physicians, I found most congenial Dr. Reed, a young gentleman of 29. In his office on the public square, he has collected a library of considerable size and merit, and I found much amusement and edification in poring over these volumes while waiting for him to measure out nostrums for the patients who had gathered in his office. He showed me the latest tale of our Southern novelist, William Gilmore Simms, "Playo, a Tale of the Goth," purchased, he says, at the Philadelphia Book Store, kept by a Mr. Flint, a rather good emporium. "Simms," he remarked, "will add a new chaplet to his wreath of literary honors with this volume, and do great credit to his fame. It is an exciting story of the old time, as its name imports, and richly rewards a perusal."

Here, too, I found a book of graceful letters, "L'Abri, or the Tent Pitch'd," by N. P. Willis, Esq., a young writer coming more and more into favor; a most excruciatingly funny book entitled "John Smith's Letters with 'Picters' to Match," from the graphic pen of the veritable and original

Jack Downing;[6] "The Private Journal of Aaron Burr" in two volumes, which I longed for the time to read, and a year's numbers of a magazine printed in Cincinnati called *The Family Magazine,* a veritable treasure trove of information which does credit to the West.

Through Dr. Reed I met many of the physicians —Dr. Ball, a native of New Jersey, a gentleman highly esteemed in the community, and whose wife's family, the Richardsons, were among the first settlers of the town, she a most delightful female, I will add; Dr. Patrick, brusque and most intelligent; Dr. Richard Blake, a Southerner from Maryland; Dr. Daniels, and next—a surprise sufficient yet to make my heart beat faster as I write—Dr. Thomas Parsons!

I remember that Dr. Reed had repeated my name when first he heard it, as though 'twere not unfamiliar, but he said naught until he brought me face to face with him. I knew that my father had cousins residing in Maryland, who long ago had gone out to Kentucky. We knew not their whereabouts, but my father had urged me to make inquiries. This Dr. Parsons, it seems, was but a boy when the family moved to Kentucky, and he came to Indiana in 1819, being now a man about 36 years old, and as yet unmarried. He was as rejoiced, apparently, to see me, as I to see him, and he insisted at once on my coming with him that I might relate to him everything I could remember of his

[6] An extremely popular humorist of the time, Maj. Jack Downing, now forgotten.—Editor.

relatives in Virginia, promising, in return, to see that I view everything of note, and make the acquaintance of every notable before leaving his adopted city. To-morrow I shall record my meeting with Mr. Rose and my various social experiences in his company.

CHAPTER XIX

On Board Steamer *Indian*, July 20, 1840.

I AM beyond doubt deeply indebted to Mr. Chapman for recommending that I take up my abode at the Prairie House while in Terre Haute. While 'tis true that it is literally "out on the prairies," the walk into the town is not a long one, and the tavern itself is so palatial in every way and the guests so agreeable that I can of a truth say that nowhere on my journey have I been so pleasantly entertained.

I rose betimes, the morning after my meeting with Dr. Parsons, my new-found cousin several times removed, for a cool breeze was blowing over the prairie, the birds were singing, and all nature was calling me to come out. After an excellent repast I wandered into the office room and taking up a number of Mr. Chapman's paper was soon lost to my surroundings in a perusal of events of importance. News from the outside world has now the spice of novelty to me, for it haps sometimes that I am so situated that I do not see a news sheet for several weeks together.

I therefore perused with much interest the account of a United States exploring expedition. Letters have been received from Lieut. Wilkes dated

Sydney, New South Wales, which establish beyond question the existence of a great continent in the Antarctic seas, this discovery made Jan. 19, 1840, and just now reaching our public prints. Full details are said to be given in the Sydney papers.

Queen Victoria held a drawing room last month, and her costume is described at length, a dress of white tulle over white satin, body and sleeves richly ornamented with diamonds and blonde; skirt elegantly trimmed with a rich blonde flounce; train of pink Irish poplin richly brocaded in silver and lined with white satin, with a head-dress of feathers and diamonds, necklaces and rings en suite. The details of fashion have a special piquancy, after our backwoods experiences.

An item of especial interest to the traveler because it reveals the dangers only too recently from the Indians, was copied from a Peru, Indiana, paper: "Mr. John Parrett, Jr., residing in Whitley County about thirty-five or forty miles east of this place, visiting the residence of some Indians, found in their company a white male child supposed to be 6 years old, black eyes and fair hair, large for his age, and has a long, broad, full face. The child is thought to have been taken from its parents by the Indians and carried to where it was found. Mr. Parrett purchased the boy of his adopted parents for $2.50, and took him to his house, where his parents, if living and chance to see this notice, may find him."

According to my custom, I noted the market price of various commodities, flour, $3.75 a barrel; meal,

12 and 15 cents a bushel; wheat, 50 cents a bushel; potatoes 10 and 12 cents a bushel; butter, 5 and 6 cents a pound; eggs, 3 and 6 cents a dozen; whisky, 14 cents a gallon.

The greater part of the paper was devoted to political items, a long letter from Mr. Robert Dale Owen covering the entire front page. These political items I read always with the greatest interest, because each party seems to me to be very strong, and espousers of either side each assure me that his party can not fail to win. From a perusal of this paper, for instance, one would be convinced that the followers of Gen. Harrison stand no chance whatever in the coming elections. The editor writes that he thinks it an evidence of insanity on the part of Mr. Lane, Whig nominee for Congress in the Seventh District, that he should run against Mr. Hannegan. In another column the accusation is made that Mr. George H. Proffitt, a Congressman, I was to learn later from Vincennes, and one of the most brilliant men in the state, "is literally flooding the state with electioneering documents. Not content with practicing on the unsuspecting of his own district, he must stick his finger into every other. We have a letter before us from Clay County, stating that at one small postoffice no less than three pounds of 'Lives of Harrison' printed at the Madisonian office, came in one mail, franked by G. H. P. as public documents. These are the men who cry so loud about abuse of official power! Democrats, you must be stirring! Every scheme which in-

genuity can invent will be put into operation to defeat you. Be watchful, then! Be prudent! Be firm! And above all, be united!"

It is probable that my face betrayed my thoughts, for a gentleman sitting near me, having evidently perceived what I was reading, said, with a smile, "Most convincing, no doubt, until you read the other side! Pray listen to this." Drawing a paper from his pocket, a Whig sheet with the title *The Spirit of Seventy-Six,* which I learned later is printed at the capital, Indianapolis, he showed me column after column of statements entirely as positive that the Whigs would be victorious in the state elections. He told me the story of how some leader had written to the editor, Chapman, telling him that he must put on a bold front and seem to be positive that the Democrats would win. "Tell Chapman he must crow," he said, and that this story has got out, to the discomfiture of the Democrats and the enormous delight of the Whigs, and that every Whig paper has in black letters, "Crow, Chapman, Crow." He read me from this paper a bit of doggerel entitled "Song of Jim Crow."

"Let all de British Tory
 Who feel so very low,
Keep stiff de upper lip
 And give a loud Crow.
Brag about and bet about
 And grin just so,
And every time you meet a Whig
 Give a loud Crow.

"Massa Van he frightened,
  Everybody know.
Still he scold at Amos
  Cause he doesn't crow,
Brag about and bet about,
  And grin just so;
And never lose de spirits,
  But give a loud crow."[1]

"Now as for Mr. Proffitt," continued my companion, " 'tis all a base and scurrilous slander. Mr. Proffitt is one of the finest gentlemen in the state, and the greatest public speaker in the West. Let me tell you something in confidence," he said, lowering his voice. "The Whig citizens of this county have so high a regard for Mr. Proffitt and esteem so greatly his services in this campaign, that they intend in September to give a great barbecue in his honor. We have the form of our invitation already prepared, which I will show you, strictly in confidence, sir, we do not want our enemies as yet to get wind of it. It will be engraved in due season and sent out to the respectable citizens of this and other counties," he added.

I unfolded the memorandum he handed to me with great interest. It ran as follows: "Sir: The Whig citizens of the County of Vigo will give a barbecue to the Hon. George H. Proffitt on the third of October next in a grove south of this town for his vigilant, bold, and energetic course as a Representative in Congress, and for his general zeal

[1] One could wish that Mr. Parsons had gone into more detail because this incident is said to be the origin of the adoption of the rooster as the symbol of the Democratic party.—Editor.

in sustaining and advancing the Whig cause. You are respectfully invited to attend with the assurance that it will afford the citizens of Vigo great satisfaction to have the honor of your company on the occasion. With high regard, Your obedient servants, Thomas H. Blake, James Farrington, T. A. Madison, A. L. Chamberlain, John Dowling, Rufus Minor, Henry Ross, Charles T. Noble, Lucius Scott, Committee."

"There, sir, the cream of the community, on that committee, present company always excepted!" he added, with a whimsical smile.

I was sufficiently impressed, for this seemed to me a great tribute, and presently my new acquaintance explained to me that he was the A. L. Chamberlain of the committee and we fell into an interesting conversation.

Learning of my intended profession, Mr. Chamberlain straightway presented me to a gentleman who sat near us, a Mr. Griswold, who is a young man come here recently and who for a season was the instructor in a school, but who has now formed a partnership for the practice of the law with another young gentleman, a Mr. Usher,[2] who came here from New York state driving all the way in an open buggy.

"We met here in this tavern," said Mr. Griswold. "On a frosty morning in the fall, as I left the breakfast table, I was followed by a strange young guest, and meeting face to face before the fireplace, we fell

[2] John P. Usher, who later became a member of Lincoln's Cabinet and died in 1889.—Editor.

into conversation. From exchanging experiences, we came to confidences, and it was not long until we had agreed to enter into a partnership. This was only last year,'' he explained, ''and our firm is Usher and Griswold, and our office is on Cherry Street, where I hope to have the honor of your presence for a call.

''This inn,'' continued Mr. Griswold, ''I regard as a paradise. 'Tis not alone its comforts, though there is much to be said for them, 'tis the company that gathers here and the free and easy intercourse —ah, sir, it has something about it I can scarcely define, but which you must even now perceive!''

I admitted that already I had felt something of this charm in the hospitality and the pleasant companionship afforded in its ample rooms, and we were conversing in a most lively fashion when who should arrive but Dr. Parsons, who naturally knew them both well, and we accordingly sauntered forth together toward the town, talking gayly, as is the custom with young folk, together, in pleasant weather and beset by no carping care.

All of the young gentlemen are members of the fire company, it seems, and there was no little jesting on the subject as we walked along, and they told me something of the formation of the company. In spite of their jests I noted that they felt considerable pride in the company and in the engine—''Old Hoosier''—bought some years back. Their Council, they said, had but recently appropriated $300 for the construction of a cistern in each ward. Many funny tales had they to tell of fires and fire fighting.

Spirited young men, all three of them, in their several ways.

Our next burst of laughter was at the sight of a drove of hogs coming down the street. I have already described the appearance of a drove of hogs on a country road on their way to Cincinnati.

"Behold, Mr. Parsons," said Mr. Griswold, in tones of mock solemnity, "behold a vision of Porkopolis. Mayhap you have not heard that in spite of our culture, our schools, our professions, the real source of our prosperity lies in our pork-packing establishments, of which we have so many. Can it be that none has as yet vouchsafed you a view of those elegant edifices, those slaughter houses, our pride, that cluster on the river's brink? Mayhap it has been whispered to you, young sir, that our great fear, at least the fear of those of us who own no porkers, and no packing house, but who breathe the refined air of the heights of culture, that our adopted city may yet receive the name of Porkopolis! Perish the thought! Rather may our boasted prosperity vanish!"

As he burlesqued tragedy in his tone, we stood at attention on the sidewalk, watching the surging mass of porkers go by, a sight well worth the seeing. First went a man on horseback, scattering corn and uttering at intervals in a minor key the cry "Pig-oo-ee! Pig-oo-ee!" All along the sidewalk, at street crossings and at alley ways helpers were stationed to keep in line the pigs that were driven forward from the rear by drovers with long sticks. The rear was brought up by the very fat porkers

who had to have special attendants, and a wagon followed for those who became too tired to walk. 'Twas an interesting sight, and we stood until they had entirely passed.

"Joke as you will, Griswold," said Mr. Chamberlain, "these are indeed amazingly the source of our prosperity. And whence, pray tell me, would your much needed fees come were it not for these despised hogs? You must understand, Mr. Parsons," he said to me, "that corn grows on our fertile prairies for the planting, and that it is the food of all others for fattening these hogs. 'Tis then but a matter of killing them and sending the meat to New Orleans on flat boats. Let us show him," he proposed to the others. "Let us walk over to the river."

I confess that I had not the slightest idea of the immensity of the river traffic, and that I hastened to jot down the information that these three accorded me, between jokes, as we stood on the river bluff and looked down at the beautiful river at whose wharf lay several steamers.

The use of the river for shipping is almost unbelievable, they informed me. In 1836, as many as 800 steamboats came here, steamboats from New Orleans, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati and Pittsburg, being daily visitors during the boating season.[3]

This year more than 200 boats are carrying on a regular traffic between these Wabash towns and ports on the Ohio and Mississippi. However, the

[3] The almost complete passing of the steamboat traffic on both Wabash and Ohio makes the statement almost as unbelievable to us as it was to Mr. Parsons.—Editor.

flat boats are the most astonishing sight to me. This Wabash River, it seems, is a thoroughfare for all the country to the north by which the farmers may ship their produce, and it is undoubtedly made excellent use of. In less than a month and a half, in the fall, they told me, 1,000 flat boats will pass down the river, the majority of them loaded with flour, pork, etc., in this proportion: one-tenth with pork, 300 barrels to the boat; one-tenth, lard, cattle, horses, oats, corn meal, etc., and the remainder of the load consisting of corn on the ear. However, as a proof that this is not always the load, they told me of a flat boat setting out from Jackson County at one time, going down White River, carrying a load of hickory nuts, walnuts and venison hams. The value of the produce and stock on flat boats is $1,000,000 annually.

I had already seen flat boats on the Ohio River, but had received no particular information concerning them. Mr. Chamberlain, who seems a most practical gentleman, explained to me their value, as besides having great carrying capacity, they are of light draft, and hence adapted to small streams, and in times of flood, the countryman living on a small stream in the interior can construct his flat boat, load it and float it to the Wabash and thence to the Ohio and Mississippi. The matter of construction is easy and not expensive. He called my attention to the great tulip poplars which abound in this locality. "These," said he, "are easily worked with the ax, and afford slabs long and broad enough for the sides. All that remains to be done,

then, is simply to attach planks to these for the bottom and ends, and the boat is completed."

He told me what I had already heard, that these flat boats can not come up stream. The flat boat man disposes of his produce in New Orleans, sells his boat to be broken up for lumber, and returns on the steamboat, though in the early days it was necessary that he should walk home over the long road known as the Tennessee Path, though it was frequently called The Bloody Path because of the highwaymen that infested it.

