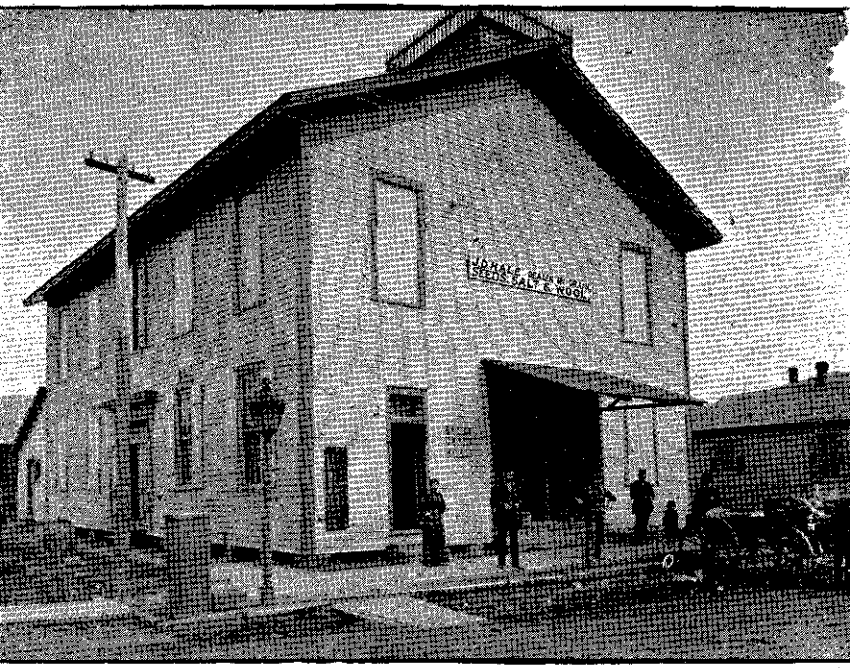
J. D. HALE,



DEALER IN

GRAIN, SEEDS, WOOL, SALT, OIL, COAL

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THE EIGHTH WONDER.

During the last Paris exposition there was upon exhibition a wonderful piece of skill and ingenuity, a clock made by Stephen Engle, of Hazelton, Pa. The work, when complete, shows conclusively that America can proudly take her place at the head of nations for inventions and mechanical skill. The following is a description of this wonderful clock. All the figures are nine inches in height; there are twenty-six in all. When the hour hand approaches the first quarter "Father Time" reverses his hour-glass and strikes one on a bell with his scythe, when another bell inside responds, then childhood appears. When the hour-hand reaches the second quarter or half-hour, then you hear two strokes of the bell, youth apears and the organ plays a hymn. "Father Time" strikes two and reverses his glass; then two bells respond on the inside. One minute later a chime of bells is heard, when a folding door opens in a lower porch and one at the right of the court, when the Saviour comes walking out, and one by one the Apostles come forth and join him, as well as the three Marys. As the Apostles slowly pass the Savior they bow to him, with the exception of Peter, who turne slowly away; then the cock on the right flaps its wings and crows; Satan then appears above at a window on the left side, the figure of Justice raises her scales; Judas, as he advances, does not look upon the Savious because the devil follows immediately after him, staying long enough to see that Judas is all right, but appears six times at different places during the Apostles' march. At the third quarter Time strikes three blows with her scythe and turns his hour-glass. Manhood then appears. As the hour-hand approaches the hour four bells are heard and the organ plays again (a different tune). Two minutes after old age appears, Death strikes the hour with a bone on the skull, and one minute after the procession of the Apostles takes place. A truly wonderful piece of mechanicism which ranks as the eighth wonder of the world. Yet with all due respect to a mechanical mind, there are other inventions which should be considered before placing the laurels upon the head of one man. This work shows careful study and a very ingenious mind, yet does all this time benefit mankind? Let us contrast another invention of about the same date, 1858. A young man invents a shoe that has features possessed by no other make. It is well made, perfect fitting, stylish and thoroughly up to date always. Forty odd years he continues to make and sell these goods, the

THE SUPERIOR OIL CO.,

Miners of Indiana petroleum. Those concerns which are the more prominent in Geneva's upbuilding are the first to receive consideration in a work of this character. One that we will notice is the Superior Oil Co. This concern is successor to the well-known firm of Collins, Hardison & Leonard, and is a recent incorporation. It is officered as follows: President, C. P. Collins, of Bradford, Pa.; vice president, J. H. Hardison, of Geneva; secretary, Harry Heasley, Butler, Pa.; treasurer, J. R. Leonard, Pittsburg, Pa.

This company is composed of reliable and capable business men, who jointly represent a large amount of capital. They are among the heaviest operators in the Indiana oil field. The vice president and resident manager of the concern is J. H. Hardison, who has lived here four years, and is one of the best posted oil men in this field.

INTRODUCTOTY.

In the month of January 1896 my Mother was visiting me at my home in Decatur, Indiana. During her stay she said, Martha, under any circumstance never bury me in the Miller Cemetery, and if they lay out the new cemetery while I am living I will remove Papa and the Children there. Little did I think that in less than three weeks it would be left to us to select a place two weeks from the next Sabbath. The news came Mother was found dead in her bed. How her words rang in my ears. Even now I see the hand that was raised to emphasize her words, "Never under any circumstance bury me in the Miller Cemetery." We laid her in the Wells Cemetery, and on the next Friday, having the graves prepared, we went to have Papa and the Children removed when Mr. and Mrs. Alberson said they would survey and lay out a cemetery if we would bury there, and as the sun was sinking in the West they were laid away, bringing Mother back the next day, and there they sleep side by side on the hill in site of our child-hood home.

It is done then, we stop to think, they lay in an open field, it is like making a home here seventy years ago, there is no fence, no nothing; and if we wait for the sale of lots to improve it it will be years.

I have taken this plan to get money to fence it. I have asked the old people in Adams, Jay and Randolph Counties to write their histories and the business men to place an "ad" in this book to help financially. By examining this book you will see how they have responded.

I take this opportunity to thank the business men for their aid and the pioneers for their promptness and kindness, I will bid you god speed.

Yours truly,

MRS. MARTHA C. M. LYNCH.

Mrs Martha C M Lynch, conv

Reminiscences of Adams, Jay and Randolph counties

N.

Yours Truly
A. Lynch

Martha C. Lynch

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST FAMILY IN JAY COUNTY.

On the 15th day of February, 1821, Mr. Peter Studabaker and Miss Mary Simison were joined in the bonds of holy wedlock at the house of the Simison family, where Fort Recovery, now Mercer County, Ohio, now stands. The newly married pair resolved to go still farther on the frontier and hew out for themselves a home in the wilderness. So they gathered their household goods, and with several friends entered the wilds, soon striking the "Quaker Trace" leading from Richmond to Fort Wayne, which they followed until they reached the Wabash River. This spot was their destination, and upon the low bank, near the water's edge, they prepared to "camp." Cutting four forked poles, they drove one end of each into the ground, laid poles and brush across the top, and their camp was completed. A fire was kindled at one end, by which the young wife cooked supper for her company—her first experience in house, or rather camp-keeping, by herself. Their simple repast was highly relished and soon dispatched, and they retired to rest, blankets spread upon the ground serving for beds.

Sleep had scarcely calmed the wearied company when they were aroused by the yells of a gang of approaching wolves. Elsewhere came an answering howl, then another and another, till the forests seemed ringing with their hideous yells. The howling became so terrific, the dog sprang out and threatened to give battle, but soon came bounding back, panic stricken, and jumped upon the nuptial bed. As they lay there, so close to the bank, they could see about a dozen wolves at the water's edge on the opposite shore. Soon they heard the sharp, savage snap of

wolf-teeth near their bed, and glaring eyes shone in the darkness within six feet of their camp. The men sprang from the ground in alarm, seized their rifles and fired. The howling pack fled in haste and did not return. Again the men lay down, and soon "tired nature's sweet restorer" calmed their fears, and they slept soundly till morning—perhaps dreaming of the pleasant homes and dear friends of their childhood. Thus camped and slept the first white family that ever trod the wilderness which fifteen years afterward became Jay County.

This was on the farm now owned by Samuel Hall, on the south bank of the Wabash, at New Corydon. Soon Mr. S. built a cabin, "all of the olden time," and into it they moved, with the naked earth for a floor. This cabin, the fist home of that now widely known pioneer family—a rude hut twelve by sixteen, of small round logs, with clapboard roof held on by "weight poles," —was the first civilized dwelling ever erected in our county. Unbroken forests were on every hand; no house within fifteen miles —no mill or store in thirty-five. Their only companions were Indians—their only foes were wolves.

These animals, always annoying by their constant howling, were often very troublesome. It was next to impossible to raise stock of any kind. Once a wolf came up to the house in open daylight, to attack a calf, when Mrs. S. appeared, and it ran off. At other times they were still bolder. One night a pack attacked the hogs. Mr. S. went out with his gun, his wife holding a torch while he shot at them five times, but without effect, and they came still nearer, snapping their teeth almost within reach. They seemed bent on an attack, and the entreaties of his wife prevailed on him to go into the house.

Mr. Studabaker obtained a livelihod in various ways—principally by hunting. His delight was to be in the wilderness, beyond the reach of society and its innovations. He loved the quiet grandeur of the forest, and the excitement of hunting deer, squirrels, otters, wild ducks, wolves and bears, possessed to him irresistible charms. The game he killed furnished meat for his table in abundance, and of the rarest kind. But they had other sources of income. Even at that early day many travelers passed along the "Quaker Trace," and they all stopped to enjoy the hospitality of these pioneers. In fact, at that time it was rather a matter of necessity, as the distance in either direction to any other house was a day's travel. The "Quaker Trace" was so called because it was opened and traveled by the Quakers of Wayne County, on their way to Fort Wayne market.

Mr. S. sometimes traded provisions to the Indians for furs,

and by selling the furs added something to his income. An incident of this kind is worth relating.