I will note here that through the kind offices of Mr. Griswold and Mr. Usher, whom I found most congenial companions, I met many of the members of the bar of this city for whom there is but space to record their names that I may be enabled always to recall them. It seems to me, as I recount them, that the number is unusual for the size of the city and that their ability is also remarkable. There is Judge Demas Deming, vastly rich, a man of ability and of remarkable poise; the President Judge, Elisha Huntington, a man of vast popularity; Judge Jenckes, Judge Gookins, the firm is Kinney, Wright and Gookins, and I found them all men of most agreeable manners, Judge Kinney and Judge Gookins being most interested in the good of their fellow men. This last named gentleman related to me the interesting fact that with his mother and brother, he was the first to come into the settlement by the northern route, they having come out from New York, and the journey occupying six weeks and two days. Another attorney-at-law was

Mr. Barbour, a young gentleman who graduated from Indiana College at Bloomington and in whom I was particularly interested when he informed me that he had read law in the office of Judge Isaac Blackford in Indianapolis.

Through Judge Kinney, I made the acquaintance of a most interesting man, the Rev. Mr. Jewett,[4] pastor of the Congregational Church.

While I have found many sects in the Western country, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Christian, Catholic and Universalist, this is my first encounter with the Congregational Church, whose stronghold, I learn, is New England. Mr. Jewett, I was informed, was making a tour of the West as a missionary, and passing through Terre Haute, determined to remain over the Sabbath. On hearing that he was a minister, the people invited him to preach at the court house, and so much impressed were those who heard him by his beautiful character and his interesting discourses that he was urged by all classes to establish a church here and return East for his family. Mr. Jewett, 'tis easily to be seen, is a man of strong sympathy and broad catholicity of spirit and superior talent, and I marveled not at all at his popularity when I had heard him preach and engaged in conversation with him. 'Tis no wonder that his church is so thriving and embraces such admirable citizens among its members.

Among the merchants of the city whom I remember best, perhaps, is Mr. Chauncey Warren, at one

[4] It is a matter of interest that the successor of Dr. Jewett in this church was Dr. Lyman Abbott who remained there from 1860 to 1866. —Editor.

time a partner of Mr. Rose. Him I met through Dr. Modesitt, his father-in-law, and I found him a man of great liveliness, an excellent raconteur and in manner most kind and agreeable. A gentleman of the Quaker faith, a man of refinement and most gentle manners was a Mr. Ball who came to this city some years ago and was engaged as the chief engineer in the building of the Wabash and Erie Canal. I met, too, the sons of Maj. Markle, one of the founders of the city, and builder of its first mill, a man, 'tis said, of unusual charm and ability, and these sons I found most agreeable young gentlemen. I must record the name, too, of Mr. Curtis Gilbert, one of the early citizens, for a long time postmaster and conspicuous in all public movements, a most estimable and agreeable gentleman, who told me, among interesting narrations of the town's early history, of the visit here, in 1831 of Mr. Clay. This great man, he said, was entertained at the Eagle and Lion, the first tavern in the village, and a most noted resort, which I have seen with its quaint sign of the American bird pecking out the eyes of the British Lion. In the early days, it was frequented by chance travelers and by the traveling lawyers, and it was the central place of meeting for the townspeople and moreover possesses an enormous stable for the accommodation of the stage and wagon horses.

Senator Clay, said Mr. Gilbert, was met several miles from the village by a large number of citizens and escorted into the town, his approach being announced by the roar of artillery. Addresses were

made by citizens of prominence and his eloquent reply is still quoted by his admirers of whom I find many, a matter which will delight my father, and of which I must not fail to inform him.

Space is lacking for more than a brief mention of one item that has impressed me much, the multiplicity of businesses and occupations I have found in this small city—more, I believe, than in any other I have yet viewed. I have already mentioned the pork-packing, a great industry in itself, the stores of general merchandise, a most excellent market. There are also a wagon yard, a brick yard, shoemaking is carried on, coopering, and hat-making and there are several mills.

In the matter of schools, this, for a town of its size, does not compare, it seems to me, with others I have viewed, though I am told there are several private schools, in one of which Mr. Griswold, as he told me, taught when he first came to Terre Haute.[5]

'Twas in this same assembling room of the tavern in which more and more from day to day as I lingered I was to perceive the charm of which Mr. Griswold had spoken so poetically, that I finally met Mr. Chauncey Rose. Dr. Parsons had been called away but he told me that he had spoken to him concerning me, and one morning as I entered the office room after breakfast, I saw a serious-faced, though kindly gentleman approaching me, who inquired if I were

[5] Mr. Parsons could not know of course that in October of this same year (1840) the famous school of St. Mary's in the Woods was to be founded, nor could he foresee the Rose Polytechnic, the State Normal and other schools which were soon to flourish in Terre Haute.—Editor.

Mr. Parsons of Virginia and informed me that he was Chauncey Rose.

I found him pleasing at our first meeting, for though a man of reticent nature, he is in reality full of enthusiasm over his various enterprises, and when he perceives interest in one with whom he converses he talks rapidly and enough.

He told me at once of his coming here when there were but two houses in the town, one occupied by Dr. Modesitt whom I have already met, and that he boarded at the Old Fort. He was only 25 then,—he is now 47, he says, but he soon perceived the value of the prairie land and soon made large purchases, —in 1830, 640 acres in one vast tract. He was for a time in the business of general merchandise with Mr. Warren. He asked me many questions concerning my legal studies, the purpose of my journey, and made me some wise suggestions concerning investments.

"I am myself but now considering entering into a company," said he, "which you may find of interest, something altogether new in this part of the world. In Greene County, not far distant and in a southerly direction, a gentleman, Downing by name, has discovered vast quantities of iron ore, some under the surface, some scattered over the top of the ground, due no doubt to some convulsion of nature in past ages. He has started there a blast furnace for the purpose of making pig iron, casting stoves, etc., about a mile from Bloomfield, the seat of justice, calling it the Richland Furnace."

"And is this town," I inquired, "on a body of water, or what are the means of transportation?"

He seemed pleased with my question. "True," said he, "it would seem strange that one would go into such a business so far from the ordinary means of transportation for such heavy freight. Much of this iron is hauled with horse teams to Louisville, a distance of 100 miles, and for this the teamsters receive five dollars a ton. Later, some gentlemen went into the business with Mr. Downing and purchased a steamboat which they called *The Richland*, and which could occasionally come up White River and take off the iron. These gentlemen have left the company and I am contemplating entering it and increasing the capital so that the business can be carried on on a large scale. I have great expectations of success from this enterprise." [6]

Space is lacking and time is too pressing to do more than record most briefly the remaining events of my stay in this city. Through my friend, Dr. Parsons, I was taken to the palatial mansion of the Blakes, built by a merchant now deceased, a Mr. Linton, situated some distance from the town. Here, eight years ago, Mrs. Blake brought the first piano of the town. 'Twas such a curiosity, she said, that for a season passersby among the uneducated would stop and ask her "to play on the critter." Another fine mansion is that of Dr. Ball, whom I have already mentioned, his wife being the daughter of Joseph Richardson, one of the early settlers at

[6] The original members of this enterprise besides Mr. Downing were M. H. Shryer, William Eveleigh, William Mason, E. J. Peck and A. L. Voorhees. It is a matter of regret that Mr. Parsons leaves the subject with such abruptness and does not tell us more of this enterprise, the existence of which must be a matter of surprise to many residents of Indiana.—Editor.

Fort Harrison, and a most excellent female. Dr. Parsons being young and unmarried, 'twas but natural that I should meet in his company several of the young females, and while I have not time to record these facts, I must jot down the incident of our sunset walk to the old Indian orchard.[7]

This spot is so called, I was informed, from an old Indian legend, and 'tis indeed a place of surpassing beauty. Three couples walked out together, Mr. Usher, Dr. Parsons and myself, in the company of the young females. Miss Eliza was my partner, a pink-cheeked damsel, whose face, though pretty, is lacking in intellectuality. She is a chatterer, however, and she told me the story of the Indian lovers most engagingly and I fancy that she is a sad coquette. Ah well, were it not for the thought of Julia, I might have been a readier victim, for the spot is one to be dedicated to love on a summer eve! We stood among the gnarled apple trees—said to have been planted by the Indian maiden, on the high bluff looking out over forest, prairie, bluff and river. The river makes a sweeping serpentine curve here, and can be seen, 'tis said, for a distance of two miles. The scene at sunset is one of surpassing loveliness, the place a rural paradise.

'Twas from such scenes as this and such congenial companionship as I have described that I was at length forced to tear myself away and embark on the steamer *Indian* for my next stopping place, Vincennes.

[7] Used as a burying ground for many years until the opening of the City Cemetery about 1839.—Editor.

CHAPTER XX

VINCENNES, JULY 24, 1840.

IN spite of the announcement of the *Indian's* owners that "The public can rely on the boat making her trips on time, being the fastest boat ever in this trade," I fear I should have thought the journey a slow one had it not been for the congenial companionship of a gentleman who introduced himself to me as Capt. Willis Fellows, recently appointed inspector of steamboats for the Port of Vincennes. Him I found exceedingly well informed, and while sitting on deck gazing upon the ever beautiful and ever changing scene, I was continually engaged in asking questions and jotting down the information thus accorded me.

Ample as it was, it did not in the least temper my amazement over the beauty, the antiquity, the interest of this town. Its situation is of great loveliness, being on what the early writers term a "savannah" of irregular size, some miles in extent, with the dense woods behind it and the placid river at its feet. Along its streets, small century old houses alternate with more recently erected magnificent mansions. Its inhabitants, I have learned, are extraordinarily interesting, high-bred people among whom I have spent some of the most enjoyable days of all my enjoyable journey.

I must confess to myself, although I endeavor to keep the knowledge from others, that I am of a most romantic temperament, and ne'er have I found a spot, it seems to me, so full of charm as is this town of Vincennes, a charm that I find it impossible to describe. Some of my newfound acquaintances have told me much of the beauty of Indian summer in this state, of the colors of the trees and of the opalescent haze that hangs o'er woods and prairie and methinks the charm is not unlike this haze. It is a charm that comes from the age of the place and its romantic history. The first French inhabitants were, 'tis said, so good natured, warm hearted, and gentle mannered that 'twas impossible not to love them, and from what I can learn, their successors, the English settlers, were people of refinement and culture. From the beginning, there has always been hospitality here; the place has been sought by visitors from the old world, and these palatial homesteads have been the scene of lavish entertainment. When I close my eyes I can see, against the background of forest, the picturesque figures, the painted Indian, the Jesuit father, the French coureur-du-bois, the English soldier, the titled visitors, the backwoodsman with his rifle—ah, small wonder my pen fails me when I attempt to write of Vincennes! I shall merely set down, therefore, some few of the incidents which I find most worthy of recording.

First of all I sought out, on Captain Fellows' recommendation, the American Tavern kept by Mr.

John C. Clark, a most affable gentleman. This inn is in a most desirable situation, close by the Old Fort, and commanding the Main Street ferry landing on the river. It is situated on a corner, with elevated porches on two sides from which one can view the happenings in the streets, notably the militia musters. It is a meeting place for all prominent citizens to transact business of a public character, and is moreover the headquarters for merchants and traders from all parts of the country.

On the occasion of my memorable call on Judge Blackford in Indianapolis in his room in the Governor's mansion, he told me that he still considers Vincennes his home, coming here every year, and gave me the names of several of its respectable citizens whose acquaintance I should make, and with them, a letter to Mr. Samuel Judah of the firm of Judah and Gibson. I accordingly set out to find Mr. Judah, who received me most warmly and whom I found a most extraordinarily interesting gentleman of a little past forty, perhaps, with remarkably fine, piercing black eyes. He is a native of New York, and came out to Vincennes some years ago. He is, I soon perceived, a profound scholar, and a gentleman most interested in young men of ambition. He is most proficient in the Greek and Latin languages and possesses an interesting library whose contents I took pleasure in noting. Having learned the purpose of my visit, he was even more gracious and affable, if such were possible, and invited me to remain to a meeting to be held that same afternoon at

four o'clock, in his office, of the Historical and Antiquarian Society.[1]

This society, of which Judge Blackford was one of the original members, was organized in the year 1808 to investigate authentic evidence concerning the early history of the place, over which there is some dispute, I learn, and it has already accumulated a considerable library and museum.

At their last meeting the officers for the coming year were elected: Mr. Nathaniel Ewing, President; Mr. S. Hill, Vice-President; Mr. G. R. Gibson, Treasurer; Mr. A. T. Ellis, Secretary, all of whom I met on this occasion and who showed themselves most cordial to me.

At this meeting several objects of interest were presented to the society which I, with their permission, noted down—By the Honorable John Law, a discourse before the New York Historical Society by William B. Reed; by the Kentucky Historical Society, a large collection of books and pamphlets; by the Honorable Albert S. White, whom I had met at Lafayette, a memoir, historical and political of the northwest coast of North America, by Robert Greenhow, translator and librarian to the Department of State; by the Honorable John W. Davis, documents No. 206, 26 Con. I Sess. House Rep-

[1] "It is a matter of sincere regret that the Vincennes Historical and Antiquarian Society was permitted to perish for want of appreciation and support. The valuable collection of important physical specimens contained in its museum and its documents and records were suffered to be carried off and scattered, and are not now, for the greater part, in existence, or at least are not accessible to the public."—(*Cauthorn.*) The society has in recent years been revived.—Editor.

THEATRE.

The "*Vincennes Literary Dramatic-Society*" will give their first performance on Saturday the 2nd of February, 1839, in the room formerly occupied as the Post Office, on Water Street; where will be presented the Rev. R. C. Matrum's Tragedy of

BERTRAM.

OR

THE CASTLE OF ST ALDOBRAND

BERTRAM,	MR. MASSEY,
ST. ALDOBRAND,	" COLMAN,
PRIOR,	" MOORE,
1st. MONK,	" ROBINSON,
2nd MONK,	" STOUT,
3rd MONK,	T. C. BUNTIN,
1st ROBBER,	MR. HULL
2nd ROBBER,	" WITHERS,
PAGE,	" BUNTIN,
CHILD,	AN AMATURE,
IMOGINE,	Miss ———
[illegible]	BY THE SOCIETY

COMIC SONG.

The evening's entertainment to conclude with the laughable and much admired farce of

The Apprentice.

WINGATE,	MR. T. C. BUNTIN,
GARGLE,	" ROBINSON,
DICK	" MOORE,
SIMON,	" COLMAN,
1st MEMBER, } of a Spouting Club	" STOUT,
2nd MEMBER, } of a Spouting Club	" J. P. BUNTIN,
SCOTCHMAN,	" BULL,
IRISHMAN,	" RICHARDVILLE
BAILIFF,	" OLNEY,
CHARLOTTE,	" Miss ———
WATCHMEN, PORTER, &c.	BY THE SOCIETY

The members of this Society deem it a duty devolving upon themselves to make this public declaration of their intentions, by publishing, to the citizens of Vincennes, the first resolution of their "*By-Laws.*"

"*Resolved*, That the surplus of this Society shall be presented to the Council of the Borough of Vincennes, to be by them, applied in the purchase of a Fire Engine."

The room is well fitted up, and proper officers will be in attendance to enforce *order*. *No smoking allowed.* Front seats reserved for the ladies.—Doors open at 6. Curtain will positively rise 15 minutes before 7.

Tickets of admission, 50 cents. Children over 10 years of age will be charged full price. No money received at the door. Tickets to be had at Clark's Hotel, and at the stores of Messrs. Burtch & Hannah, G. Cruikshank & Co. and the Coffee-Houses. Good music will attend the performance.

E. STOUT & SON, PRINTERS, VINCENNES, INDIANA.

A VINCENNES PLAY BILL OF 1839

From the original in the Indiana State Library

resentatives, entitled "National Defense and National Boundaries;" by the Honorable George W. Rathbone, two skeins of sewing silk, one black and one white, grown and manufactured in Vincennes in 1839; by H. D. Wheeler, a specimen of ore from Iron Mountain, Missouri; by George Frederick, a calculus from a hog's bladder; by D. Stahl, a geological report of the state of Michigan; by H. Bertrand, Esq., a manuscript volume of 240 pages, in French, dated 1790, a most beautiful specimen of chirography.

Mr. Ewing, the President, I found most agreeable. In conversation, after the meeting, having inquired concerning my journey, he informed me that he had first come to this place as a boy from Pennsylvania on a trading trip in a pirogue laden with apples and salt, later having come to settle permanently. He has been Register of the Land Office, and President of the first bank here, and has retired, being now near to 70, to his country place, Mont Clair, east of the city, to which estate he has invited me, showing himself especially agreeable after I mentioned meeting his daughter, Mrs. Farrington of Terre Haute. He also presented me to his son-in-law, Judge Law,[2] to whom I at once gave Judge Blackford's letter of introduction.

Judge Law is a man eminently handsome and elegant in appearance, portly, with aquiline nose and

[2] John Law, born in Connecticut, 1796, died at Evansville, Ind., 1873. Graduated at Yale. Came to Corydon, 1817; later to Vincennes. 1825, prosecuting attorney; 1830, legislative judge. Elected to Congress. "A fluent and graceful writer, who gained a national reputation for his contributions to the Colonial History of Indiana." —Editor.

penetrating eyes. He is most urbane and at once invited me to his home, to which I went on that same evening, my stay here being limited. I noted with pleasure the beautiful home, the books and papers —like Judge Blackford he is an inveterate reader. The spirit of hospitality was evident, and the affection in which he holds his family. Later, we sat in the garden under the beautiful trees, and among the flowers and fruits in whose cultivation he delights, and he quoted Marvell.

> "What wondrous life is this I lead!
> Ripe apples drop about my head;
> The luscious clusters of the vine
> Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
> The nectarine and curious peach
> Into my hands themselves do reach;
> Stumbling on melons as I pass,
> Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.
>
> "Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
> Or at some fruit tree's mossy root,
> Casting the body's vest aside
> My soul into the boughs does glide;
> There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
> Then whets and claps its silver wings,
> And, till prepared for longer flight,
> Waves in its plumes the various light."

His love for these surroundings was, I could perceive, no idle fancy.

He is 44 years of age, he informed me; from Connecticut, from which state his grandfather was a member of the Continental Congress, and he himself graduated from Yale at the age of 18. The pride of birth is there, it speaks in the stateliness

of his bearing, but much else, a courtliness of manner, a brilliancy of intellect, a wit and humor that make his conversation most delectable, in short, I never have looked upon a man who, I deem, unites in himself more of the gifts men pray the gods for.

On learning of my interest in the history of the Western country and also my surprise over finding such a body as the Antiquarian Society here, he told me much concerning the object of the society and its work and confessed that only last year he had delivered an address[3] before the society on the date of the first settlement of Vincennes.

When I ventured to express to him my feeling over finding a city of such age and of such historical interest in what we in the East are wont, I fear, to consider a wilderness, he burst forth:

"Think, sir, you are in a town which is one of the oldest on the continent, one for the possession of which the greatest nations of the earth have contended—France, England, the United States. Think, sir, of this river, the Ouabache, they called it, a river known and noted on the maps of the West long before the Ohio was known in the geography of the Mississippi Valley,—a river which for nearly a century bore upon its waters the bateaux of the three great powers above mentioned, bringing their armed warriors to occupy and if possible, to preserve it. One which had seen within its garrison the Mousquetaire of Louis XV, the grenadier of George III, the rifleman of Clark, and the regular

[3] This address was delivered on Feb. 22, 1839, and printed in 1858 under the title "The Colonial History of Vincennes under French, British and American Government."—Editor.

troops of Harmar, St. Clair and Harrison,—one above which has floated the Fleur-de-Lys, the Cross of St. George, and our own glorious Stars and Stripes!"

He paused for a moment, and then continued:

"I came here at twenty-one,—in 1817—it has changed much since then; it had changed greatly since 1800, I was told. Fancy, sir, what those first English speaking settlers must have seen when they came here,—this little foreign village, the low-ceilinged, straw-thatched cottages, vine-wreathed, set in blossoming fruit trees,—the old church, which you must see without fail, the Old Fort,—no Frenchman's tongue calls it aught else, 'twas only the English who said Fort Sackville,—the Indians, the priests, ah, 'twas a picture to stimulate a man's imagination to make a poet of him—"

I ventured to say that the spell still hangs over it for me, and 'twas perhaps this appreciation of a place he loved so well that caused his continuous and untiring kindness to me throughout my visit. 'Twas upon this occasion that Judge Law told me of those men who have given what I may call historic interest to the town—the Sieur de Vincenne, from whom it takes its name: Father Gibault, a most celebrated priest who, when he heard of the American Revolution, called a public meeting of the French of Vincennes, explained to them the nature of the struggle and administered to them the oath of allegiance to the American cause; Gen. George Rogers Clark, over whose exploits I have marveled much; Col. Francis Vigo of whom I had already

heard at Terre Haute, and above all, of Gen. William Henry Harrison, who came here as first Territorial Governor of Indiana to find a French village, few in the place speaking or understanding aught but the French language, and who devoted himself while here to the promotion of learning and education.

Besides these whom we may call public characters and historic, are men of prominence now living here or but lately passed away, who are a part of the history of the place. Among these is Bishop Brute, the first Roman Catholic bishop of the Diocese of Vincennes, born and educated in France, who came to this city in 1834, at which time the church of St. Francis Xavier was partly erected. Bishop Brute left, so Judge Law tells me, a marvelous library of 6,000 or 7,000 volumes, priceless manuscripts, many of them, some dating back to 1476. Another gentleman is Elihu Stout, who founded the first newspaper in the state, the *Vincennes Sun,* the first number of which was issued in 1804. Mr. Stout was one of the founders of the Historical Society, where I met him and enjoyed his conversation, although, as he was an ardent Democrat, I found his opinions of the election altogether at variance with the opinions of the many Whigs I have encountered.

I found the opinions of another gentleman, Mr. Caddington, who edits the *Vincennes Gazette,* much more to my liking, and it was this gentleman who, when I questioned him concerning Gen. Harrison's following in this place and the strength of the Whig

party, invited me to accompany him to a great mass meeting and barbecue to be given in the walnut grove before the Harrison mansion, of which last named I shall write at length later on.

The scene was one of indescribable interest. Two speakers had been provided, so Mr. Caddington informed me, but the crowd was so enormous, so far exceeding all expectations, that it was necessary to provide two others that all the crowd might be accommodated at once. The two speakers first provided were the Mr. George Proffitt,[4] concerning whom I had heard so much in Terre Haute, and a Mr. George G. Dunn of Bedford; the two others hastily invited, were Mr. Richard W. Thompson, who chanced to be in the city at this time, and Mr. John Ewing of Vincennes, whom I had already met. With my new friend, Mr. Caddington, as cicerone, I penetrated the vast crowd, stood on the trench in which the great bullocks were roasting, when the time came, ate my share with, I must confess, a most unsuspectedly voracious appetite, washed it down with dippersful of campaign cider, heard with great delight campaign songs shouted forth by lusty voices, and listened with the greatest curiosity and interest to each of the speakers.

Of Mr. Proffitt I had heard so much, including the

[4] George H. Proffitt, educated in England and France; belonged to one of the leading families in Louisiana, where his grandfather held the office of surveyor general under the French government. Came to Pike County in 1826, a very young man and engaged in merchandise business. Legislature, 1828, and elected to same position five times in succession; two terms in Congress; minister to Brazil under Tyler; died in Louisville, 1847. Man of extraordinary popularity; had high standing in the East.—Editor.

encomiums of my Terre Haute friend who had told me of the barbecue planned in his honor next month, that I had the greatest curiosity to see him and was no ways disappointed in my expectations. Mr. Proffitt is a handsome young man, below the medium size, slim and spare, with a good mouth, a high forehead, dark eyes and light brown hair. He had spoken but a few moments when I perceived the secret of his power and marveled not when Mr. Caddington informed me that he has already a high reputation for oratory in the East and South. His voice is remarkably loud and clear, having that quality known as "silvern," so here he has an advantage over many of his adversaries; his elocution is of the most fluent, his imagination most fertile, he is ever quick and ready. 'Twas easy to see how he swayed the multitude—I have never heard a more persuasive speaker. Mr. Caddington related to me an incident revealing this power. It seems that for some reason, some years ago, about the time of an election, he had become unpopular with the people of his town, whether through the defamation of his rivals or some fancied wrongs, is unknown. Having in some way become aware of this displeasure, Mr. Proffitt notified the voters by placards at the polling place, that he wished to address them once more before they voted, and such was his power, popular or unpopular, that a large crowd gathered to hear him. He spoke for an hour, says Mr. Caddington, and so strong was his logic, so overpowering his eloquence, that he secured every vote in the town, much to the chagrin of his scheming op-

ponents. "He is a true Southerner," concluded Mr. Caddington, apparently forgetful of my origin, of which I did not remind him, fearing his embarrassment, "and cares far more for hunting, fishing and horse racing than for his business. I have heard that he never scruples to close his store any day in the week to pursue these pleasures."

A most striking man is Mr. Richard W. Thompson, whom I had also heard spoken of at Terre Haute, very erect, with fine black hair and eyes. His face is not regularly handsome—his features are too prominent for that, but in person he is a man of mark, and his voice, while not equaling that of Mr. Proffitt in sweetness, is of great volume; his manner is strong, clear, emphatic, even vehement. "He has few, if any superiors as a speaker in the West," said Mr. Caddington, and I was fain to agree with him.

Then my friend led me to the part of the grove in which Mr. Dunn[5] was speaking.

He informed me that I was now to hear not only a great orator, but one of the finest lawyers of the state. "When he takes a case," said my friend, "he inspires others with such confidence in his strength that the case is considered as decided in his favor beforehand. He is argumentative, impressive, his will is invincible, and he is a master of ridicule and invective. The Democrats fear his sarcasm more than that of any other of our speak-

[5] George G. Dunn of Bedford, born in Kentucky in 1812; settled in Monroe County, Indiana, and then located in Bedford in 1833. Mr. Caddington's statement is borne out by his biographers.—Editor.

ers. You will see for yourself, sir, that as some one has said of him, he embodies wit, drollery, invective, sarcasm, eloquence, in one symmetrical whole."

Mr. Dunn was indeed one of the most impressive of the speakers. In person, he is most pleasing, being tall and commanding, with fair complexion, light hair, and blue eyes. I perceived at once that Mr. Caddington spoke the truth and that he indeed possesses all the qualities that gentleman attributes to him. Indeed, I should much prefer having him my advocate than my opponent. His voice is rich and full, and he possesses great personal magnetism, no doubt in part the secret of his power, for no one could listen to his mellow voice without at once being persuaded of the justice of his cause. I was moved beyond belief at his marvelous declamation of the lines, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the sun of York."

The fourth speaker was a Mr. John Ewing, of whom Mr. Caddington spoke with enthusiasm. He is an Irishman, it seems, a gentleman of wealth, who has become interested in politics, and having been suddenly discovered to be a fluent and versatile speaker, has been in constant demand this campaign. He speaks a rich brogue, and this with his Irish wit, his agreeable manner, his keen sarcasm, his hail-fellow-well-met attitude toward all the people make him a most popular speaker. At the moment we approached the stump from which he spoke he was reading a list of reasons from some Democratic print of why the writer was going to vote the Democratic ticket. Taking up each one, as "I intend to

vote for Martin Van Buren because," etc., he quickly explained why the statement was untrue, and this with so much wit that the audience was continually in a roar.

I have made some inquiries concerning the state of education in this city and have been informed that in 1808 a university was established, from which, by reason of some injustice, 'tis claimed, of legislation, the state's support was withdrawn, but which has recently been reëstablished, and for which is hoped a flourishing future. There is a most interesting Catholic institution, St. Gabriel's College, which offers a large and interesting curriculum, providing greater instruction in languages than any other institution in the state. Instruction is given, it is announced, in both ancient and modern languages, to-wit: Hebrew, Latin and Greek, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish, English, French and German, the last three of which are taught by professors to whom they are vernacular.

Besides all these branches, mathematics, philosophy and the sciences, instruction is offered in drawing, painting and vocal and instrumental music upon the piano, violin, flute, guitar and clarinet. The institution, 'tis said, is provided with a splendid philosophical apparatus, an extensive library and elegant specimens for the study of anatomy. There is also in preparation a botanical garden designed to contain the greatest possible variety of plants. The scholastic year consists of two sessions of twenty-two weeks each, and the terms, including boarding, washing, mending, bed and bedding, medical attend-

ance, paper, quills, ink and books per session, is $70. Music and drawing are extra as are also modern languages.

There is in the city also a most excellent school for females, St. Mary's Academy, which is designed "to promote the cause and enhance the value of learning and virtue, and exert itself in accordance with the character, necessities and increasing prosperity of the country."

The system of education in this Academy embraces the English and French languages, Orthography, Reading, Writing, Grammar, Practical and Rational Arithmetic, Geography and the Delineation of Maps, American and Modern History, Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, music on piano, vocal music, drawing and painting in water colors, plain sewing, tapestry, embroidering, bead and lace work, in short all branches usually taught in female academies. Board and tuition, bed and bedding, washing, are $100 a year, and the use of pens, ink, reading books and patterns for work are 62½ cents for the season. Music and the use of the piano are $7 per quarter. I note these to compare with the cost in other institutions and also because my father and mother will be much interested in these details.

As to religion, because of the age of this settlement, there are several flourishing churches, St. Francis Xavier, the oldest, founded in 1702, and also the congregations of Methodist, Presbyterian and Christian. A most interesting story was told me that the first Protestant service in the town was held

by a circuit rider who came through the place, whose sole congregation was President Harrison, who, as there was no table, held the candle while the minister read the Scripture lesson.