In the fall of 1821, Mr. S. and Thomas Robinson, who then lived on the "Prairie," in what is now Adams County, went to Greenville and got some flour, and bringing it to the Wabash, dug out a large canoe and started down the river, to sell their flour to the Miami Indians, in a town at the mouth of the Mississinewa—one hundred miles by the river route, and a few miles above Peru, Miami County, Indiana. Easily and rapidly they glided down the smooth waters of the Wabash. In the afternoon of the second day they came in sight of the town. They soon saw that the Indians were on a desperate "spree," and were dancing, singing, yelling and fighting. They wisely concluded it would not be safe to visit the town that night; so they rowed up the river a short distance, anchored their canoe, went ashore and camped for the night. The next day they went down towards the town. Robinson staid with the canoe, while Studabaker went to negotiate a sale of the flour. The first Indian he met was a squaw, named "Big Knife," with whom he was well acquainted. She told him they had had a terrible time the night before, and that in the fighting several Indians had been killed, and that they were then all in their huts, sleeping off the effects of their revelry. He inquired if any of the men were sober. She replied that one was, and offered to conduct him to the hut where that Indian slept. On their way through the village, which seemed almost deserted, they passed by a young Indian who was lying with his stomach ripped open, and part of his entrails lying upon the ground, but still alive. They went and aroused the sober Indian, who, after much painting and ornamenting, went with Mr. Studabaker to the canoe. On their way they passed the wounded Indian. A squaw was sitting by his side, weeping, replacing the entrails, and with an awl and deer's sinew was sewing up the horrible wound. The Indian looked at the flour, and pointing to the sun and the western sky, said that when the sun reached such a place the Indians would get hungry and come and buy. At the appointed time this sober Indian came down to the canoe, followed by the others, each of whom purchased a small quantity of flour. Our adventurers then returned, occupying about three days in their up-stream rowing.

Thus the family endured very many severe hardships during their stay at this point on the Wabash. So the first families who settled in each section of the county endured privatations and trials which would have overwhelmed others less patient, energetic and brave. To the comfortably situated residents at the present time

these trials seem almost incredible. Here is a leaf from the life of Mary Studabaker:

Late in the autumn of 1822, the Indians, as they were sometimes in the habit of doing, stole two colts—one from Mr. Studabaker, and one from his brother-in-law, John Simison. In the early part of winter Simison came to Studabaker's, and the two men set out for Wapakoneta, Ohio, in search of the colts among the Indians of that country. Before leaving, Mr. Studabaker hired a boy from the settlement to stay with his wife, who then had a babe only three months old, to cut the wood and build fires. The men had been gone scarcely an hour when this boy proved treacherous, and left Mrs. Studabaker and her child entirely alone. This placed her in an alarming situation. Her husband expected to be absent nearly a week; the weather was very cold, and she had no wood and but little strength. She was fifteen miles from any neighbors, in a wilderness full of roving gangs of Indians and wolves. The prospect was a dreary one. She saw her dangerous situation, and with heroic fortitude resolved to do her utmost to save herself and child. She devoted herself assiduously to chopping wood and building fires. Quite naturally she sought the kinds of wood which would chop the easiest, and sometimes cut "buckeye," the poorest of all wood. This made it difficult to keep good fires; but she managed to get along without suffering much, except from lonliness, until the fifth day, when the weather turned extremely cold. All this time had passed, and she had not seen a human being. Even the sight of an Indian would have gladdened her heart. This day she built a fire, but it would not burn. She chopped more wood and piled the great fire-place full; but all in vain. To use her own words, "It seemed to be, as it is said to be in Greenland sometimes, too cold for the fire to burn." Disheartened and despairing, as her last hope, she took her babe and went to bed. Here they must lie until assistance came, or freeze to death! But the kind care of an ever-watchful Father in Heaven was upon her. In about two hurs Mr. Studabaker came home, bringing the stolen colt. He soon built a large, comfortable, crackling fire. How great was her joy at this very opportune rescue!

Mrs. Studabaker gives the following account of the survey of this part of Indiana by the government surveyors. In the winter of 1821 and 1822 James Worthington, of Columbus, Ohio, son of Governor Worthington, accompanied by nine assistants, came to Mr. Studabaker's, and made their home with him during the three months occupied in making the survey. Having two sets of instruments, they operated in two distinct companies, and

surveyed the territory now making the counties of Jay, Adams and Wells. They gave Mr. Studabaker a plat of their survey, which was very useful to the early settlers for many years.

About forty rods below Hall & Arnett's mill, at New Corydon, is a tree on which many dates have been cut, and among others the figures "1822." They are now grown up, so as to be barely visable, and have every appearance of having been put there at that time. It is quite likely the work of the government surveyors.

The first person born in Jay County was Abram Studabaker. He was born in the little cabin on the Wabash, September 29th, 1822, a child of the wilderness—the first born of the family and of the county. His life was but a blossom, having died March 11th, 1824, at Fort Recovery. Another son was afterward given the same name.

Mr. Studabaker moved to the Wabash with the intention of making that his permanent home; but the frequent overflows of the river at that time discouraged him, and finally led him to move away. One evening in the spring of 1822 several travelers stopped to stay all night. The Wabash was quite high, but not unusually so. Mrs. Studabaker made a bed on the floor, in which the travelers retired to rest. In the night, one of them thought he felt rather "moist," and on turning over found the puncheons were floating. They got up; one went up in the "loft," and the other concluded to nap the rest of the night away on the logs of wood by the fire place. But the family, being more fortunate, were on a bedstead, and slept there until morning, when they found all the puncheons except the two on which the bedposts rested, floating about the room. Mr. Studabaker waded out and brought his canoe into the house, and took his family to dry land in the woods, where they camped until the water went down, which was in four or five days. In this way the Wabash overflowd the land about his cabin, and he moved back to Fort Recovery, having lived in Jay County about two years.

Mary Studabaker has been a pioneer all her life. She was born March 16th, 1796, in Sherman Valley, Penn. At the age of two years her father, John Simison, moved to Kentucky and settled within six miles of Lexington. Residing there six years, they moved to Warren County, Ohio. After living there ten or twelve years, they moved to Greenville, and from there, in the spring of 1817, to Fort Recovery. There was not a single family living in the region of the Upper Wabash. They were the first pioneers of Fort Recovery—that place so celebrated in history as the scene of St. Clair's defeat, and Mary was afterward of Jay,

and still later of the south part of Adams County. There was a trading house then at Fort Recovery, built by David Connor. It was about twelve feet square, and surrounded by pickets—logs set in the ground reaching about eight feet high—as a protection against the Indians. Into this house John Simison and family moved. Mr. Simison farmed the ground upon which the town is now built, while his boys did the hunting. He raised most of the living for the family, but had to go to Greenville to find a store and mill. He had a hand mill, and sometimes ground on that.

It was while living here that the Treaty was made with the Indians, October 6th, 1818. Dr. Perrine, of Greenville, attended that meeting. Starting in the morning, on foot, he expected to reach Simison's that evening; but night overtook him while he was in what is now Madison Township. Finding he must camp out, he was much alarmed lest the wolves should devour him. Coming upon a much-broken tree-top, he set about building a camp that would protect him. Out of the broken limbs he built a very small, oval-shaped pen, leaving a hole at the bottom. Into this he crept, and drew a stick, prepared for the purpose, into the hole after him, thus effectually blocking all entrance. Curling up there, he slept soundly. Some time after this Thomas Robinson settled beside Mr. Simison—then soon moved to Adams County.

But sorrow was in store for this family. Mrs. Simison died in September, 1820, and on the last day of that ever-memorable year, she was followed by her husband. His burial took place on New Year's day, 1821. Thomas Robinson and Peter Studabaker happened to be there at the time of his death, and making a rough box which had to answer for a coffin, they buried their pioneer friend. But for the fortunate presence of these men, none beside the mourning orphans would have been there to perform the last sad offices for the lamented dead.

In a few weeks Mary was married, and entered upon her brief life of trials in Jay County. After moving back to Fort Reabout twelve years, when he moved to Adams County, where he died June 15th, 1840. He was born in 1790, in Moreland County, Pennsylvania. Mary now lives with her son Abram, in Adams County, Indiana, in a log house, with one of those great old-fashioned cabin fire places, which so abundantly dispense warmth and cheerfulness to the inmates. It is about sixty feet from the river, upon the banks of which she has lived since her childhood days, nearly half a century. By the side of its quiet waters she was wooed and won, and has devotedly braved many dangers, reared a large family, and followed her husband and

several children to the silent tomb. She is now seventy-four years of age, and though in feeble health, her mind still retains its original vigor. Strong common sense, quick perception and good judgment are her characteristics. Indeed, without these qualities, she could not have passed through so rugged and eventful a life. Her son, Hon. David Studabaker, has resided for many years in Decatur, Indiana, where he has been, and still is, a prominent attorney. He has represented that county in the Legislature of the State, and was for four years the State Senator from that district composed of the counties of Jay, Adams and Wells, in which position he sustained himself with credit.

CHAPTER II.

JESSE NIBLICK.

Jesse Niblick, one of Decatur's early settlers and honest, respected and honorable influential citizens has passed away. His death occurred Sunday night near the midnight hour, and many were the words of sympathy and regret, when the announcement grew into circulation at an early hour Monday morning, October 6th, 1896. He had been ailing for several weeks, yet his confinement to his home was less than a week, and while many of his friends and acquaintances knew he was sick, yet they were unprepared for the shock, which accompanied the announcement of his death. He had been a pillar in the foundation of so many creditable business enterprises, and a leader in all these since the formation of the county and city, that it's but little wonder that he was known, loved, honored, respected and admired by every man, woman and child. But death is no respector of persons, so we will simply abide its decisions and console ourselves by trying to emulate his many virtues.