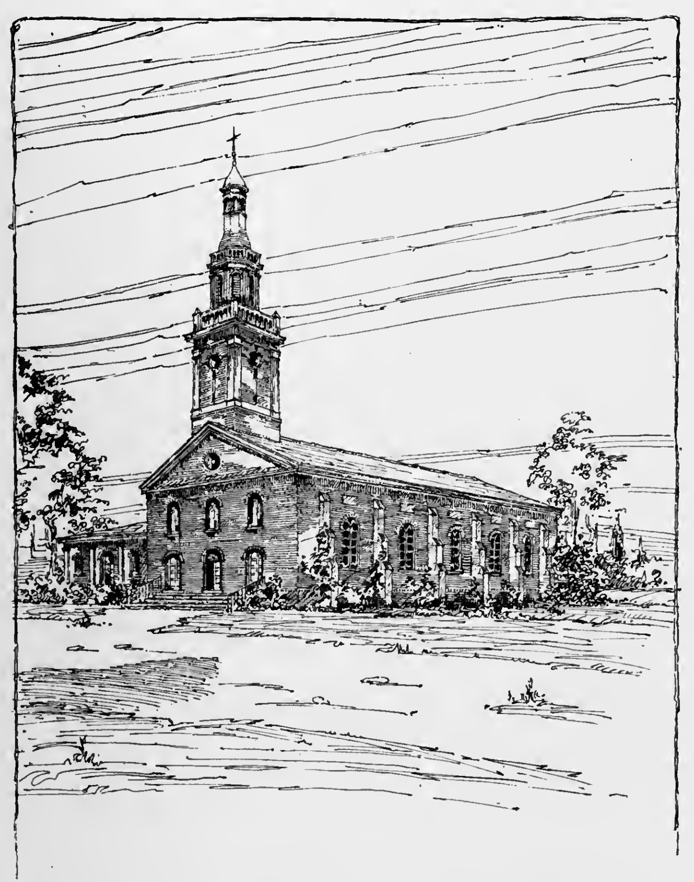
Only last year the Episcopal Church was founded here. The meetings, I am told, are held in the town hall, and the females of the congregation have recently raised the sum of $117.21 for the fitting up of the hall for the services. The rector, the Rev. Mr. Killikelly,[6] I have found a most intelligent and agreeable gentleman.

What I see most clearly, in my mind's eye, when I think of Vincennes is first, its old French houses, quaint and low, which Judge Law had described so eloquently, in one of which I took tea one never-to-be-forgotten afternoon with a Mrs. Wolverton, most charming young matron, and next its many magnificent mansions, first among them that of Gen. Harrison, whose plantation, "Grouseland," is quite near the home of Judge Law, who took me to call upon Mr. Drake, its present tenant, that I might view the mansion.[7]

I was charmed by the approach to the house. The plantation is a large one, the grove of trees magnificent. I have not yet, I fear, dwelt sufficiently on the trees of this Wabash country, the giant tulip pop-

[6] The next year, 1841, Mr. Killikelly went East and to Europe to raise funds for this church, and it is said that among the subscribers were Queen Adelaide, widow of William IV, the Duke of Northumberland, the Archbishops of Canterbury and of London, and others whose names are equally illustrious.—Editor.

[7] This historic house was saved from destruction by the Francis Vigo Chapter, D. A. R., which purchased it in December, 1916.—Editor.



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CATHEDRAL, VINCENNES

Begun in 1826

Pen drawing by Willard Osler

lars, some 190 feet high; the sycamores, the walnut, white oak, sweet buckeye, sweet gum, elms, catalpas, all enormously tall and of great circumference. Besides this, there is the vineyard and a garden of exquisite loveliness, with plants, shrubs and vines of great variety, rivaling the garden of Judge Law.

The house has a magnificent situation overlooking the river, and on this side it is oval, the other three walls square. The mansion itself is constructed of brick, the first brick house in the county, if not in the territory, and erected at a cost of $20,000.

The main stairway is most beautiful, rising from a commodious hallway, from the left of which opens a stately room, 30 x 22 feet, I was told, the ceiling 13 feet high, the west wall of which, facing the river, is oval. "This room," said Mr. Drake, "has been the scene of many a gay and splendid gathering, for here Gen. Harrison entertained many dignitaries from the Old World, as well as from the East, in royal style. After his departure his son Cleves Harrison and his gay young wife dwelt here for a season and made the house an assembly place for youth, beauty, wealth, rank and title." There are many chambers with beautiful woodwork, handsome mantelpieces, entrancing views from the windows, and two verandas, one attached to the house on the east side, the other on the front. There are heavy walnut shutters to all the windows, and Mr. Drake called my attention to a bullet hole in one, the result of a ball fired from a gun one night by an Indian with the intention of assassinating the Governor, while he was walking the floor with his little son in

his arms. He pointed out to me, also, a crack in the wall caused by the great earthquake of 1811.

Of great interest to me, also, was the one-time mansion of Col. Vigo, a most elegant residence, with a veranda, the whole painted white, with blinds of purest green. Its floors, 'tis said—for I did not view the interior—are inlaid with diamond-shaped blocks of black walnut and white oak, highly polished. The story is told that Col. Vigo offered the builder twenty guineas reward if he would hasten its construction that he might offer the house to Governor Harrison on his first coming to Vincennes. On its walls, at that time, says Judge Law, hung a handsome oil painting of Thomas Jefferson.

I can but name the other palatial dwellings, the Bonner mansion—Mr. Bonner is owner of the great cotton factory—a three-story house with the great columned portico our Virginia builders delight in, in a magnificent situation; Bellevue, the country residence erected years ago by Judge Vanderburg, now dead, and the home of John Wise, a most respectable citizen and merchant, once the residence of Judge Benjamin Parke, an early notable of the state, and which stands overlooking the river near the Harrison mansion.

To Nathaniel Ewing's beautiful country home, Mont Clair, I went one evening together with a company of young people, and never have I seen a more beautiful and restful spot. We supped together on the green sward in front of the house, while the sun gave us a magnificent pageant at his setting, going to rest right regally, with a mass of cloud drapery

all crimson and gold floating about his couch, and the full moon rose from the horizon like a giant shield of copper, and finally, growing smaller and more silvery, rode the heavens above us. And of what did we talk, of what sing?

I have always loved the guitar. Some decry it as an unimportant instrument, not realizing the rich and mellow harp tones obtained by an accomplished performer. 'Tis indeed an orchestra in little, and the great Paganini himself said of it, "I esteem it as a conductor of thoughts; I love it for its harmony; it is my constant companion in all my travels."

'Tis not in the hands of a Paganini, however, that I wish to see this instrument, but rather to see it clasped by some fair damsel, its blue ribbon encircling her neck, its strings touched by her tapering ivory fingers. And "on such a night as this" 'twas just a lovely young female, Aimée her name, from which I guessed a French ancestress, who touched the guitar and sang. She was a blonde of the most delicate description, the seeming embodiment of all most exquisitely ethereal and spiritual, endowed with the voice of an angel, and this is the sad melody she sang:

> "O there are tones of voices gone,
>   That breathed from lips now cold and mute
> The echoes of a once-loved song,
>   The murmurs of a broken lute;
> That waken tears—warm, gushing tears—
>   The blighted hopes of brighter hours,
> And win us back to parted years
>   To weep aloud our withered flowers.

"And gentle locks that once were bright,
And smiles that lips we loved adorned,
Now fall with cold and faded light
Around the heart they once have warmed;
And mem'ry round her ruin rears
Her ivy mantled, broken urn,
And feeds with sighs and softer tears
The fires which round her altar burn."

For a season we all sat silent, more moved than we wished to reveal by the haunting sadness of the melody, the moon, the summer night. And to what did the song carry me back? Again I was sitting on the deck of the steamboat, gliding down the Beautiful River, again the moon was smiling down upon the lovely face, the deep blue eyes of Miss Caroline Hunter. Had I so soon forgotten her? Could I ever forget her? Did I realize that I might soon see her? My next stop is New Albany, and 'tis in New Albany that Buford had informed me she dwells, and intimated that I might even find him and his wife there on my arrival. 'Tis not unlikely, for he will no doubt choose to remain in the north through the extreme heat of the summer. New Albany! Caroline! Of a sudden, I forgot the music and the summer eve, I forgot my companions, and starting up in feverish haste, most ungallantly declared that the hour was late, and that I must seek my inn, since in the morning I was to take the stage early for my journey's end!

CHAPTER XXI

New Albany, July 30, 1840.

TRULY fortune hath favored me beyond belief in ending my journey in this place, so redolent of the perfume of youth, romance and beauty.

The trail from Vincennes to New Albany is one of the oldest in the state, having been used by the Indians in their journeys from Kentucky across the Falls of the Ohio to Vincennes, one of the oldest towns in the country. For a long time the stage route followed exactly the old Indian trail, but in 1832 a new road was opened up, macadamized, and made a toll road, the section over the Knobs alone, I am told, costing $100,000. It is in this old part of the state quite near New Albany that Corydon, the state's first capital, is situated and greatly I regret that lack of time prevents my visiting it. 'Tis a quaint town, they say, and the old stone capitol building quite pretentious.

Space will not permit my entering upon a description of this beautiful country, and I have in previous entries dwelt upon the giant trees, the incredible number of wild grapevines festooning them, the wonderfully luxuriant vegetation, the feathered songsters of brilliant hues, the flowers, all uniting to form a picture of indescribable loveliness. The

only point I will note is that as we progressed farther south the vegetation increased in luxuriance, and the canebrake, so familiar to the dweller in the land of the cotton and the cane, was frequently to be observed.

The first town of any size at which our stage stopped was Washington, the seat of justice of Daviess County, a flourishing town whose houses are constructed in a genteel style. Mount Pleasant in Martin County, on an elevated site, with fine springs, came next, and then, Hindostan, a village with a most interesting history, and to whose name the inhabitants give a most rude and barbarous pronunciation which I succeeded in understanding only after frequent repetitions, Hindawson.

A gentleman on the stage coach, perceiving my interest, gave me something of the history of this town, now fallen into ruin and decay. A trail from Clarksville (of which more anon) to Vincennes, crossed the river at this point, and early settlers, considering the situation an advantageous one, entered land here prior to 1812, the first land, he asserted, entered from the United States in this country. A ferry was established, many settlers came in, and for a season, the town promised to be one of the most flourishing settlements in the state. An early traveler, said he, wrote of it as "an infant ville, Hindostan, on the falls of the White River, a broad crystal stream, running navigable to the Ohio, over a bed of sand and stone, smooth and white as a floor of marble, a pleasant, healthy place, the land rich and inviting." This state of affairs continued

THE OLD STATE CAPITOL AT CORYDON

Pen drawing by Wilbur Briant Shook

until 1820, mills and business houses flourishing, the place far in advance of any settlement outside of Vincennes and New Albany, when, in 1827, a mysterious malady swept over the community, like one of the ancient plagues, and, in a night, the dead outnumbered the living. The curse remained after the plague passed on, and never again was it possible to recall the first prosperity. The next year, the seat of justice was removed to another town, the living departed one by one, and now all that is left of Hindostan is a few crumbling houses by the river, which ripples on as gayly as ever, over its marble-white bed of sand and stone. A village fallen to decay is always a melancholy sight, but how much more melancholy in these Western woods, where all else is young and flourishing, and where age and decay would seem to have no part.

Characteristic of this part of the state are the many swift and beautiful streams, one of which, Lick Creek, runs through the settlement of Paoli, a flourishing post town and seat of justice of the county of Orange. This town has six stores of general merchandise, three taverns, two oil mills, a cotton factory, a county seminary, and the land surrounding it is, I am informed, good farming land, in a high state of cultivation, and the farms are abounding with the comforts and necessaries of life.

It was a matter of deep regret to me that here I had not the time to go to view a great natural curiosity nine miles west of this town. The place is known as the French Lick, a spring of mineral water which contains, said my informant, a large portion

of some other substance than salt, though it has not yet been sufficiently analyzed to determine precisely the ingredients. It is of a bluish color and emits a very strong, offensive odor, and is exceedingly loathsome.[1]

Our road, always beautiful, dropped farther and farther to the south and we passed through Fredericksburg, on the west bank of Blue River, and then Greenville, twelve miles northwest of New Albany, 'tis said. When the location of the county seat was in question Greenville was one of the contestants and offered a considerable subscription. New Albany's subscription was a few dollars larger, and to it was added the donation of a bell for the Court House, and this won the victory.

The range of hills known at New Albany as the Knobs, and called by the Indians Silver Hills, hence the legend that somewhere within this range lies a silver mine known only to the Indians, is said by my informant to run along the northern bank of the Ohio from the western part of the state to New Albany, at which place it turns, circling the city and runs through the county from south to north, making a wide circuit from the river and returning to it at Madison. Hills is a modest term for these giant and beautiful elevations, thickly covered with trees and undergrowth, from whose tops one commands an entrancing view of the surrounding country. To

[1] The Gazetteer of 1849 states that this land was donated by the state to Congress on the supposition that the salt might be in sufficient quantity to make its possession valuable to the government, but as the plan was not practicable, the lands were sold. The Gazetteer goes on to state that "it has been learned that the waters are valuable for their medical properties."—Editor.

the top of one of these, Bald Knob, a gentleman of New Albany led me, one day, up the old Indian trail, and ne'er shall I forget the view spread before my eyes. The wide expanse of country, the sparkling "Belle Riviere" visible in its turns above and below the city, the Falls with their never ceasing, musical roar; the fields, covered with bountiful harvests; the range of Silver Hills, stretching to the horizon, towering from 400 to 600 feet in grandeur and beauty; in one direction Jeffersonville, named for the great Virginian and laid out according to his plan; on the other, New Albany, most charming city, with its spacious streets, Water, High, Market and Spring, running parallel to the river, its public squares and market houses, its beautiful and commodious harbor—surely 'twas with no more enrapturing vision than this that Satan tempted the Master from the mountain top.

Some such view, though not so grand and far-reaching, because it was from a lower knob, did I see the time we paused at the Rising Sun Tavern on the last hill top to be crossed before descending to the level and New Albany. This hilltop inn was built, I was told, by Caleb Dayton, who came here from Connecticut in 1826. The inn is of logs but was weatherboarded a few years ago, and is a handsome, substantial structure, with high gabled roof, and great main room on one side of the hall, with a deep closet with glass doors, and a monstrous fireplace. The house has many windows, set-in porches and large wagon yards and a stable to accommodate both stages and emigrants, and the sign painted

with the rising sun hangs on an iron arm affixed to a wooden post in front of the house that all may see.

'Tis frequently quite merry here, my host informed me, for great hunting parties come over from Louisville to remain for a week, wearing their fringed buckskin hunting suits, and with their muskets and their hounds, and there is always the stage both ways each day, to say nothing of parties of emigrants pushing into the Wabash country. Mr. Dayton also made known to me that this road was known as the Daniel Boone Trace, because 'twas said that the Indians once stole Daniel Boone's daughter in Kentucky and that the mighty hunter pursued them over this road, overtook them, rescued the girl and wreaked his vengeance upon her captors.

Again under way, and down the steep hillside past the famous big Raeger Spring, at which the horses are always watered, and then, on and on, bits champing, harness rattling, till we are come into New Albany!

I had known when I stood on the Dayton knob and looked over the enchanted and enchanting country that I should love New Albany; even there I felt its charm; how much more, as we drove over its broad streets and drew up with great noise and ceremony before the long, low, many-gabled, many-windowed house on High Street, which bore the name of High Street or Hale's Tavern, one of the best taverns, the driver had already informed me, west of the Allegheny Mountains, and one fre-

quented, so he says, by the beauty and fashion of the South, who flee hither up the Mississippi and Ohio in the summer season to avoid the dread scourge of the yellow fever. Mr. Daniel Webster, he informed me, Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Henry Clay and Gen. William Henry Harrison have been among its distinguished guests, to say nothing of a long array of less widely-known but most excellent gentlemen. And this, it was explained to me later, is not at all remarkable, for New Albany is the head of navigation of the Ohio, and tavern headquarters for all steamboat men. Naturally, it is, in the season, the scene of much festivity and many social gatherings.

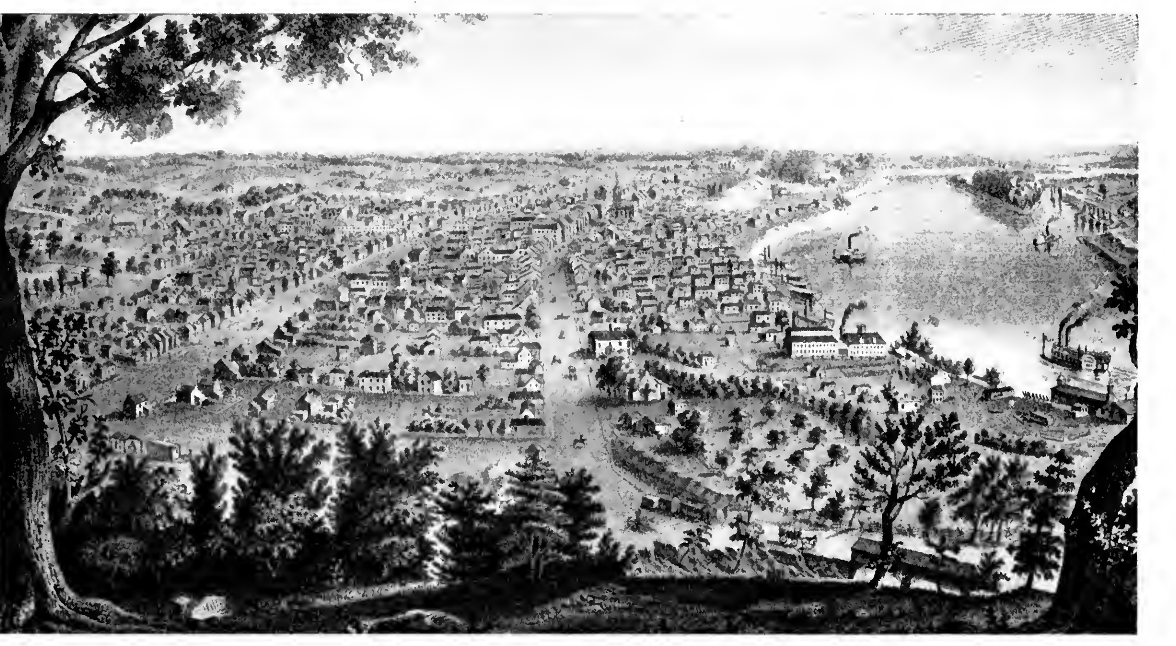
When I entered the low-ceilinged cozy office room I felt at once this atmosphere of hospitality and of the charm given a house whose walls have witnessed much merry making. And when I met mine host I was still more pleased, for Dr. Hale is a true gentleman, his ruffled shirt white as the driven snow, his broadcloth of the finest and blackest, and his dignity of the sort that would do credit to a Virginia statesman, tempered as it is with the proper courtesy to the stranger. I could see at once why notables, beauties and fashionables, once come to this inn, would return again and again.

'Twas Dr. Hale gave me my first historical information regarding New Albany. 'Twas founded, he said, by three brothers, Joel, Abner and Nathaniel Scribner, who, attracted by the site near the Falls of the river, bought it in 1813, convinced that "the world would one day revolve around New

Albany." This city, says he, now numbering 4,226 inhabitants, and only last year incorporated as a city, with its matchless situation at the head of navigation, will in time become the largest interior city on the continent. Its founders were all public-spirited men, foremost in all benevolent and liberal enterprises for building up and bettering the community, and said he, "The enterprise, industry, morality and public spirit which have heretofore contributed so much to its growth will not fail to carry it on hereafter."

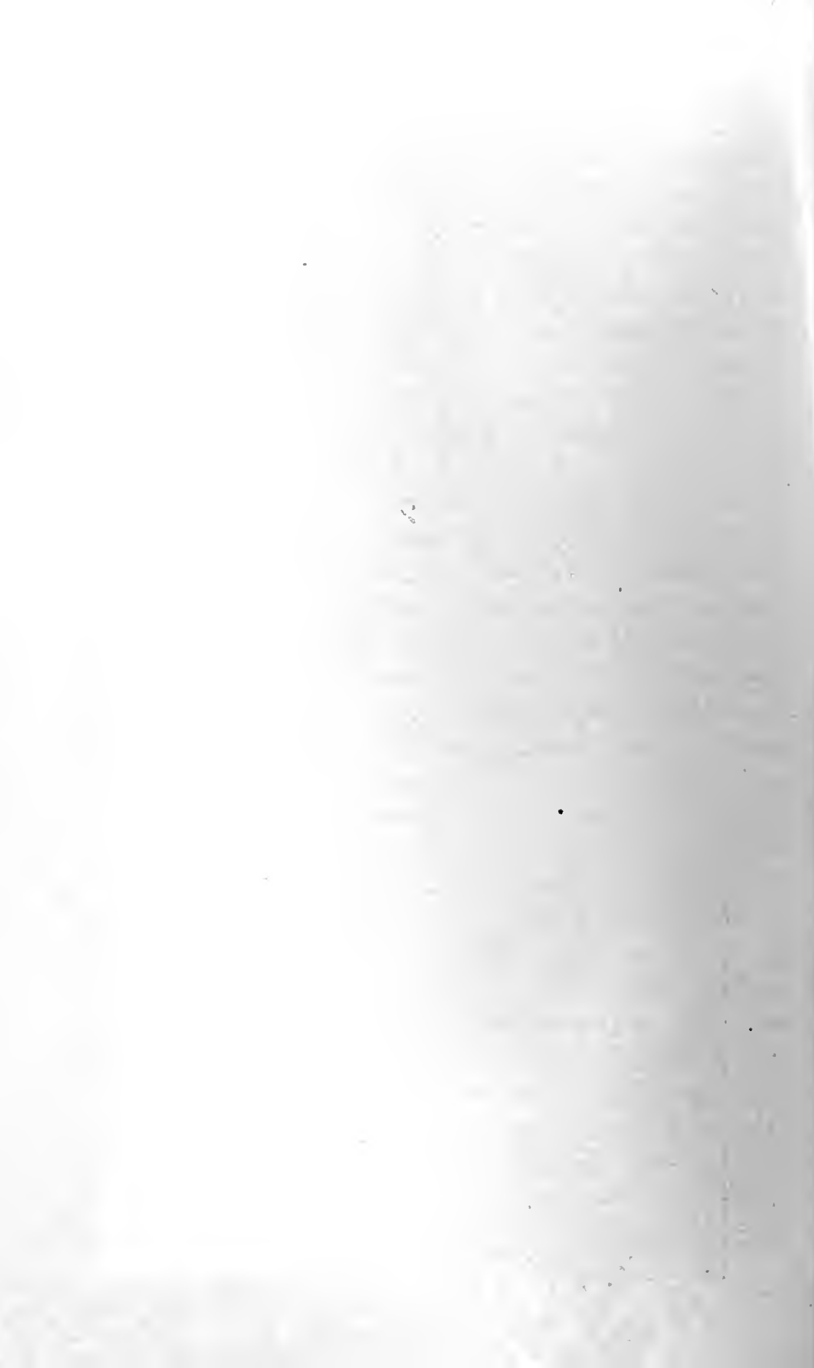
Quickly perceiving my interest in the city and its activities, Dr. Hale told me much of its business, its printing offices, its stores of general merchandise, liquor stores, foundries, mills, one in particular, propelled by steam power, in which 100 barrels of flour are manufactured in twenty-four hours; its schools, of which more anon; its churches, and above all, its ship yards, for he said, "While this country is not excelled in the state in the variety and extent of its business, its average income from the river business alone is more than $75,000 each year."

From 1830 to 1835, he informed me, seventeen boats were built here, of the value of $377,642. From 1835 to this year, thirty-three vessels of the value of $714,942, and the output is expected to rise in the next year or two to thirty-eight boats each year. It is this building and the fact that the city is a headquarters for river men that give it so different an atmosphere from other cities I have visited,—for there is a constant stream of visitors and of merchandise from New Orleans and in many



VIEW OF NEW ALBANY IN 1840

From an old print



respects its atmosphere is that of a Southern city. "The society of this city," says Dr. Hale, "you will soon perceive, is most delightful. 'Twas because of these founders and the men who have succeeded them. They first shaped the city in its tastes, its refinement and geniality and with the crowning glories of religion, and the highest morals to bless it, it has so continued ever since. The excellent society at New Albany will always be its chief attraction."

'Twas Dr. Hale introduced me to the mayor of the city, Mr. Shepard Whitman, a most estimable gentleman, who at once invited me to a meeting of the Lyceum to be held that same evening at 6 o'clock. This Lyceum, it seems, was established some years ago, and has already a number of members and a library of several hundred valuable books and the necessary apparatus for illustrating different sciences.

I found the meeting of special interest because 'twas well attended, giving me thus the opportunity to meet at once the town's most respectable citizens, and as the constitution and by-laws were read by the secretary, Mr. Alexander McClelland, I learned the object and aims of the society. The object of this—a called meeting—was to rouse the interest of the members, which, I gathered, had been somewhat lagging, and on motion of Mr. Whitman, it was "resolved that we make all exertion possible to sustain this institution, inasmuch as we regard it as the most inestimable means for the advancement of the youth of both sexes as well in morals as in education, and

that the better to effect this object, Mr. T. J. Barnett be requested to deliver an introductory address at the next meeting and that the public generally be invited to attend and unite with us." This Mr. Barnett, I was to learn later, is both an editor and a lawyer, a man of splendid attainments, a superior scholar and a fine speaker, one of the finest, indeed, in the city.

The members present were Dr. Clapp, Mr. John Evans, Mr. D. M. Hooper, my host, Mr. Whitman, Mr. H. B. Shields, Mr. Charles Woodruff, Mr. David Hedden, Mr. T. J. Barnett, Mr. Andrew Thickstun, Mr. James Brocks and Mr. Alexander McClelland. Of these, Dr. Clapp is the president, Mr. Hooper, the vice-president of the Lyceum, Mr. Shields, the treasurer, Mr. Thickstun, the librarian, Mr. Hedden, one of the curators. Mr. Bollman, the corresponding secretary, was not present, and neither was Mr. Dwyer, the other curator.

In chatting with these gentlemen after the meeting, for all proved themselves most agreeable and tarried to converse with me, I learned that Mr. Hedden is one of the pioneer settlers, and that the name Shields is one indissolubly connected with the settling of New Albany. Mr. Patrick Shields, whom I was later to meet, being one of its most distinguished citizens, an associate of Gen. Harrison, a member of the Constitutional Convention, the first circuit judge of Harrison County, an associate judge of this county, and his wife, the daughter of Clement Nance, a Huguenot, she said to be the first white woman to cross the Knobs.

Dr. Clapp I found to be a most agreeable gentleman. He, too, came here nearly thirty years ago and married a daughter of one of the founders of the town. He is a most prominent, influential and respected citizen and a most successful practitioner, and through his kindness I met many of the physicians of the city, Dr. P. S. Shields, Dr. Leonard, Dr. Cooper, Dr. Stewart, Dr. Hoover and Dr. Dowling, also a Dr. John Sloan, who had but recently graduated from Bowdoin College and come here to engage in the practice of medicine.

I made also the acquaintance of many of the lawyers, this through a letter to John S. Davis, a gentleman of prominence both in the law and in politics, and who is in partnership with Maj. Henry P. Thornton, who introduced me to his brothers at the bar. Especially congenial I found Randall Crawford, who is a fine student and scholar and who, with James C. Collins, has, 'tis said, three-fourths of the law business of the city.

Other names I will set down that I may not forget them, some merchants, some city officials, all men of prominence: Peter Stoy, a pioneer; Mr. Paxton and Mr. Eastburn, James R. Shields, cashier of the bank, a most imposing structure with great columns at the front; Mr. Fitch, Mr. Warren, Mr. Pattison, Preston F. Tuley and Mr. Pennington, the merchant. I was soon to learn that a meeting with any one of these gentlemen meant, through his kind offices, a meeting with another and another, so that, in an incredibly short time I had shaken the hand of nearly every respectable citizen of the place and

had received more invitations to various gatherings than I had the time to accept.

'Twas on my way to some meeting to which I had been invited, stopping along High Street to gaze into the window of Mr. Pattison, where was to be seen a most ravishing display of hats, black beavers, gray and white, also black and drab satin beavers, and gentlemen's leghorn hats, which display minded me, that as the weather here was become of such extreme warmth, I should mayhap purchase me one of these leghorns and don my linen suit. Suddenly, I felt a touch on my arm, and looked around to behold my old friend, Louis Hicklin.

Time permits not that I should inscribe all the words that passed between us, for I was truly attached to this good man, and I could see that time and absence had not diminished the affection he had so clearly demonstrated that he felt for me. His welcome was a warm one. He has but just come to this part of the country to preach at some camp meetings, and as he was at this moment at leisure, he insisted that I stroll with him about the streets and pass the time in conversation over my travels and experiences since we parted. We did so, and he at the same time told me something of the history of his church in New Albany. Being an old town, the church was founded early, and is now strong and flourishing, there having been held last year at the Wesley Chapel a most extensive and powerful revival of religion. My friend the Rev. Allen Wiley, who took me to the camp meeting, was stationed here a few years ago, and was most popu-

lar, a statement I did not in the least question. Mr. Hicklin bethought himself to tell me a most excellent story of a recent conference here, a year or two ago, perhaps.[2]

Most of the preachers from the eastern part of the state, among them Mr. Hicklin, who was then stationed at Vevay, came on the river and on their return forty or fifty of them, among them Bishop Soule, took passage on the *General Pike,* a steamboat running between Louisville and Cincinnati. There was a large company of gamblers on board, said Mr. Hicklin, returning from the Louisville races, which had just closed. These men took possession of the gentleman's cabin and in a short time were engaged in gambling at cards and in consuming vast quantities of liquor. Bishop Soule, a remarkable person, tall, muscular and athletic, viewed this scene with the utmost abhorrence, and, presently calling the ministers together, he began to sing, joined at once by his companions:

> "Jesus, the name high over all,
> In hell or earth or sky;
> Angels and men before it fall,
> And devils fear and fly."

It did not take many such hymns, shouted forth in such stentorian tones, said Mr. Hicklin, to cause these "devils" to fly. Very shortly they abandoned the cabin and fled either to the deck or to their staterooms, and the rest of the voyage was passed in decent quiet.

[2] This conference to which Mr. Parsons refers was held in New Albany in 1837.—Editor.

Mr. Hicklin pointed out to me in the course of our stroll the New Albany Seminary,[3] a flourishing institution under the protection of the Methodist Church, with about 200 scholars, male and female.

When on my return to the inn, after an appointment with Mr. Hicklin for the morrow, I spoke with Mrs. Hale of the flourishing condition of the Methodist Church, she at once declared that the Presbyterian, the church of the Scribner family, was in an equally flourishing condition, having held its first meeting in 1817 in the old Scribner home. She also told me of the female prayer meeting organized in 1823, at her home, the tavern, by herself, Mrs. Ayres, Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Shields, and of the organization, the next year, of the Female Bible Society at the home of Mrs. Phoebe Scribner, at which Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Ayres, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Abner and Mrs. Joel Scribner became members, together with fifty-eight other ladies, and the organization is still flourishing. The Baptist and Campbellite Churches were also founded here at a somewhat later date and all have flourished, so that Dr. Hale is without doubt correct when he attributes much of the city's flourishing condition to "the crowning glories of religion and the highest morals."