The deceased was born in Carroll County, Ohio, although his father was a native of Ireland. His parents located in Adams County in 1836, at which time Jesse was ten years of age. This date takes us back to the time when Adams County was a dense and unbroken wilderness, which has now been transformed into a region of thrift and prosperity, by the untiring zeal and energy of such enterprising citizens as Mr. Niblick. He has seen the trails of the trapers and hunters give place for railroads and vehicles, the cabins and garden patches succeeded by comfortable houses and board fields of waiving grain, the additions of churches, school houses, and every other conceivable institution

JESSE NIBLICK.

that tended to broaden the mind, extend the markets of commerce, trade and traffic, and make the history of Adams County of such thrilling interest, grand practical results, and lessons that now may be perused with profit by the present Adams County generation, and by citizens of other regions.

In 1846 Mr. Niblick engaged in the boot and shoe business, being then twenty years old. This business he was engaged in until 1866, having been more than successful in building up trade and a reputation of honesty, that has been beneficial to him in various ways ever since. That reputation has been worth more to him than all the gold in the universe. In these later years it no doubt has been a source of satisfaction and gratification to him to know, that after a life time devoted exclusively to business and its various competition, he is able to extend the right hand of fellowship to all those whom he has come in contact with, all these years. In 1866 he connected himself with John Crawford in a general merchantile business, under the firm name of Niblick & Crawford. Several years later the firm was extended to Niblick, Crawford & Sons, a son of each having been taken into the partnership. This firm existed until some seven years ago, when it again changed to Jesse Niklick & Son, and which firm is still doing business, being one of Decatur's prominent business institutions.

In 1871 Niblick & Nuttman engaged in the banking business in the name of the Adams County Bank. Later it was organized under the state laws, and Mr. Niblick became a director and its first president. He was still a director in the bank at the time of his death. This bank is also identified as one of the most solid and prominent banking houses in the state. Thus it will be seen that every business enterprise in which Mr. Niblick was engaged, prospered and thrived, much of this thrift being due to the excellent business judgment and ideas advanced by Mr. Niblick.

Politically the deceased always cast his suffrage with the Democratic party, being at all times one of the chief promoters and organizers. In 1848 he was elected trustee of Washington Township, and from 1865-8 he very efficiently filled the office of County Treasurer. He was always enthusiastic in his support of the party, at the same time respecting in the greatest degree the opinions of his friends and others who chose to dier with him in political preferment. He was also a public spirited citizen, and always devoted time, aid, money and advice to any movement or project that had a tendency towards advancing the progression of this city and county, to both of which he was very devotedly attached.

In 1851 he was married to his present bereaved widow. Her maiden name was Catharine Closs, a native of Germany. Their lives together have been one continued line of sunshine and devotional happiness, which had much to do with the kind-hearted manifestations on every demanded occasion, by the deceased. In her present breavement Mrs. Niblick is joined by seven children, one having already passed into that world on high, William Niblick, president, and Charles, assistant cashier of the Old Adams County Bank; John, James K. and Daniel M. being associated with him in business, and Mary and Amelia, who reside at home, comprise the family who are now grieved beyond expression at the death of their long cherished, honored and reverenced counsellor and advisor. To him they have come with many preplexities which he has gladly solved. Now they will have to profit by the dictates of his past life, which is a worth example to follow and emulate.

The funeral services were conducted yesterday morning. As a mark of respect to the deceased every business house in the city was closed during the services, and people from all over the county came in to pay him homage. It was perhaps the largest gathering of people ever assembled to pay their last respects to the dead. And they were all friends; friends with whom the deceased had been associated for years. and not for a day. They knew him and they loved him. It was a fitting tribute to a long life of usefulness and honor. The pall-bearers who conveyed the remains to its last resting place was composed of R. B. Allison, David Studabaker, John Meibers, John Shane, Conrad Brake and Ezra Lister, all old associates of the deceased, who had known him for half a century.

He was born August 12th, 1826; died October 6th, 1895, being aged sixty-nine years, one month and twenty-four days. Funeral services were held at the St. Mary's Catholic church, and that large structural auditorium would not hold half the sympathizing friends who sought admission. Interment in the St. Joseph cemetery.

So ends the life of our beloved and honored friend and citizen.

CHAPTER III.

M. V. B. SIMCOKE'S BY-GONE DAYS.

I will give briefly the joys and sorrows that were and is now experienced in youth and old age.

I am a native of America, and proud of it. I was born April 11th, 1836, near Livingston, Overton County Tennessee. The oldest son of James B. and Elizabeth Simcoke (deceased). The father a native of North Carolina, the mother a native of Tennessee. Their marriage occurred in March, 1835. Five children were born to them, two boys and three girls, the subject herself and Andrew Jackson, Victoria, Mary Brady, and Elizabeth. Victoria, (now Mrs. Hill), who resides in Decatur, was born in Tennessee in 1838. Andrew Jackson was born in Columbia City, Ind. He learned the printing trade and was working in the printing office when he concluded that it would be better to fight for his country, in the late rebellion, than setting type, and enlisted in the 13th Indiana Cavalry as an orderly, but soon received a lieutenant's commission. He contracted consumption and died on board a gunboat on the Mississippi River. Mary Brady was born in Decatur, and at present lives in Chicago. Sister Elizabeth was born in Decatur, and died early in life. There are only three of the family living. We were all raised in Decatur. My father and family left Tennessee for the north in the year of 1841, landing in Richmond, Ind., remained there a short time thence moved to Whitley County, Ind., arriving there in wagons after many days' hard traveling, we settled in the almost dense forrrest, but the county seat, called Columbia City, among Indians and wolves; very few white people were there, the county sparsely settled. Father was a physician and had some practice

among the Indians and the few whites, until he was selected and elected sheriff and served one term. In the spring of 1844 he concluded to move to Adams County, getting there with many difficulties. He settled in Decatur, Ind., where he engaged in clearing land in the summer and teaching school in the winter, until the year 1846, when he was chosen and elected sheriff, and served one year. In the year 1846 he was chosen and elected Treasurer of Adams County and served two terms. In the year 1852 (his wife) my mother died. The following year he moved with his children to Cincinnati. The object was to school them and attend law school himself. After father graduated in law at the Cincinnati Law College, he, with his family, returned to Decatur, he having married in the meantime an estimable widow lady who resided near Decatur, with four children, who is now dead; also three of the four children. One survives them all, Mrs. Mary Eley, now residing in Decatur. In the year 1853, father was elected County Clerk and served two terms or eight years. In the year 1868 he left Adams County and emigrated to California. There he met with business reverses and disappointments, and soon returned to his old home, Decatur, and remained with us until 1873, when he left us and returned to his native state, North Carolina; from there to Tennessee. He made that his home until his death at the age of nearly 80 years, and was buried on his own plantation in Jackson County, Tennessee.

To write a history of a fellow's own life is a pretty hard task, as there are so many thoughts, all conglomerated. Yet I will pen those that will be interesting to myself and family and a few others who may scan this that will recollect the transactions. A full history of my career, either private or public, would be a novel therefore I shall not enumerate all the events of my life. The first distinct recollection of this turbulent world was when I wore a little red cape and shoes and scarlet dress. Red seemed to be the color of the southern people. Yet I did not eminate from Great Britain (directly. The next recollection was when I saw the first Indian, which I feared then, and even now. I remember my mother breaking flax and spinning it, the tow pants I wore, the knit suspenders, the red top boots; and I'll never forget the willow switch she wielded on my tow covered back for my unfaithfulness. The many times I accompanied mother to the huckle and cranberry patches, where now stands the best business part of Columbia City. I well remember the log cuttings and rollings there, the majority of the help being Indians. On these occasions there were no jangling, fighting or getting drunk, as I have witnessed in later days among those that were considered civilized

christians. The first school I ever attended was in an old log house at Columbia City. The school was taught by James H. Smith, known as "Dandy Jim." He followed us to Adams County and taught school in Decatur, where I also attended. The next important recollection I have of this mundane sphere was when we were on our road moving to Decatur from Columbia City. We stayed all night at Fort Wayne. I discovered a crowd of boys and men on the street, listening to the music of the fife and drum. I went to the crowd, and had not been there but a few minutes when I was surrounded by a crowd of boys. I seemed to be a curiosity, and I concluded at once that I would soon have to fight or run, and it was for life or a licking. I concluded to run —I run. The camping out on the road to Decatur was Gypsy like, but we were compelled to do so, and were several days on the road before we reached our destination, where we landed about noon, and anchored on the lot now the southeast corner of Third and Monroe streets . We remained there until we moved to the jail house, (I mean the sheriff's residence).

My acquaintance with the populace of our adopted town grew rapidly, especially with the boys and girls of the village. The first boy I became acquainted with was DeWitt C. Rugg, a youth near my own age. My mother sent to a well near by for a bucket of water. There I met young Rugg holding a large gourd dipper. He remarked to me: "Say, boy, how would you like to be baptized?" At the same time and moment he dashed the contents of the dipper on my frame. I concluded I was about drowned. When I recovered from the shock an engagement ensued with fists, stones and clubs. When the smoke of the battle had cleared away, we discovered our faces were bloody and scratched. My new calico vest was in shreds. I found also a knot on my cranium, made by a blow from the old gourd dipper. Of course the dipper was ruined. That scrap made us fast friends unto manhood. Another little incident occurred when I was a sprightly youth. The Smith, alias "Dandy Jim," referred to above, was teaching school. All the village youngsters attended said school, including myself and one Susanah McLeod, that was my spouse, and of course I paid my honors to her during school hours. We would write small thumb paper letters and pass them to each other. The teacher secured one of the cupid letters. He called me upon the floor, also the young damsel in question, and related to us that our courtship had went on long enough, and we must be married. He ordered us to catch hands, which was done with fear and trembling. The said "Dandy Jim" went through a pow-wow and pronounced us man and wife. The school generally concluded that we were married in fact. In the

evening of that day the boys and young men of the village marshalled with all the old tin pans, horns, &c., and visited our homes and belled us completely. The grown brothers of my Susanah were awaiting the coming of the mob, and at last they reached the home of the girl, when the brothers used their whips to a good purpose, and some of the boys remembers well the time yet, as they did not attend school next day. That act of the teacher caused the school to dwindle away, and he had to hunt other quarters. Whether the person, Susanah, is living I cannot say.

The following occurrence will be remembered by some of the readers of this sketch. About the time the declaration of war was made against Mexico (perhaps 1847) one Andrew Lucky, a young single man, was teaching school in the Court House in Decatur. Of course all the village children attended. The history class was out on the floor in line, reciting, when a knock was heard at the door. The teacher responded by opening the door. There stood before him and the school his best friend and chum, Joseph Reynolds, and a recruiting officer in his military clothes. They invited Mr. Luckey, our teacher, to volunteer. Mr. Reynolds remarked he would volunteer also. Without hesitating a moment both subscribed their names and was sworn in, in the presence of the school. He dismissed the school, and bidding the scholars a good-bye, with tears rolling down his manly cheeks. That teacher's good-bye still rings in my ears, for it was the last god-bye he ever proclaimed to us. The two brave and patriotic young men never returned; they fell victims to disease on the Gulf of Mexico and were buried in its waters.

Somewhere about the year 1848 the court docket will show that a most horrible murder was committed in Decatur, it being the most outrageous act ever committed in the county up to that time, and was a great sensation among the pioneers. A young gentleman (for such he was) and, by the way, a prosperous merchant in our village by the name of Hugh Muldoon, with no bad habits, was courting and paying his attentions to a Miss Mary Foetick, who was living with her parents. She was a beutiful young lady and accomplished. John Foetick, a brother of the said Mary, seriously objected to their wooing. Soon the young couple were engaged to be married, the day fixed and arrived. The invited guests were on hand. The said brother, John, heard what was going to transpire. He approached Mr. Muldoon, the intended groom, and frankly told him if he (Muldoon attempted to marry his sister Mary, he would kill him. Mr. Muldoon paid no attention to the threat. The party was in waiting for more guests to arrive at her parents' home. At last the fatal moment

came. The pastor asked the young people to stand and join hands. As they arose and joined hands before those good, honest, unsuspecting friends and neighbors of the village, the cowardly assassin rushed in the room and pulling a single-barreled pistol, stuck the gun to the breast of the defenceless man and fired, the ball penetrating the breast. The murdered man sprang upon young Foestick and weighed him down to the floor with a death grip about his neck and would have choked him to death in a moment had not Jacob King and my father interfered and took Muldooon off. The murdered man raised to his feet and sprang through a window. He ran across the lot, striking a fence and fell dead. It was supposed he was unconscious the moment he was shot. Foetick gave himself up to the sheriff, was imprisoned and tried by a jury of pioneers of Adams County, and set at liberty. Mr. Foetick left the country and never returned but once since.

You can imagine, dear reader, what jolly times us little ones had away back half a century ago at Christmas and New Year time going from house to house and scaling logs, dodging under brush and bushes, that stood in our paths. Our mothers were as jubilant as the children those days. The cakes, pies and krulls were baked and served to those who called to pass the Christmas or New Years greeting. One little incident occurred that will never be forgotten by many who have heard the story. John and David King and myself were on our usual rounds one Christmas morning, the mud was about as deep as it could get those days, that winter being an open winter. We called upon one Doctor Little. The doctor was in bed, but responded to our call. He told us he had got us presents, but they were in his office (which said office stood about 20 feet away from his residence. He came out in his night clothes, which made him look little like a corpse. We were in dread and fear of him at any rate, for he naturally looked hideous, but we followed him to his office and we went in the office. The doctor locked the door, which added ten-fold more fear. Our minds began to reconoite to know what would become of us. He ghost-like walked across the room, got a board and reached after and picked up a large knife, which I supposed to be a butcher's knife. He threw the board across his white skeleton legs and began to whet the supposed knife across the board, and looking up at us with a demonical look and remarked: "This Christmas morn is your last begging, for you will have to die, every damn one of you." The only exit to any advantage was a small window in the rear of the office. As for myself I did not await to hear the word "die" completely finished. I landed below in the mud, sash and all, and David King followed,

lighting on me and almost burying me in the mud, leaving John in the hands of the doctor to be carved, but by pleadings of the most piteous was spared and was released at the door. That settled the Christmas fun of that day. I feared the doctor so long as he remained in Decatur, and us boys rejoiced when he gave Decatur adieu.

The natives of the village were always anxious to hear news, and delighted when a little puppet show came along to be exhibited in the Court House. Everybody that could raise a dime attended the first circus that ever struck Decatur. I think it was the Robison show, that came in wagons and pitched their small tent on the lot next to the Burt house, east. Their prices were above a dime, and we boys were not familiar with such prices, consequently we started a peep show outside the canvass. Occasionally a boy would raise the canvass and pop in, but would be popped out, then the stones would fly; as we called it, we peppered the show.

Jacob Closs was a shoemaker, and us boys would bother him a great deal, but invariably he would catch us and give us strap oil until we would dance with rage. I remember well when John King and myself visited another old shoemaker named Philer. He locked us up in a room and made us eat raw potatoes for dinner and afterwards gave us bompus with his knee strap. (Bompus was a licking. He called it bompus.

The first steam works we got in Adams County was a steam saw mill, brought to Decatur by Samuel L. Rugg, the founder of Decatur, to saw plank for a plank road to be built from Fort Wayne to St. Marys, Ohio, through Decatur. The mill was located on the St. Mary's river southeast of the Court House, where Si Hammel's mill is located, and near the C. & E. R. R. bridge. There was one Johnson, a mill wright by trade, came along to finish the mill and he told the people of the many accidents and blow-ups which were caused by steam power that caused all the people to fear the business. The children were all warned to keep away. There were no visitors to bother the workmen on account of the danger. At last the mill was ready to start up, the log yard was jammed full of fine oak logs, the building was up and all the steam works to their proper places. Mr. Rugg concluded to have a jubilee and invited the people far and near to come and witness the greatest curiosity of their lives, assuring the people of no danger. The day arrived and with it the people from afar. They came in every conceivable way to get there. The building was a large two story frame with 4x4 girders running around the entire building about 4 feet from the ground.

The siding was not nailed on yet, consequently the girders were fine seats for men and boys, which was filled all around. The population of Decatur ventured to see the fun. Ladies and gentlemen, with their children, and the elderly people occupied the log yard, as they feared to venture closer. Everybody awaiting anxiously to see the thing go. Steam was up, fizzing and fretting, occasionally the engineer would touch a small steam gage, when there would be a scream from some woman, perhaps a dozen or more. A thought struck the engineer that there was fun ahead, and he took the poker and raised the safety valve and let her off. There never was such a stampede in our day as was exhibited there. Women fainted and some screamed, ran and fell over everything. Men did not wait to see if anybody was killed. The girders were empty in a jiffy. Clothing were left upon the stumps, logs and bushes. Horses ran away, causing havoc among the natives. All I can remember of it was that infernal blast. I found myself about two hundred yards from the blow-off and seeing old man Elefritz whiz past me like a meteor, and likely is running yet. I had crossed a creek near by and after I came too I was a walking mud boy. One Hobart Scott, a young man then, jumped in the river and dove down and across the river, a dozen following. My mother tore her fine calico dress in fragments getting away, and father lost his fine plug hat. At intervals the engineed would cause a blast from the cussed thing. There was not a female soul within half a mile of it. The people talked of killing that engineer, but better heads pursuaded the people to drop it, as he meant only fun.

Oh, carry me back to the scenes of my boyhood days. I now often meet old playmates of our boyhood days and we refer back to some sport we had and talk of our youthful frolics when the rosy blush of life was upon us and the world was bright and beautiful, when we had great expectations of still happier days to come, but they never came and now it is a sweet thought, though sad cosolation to let memory go back and for a time refresh us with the pleasures that never will return.

I was about 14 years old when I went to learn the printing trade. I went to work in the only printing office in Adams County. Joshua R. Randell was publishing a newspaper called the Decatur Gazette, a whig paper. I remained in the office nearly two years, when Mr. John Peterson (father of Lawyer Smith Peterson, now of Decatur) bought the outfit. I had acquired the printing business sufficient to manage the business with a little assistance. I induced my father to purchase the office, which changed the political aspect, and we have the honor of

publishing the first Democratic newspaper in the County, called the Adams County "Democrat." I worked in the office until my mother died. I taught school until the year 1856, then I went to Portland and hired with Mr. John Hoover, who was then publishing the Portland Journal. I remained with him one summer. Also worked a short time in the Liber Lamp office at Liber college, two miles south of Portland. My associations with Hon. David Baker, John Hawkins and Hon. John Peter Clever Shanks while in Portland were very pleasant. Also many others will remember the many gum sucks, play parties we had. The following winter I returned home and worked in the printing office until the fall of 1857. I secured a license to teach school and taught a three months' term in Wabash Township, called the Meyers school, on the old mud pike, receiving $40 for the term and paying $12 board, price of board in proportion to wages. After school term I returned to Decatur and commenced the study of law with Hon. David Studabaker, remaining at my studies until I was compelled to abandon them on account of bronchitis. I was admitted to the bar to practice law in 1858, of which I had a large amount, as the court docket will show. In the spring of 1860 I began the study of dentistry, and finished the profession with Dr. Isaac Knapp, at Fort Wayne. I returned to Decatur and practiced dentistry successfully for five years. On the 24th day of December, 1860, I married Mrs. Mary A. Pierce, of Decatur. Our marriage relations were very pleasant and profitable for twelve years, when she died of consumption after an illness of about two years. She was a faithful member of the First M. E. church, also one of the first members of Olive Lodge, Rebeckah Degree of Odd Fellows. She was also a milliner and carried on an extensive business. I added to her stock nearly three thousand dollars by buying out another dry goods establishment and we ran the business until her death. I sold the store and invested my means in speculations that proved worthless. I was elected Recorder of Adams County in 1866, served four years. I joined the Odd Fellows in the year 1863, and when the Knights of Pythias was first organized in Decatur I became a member and remained with both orders until I moved to Monroe, in 1878. I have ever cherished the principles of the two orders, and ever shall. The latch string upon my doors are ever out to receive an honorable Odd Fellow and Knight. I was commissioned as the first notary public in Adams County in 1858, and also served as Town Clerk several terms after Decatur was first incorporated. The many ups and downs from boyhood to manhood were varied and many. Pleasures and displeasures untold.