I was told, too, a most interesting story of a French settlement (there are two near by), whose

[3] This institution, founded in 1835 and continuing for ten years, was the predecessor of the famous DePauw Female College at New Albany. "Although the seminary was discontinued as a conference institution, and ceased, it nevertheless accomplished great good in its day and showed that the Methodist was then, as now, the real friend of Christian education." E. C. Holliday's "Indiana Methodism."—Editor.

brick church, St. Mary's-of-the-Knobs, was built but a few years ago and whose priest, a most interesting character, Father Neyron, was a soldier under Napoleon, a surgeon of great ability, who came to America and became a priest.[4]

My appointment for the morrow with Mr. Hicklin promised the greatest interest. He was going over into the adjoining county of Clark, in which lies Jeffersonville, to a camp meeting, and he proposed that I ride over to that city in his company, view the surrounding country and city, and thence return to New Albany, while he continued on the way to his appointment. As he has trod these paths so many times and is so familiar with the country and its history, I hailed the opportunity with delight, finding, moreover, much pleasure in his company.

On the morrow, therefore, we set forth early, each on horseback, he having his horse and I hiring one, a good animal, with the help of Dr. Hale, ever most obliging.

Leaving New Albany behind and pushing on over the level country which lies between it and Jeffersonville, we rode rapidly, the roads being in good condition, and Mr. Hicklin passing the time most pleasantly in relating to me the story of Clark's grant. For a long time this county was spoken of, he says, as "the Grant," for in 1783, Virginia gave to George Rogers Clark, his officers and soldiers in

[4] It is most unfortunate that Mr. Parsons did not visit these settlements and give us more information concerning them. There were two, one near Mooresville, the other on the Budd Road, both at one time very flourishing. At the first named, a great cooperage business was carried on for a time. Both settlements and traditions are now almost vanished.—Editor.

the Revolution the 149,000 acres of land here, together with 1,000 acres on which was to be located the town of Clarksville, and this land is still under the jurisdiction of Virginia.[5]

He pointed out to me the town of Clarksville and the two-story log house erected by Gen. Clark, in which he lived for a season, beautifully situated upon General's Point, giving a delightful view of the Falls, and told the sad story of his life and death which I had already heard at Vincennes. In this county is the town of Charlestown, he informed me, in which lived the state's first Governor, Jonathan Jennings, and Judge Dewey, whom I had met at Indianapolis. Governor Posey, he says, once lived at Jeffersonville.

The situation of Jeffersonville is a beautiful one, on a terrace a mile above the Falls, beside a deep eddy where boats of the largest size can approach within a cable length of the shore at all stages of the water, and with an enchanting view of Louisville and Corn Island, a historic spot on which Mr. Hicklin told me, Gen. Clark's army encamped in May, 1778, on their way to Kaskaskia.[6]

[5] This "Grant" was originally controlled by a charter given by Virginia. In 1852 the General Assembly of Indiana annulled this charter and gave Clarksville a charter under the laws of the state. The old patent dated 1786 and signed by Edmund Randolph of Virginia is still preserved at Clarksville.—Editor.

[6] This historic spot was a long, narrow strip of land about three-fourths of a mile in length, reaching from what is now Fourth Street to Fourteenth Street in Louisville, and very near the south side of the river. By 1840 much of the heavy timber in which the early settlers had found refuge from the Indians had been cut away and the island had washed away to about seventy acres. It has now entirely disappeared, and even its location is a subject of dispute.—Editor.

In 1825, said Mr. Hicklin, when Gen. Lafayette paid his visit to this country, making a tour under the supervision of the Federal government, he was entertained most sumptuously at Jeffersonville. As he was brought over to Jeffersonville on the *General Pike* a salute of thrice twenty-four guns was fired from cannon stationed on the river bank, where had been erected three flag staffs twenty feet high with appropriate flags. A reception was tendered him, and afterward, a great dinner, the table spread under an arbor woven of beech boughs, in a wood just above the Posey mansion. At the head of the table was placed a transparency bearing the words, "Indiana welcomes Lafayette, the champion of liberty in both hemispheres," and at the foot, another bearing the words, "Indiana, in 1776, a wilderness; in 1825, a civilized community! Thanks to Lafayette and the soldiers of the Revolution."

The welcome address was made by Governor James Brown Ray, concerning whom I have written in previous entries. There were a vast number of guests present, among them many from Kentucky, fine music by a band, a splendid military escort, a great number of most eloquent toasts, altogether, 'tis said to be the greatest occasion e'er witnessed on Indiana soil. Mr. Hicklin made merry over my stopping him on horseback that I might note these items in my commonplace book, but I assured him that if I did not have it all set down with exactness, time, place and names, it would not be credited by my family and friends, who have no idea of the advance of civilization in the Western country.

We parted in Jeffersonville, and this time somewhat sadly, for I am soon to take my way homeward, and we each felt that we might never meet again. Having given me his blessing, the good man, spurring his horse, turned his face toward the camp grounds, and I mine toward the tavern to which he had directed me.

'Tis well that I have kept so exact a diary; otherwise, I myself might find it difficult to believe all the experiences I have had, all the novelties I have found in the western country. How was I to know that here in Jeffersonville I was to find a resort of beauty and fashion unexcelled in any spot I have ever seen?

Years ago, 'twas discovered that in the outskirts of Jeffersonville were several valuable springs mineralized by sulphur and iron, a powerful natural chalybeate water, and the proprietor, a Swiss, by name Fischli, realizing their value and possible profit to himself, erected a large and commodious building for the reception of those who sought relief either from physical indisposition, their own thoughts, or the disagreeable atmosphere of the cities during the summer months, and laid off the surrounding grounds most beautifully and attractively in walks, bath houses, bowling alleys, fountains, and puzzle gardens. The fame of the place spread rapidly by the river route, and it soon became a mecca for visitors from the South with their families, who hastened here to enjoy a brilliant and attractive society during the summer months. So popular did the place become that two years ago the

owners—Mr. Fischli is now dead—erected a spacious and palatial tavern on the river bank, the finest of its kind, 'tis said, in Indiana or Kentucky, and graded the street leading out to the springs, Broadway, which soon proved, I am told, a highway for the equipage of fashion and wealth.

'Twas toward this caravansary that, following the direction of Mr. Hicklin, I turned my steps, and who can refuse to believe in fate? There, upon one of the porticoes—the sight of them, filled as they were with fashionably-clad women and men, made my heart beat faster—whom should I descry but my friend Buford and his lovely wife!

The recognition was instant, and the upshot of our meeting was that I dispatched a servant to New Albany for some of my baggage, and spent several days in their company. I have not time nor space to set it down, our rides, our drives, our entertainment by Capt. Fitzgerald,—an old sea captain, who dwells in a magnificent mansion built in the Southern style with a great columned porch—presided over, he being a bachelor, by his sister, Mrs. Duane, at a lavish repast, with rounds of beef, elegant desserts, delicious wines, all served in a most elegant fashion, and many others. "O, the dalliance and the wit, the flattery and the strife!" Quickly the days sped by in this charmed circle, and all at once I realized that the time had come to say good-by to this merry-making and turn my steps homeward. I communicated my thoughts to Buford, sitting one night on the portico in the moonlight.

"To-morrow, come what may," said I firmly, "I

must set my face toward home. Early in the morning I will return to New Albany for my baggage and take my passage on the boat for Cincinnati."

"And are you going to leave us and New Albany without once inquiring about Caroline?" he inquired. "My wife and I have waited and wondered, but she has refused, so far, to let me speak. She said that you perhaps had forgotten her."

I confessed then that my stubborn tongue had refused to ask the question. I had watched and waited in New Albany, hoping that I might encounter her on the street, that somewhere I might hear her name mentioned. Again and again I had tried to question him, but for some reason I could not.

" 'Twas no wonder you did not hear her name; her father was a steamboat captain and is long since dead. She and her mother live very quietly in the old house. You will have no trouble to find it; they are well known—the house is a handsome old dwelling. Go, and—" he laughed as he rose and extended his hand in farewell, "I may not see you in the morning if you are to depart so early—go, and God be with you!"

'Twas a laughing adieu, but still I felt, at heart, a sincere wish for my welfare and happiness. And so to bed and on the morrow I was on my way back to New Albany—New Albany and journey's end. And what was the couplet that ran through my head and would not out, but repeated itself again and

again such as such foolish things have a habit of doing?

> "Trip no farther, pretty sweeting,
> Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
> Every wise man's son doth know."

By judicious inquiry and a little direction, I soon found the house. 'Twas one of those old mansions which give the place its character, situated on the high bank of the river, with its terraced garden sloping down to the water, its three-storied latticed porches facing the stream. The grounds, to which entrance was given through a great iron gate, were handsomely laid off in a formal garden, with latticed arbors and summer house, the winding walks set with little boxwood trees between two rows of conch shells, two huge pink shells on either side of the front door, a sure sign, I had been told, of the river man's home. The door, with its side lights and beautiful fan light, recalled my own home, as did the black girl who opened the door to me.

"Miss Caroline? She done gone to the summer house with her work. You want me to call her?"

No, I would seek her out, and turning, I walked slowly, with fast beating heart, toward the distant summer house, whose doorway, I surmised, faced the river, so that I could come upon her unaware. Slowly I went down the graveled path, gazing at the bordering plants, wondering what I should say first. Then, of a sudden, a thought—and hurriedly, I stooped and plucked the flowers, making my selection most carefully, touch-me-not, bluebell, columbine, heliotrope, honeysuckle, myrtle,

pansy and rosebud—a most creditable nosegay.[7]

The summer house, vine covered, faced the river, and there, seated in a low chair, her needlework fallen on her lap, the shining bands of her hair drooping over her flushed cheek, sat the lovely Caroline, her deep blue eyes full of dreams. My heart leaped up as I looked at her—modest as the dove, beautiful as an angel—lovelier, far lovelier was she than I had dreamed her. I paused a moment, unseen, to gaze upon the vision; then, the sound of the gravel under my foot aroused her from her reverie and, turning, her eyes met mine!

I pressed the nosegay into her hands. "Read, read," I murmured. And, reading, she turned those glorious eyes upon me, then let the jetty lashes sweep her blushing cheek!

> "Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
> Every wise man's son doth know."

[7] The reader must remember that Mr. Parsons had purchased in Richmond a copy of "The Flower Vase," the book which Miss Caroline had carried on her journey, and had therefrom learned the language of flowers, a language with which every young lady of that day was conversant. Hence, his nosegay expressed, in the order in which he has named the flowers, impatience, constancy, I can not give thee up, true love, devotion, fidelity, love in absence, tender and pleasant thoughts, and confession of love.—Editor.

NOTE

On his way home from New Albany, happy in his engagement to Miss Caroline Hunter, Mr. Parsons left the boat at Cincinnati and went to Oxford, Ohio, to visit some relatives from Maryland, who, he heard, had gone there soon after the War of 1812, the same relatives whom his cousin Jonathan had joined after leaving the Wabash country. While here, he suddenly sickened and died, whether from some epidemic disease or from some physical weakness aggravated by the hardships of his long journey is not known. Had he lived, his education, his native brilliancy, his charming personality, would certainly have insured him success and position. The Diary, recently brought to light, is all that remains of his papers.

Editor.

INDEX

Academy, Jennings Co., 78.
Adams, John Quincy, 45.
"Affection's Gift," 49.
Ague, 145; Wabash, 76.
Album, 49.
"Altissonant Letters, The," 137.
American Tavern, The, 338.
Americus, 237, 238.
Amington, Dr. William, 96.
Andrews, Alanson, 78.
Anti-Slavery Society, 12, 132.
"Arabs, The," 62.
Arion, C. P., 63.
Armitage, John, 236.
Asbury, Bishop F., 284.
Asbury College, 104, 285, 294.
Austin, John B., 273.
Axtell, Misses, 153.
Ayres, Mrs., 370.

Baldwin, Mr., 84.
Baldwin, Dr. Elihu, 274.
Ball, Dr., 318.
Ball, Mr., 332.
Baltimore, 3, 33.
Baltimore & Ohio & Patapsco River R. R., 6.
"Baltimore Patriot, The," 4.
Bansemer, Mr., 241.
Baptists, 57, 69, 103.
Barbecue, 87, 346, 347.
Barbour, Lucian, 181, 182.
Barbour, Mr., 331.
Barnett, Mr. T. J., 366.
Barnum's Hotel, 3.
Bates, Hervey, 188.
Bates, Sidney, 160.
Battle Ground (Tippecanoe), 82, 86, 87.
Beecher, Rev. Henry Ward, 149, 154, 156.
Beecher, Mrs. Henry Ward, 157.
Bell Factory, 36.
"Bellevue," 354.
"Ben Franklin, The," 44.
"Ben Sherrod, The," 17.
Bennett, Father, 356.
Berry, Rev. L. W., 139.
Biddle, Horace, 208.
Big Raccoon Creek, 268.
Birds, 52, 222.
Blackford, Judge Isaac, 177, 178, 179, 180, 187, 339.
Black Hawk War, The, 163, 202.
Blake, James, 146, 147, 218, 231, 232.
Blake, Dr. Richard, 318.
Blake, Thomas H., 325.
Blakemore, G. W., 207.
Blanchard, Dr., 234.
Blast furnace, 334.
Blennerhassett, 17, 29, 30.
"Bloody Three Hundred, The," 165, 202.
Bloody Way, The, 28.
Bloomfield, Mr. Lot, 119, 122.
Bloomington, 60.
Blue grass, 283.
Blue River, 130.
Bobbs, Dr. John S., 187.
Bollman, Mr., 366.
Bolton, Nathaniel, 172.
Bolton, Sarah T., 160, 172, 173.
Bonner, Mr., 354.
Boone County, 196, 198, 199.
Boone, Daniel, 98, 196.
Boonesborough, 32.
Bond, Nathan, 120.
Booth, Mr., 271.
Brake, 10.
Bright's Essay, 57.
Bright, Jesse D., 61, 63, 65, 66, 69, 73, 172.
Bright, Michael, 63.
Brooks, Mr., 88.

Brooks, Mr. James, 366.
Brookville, 44, 53, 89, 96, 97, 105.
Brown, Hiram, 184.
Browne, Miss Augusta, 253.
Browning, Edward, 141, 188.
Browning, Miss Elizabeth, 188.
Brownstown, 60.
Brownsville, 110.
Bruce, George, 163.
Buckeye, 155.
Buford, Thomas, 21, 23, 24, 26, 27, 50, 122, 124, 132, 133, 375.
Buffum, Arnold, 12, 18, 21, 38.
Bulleit, Mr., 32, 34, 35, 37.
Bullock, Mr., 24, 40.
Bullock, W. A., 78.
Burbank, Mr., 119.
Burbridge, Mr., 273.
Burdine, Peter, 8.
Burkham, Mr., 46.
Burns, Harrison (note), 69.
Burns, James, 69.
Burns, John, 69.
Burr, Aaron, 30, 69.
Butler, Ovid, 183.
Burt, Dr., 78.
Byrne, Andrew, 163.