I will never forget the beautiful pike and bass fish we used to catch in the river. The gams of town ball, bull pen, hat ball, tag, hide go seek, were our merriest times, the sapplings we cut down, the log and brush heaps and stumps we burned at night and day, where now stands the finest buildings in the city, and all the renumeration we received was out living, clothing and rosy cheeks, for which I congratulate dame nature to this day. I remember climbing the little elm tree (now the beautiful large one that stands near the Court yard) when it was but a small shade tree. That tree ought to stand there as a memonto so long as natre will permit. It is the only monument of away back that has stood the tempests of the element for over sixtyyears, and when we look upon that old elm tree and behold its foliage we ought to thank and think of the founder, S. L. Rugg, of this beautiful growing city, (Decatur, and right here I will say that there ought to be a statue of Samuel L. Rugg, the founder of Decatur, sitting in the Court House square, he being the doner of the lot and square for the purpose it is used. The citizens of Adams County owes it to his memory.

The young people of our day were not classified as now, the boys and girls were friendly, sociable and we all joined hands in the ring round Rosy, also with the ball and bat the girls were our equals and possessed good manners and breeding. Our mothers would attend quilting parties, wool pickings and aid each other in cooking for the log rollers and all other hard tasks that often happened in those pioneer days. The log cabins, with a coon skin or a deer skin tacked up against the outside walls, was a palace, and within the walls were friendly, honest and kind hearted citizens.

There are but few of the boys and girls of long ago. Many have passed over the river, and what are left are getting old, and soon they too will hand in their checks.

In the year 1874 I was united in marriage with Miss Ada Hendricks, of Adams County, to whom four children were born, one boy and three girls. Charles M. is 20 years old, Grace and Ivy (twins are 18 years old, and were born in Decatur; Catherine Elizabeth, the baby, is now 15 years old, and was born in Monroe, our present place of living. I moved from Decatur to Monroe in the fall of 1878. Since that time I have been engaged in the drug and dry goods business. I invested in the mill and factory business, which proved a failure, and at present am acting as Justice of the Peace for Monroe Township. Yet with all this and a good comfortable home in Monroe, with no malice to any-

one, I and my family will never forsake nor forget Decatur and its inhabitants.

I can see what ravages and changes time has made. Let us look upon the city of Decatur, let what we see testify. A beautiful and growing city lies before us, the pioneers who watched it in infancy and planted deep and sure the foundations of its present growth and prosperity, have nearly all passed away.

Monroe, Ind., June 2, 1896. M. V. B. S.

CHAPTER IV.

D. C. Mathias Miller, Sr., was born June 28th, 1821, in the Province of Rhine, Prussia. My mother died when I was seven years old and father died when I was fourteen years old. In the year 1838 I learned the turner and chair making trade and worked steady on the trade till 1840, after which I left my home and started for America, on October 12th. I left Haver with the United States ship Tallahasse for New Orleans, La., and arrived there on December 1st, 1840. There was a great time there that day I arrived. Everybody was hurrahing for Tip and Taylor. I was very much pleased with the city of New Orleans. I never saw so many oranges and lemons before nor ever afterwards. A person would think they were in Paradise seeing such beautiful fruit. Well, after taking the sights in at New Orleans, the next day I took a steam boat for Madison, Indiana. It took thirteen days to come to Madison, Ind., from New Orleans, La., and the fare was very cheap, which was only $4.00 for a thirteen days' ride. Then from Madison, Ind., to Decatur, Ind., I traveled afoot through snow, mud and bad roads. It took me seven days to reach Decatur. The journey was awful hard, for I was a green Dutch man; nevertheless I was not in the least discouraged, for the people were very sociable and kind to me, which pleased me very much. I had plenty of money and therefore I had the best of board, but when I came to settle my board bill up and they refused to take any pay you may believe I never offered the second. I thought to myself, so much the more in my pocket-book, and I thought they must have pitied me then when I wanted to pay them I would show my pocket-book, for it would be no use to talk to them, for they could not understand German, and they would answer by shaking their head no, and saying nicks, nicks.

Many a time I think about this and must laugh over it. I know if I could talk English I could get acquainted with the girls very easy. The places where I remained over night the girls would not leave me go to bed unless they would say Dutchman sing Dutch, and you may believe I gave them a song in Dutch that was clear out of sight. The songs I still remember and think I will as long as I live. That was the only English I could understand when the girls said Dutch sing Dutch, so therefore I will never forget those English words. When I arrived at Decatur I found Brother John and Sister Margaret here. There were very few inhabitants here at that time. Mr. Samuel L. Rugg, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. John Closs, Mr. James Niblick, Samuel Patterson, James Patterson, Nicholas Fitick, Frederick Tyler, Harry Scott, John Lahr, Jacob Huffer, William and Front are the names of whom I can remember when I came to Decatur. There was a frame Court House and a log jail here at that time. The names of the officers at that time were Samuel L. Rugg, Postmaster George A. Dent, Jacharia Smith and Mr. Randell. I don't remember all their names. At that time there were three judges whose names were Cillgore, Evans and Elzie. Lawyers came from a far distance to attend to court on horseback. The people don't need to complain now that live here at the present time. Everything is improved wonderfully since I came, but it was a hard-looking place when I came first, but I was well pleased any way and am better satisfied now. I left Decatur in 1842 and went to Ohio to work on the canal, where Spencerville and Delphos stands now, which was all a wilderness at that time. Also worked on the canal between Fort Wayne and Fort Defiance, Ohio, in 1844. I went to Monroeville, Huron County, Ohio, and drove team until 1851. From there I went to Europe. I left New York April 9th, 1851, and arrived at Haver in France after a voyage on the sea of twent-two days. From there I went to my native home, which took me two days. After remaining for months I returned to my adopted country on September 14th, 1851. I could not get married there because I had lost my rights, as I was considered an American citizen, so I got angry and she and I (my best girl) left for America and arrived in New York October 11th, 1851. Her parents were perfectly willing for us to be married, so we got married in New York on October 13th, 1851, in the Catholic church without the civil laws of Prussia. We did not run there to ask every Tom, Dick and Harry in order to get married in New York. Soon after I wrote to the old country that my wife was Americanized and lived in a free country. After our marriage the next day we started for Decatur, but not afoot, and

moved on our farm three miles south of town. We lived there until March, 1853. From there we moved to Monroeville, Ohio. There I was at my old place again and remained there until the spring of 1857, and then returned to our farm again in Decatur, Ind. I enlisted in the United States army August 15th, 1862, for three years or until discharged, in Company R, Regiment 89, Indiana Volunteer Infantry. I was in the battle of Mompfordville, Ky., September 14th and 16th, 1862. I stood guard during that battle; also was in the battle of Fort De Russa, Louisana; also the battle of Pleasant Hill, La., on April 9th, 1864, where I was severely wounded and was sent to Jackson barracks hospital, near New Orlean, Louisana. Was in the hospital about two weeks and afterwards they sent me to Memphis, Tenn, in the Overton hospital. Was kept there till August 15th, 1864, then was sent to Jefferson barracks, Mo. They kept me there and then discharged me December 19th, 1864, on account of a gun shot wound in the left shoulder and the loss of the use of my left arm, received in the battle of Pleasant Hill, La. After my discharge I went home and found my wife and five little children all well. A few days after I got home was Christmas and it was a very happy one. When the paymaster paid me in St. Louis, Mo., he asked me what kind of a road there was from Fort Wayne to Decatur. I told him a mud road. He wanted to know if there was an omnibus running there, but I did not know for I was afraid and had to foot it again like I often did before, but I had good luck and got a ride from Mr. August LaBrun from French Township in Fort Wayne, and he gave me a ride in his wagon. So this is all I can write for I am 75 years old. If I was younger I could write more, and another thing, I never went to an English school so therefore it is hard work for me and my spelling needs correction.

Decatur, Ind. MR. MATHIAS MILLER, Sen.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. L. P. Ferry, daughter of L. T. Bourie, possibly one of the very first traders and merchants in this vicinity, was present at the meeting this morning. Mrs. Ferry drew a pen picture of early Fort Wayne, which her grand-daughter, Miss Minnie Orvis, read as follows:

My father, Louis T. Bourie, whose life will be spoken of in this meeting by one of his descendants, came to Fort Wayne from Detroit in 1762 as an Indian trader and interpreter, built a house and store near the English fort. This fort was located on the south bank of the St. Mary's river by Captain D'Vincennes, founder of Vincennes, Ind. Gen. Wayne traced this fort in 1794. My parents were warm personal friends of both Generals Wayne and Harrison. My father, after his house was completed, brought his family to Fort Wayne to live. There were only two houses besides his own. They returned to Detroit in 1814. When I was three months old we returned to Fort Wayne, down the river in a peroque—a boat hewn from a large log and propelled by paddles. The boat was large enough to hold trunks, bedding, provisions and passengers. When we arrived there we found our house had been destroyed by fire, so we lived in the fort until it was re-built. The house was located on what is now the present site of Columbia street, between Clinton and Barr streets. I first went to school in the fort about the year 1822. My teacher being a Baptist missionary named McCoy. I next went to school in the council house. In this room was a long row of cupboards where the tobacco supplies were kept. When the boys were unruly the schoolmaster would shut them up in these cupboards until they would almost suffocate. The girls in those days never required punishment. I next went to school in the jail (the present site of

the court house) until a brick school could be completed which wes being erected where the jail now stands. This old jail was built of logs and was divided into two rooms, an upper and lower. The lower room was used for criminals, and the upper, where we studied, was used for prisoners of debt. People at that itme were incarcerated for debt. One man named Alexander, was imprisoned quite frequently, but by some means escaped as soon as he was put in. It was finally discovered that by putting his shoulder under a log he could crawl out. After my return from school in Detroit I met my husband, Lucian P. Ferry, a young lawyer, and in August, 1831, we were married. I cooked my first meal in a fireplace ten feet long, as in those days cook stoves were an unknown luxury in this part of the country, as there was no way of bringing them here. In 1836 my husband bought me the first cook stove ever brought to Fort Wayne.

A family traveling through by wagon stopped in Mr. Ferry's office and offered to sell it. It proved a great curiosity, as people came from miles around to see the "saddle bags," as they termed it, because of the manner in which it was built, having a hole on each side and an oven built underneath.

The only means of travel was on horseback or by water. You may like to hear something of social life in those days. While we lived in a primative way, we did not dress in primative style. Life was very gay, as the garrison was filled with officers and their wives from eastern cities, and many parties were given which were equal in elegance to the parties of to-day. After the officers left other people came in to take their places.

The ladies' dresses were rich brocaded silks, satins and canton crepes, bodices cut decollette and sleeveless. Men wore the dress suit of to-day with the exception of satin vests, ruffled shirts of linen cambric and silk or satin stock. For general use the satin vest was worn, but for traveling wore black broadcloth.

Provisions were brought in covered wagons from Piqua. The Indians loved wild fruits, and in this region, on the present site of the Pittsburg depot, there was an abundance of strawberries, wild plums and other fruits. The Indians were accustomed to cherish the belief that for them the Great Spirit had especially caused these to come forth and ripen each season, and every specic of food from the roots, vegetables and fruits to the animals themselves were alike considered as imbued with the same peculiar principle, in which the Great Spirit had infused some special element of excellence intended to impart to the red man both health and strength. Here more especially the blackberry was most abundant, and from this fact this point was long

known to the Indians as Ke-ki-on-ga, signifying "blackberry patch." Chas. B. LaSalle says Ke-ki-on-ga passed among the Miamis as a symbol of antiquity. But whether this name was given on account of the spot being covered with blackberry or meant to represent it as the most ancient village of their race in this country is not known to tradation. Thus unusual regard for the place and the tenacity with which they so long defended it would imply the latter supposition.

I have seen Fort Wayne grow from a hamlet to the city it now is, and I have the privilege of being the oldest settler in Fort Wayne.

At the conclusion of these reminiscences Mrs. Ferry bowed to the audience as the meeting was brought to a close.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN IT SNOWED.

Who hasn't a curiosity to know of the beginning?

The beginning is the theme of the naturalist, the scientist and the theologist, alike. In the beginning "the evening and the morning were the first day." In the beginning of the state, the first settler, the first marriage, the first birth, the first death, the first church and first school are each and all items sought out and recorded by the historian. People usually take some interest in the beginnings, that promote their happiness or contribute to the record of development and growth of institutions with which they may have been related. The theme of this sketch shall have referenc to a few of the hardy pioneers who heeeded the timely advice of Horace Greeley, who said: "Go west, young man; go west and grow up with the country." When this advice was given, the Mississippi valley was a wilderness, with but a few trading posts west of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. But as Kingley says: "Westward, the Empire takes its way." So with the Snows. When it first snowed is yet an enigma. Perhaps away back in merry England ere the "War of the oses," or previous to the time when Henry VIII. discovered a "pang of conscience" in living wtih his deceased brother's wife, Catherine, while the beautiful Anna Boleyn, was in sight and unmarried.

We are told that the doubtful things in history are very uncertain; yet, in the history of Plymouth, written by one of Harvard's "sages," we find that "Nicholas, Anthony and William Snow, came over early from England. The two former brought families;the later was an apprentice and settled in Doxbury. Anthony was first at Plymouth; then, in 1642, at Marshfield. Nicholas, who came in the "Ann," in 1623, had a share in the division of the land at Plymouth, settled in Eastham."

From the above bit of history we infer that it snowed early in the New England colonies. The true delineator of New York life in the days of Detrich Nickerbocker—the inimitable Washington Irving—in his history of the Empire state, illuminates many ridiculous and peculiar features of the Dutch and names many customs of interest, but fails to tell us when it first snowed at Auburn. Buel also omits an account of the first snow squall in St. Louis. Both of these cities are well represented with the name Snow. At the close of the Revolution several families of Snows settled in West Moreland County, Pennsylvania, near the town of Chester. A James Snow there married an Irish lady by the name of Eleanor Tate, and perhaps as early as 1812, came west to Upper Sandusky, Ohio. In 1833, or near that date, they settled near Defiance, and in 1837 moved to Jackon Township, Jay County, Indiana. From that date frequent Snow squalls were heard in Jay and Adams Counties

Of James Snow's family there were nine boys and one girl, six of whom lived to adult age. William moved to Illinios and died in 1883. James B. and Barton B. last resided in Adams County. The former died in 1876 and the later in 1875. A gray granite monument in the Bloomfield cemetery—Jay County—marks the resting place of a majority of the pioneer Snow family. Of James B. Snow's family but he is married and lives near Geneva, Indiana. His wife was a Miss Mary . Vance, the daughter of one of the pioneers of Adams County. They are the parents of two little girls—Gracie and Bertha Snow. The wife of Barton B. Snow was Miss Rebecca H. McDonald, a lady of Scotch-Irish descent, whose parents formerly resided in Cumberland County, Ohio. Of the nine children born to them but three survive, Loretta G., Ada V. and John F., the later of whom is married. He married a Miss Sadie A. Hoskinson, a lady of Virginian ancestry who formerly resided near Newark, Ohio. They are the parents of two sons, Horace H. and Eral E., who are respectively nine and thirteen years of age.

Of James Snow's family two sons, James B. and Barton B.. were doctors. The former graduated from Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia, and the later from Louisville Medical College, Kentucky.

Of Barton B. Snow's family—five—two sons and three daughters, grew to maturity, and all were teachers in the public schools.

From the American School Board Journal, of Chicago, for April, 1892, we clip the following sketch:

"The subject of this sketch, John F. Snow, was born in Port-

land, Ind., June 17th, 1854. His mother, Rebecca H. McDonald, was of Scotch-Irish parentage. Burton B. Snow, M. D., his father, was a descendant of Puritan residents of Boston, Mass. He received his first ideas of education from his mother, who was a teacher. His early years were devoted to agricultural pursuits and attendance at the district schools until the age of eighteen, at which time he entered Ridgeville College. Ill-health and the death of his parents greatly retarded his educational progress. After ten years devoted to the work of student and teacher in the various grades, from the district schools to the Normal and high school, he attained the degree of Bachelor of Science.

In 1833 he was chosen County Superintendent of Adams County, Ind., and has since been four times re-elected to the same position. As member of the Indiana County Superintendent's Association he has served on various educational committees, and in 1890 was chosen president of the Association.

In politices he is a Democrat, and has at various times represented his party in county and state conventions.

Being possessed of ample energy and indomitable will-power, his undertakings are usually crowned with a merited degree of success."

CHAPTER VII.

Jacob Closs, Sr., one of the pioneers of Adams County, was born in Mar Binger, Prussia (Germany) in 1827, whose parents were John and Catherine (Longerdiffer) Closs, who were among the early settlers of Adams County. In 1834 the parents emigrated to America, settling in Maumee City, Ohio, where they engaged in farming until 1838, when they moved to Adams County, Indiana, a distance of about one hundred miles.

The subject of this sketch then being eleven years old he walked the entire distance and drove eight head of cattle, arriving here January 1st, 1839. The parents lived on the Zimmerman farm, east of Decatur, until 1840, when they moved on their own land, one mile and a half west of Decatur, and lived there one year, when they moved to the town of Decatur, being composed of four families. The nearest trading points at that time being Fort Wayne, Indiana, and Piqua, Ohio, to which latter place the early settlers were compelled to go to get their groceries. It would take two weeks at that time to make the trip to Piqua and return, as they had to go through the Black Swamps and were compelled to stay three nights at one tavern in the swamps, being unable to make more than one mile a day while crossing the swamps on account of the condition of the roads. The first stage-coach between Fort Wayne and Piqua was driven over the route about 1846, which carried mail and passengers and was drawn by four horses. When they reached the Black Swamps the male passengers were compelled to walk, each one carrying a pole in order that they might be able to pry up the coach, which was often necesary while crossing the same. In 1843 the subject of this sketch being then 16 years old, carried fifty pounds

of flour from Pleasant Mills, a small town on the banks of the St. Marys River, five miles southeast of Decatur, to this city. The next day after arriving from Pleasant Mills with the flour his father gave him fifty cents and told him to go to Fort Wayne and look for work, at which place he secured work for three days at thirty-seven cents a day. The next job of work was secured after a lapse of three days, at which time he had but six cents in money, and that not being sufficient to enable him to stay all night at a hotel, he was compelled to sleep in the ashry, taking his six cents the next morning to buy a loaf of bread, which lasted him one day. Being then out of money he went to the nearest store keeper and purchased a bag on time and started for the cranberry marsh. The first day he stood in water eight inches deep and picked one bushel of cranberries, which he sold to the store-keeper that eening for seventy-five cents; returning next morning and picking another bushel which he sold that evening at the same price. The next job was working on a canal boat at ten dollars per month, payable in goods, after which he hired out to drive horses to a packet boat for ten dollars per month, but at the end of the month received but twenty-five cents and was left stranded eighteen miles from Fort Wayne. He then walked to Fort Wayne and worked two weeks for a man who promised to pay him fifty cents a day, but who, at the end of that time, refused to pay him anything, after which he returned to his home in Decatur. Shortly after his return home there was a circus in Fort Wayne, to which place he and his sister Catherine, now the widow of Jesse Niblick, deceased, walked to see the same, returning on the following day.