Cabin, pioneer, 224.
Caddington, Mr., 345.
Calloway, Col. Richard, 32.
Cambridge City, 135, 136.
Cambridge City Seminary, 136.
Camp meeting, 302-310.
Campaign songs, 16.
Campbell, Allen, 84.
Canals, 34, 35, 128.
Canby, Dr. Israel, 271-273.
Carroll County, 195, 221, 230, 234.
Cass County, 201.
Centerville, 105, 114, 115, 135, 195.
Centerville Musical Institute, 117.
Chamberlain, Mr., 325.
Chapin, Mr., 297.
Chapman, Mr., 310, 311, 323.
Charlestown, 182, 372.
Chinese, 35.
Christ Church, 186.
Cider presses, 91, 92.
Cincinnati, 18, 19, 32-36.
Circle, The Governor's, 144.
Circuit Rider, The, 8, 13, 15, 16, 18, 21, 24, 40, 48, 122.
Circuit riders, 41, 284, 352.
Clay, Henry, 5, 15, 284, 332, 333, 363.
Clapp, Dr., 366, 367.
Clarke's Commentaries, 57.
Clarke County, 370.
Clark, George Rogers, 83, 98.
Clark's Grant, 371, 372.
Clark, Jack, 297.
Clark, John C., 339.
Clark, Mr., 83.
Clarksville, 358, 372.
Clinton County, 200.
Coach, 7.
Coe, Dr. Isaac, 153.
Coffin, Elijah, 127.
Coffin, Levi, 124, 130, 132.
Colleges, Hanover, 70; State College, 60, 149, 184; Asbury, 104, 290, 292; Wabash, 268-278.
Collins, James C., 367.
Colton, J. H., 1.
Commons, Mr. David, 119.
Conestoga wagons, 12.
Congregational Church, 331.
Connecticut, 28.
Connolly, Gilmore, 297.
"Constancy" (verse), 50.
"Constitution," 86.
Conventions, Democratic, 5; Young Whig, 5, 6.
Cook, Eliza, 252.
Cook, John and Nat, 190.
Cooper, Dr., 367.
Corduroy roads, 89.
Corn Island, 372.
Corydon, 357.
Cotton, Judge, 45, 46.
"Cotton's Keepsake," 45.
Cotton, Miss Lavinia, 130, 131, 132.
County Seminary, 153.
Country wedding, 226-228.
Court House, Indianapolis, 148.
Coverlets, 224, 225.
Covington, Ind., 220.
Covington, Ky., 37.

Cowan, John Maxwell, 279.
Cox, Sandford C., 255.
Cravens, John R., 63, 73.
Crawford, Col. William, 269.
Crawford, Randall, 367.
Crawfordsville, 269.
Creagh, Mr. and Mrs., 61.
Creagh, Misses Mary and Nancy, 61, 62.
"Crow, Chapman, Crow," 323.
Crusoe, Robinson, 1, 90.
Cumberland, 10, 11.
Cumberland Mountain, 9.
Cumberland Road, 7, 10, 16.
Cunningham Tavern, 301.

Daniels, Dr., 318.
Dayton, Caleb, 361.
Dayton Knob, 362.
Dayton, Ohio, 35, 95.
Davis, John S., 367.
Davis, Major Randolph, 273.
Davidson, Mr. Alexander, 160.
Davidson, Mr. Andrew, 96.
Dearborn County, 43.
Death, John, 138.
Debates (religious), 97.
Decatur County, 95.
Deckaneers, 23, 29.
Defrees, John D., 165.
Delphi, 229, 233, 236.
Delphi House, 233.
Deming, Judge Demas, 330.
Deming, Dr. Elizur, 255.
Democratic speakers, 97.
Democrats, 98, 122.
Dewey, Judge Charles, 182, 372.
Dickinson, Miss Sarah, 117.
Digby, William, 238.
Dill, Mr., 117.
Dillon, John B., 208, 209, 210.
Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," 57.
Douglass, Mr., 204.
Dowling, Dr., 36.
Dowling, John, 325.
Drake, Gen. James P., 165.
Drake, Mr., 352, 353.
Drum, George, 183.
Dublin Academy, 137.
Dublin Female Seminary, 137.
Dublin, Ind., 137.
Dufour, Mr., 51.
Dumont, Ebenezer, 46, 53, 146.
Dumont, Julia L., 46, 53, 172.
Duncan, Robert B., 172, 175, 186, 190.
Dunn, George G., 346, 348.
Dunn, George H., 34, 35, 42, 44, 46, 52, 99, 156.
Dunn, Judge Williamson, 269.
Dwyer, Mr., 366.

"Eagle and the Lion, The," 315.
Eaglesfield, William, 296.
Eagle Village, 196.
Eastburn, Mr., 367.
Eel River, 201, 204.
Eel River Seminary Society, 207.
Eggleston, Edward, 52.
Eggleston, George Cary, 52.
Eggleston, Joseph Cary, 52, 99.
Eggleston, Miles Cary, 52, 99, 167, 183.
"Elkhorn, The," 64.
Ellicott's Mills, 6, 8, 23.
Ellis, Mr. A. T., 340.
Ellsworth, Henry W., 241, 242.
Elston, Maj. Isaac, 273.
Episcopal Church, 186.
Evans, John, 366.
Ewing, Dr., 236.
Ewing, John, 349, 350, 354.
Ewing, Nathaniel, 340.
"Express, The," 234.
"Extra Equator, The," 214, 215, 313.

Fairfield, 108.
Fall Creek, 143.
Falls, 372.
"Fanny," Mrs. Vawter's horse, 80.
Farley, Judge Joseph, 281.
"Farmer," William Vawter's horse, 80.
Faro, 24.
Farrington, James, 325.
Farrington, Mrs., 341.
Farrow, Col. Alexander, 283.
Fayette, 109.
"Federurbian," 111.
Fellows, Capt. Willis, 337.
Female Bible Society, 370.

Female Prayer Meeting, 370.
Finley, John, 44, 118, 172.
First Presbyterian Church (Indianapolis), 156.
Fischli's Springs, 374.
''Fishing Peter,'' 306.
Fitch, Dr. Graham, 207, 208.
Fitch, Mr., 367.
Fitzgerald, Capt., 375.
Flatboats, 27, 28, 239.
Fletcher, Calvin, 146, 151, 152, 176, 177, 178, 204, 284.
Fletcher, Stoughton A., 165.
''Flower Vase, The,'' 14, 378.
Floods, 43.
Fordham, Elias, 144.
Fort Harrison, 314.
Fourth of July Celebration, 245, 246, 247.
Fowler, Mr. Moses, 255.
Franklin County, 97.
Franklin Institute, 153.
Frederick, Md., 7, 9.
Fredericksburg, Ind., 360.
Fredericksburg, Va., 2.
French immigrants, 31.
French Lick, 359, 360.
French, Mrs., 32.
Friends, Society of, 12, 114.
Frostburg, 11.
Fry, Mr., 14.
Fry, Mr. Smith, 279.

Gadsby's, 3.
Gamblers, 21.
Gallipolis, 31.
''Gate Bob,'' 11.
General Pike, 369.
General's Point, 372.
Georgetown, 220.
Gibbons' Miscellaneous Works, 53.
Gillespie, Dr. Robert, 46.
Gibson, Mr. S. R., 340.
Gilbert, Curtis, 315, 332.
Gilliland, Samuel, 273.
''Good Intent'' Line, 7.
Goodwin, Thomas A., 104, 286-291.
Gookins, Judge, 330.
''Governor's Circle, The,'' 144, 177.
''Governor's Mansion, The,'' 147, 177, 178, 187.
''Governor's Square, The,'' 144.
Graham, Mr., 236.
Grahamtown, 63.
Grantham, Judge, 236.
''Gray Backs,'' 161.
Green, R. C., 234.
Greencastle, 104, 280-294.
Greene County, 334.
Greensburg, 96, 97.
Greensburg Seminary, 96.
Greenfield, 140.
Greenville, 360.
Gregg, Harvey, 163.
Gregg, Mr., 46.
Gregory, James, 273.
Griswold, Mr., 325.
''Grouseland,'' 352-3.
Guitar, 68, 365.

Hagerstown, Md., 9.
Hale's Tavern, 362.
Hall, Washington, 141, 166.
Hamilton County, 196.
Hanna, Gen. Robert, 165.
Hannah, Mr. Samuel, 116, 122.
Hancock, 9.
Hancock County, 140.
Hannegan, Edward A., 193.
Hanover College, 70.
Hard Cider Campaign, 91.
Hardesty, Mr. Rees, 283.
Harrison, Cleves, 353.
Harrison, William Henry, 4, 15, 16, 17, 38, 41, 42, 57, 66, 82, 94, 98, 126, 154, 248.
Harrison Mass Meeting, 341, 347-349.
Harvard College, 182.
Hatcher, Mary, 241.
Havens, Father, 186.
Hawley, Rev. Ransom, 297.
Hedden, Mr. David, 366.
Hemans, Mrs., 253.
Henry County, 137.
Henderson, Mr. Wyatt, 96.
Hendricks, Abram T., 91.
Hendricks, John, 296.
Hendricks, Mrs. A., 70.
Hepler, Dan, 297.
Herron, James, 273.

Hicklin, Louis, 13, 40, 41, 48, 54, 57, 59, 61, 73, 122, 130, 131, 133, 368, 371.
Hicklin, Mrs., 57.
Hill, Mr. S., 340.
Hindostan, 358.
Historical and Antiquarian Society of Vincennes, 340.
Hodgkins, John, 189.
Hogs, 90, 91.
Holloway, D. P., 125.
Holt, Joseph F., 160.
Hooper, Mr. D. M., 366.
"Hoosier's Nest, The," 118.
Hoover, David, 115, 122.
Hoover, Dr., 367.
Horseback travel, advantages of, 81.
Horticultural Society, Indianapolis, 157.
Hoshour, Prof. S. K., 136.
Houseworth, Henry, 111.
Howe, Daniel H., 47.
Howe, Daniel Waite, 47 (note).
Hovey, Dr., 274.
Howard, Tilghman A., 257.
Hubbard, W. S., 157.
Hunter, Miss Caroline, 14, 16, 23, 24, 31, 37, 55, 356, 376, 377.
Hunt Tavern, 44.

"Indian Orchard," 336.
"Indian" (steamboat), 336, 337.
Indian Summer, 338.
Indiana, 17.
"Indiana" (poem), 174.
Indiana College, 60, 149.
Indiana Insane Hospital, 172 (note).
"Indiana Journal, The," 163.
Indianapolis, 35, 85, 102, 134-142.
Indianapolis Court House, 148.
Indianapolis Female Institute, 153.
"Indianapolis Gazette," 172.
Indianapolis Horticultural Society, 157.
Indianapolis Thespian Corps, 169.
Indigenous plants, 54.
Immigration, Tides of, 194.
Inns, 13, 37, 44, 75, 93, 94.
Internal Improvements, 27, 40, 99.
Isle de Beau, 16, 29.

Jackson, Andrew, 45, 65.
Jefferson County, 58, 79.
Jefferson, Thomas, 47, 106, 208, 354.
"Jeffersonian and Workingman's Advocate, The," 121.
Jeffersonville, 361, 371, 374.
Jenckes, Judge, 330.
Jennings County Academy, 78.
Jennings, Jonathan, 74, 372.
Jewett, Rev. Mr., 331.
"Jim Crow," 323.
Johnson, Jim, "Son of Methodism," 97.
Johnson, Rev. S. R., 240, 249, 250.
Jones, Mr., 254, 261, 267, 278, 279.
Jones, Mrs., 376.
Judah, Samuel, 339.
"Julia," 250, 251, 253, 254.
Julian, George W., 116, 120, 121, 124, 126, 129.
Julian, Jacob, 116.
Julian, Mrs. Rebecca, 116, 117.
"June Bug Line," 8.

Kemper, Rev. James, 154.
Kenton, Simon, 98.
Kentucky, 14.
Ketcham, John L., 160.
Kidwell, 110.
Killikelly, Rev. Mr., 352.
King, John, 63.
Kinney, Capt. Ephraim, 54.
Kinney, Judge, 330.
Kirk, Nathan, 200.
Kirklin, 200.
Knight, Elijah, 138.
Knightstown, 138, 139.
Knobs, The, 361.
"Kyarliny Kiver, A," 225, 263.

Lafayette (city), 60, 237, 239, 259.
Lafayette, General, 8, 373.

Lane, Henry S., 270, 322.
"Language of Flowers, The," 14, 125.
Lanier, J. F. D., 63.
Lashley House, 116.
Lasselle, Charles, 213, 214.
Lasselle, Hyacinth, 209, 213, 312.
Lathrop, Mr. Ezra, 96.
Lattimore, Rev. David, 78.
LaTourette, 225.
"Laurel Wreath, The," 49.
Lawrenceburg, 34, 35, 42, 44, 49, 131.
Law, Judge John, 341, 342, 343.
Lawyers (Indiana), 181, 182, 185.
Layman, Albert, 297.
Layman, Dr. D. W., 298, 299.
Leeds & Jones Paper Mill, 128.
Lemon, Alex, 279.
Leonard, Dr., 367.
Letcher, Hon. Robert P., 14, 15, 17, 18, 20, 21, 24, 26, 30, 35.
Liberty, 109.
Library, State, 147.
Lick Creek, 359.
Licking River, 38.
Limestone, Ky. (Maysville), 32.
Lindley, Jonathan, 312.
Linton, Mr., 335.
Little Cedar Baptist Church, 103.
Lockwood, Rufus A., 245, 246, 247, 248.
Log Cabin, 15, 16, 38, 39.
Log Cabin Candidate, 5.
Logansport, 192-204.
Logansport Seminary, 206.
"Logansport Telegraph, The," 209.
Lotteries, 217, 218.
Louisville, Ky., 32.
Lucy, 14.
Lyceum, 117, 118.
Lynch, Col. John, 281.

Madden, Mr., 292.
Madison, 13, 17, 39, 48, 53, 55, 72.
"Madison Courier, The," 65.
Madison and Indianapolis Railroad, 59 (note).
Madison, T. A., 325.
Maguire, Douglass, 190.
Mail, carrying of, 230.
Manford, Erasmus, 47, 110.
Mansion House, The, 116, 135, 204.
Mansion, The Governor's, 147.
Mansur, Jeremiah, 128.
Maple sugar, 81.
Marietta, 29.
Marion County, 141, 196.
Marion County Court House, 148.
Marion County Seminary, 153, 158.
Marion Guards, 161.
Marion Rifles, 161.
Markle, Abraham, 312, 315, 332.
Marshall, Joseph Glass, 63, 65, 66, 70.
Masons, 207.
Massachusetts, 29.
McAfferty, Mr., 273.
McBaker, Col. Thomas, 161.
McCarthy, Gen. Jonathan, 87.
McCarty, Nicholas, 186.
McClelland, Alexander, 365.
McCormick, John, 143.
McCuen, Rev., 139.
McGaughey, Arthur, 282.
McMaster, Rev. E. D., 70.
McMillan, Mr., 63.
Means, Thomas, 116.
Menominee Village, 203.
Merrill, Miss, 148, 149.
Merrill, Samuel, 146, 151, 166.
Methodists, 8, 12, 232.
Miami Mills, 44.
Miami River, 33, 34, 40, 43.
Michigantown, 200.
Michigan Road, 85, 119, 192, 195, 196, 201, 234.
Mile Square, The, 144.
Military Reservation, The, 150.
Miller, George, 273.
Milligan, Thomas, 277.
Milk sickness, 140, 141.
Mills, Caleb, 275, 276, 277.
Mill, The Tunnel, 84.
Milroy, Gen. Samuel, 235.
Minister, the Universalist, 93, 94, 96.