After remaining at home a few days he and his brother, Motts, erected a hotel building on the ground now occupied by the Old Adams County Bank, which building is now situated by the river bridge at the east end of Monroe street. At the time the building was erected there was no saw mills in the country and they were compelled to split the lath and shingles themselves. The household furniture in those days was composed of a few three-legged stools without backs, a broad puncheon for a table, and bed-steads to match. The cupboard was made by boring holes in the wall into which was driven pins and clapboards laid lengthwise across the pins; the wash basin was an ordinary sugar trough, which , for convenience, was always left outside the house. A kitchen clock sold for one thousand pounds of bacon.

The parents of Mr. Closs had six children, John, Motts, Catherin, William, Mary and Jacob, of which only two, Jacob and Catherine, are now living. Mr. Closs learned the shoemaker

trade by working nights, which trade he followed until 1848, when he and his brother-in-law, Jesse Niblick, engaged in the boot and shoe business, which business he followed until 1874, when he sold out and engaged in the grocery business, which business he followed for nine years, after which he engaged in the jewelry business, which business he is engaged in at the present time.

Mr. Closs was married to Catherine Spuller, October 18th, 1855, at the St. Mary's church at Fort Wayne, Indiana, by Rev. Father Edward Fowler. Mrs. Closs was born August 23rd, 1835. Her parents were natives of Richland County, Ohio, who emigrated to Adams County in 1838. Two children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Closs, Jacob, Jr., of the firm of J. Closs & Son, Jewelers, and Mary, owner and manager of one of the finest millinary stores and ice cream parlors in the city of Decatur.

The family are all members of the St. Mary's Catholic church.

CHAPTER VIII.

At the earnest request of a friend I am asked to pen a few of the many reminicences of bygone days spent in Indiana.

In the fall of 1864 my wife and I and one child emigrated from Hocking County, Ohio, in a two-horse wagon with our household effects to Indiana. On the evening of the 10th of September, 1864, we drew up in front of Daniel Weldy's house, in Kirkland Township, Adams County, Ind. Some two weeks later we moved into a log house two mils west of Decatur, on the Fitzgerald farm. In November I was employed to teach the Beach Grove school in Kirkland Township, seven miles west of Decatur, where I spent the winter. The old log school house situated at a cross-road in the forrest, at that time presented a rather wild appearance at its surroundings. From where I lived, on the Bob Niblick farm, to the school house a distance of one mile through the woods, was the grand crossing for deer, wild turkey, coons, opussums and the porcupine, all of which I often got sight of in the spring of 1865. With the mud fourteen inches deep, with my few household effects it took a four-horse team to haul what little we had at that time to Pleasant Mills, in St. Mary's Township, where we remained until the following September, when we moved to Decatur. At this time it was not an infrequent occurrence to see teams mire down to the axle of the wagon and have to be pried up with rails any where between where the Old Adams County Bank now stands and the Presbyterian church on Second street. There were two different times, between 1865 and 1867, that I paid $16.00 per barrel for flour and 25 cents for smoked hams, and other things in proportion. At

that time the old county cemetery was far out in the woods south of town, and the present site of the Catholic church was then west of the now city of Decatur, far out among the logs and stumps, and where the G. R. & I. depot now stands was a lake of water where the boys fished in summer and skated in the winter, and those who came to town on foot in the spring had to cross this lake on the rail fence. At this time it was nothing strange to see the old St. Mary's river two weeks raising and two weeks falling with a 10-foot depth of water on the Zimmerman bottom land. In 1867 or 1868, after a heavy rainfall, the water was deep enough on Second street to run a large skift or row boat, with every cellar in town indunated. On Christmas day in 1871 the first construction train on the G. R. & I. came into town, at which time a free dinner was given, and what a time we had. It was said that a man living suoth of town ate one-half of a roasted ox and drank a barrel of beer, but with all this the iron horse went through. In 1864 Decatur had 800 of a population, and now with the muitiplied resources of our country Decatur can baost of 4,500, with three railroads and brick paved streets and a first-class water works plant and also an electric light plant. But now the scene has changed, the birds have grown, and they have flown; then I was 28, and now I am 60. The shades of the evening of life is fast approaching, but with all this the invention of man will only make the world hustle that much the faster.

From a friend,

May 25, 1896. I. H. STONE.

CHAPTER IX.

BIOGRAPHY OF JACOB BUHLER, SR.

Jacob Buhler, dealer in lime, hair, cement and plaster of paris, also flour and feed exchange, at Decatur, Ind., was born in Canton Berne, Switzerland, February 25th, 1825. He learned the stone-cutters' trade when a young man and traveled as a journeyman in his native country in the interest of his trade for three years. In 1847 he came to America, landing at New York July 26th; from there he went to Cleveland, Ohio, where he worked at his trade until 1848. He then went to Licking County, Ohio, still working at his trade, until coming to Adams County, Ind., in 1849, where, with the exception of five years spent in Wabash County, he has resided in Decatur. After coming to Decatur he followed contracting and in 1875 began dealing in lime and building material, in which he is still engaged. Jacob B. was united in marriage at Decatur June 3rd, 1851, to Rose Ann Chronister, who was born in Cumberland County, Penn., a daughter of Henry and Elizabeth (Helm) Chronister, who were natives of Pennsylvania and of German decent. They came to Adams County, Ind., in 1847, when Mrs. Buhler was about sixteen years old, and located on a farm in Union Township. Here her father died in 1859, aged sixty-four years, and the mother died at Decatur in 1884, at the age of seventy-nine years. Both were members of the Lutheran church.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Buhler were born eight children, all of whom were boys. Of these six are living, each being engaged

in business in Decatur, except the youngest, Chester Buhler, who is freight agent at Ridgeville, Ind.

Mr. Jacob B. is a member of St. Mary's Lodge No. 167, I. O. O. F. In politics he is a Democrat, and an honest and influential citizen. He and wife have worshiped at the Evangelical church at Decatur, and for three years he has served as steward of that church. At the present time they are recognized as members of the United Brethren church. Mr. B. has always led a Christian life, and is now, at the age of seventy-one years, in very good health, with the exception of the disability to walk well, the effects of a slight stroke of paralysis in 1893.

CHAPTER X.

Peter Jackson, of Washington Township, Adams County, was born in Ashland County, Ohio, in the year 1825. He was educated in the common school of Ohio, which was very common at that time. My father subscribed for one-half of us children and we went day about in turns. What would you think of sending a student now-a-days every other day? But this was subscription school; no public school there at that time. I came here about 1848, was married in 1851. Locating as a farmer in St. Mary's Township when it was a dense forrest. Have now lived long enough to see two counties cleared up; Ash County, Ohio, and this dear old Adams. The Steele boys and I had many a good frolic together, helping each other clear land. Well do I recollect the first year I was in this county. I went sixty days to log rollings. We all turned out to help each other. It would be said I went one mile or went six miles to help my neighbors roll his logs. You in this day might say, how did you class your neighbors, was it the man who joined land with you in all casses? No; it was those who were willing to go and help any one who would ask him to help him bear his burdens. A man who had to do a little work for himself or refused to go when called on seldom got to refuse more than once, as he would be spotted as a selfish crank and it would be said, we will simply leave him alone.

I was raised a Presbyterian in their old strict way. My father would not allow us to buy a water melon on the Sabbath day, but we used to get out the oldcow bell and rattle it on one side of the corn field opposite the melon patch and the owner would go to drive the cows out of his corn, then some of the

gang of us would wolf his melons and he would find no cows in his field. On his return he would find some clear head had carried off his choicest melons. Tricks of these kind were played all for fun these days.

Well do I recollect the fall of 1854, when the cold fever raged here. Many people died with it. There were not enough well people to care for the sick. This was a great year of sickness and hard times.

I belong to no church, yet I am a Methodist. Politically a Democrat, the Democrats have elected me for twenty-two years as township assessor.

Very truly yours,

PETER JACKSON.

CHAPTER XI.

I came to this state in 1835, with an older brother, Benjamin, and worked in the woods on land my father had entered from the government the previous spring. This land was in section 14, Root Township. We built a log cabin, one story high, with puncheon floor, clapboard roof and an old-fashioned wooden chimney, with the back and jams of mud. We boarded with Benjamin Pillars, who had settled here the previous year. Our experience that first year was no exception to that encountered by every pioneer. Nature had been on the ground a good long while, and when we, as the van guard of approaching civilization, undertook to take possession of the small territory which the government said was ours, Ben and I had to fight for it. Father and the other children came in the spring of 1836. A few years later he built a hewed log house, a story and a half high, where he died in 1848. He was born in London County, Va., in 1789, and was a soldier in the war of 1812. I was born in Culpeper County, Va., in 1820, the 1st of January, and like other boys, worked at home until I was "of age." I then went to work for myself. The first man I worked for was Thos. Fisher, receiving $9.00 per month for clearing, making rails, &c. The next was George A. Dent, from whom I received $11.00 per month for similar work. I remained with him until I saved enough money to pay for entering forty acres of land. On this I built a shanty in the year 1842, and a year later, with my "pardner for life," went to housekeeping in the woods, not on Brussels carpet and under gas lights, but on a puncheon floor, lighted by "tallow dip" or sometimes a grease lamp. Our household goods were not what people buy, but what your grandfather used to make. I have

loved a small house ever since, for in it I learned to make sacrifices and to be hospitable. This home in the woods was four miles southeast of Monroeville, and we lived there until 1865. In that year I bought the farm owned by George A. Dent and moved to it early in the spring. For this land I paid $15,000—280 acres. I have lived in this county sixty-one years. I have seen the coming of the telegraph, the railroads, the telephone and the electric light. My memory is more clear upon the events of those early days and what happened in them, than upon the happenings of this age of bustle. Some young men of to-day will beg rather than work for less than one dollar a day, while their grandfather has probably made rails for 37½ cents per day, as I have, then set down to a dinner of corn bread and bacon. Store box politicians will tell us of these "hard times," while they chew tobacco, earned by their wives washing. I wish they had been men in 1835, when flour had to be hauled from Piqua, Ohio, and cost $12.00 a barrel. We had no churches, no schools, no railroads and no canals, and 30 to 50 cents per day was good wages. Then with an appreciation of what they cost, look to-day at our magnificent school system, backed by the laws of the state, our beautiful churches in which to worship. The railroads with their wheeled palaces, the telegraph with its language of truth, and the telephone, which makes the residents of New York and Chicago neighbors. Then, in the name of the improvements of the past sixty years, I say, young man, get down off that box and go to work, if you wish to have a man's place among the men of your town.