Minor, Rufus, 325.
Mississippi, 22, 24.
Modesitt, Dr., 316, 317.
Montgomery, Col. Richard, 268.
Montgomery County, 268.
Monticello, Va., 106.
Mont Clair, 341, 354, 355.
Moore, Frederick, 273.
Moot Legislature, The, 236.
Morerod, Mr., 51.
Morgan, Mr. James, 96.
Morris, John D., 163.
Morris, Morris, 186.
Morris, T. A., 148, 161, 162, 187.
Morrison, Robert, 51.
Morrison, W. H., 186.
Moselle, 17.
Mounds, Indian, 31.
Mount Jackson, 172.
Mount Pleasant, 358.
"Movers," 262, 263, 264, 265.
Muscattatuck, 74, 84.
Muskingum, 29.

Nance, Clement, 366.
Nance, Wesley, 297.
National Road, The, 115, 134, 143, 196, 296, 301, 312.
New Albany, 51, 361, 370.
New Albany Seminary, 370.
Newbury, Mr., 279.
New Harmony, 97, 106, 107, 114.
New, Hickman, 84.
New, Jethro, 84.
New, Rev. John B., 78, 84.
"New Lights," 109.
Newman, John D., 116, 122.
New Orleans, 21, 25, 28, 34.
Newport, Ind., 124, 132.
Newport, Ky., 37.
Newport Temperance Society, 132.
Neyron, Father, 371.
Nicholson, Mr., 273.
Noble, Charles T., 325.
Noble's Hole, 167.
Noble, Noah, 44, 101, 149, 183.
Noel, Vance, 163, 190.
North Bend, 17, 39, 40.
Norton, Hon. Caroline, 251, 252.
Nowland, James B., 163.
Ohio Company, The, 29 (note).
Ohio County, Va., 22.
Ohio River, The, 19, 25, 27, 43, 361.
Old Trail, The (Vincennes to New Albany), 357.
O'Kane, Rev., 155.
O'Neal, Hugh, 163, 184, 190.
Ordinance of 1787, The, 114.
Orr, Mr., 150.
Orth, Godlove S., 256.
Owen, Richard Dale, 200.
Owen, Robert Dale, 97, 104, 105, 106, 107, 113, 114, 116, 133, 169, 322.

Palmer, Ebenezer, 279.
Palmer House, 155.
Palmer, Nathan, 153.
Palmer, Mr., 207.
Paoli, 359.
Parke, Judge Benjamin, 297, 354.
Parroquet, 54, 224.
Parsons, John; Introduction, Note on, 378.
Parsons, Jonathan, 1, 133, 220.
Parsons, Dr. Thomas, 318, 326.
Patapsco River, 6.
Patterson, Elliott, 163.
Pattison, Mr., 36, 37, 368.
Patriot, 47, 48.
Paul, Colonel, 67 (note).
Paul's Spring, 67.
Paxton, Mr., 367.
Peabody, Dr. Ezra, 76, 78.
Pennington, Mr., 367.
"Pensacola, The," 19.
Pepper, Col. Abel, 210.
Percival, Dr. Jabez, 44.
Perkins, S. E., 121, 127.
Perry, John S., 296.
Pestalozzi, 107.
Petersburg, Va., 1.
Pettitt, Mr. John, 255, 256.
Phelps, Mrs. Lincoln, 6, 8, 23.
Philadelphia, 33.
Philomath, 110.
Philomath Encyclopedia, 111.
Pierce, Mr. Martin L., 255.
Pigeon Roost Massacre, 282.
"Pike boys," 12.

Pioneer cabin, 224.
Pioneer women, 224.
Pioneers, Labors of, 273.
Pittsburg, 19.
Planters, 21, 24, 25.
"Pleasure Garden, The," 160, 175, 186, 189, 190.
Plummer, Dr. John, 127.
"Pocahontas," a play, 169.
Poe School, The, 131.
Pogue's Creek, 145.
Pogue, George, 143.
Pork packing, 34, 327.
"Porkopolis," 327.
Political Beacon, The, 46.
Pope, Mr., Steam Doctor, 189.
Portsmouth, O., 31.
Postillion, 10.
Potomac Creek, 2.
Pottawotamies, 202.
Powhatan House, The, 2.
Prairie House, The, 315, 316.
Prairies, 239, 259.
Pratt, Mr. D. D., 204, 205.
Presbyterians, 70, 149, 154.
Prices of commodities, in Logansport, 220; in Terre Haute, 321, 322.
Pritchett, Dr. John, 117, 119.
Proffitt, George H., 322, 324, 346, 347.
Prophet, The, 86.
Putnamsville, 289, 294, 296.

Quaker gentleman, 12, 18, 24.
Quarles, William, 184.

"Rachel, A," 48.
Raeger Spring, 362.
Railroad, 2, 63, 271.
Ralston, Alexander, 144.
Rariden, James, 116, 122, 205.
Ray, James Brown, 100, 101, 102, 142, 373.
Raysville, 138.
Rea, Mr. and Mrs. George, 117.
Reed, Dr., 317.
Religious Debate, 97.
"Report of a Geological Reconnaissance of Indiana," 200.
Revolutionary soldiers buried at Vernon, 85.
Rhein, Mr., 241.
Richards, Joseph, 335, 336.
Richland Furnace, 334.
"Richland, The," 334.
Richmond, Va., 1.
Richmond and Brookville Canal, 128.
Richmond, Ind., 99, 105, 106, 114, 120, 130.
Richmond Station, 131.
Rights of Women, 113.
Rising Sun, 46.
Rising Sun Insurance Company, 47.
Rising Sun Tavern, 361.
Ristine, Maj. Henry, 273.
Ristine, Jr., Henry, 279.
Road, The National, 115, 134, 143, 196, 296, 301, 312.
Roads, 60.
Robb, Franklin, 279.
Roberts, Bishop, 284.
Robinson, Mr. George, 66.
Robinson, Mrs., 370.
Robinson, Simeon, 84.
Rose, Chauncey, 315, 333, 334.
Ross, Henry, 325.
Rowan, Henry, 116.
Rudisill, David, 282.
Russell, Alexander, 161, 164, 165.
Ruter, Calvin, 285.

Sailor, Mr. John, 128.
Saint Francis Xavier Church, 345, 352.
Saint John's Church, 240, 241.
Saint Mary's Academy, 351.
Saint Mary's of the Knobs, 371.
Salem, 70.
Salisbury, 135.
"Salt rising," 14.
Sample, Henry T., 255.
Sanders, Dr. John, 167.
Sanders, Miss Mary, 167.
Sanders, Miss Zerelda (Mrs. David Wallace), 168, 190.
"Sawyers," 25.
Schools, 276.
Scott, Lucius, 323.
Scribner, Abner, 363.
Scribner, Joel, 363.

Scribner, Nathaniel, 363.
Scribner, Mrs. Abner, 370.
Scribner, Mrs. Joel, 370.
Scribner, Mrs. Phoebe, 370.
Secrist, Mr. Henry, 283.
Seminary, Female, (Mrs. Phelps'), 6, 22.
Seminary, Greensburg, 96.
Seminary, Logansport, 206.
Serenade, 68.
Sering, John S., 63, 73.
Sheets' pasture, 166.
Sheets, William, 186.
Shelbyville, 85.
Shields, Mr. H. B., 366.
Shields, James, 367.
Shields, Patrick, 366.
Shields, Dr. P. S., 367.
Shields, William H., 282.
Shields, Mrs., 370.
Shipbuilding on Ohio, 29.
Shires House, 37 (note).
Shirk, Andrew, 102, 103.
Sigourney, Mrs., 69, 81, 170.
Silver Hills, 361.
Simpson, Dr., 293, 294.
Sims, Madison, 173.
Singleton, Augusta, 3.
Slavery, Negro, 12, 114, 295.
Sloan, Dr. John, 367.
Sluyter, Mr., 203.
Smith, Oliver H., 182, 183.
Smock, Mr., 297.
Snakes, 230.
Soap making, 80.
Soule, Bishop, 369.
Society of Friends, 12, 114, 129, 130, 131.
''Song of Jim Crow,'' 323.
Sparks, 46.
Spencer Spiers, 87.
''Spirit of Seventy-Six, The,'' 323.
Square, The Governor's, 144.
Stage Coach passage, 11, 287, 288.
Stapp, Milton A., 59.
State College, 60, 149.
State House, 147.
State Library, 147, 178
Starr, Charles W., 127.
Steamboats, 2, 17, 19, 20, 25, 28, 29, 39, 71, 72, 328, 329.
Stevenson, Dr. A. C., 283.
Stewart, Dr., 367.
Stewart, Dr. James, 236, 237.
Stillwell, Jeremiah, 273.
Stitt, John B., 116, 117.
Stockton, Lawrence B., 255.
Stockton's Line, 8.
Storey, Thomas J., 84.
Stoy, Peter, 367.
Stuart, William Z., 207.
Sugar Creek, 268.
Summerfield's Sermons, 57.
Swain, Dr. Richard H., 119.
Swift, Flower, 297.
Swiss settlers, 51.
Symmes, Judge, 40.

Taber, Mr., 217.
Tait, Mr., 46.
Talbott, Henry T., 96.
Talbott, James, 283.
Talbott, William E., 282.
Tannehill's History of Literature, 216.
Tarkington, John S., 130 (note).
Tarkington, Rev. Joseph, 130.
Taverns, 13, 98.
Temperance Society, 115, 132.
Tennessee Path, 28.
Tennis, Dr. Israel, 119.
Terre Haute, 18, 311-336.
Test, Judge, 96, 116, 117.
Theater, 28, 34, 37.
Thespian Society of Logansport, 219.
Thibaud, Mr., 51.
Thickstun, Andrew, 366.
Thompson, Rev. James, 291.
Thompson, Richard W., 346.
Thomson, Mr. John S., 277.
Thornburgh, Capt. W. H., 283.
Thornton, Major Henry P., 367.
Tides of immigration, 194.
Timber (Jennings County), 79.
Timmons, Ezekiel, 241.
Tippecanoe, 42.
Tippecanoe Battleground, 82, 86, 87, 162, 207.
Tippecanoe County, 60, 239.
Tippecanoe River, 238.

Tipton, Gen. John, 206, 207.
Tipton, Mr. S. S., 207.
"Tortesa the Usurer," 37.
Tousey, Mr., 46.
Townsend, James, 294, 295, 296.
Tucker, Judge, 53.
Tuley, Preston F., 367.
Tunnel Mill, 84.
Turpie, David, 241.
Turpie, Mary, 241.
"Twelve Mile Purchase, The," 115.
Tyler, Mr. Ned and Mr. Jack, 190.

Union, 11.
Union County, 109.
Universalist Church, 47, 110.
Universalist, The, 48, 139.
University Square (Indianapolis), 153.
University, The (Virginia), 22, 47, 182, 298.
Usher, Mr., 301, 325, 326.

Vaile, Mr. Rawson, 117.
Van Buren, 3, 5, 15, 16, 26, 66, 83, 94, 105, 126, 247, 272, 363.
Vance, David, 273.
Vance, Lawrence M., 160, 188.
Vandalia, 136.
"Valley of the Upper Wabash, The" (Ellsworth), 240.
Vawter, Elder Jesse, 58, 69, 70.
Vawter, Col. John, 58, 77, 81, 85, 87.
Vawter, Smith, 84.
Vawter, William, 80.
Vawter, Mrs. William, 80.
Vernon, 58, 74, 85.
Vevay, 46, 48, 50, 51.
Vigo, Col., 311, 354.
Vigo County, 311.
Vigus (stage line), 192, 193.
Vincennes, 42, 60, 179, 337, 356.
"Vincennes Gazette, The," 345.
Virginia, 18.

Wabash Ague, 76, 195.
Wabash bedstead, A, 263.
Wabash College, 268-278.
Wabash Country, 1, 15, 179, 193, 194, 205, 208, 222, 352, 353.
Wabash & Erie Canal, The, 204, 220, 238.
Wabash River, 60, 61, 201, 204, 329.
Wabash Valley, 242, 243.
Wagoners, 13, 16.
Walker, John, 84.
Wallace, Gov. David, 102, 147, 160, 166, 167, 168.
Wallace, Lewis, 168.
Wallace, William, 168, 169.
War, The Black Hawk, 163.
Warren, Chauncey, 331, 332.
Warren, Mr., 367.
Washington, D. C., 3.
Washington Hall, 141, 166, 187, 188, 281.
Washington, Ind., 358.
Washington, Pa., 11.
Washington Street, 143.
Way Bill, A, 73.
Wayne County, 115.
Wayne County Seminary, 128, 136.
Wea Plains, 239, 259, 261, 262.
Webb, William H., 63.
Webber, Dr., 236.
Webster, Daniel, 66, 363.
Wedding, Country, 226, 228.
Western settlements, classes in, 74; contrasts in, 112.
Western Union Seminary, 111.
Welker, Amos, 296.
Wesley, John, 57.
"Western Censor and Emigrant's Guide, The," 163.
"Western Tourist or Emigrant's Guide, The," 1.
Wheeler, Mr. John, 292.
Wheeling, 1, 10, 14, 18, 19, 23, 32.
Whigs, 4, 15, 16, 18, 30, 65, 83, 98, 104, 141, 154, 323.
White, Albert S., 246, 247.
White House, 3.
White River, 143.
Whitewater Canal, 35, 43, 99.
Whitewater River, 97.
Whitewater Valley, 88, 130.

Whitlock, Major, 273.
Whitman, Shepard, 365.
Whitney, E. J., 63.
Wick, Judge W. W., 187.
Wild hogs, 265.
"Wild Oats of Indianapolis, The," 163.
"Wilberforce, The Life of," 126.
Wiley, Capt. Alexander, 165.
Wiley, E. S., 93.
Wiley, Rev. Allen, 186, 285, 302, 368, 369.
William and Mary College, 53.
Williams, Achilles, 127.
Williams, Worthington, 13, 296.
Wilmington, Ind., 43.
Wilson, John, 271.
Wilson, Michael, 116.
Wilstach, Hannah, 241.
Winans, Brother, 97.
Winchester, 53.
Winter, George H., 208, 209, 210, 211.
Wirt, 69.
Wishard, Capt. John, 165.
Wise, John, 354.
Wise, of Virginia, Gov., 149.
Wolverton, Mrs., 362.
Wolves, 230, 231; wolf hunt, 264.
Woodruff, Charles, 366.
Wright, Williamson, 207.
Wylie, Dr. Andrew, 149, 216.

Xavier Church, St. Francis, 345, 352.

Yandes, Daniel, 159.
Yandes, Simon, 159, 181.
"Yellow Jackets," 87, 206.
Yellow Tavern, 98, 105.
Young Ladies' Seminary (Madison), 62, 63.

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