W. P. RICE.

CHAPTER XII.

JACOB KING.

Jacob King was born on November 29th, 1810, at Little York, Pa., and died at Decatur, Ind., on the 19th day of May, 1894, aged 83 years 5 months and 20 days. At the age of 5 years he removed with his parents from Little York, Pa., to New Philadelphia, Ohio, where he learned and engaged in the blacksmith trade, and was one of the best blacksmiths of his time.

In 1840, at the age of 30 years, he removed to Adams County, Ind., which was then an almost uninhabited wilderness; only five houses, and they in the woods and swamps, composed the present city of Decatur. Cheerfully and hopefully did they address themselves to the difficult task of clearing away the timber, ditching the swamps and laying the foundation on which we have builded. They labored for us more than for themselves, and we owe these old pioneers a lasting debt of gratitude impossible to repay. Surely "one soweth and another reapeth." They labored and sacrificed and suffered to lay the foundations of our boasted civilization, and of that peace and of those instutions which we by inheirtance to-day enjoy. Mr. King was twice married. In 1832 he was married to Catherine Goff, to whom were born eight children. In 1853 he was married to Maria Lincoln, to whom were given four children.

Fond of home, to him there was no place so dear as the old fireside, and he was never so happy as when surrounded there by his children and grandchildren. He was a Jacksonian Democrat

all his life, and his party honored him by entrusting to his hands several offices in his county. He was constable for seventeen years, marshal for four years and sheriff four years. He was a good and efficient officer. Faithfully and well did he do his duty in this capacity as in every other. He was raised in the Lutheran church, his father and mother being ardent and strict members of that denomination, but a short time before his death he united with the Presbyterian church of this city.

Not now, but in the coming years,
  It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
  And there, sometimes, we'll understand.

We'll catch the broken threads again.
  And finish what we here began;
Heav'n will the mysteries explain,
  And then, ah then, we'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key.
  He guides us with unerring hands;
Sometimes with tearless eyes we'll see,
  Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

CHAPTER XIII.

PREBLE, Ind., Adams County.

I who write this was born in this state, Adams County, in 1838. My parents came to this county in 1835 and settled at Fort Wayne for a period of one year, which place at that time contained about twelve little log cabins. Then later they came to Preble, Adams County, where they remained until they died. Their home was a little log cabin, which had one room, one window and door. Their nearest neighbors were Indians, wolves and bears. They started to work hard to cut down timber in order to have a few fields cleared for wheat, corn and so on. Their work seemed indeed hard, as it had to be done all by their own hands. Their wheat and corn was ground in a coffee mill, out of which our bread was made and mother could prepare our meals in only a short time when she returned home from hard work. We had a small fire place, a table made of two rough boards, and a few cut down logs for chairs. We lived in this style for about twelve years, and enjoyed our little home and hard work more than many people now days who live in luxury. There was no church nor schools to go to there at that time, and all the education we got was a life of hard work. There were fourteen children of us, of which there are seven living yet, three girls and four boys. I well remember (then I was just a little boy) the time of the Meican war, to which just one of our neighbors went to. Of course there were only a very few neighbors at that time. Then at about the same time I had the misfortune of having a limb

broken, but as people didn't know anything about a doctor then, we had to content ourselves with home treatments, in fact, I did not know what a doctor was at all until years afterwards, when a neighbor took down sick and they called a doctor from Fort Wayne, which was twelve miles from the place where we lived. I then learned to know that he was a human person and not a beast, as I had always imagined before. I lived with my parents on the farm until the age of 21, when I left home and stopped at Fort Wayne to learn the blacksmith trade. My salary was $2.50 a month, out of which I had to pay my own washing besides. From there I went to Newville, where I stayed a short time, and then enlisted in the 89th volunteers of 1862, for three years, in which I helped to fight seven battles besides the little skirmishes we met with every day. These were indeed three very hard years, and we had to live on an ear of corn a day very often, and then get up and fight like brave men. We were happy when we heard the news, "war closed," which was in April, 1865. I then returned to my old home on the farm in August, the same year, where I started up a blacksmith shop and worked seven years at the trade. I was married to Miss Tressa Bley, from our neighborhood, on November 30th, 1865. We lived there seven years, and in that time three little girls were born to us, Mary, Rosy and Susie. Then in that year, 1872, in the month of April, I bought a frame house in Preble Township in the woods, and we lived there four years, when a little boy was born to us, and we called him Edwin, and in that way we passed many peaceful, happy years until the year of 1890 brough sickness to our once happy home. My oldest daughter, Mary, who was married and lived at Fort Wayne, died quite suddenly of typhiod fever, leaving a little boy of ten months behind. Of course this was a sad blow to us all. After she was laid away to rest in the cemetery at Fort Wayne, we took her little boy home with us and lived a few more weeks in quietness, when my wife took sick with some unknown disease, and after my children and I fought hard to save her life, we had to learn at the close of each day that death was drawing nearer. Then to add to our cup of sadness, about two weeks before my wife's death, one morning my son Edwin, who was 15 years old, was getting ready to go to school he was suddenly overtaken with a heavy sick spell, and after suffering every thing imaginable, died three days later, which was the 4th of November, 1890. We laid him to rest in the little village church-yard here at Preble, and on the 17th of the same month, when darkness had shadowed our home, my two daughters and I were called to my wife's bedside to bid her forwell forever in life. Thus our happy home was

broken up, and she was also laid away to rest in the village church yard by Edwin's side. I could not bear to stay at the old home where so many sad memories recalled the dear ones each day, and besides I could not get along on the farm. I sold the farm in 1892 and came here to Preble, a little town of about 100 inhabitants. I bought a home here and had living with me my two daughters and little grandson, until 1894, when his father married again and took him back to his own home at Fort Wayne. This summer, the 25th of June, my youngest daughter, Susie, was married and makes her future home at Wilders, Ind. So now my daughter Rosy and I are keeping house alone, and altogether it seems a lonely life. It is a home of peace and quietness. I hope that all my friends whose eyes may rest on these pages will be able to recall in these memories part of the life story of

CHALES CONRAD, Aged 58 years.

CHAPTER XIV.

Washington Steele, a farmer of Washington Township, Adams County, Indiana, was born in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, in the year 1830. In the year 1837 I emigrated with my perents to Richland County, Ohio. My father, George Steele, was born in Bedford County, Penn., in the year 1799. In his young days he followed boating and building boats. My mother Margaret (Shoup) Steele, was born in Bedford County, Penn., in the year 1803, and is now living with her daughter, Rebecca A. Ernst, in Peterson, Indiana. She is now in the 93 year of her age, apparently in good health. She has her second sight, she can read without glasses.

I remember well of seeing the stars fall November 13th, 1833. I lived with my parents in Richland County and Ashland County until the fall of 1848, when I emigrated with my parents to Adams County, Indiana. We settled in Kirkland Township, where my father had previously entered 120 acres of land on the outlet of the grim prarie. My father built a hewed log house. Lumber was scarce at that time, so he split out puncheons and made a puncheon floor. My father being a carpenter he done all the work himself. I helped to clear up a part of my father's farm. In the winter of 1849 I taught school in Wells County in a rude school called the Hetric school house, it being the first money I ever earned. The summer of 1850 I worked for my brother-in-law, John Hartman, on his farm. When we first came to this state I went to log rolling and raising from five to six days in the week. In the spring of the year their work was log rolling and raising nearly every day in the week for two or

three weeks. Game was plenty at that time, such as deer and turkey. Possums were so numerous you could not track them after a snow would lay for two or three days, the woods were just tracked over. I being no hunter I did not hunt much. I never killed but one deer, but shot at them frequently. There were some porcupine with the balance of the game. My father being somewhat of a hunter, he killed a great many deers, and a noted bee hunter, he found a great many bee treees. We had plenty of corn bread, jerked venison and honey.

When we first came to this state the roads were very bad. When any farmer would go to town or any place with a team he would take an ax along and when one place would get bad they would cut a road around it. Where the G. R. & I. railroad depot is now it was full of old logs and large dead trees. Joseph Crabb, an old resident, owned the land where the depot is. He gave forty acres for clearing forty. The road was so full of logs and trees a person could hardly get through. In the fall of 1851 I commenced to work for Samuel L. Rugg in a saw mill, sawing plank for a plank road running from St. Marys to Fort Wayne. Mr. Rugg having a contract to furnish plank for so many miles, I worked there nearly three years. I was head sawyer a part of the time and part of the time run the engine. I got 75 cents per day. In the winter we run the mill day and night. There were six of us. Joseph C. Plummer, D. D. Bevelheimer and I. W. Bixler run in the fore part of the day and night; Thomas Mickle, John Clark and myself run in the after part of the day and night. We did not work in them days like they do now, the ten hour system; we worked from daylight to dark the year round, winter and summer. While working there I had some good times and some hard work. The logs were all sixteen feet long, sawed into three inch planks. So we had some heavy lumber to handle.

In the spring of 1853 I married Miss Polly Zimmerman. We had four children, all living. Mary F. married L. P. Swarts; Eli W., single, living at home; Emma E. married Jacob Koos; John D. married Mary Drayer, of Reading, Penn. I often heard my father-in-law tell how he had to do when he first came to this state in 1834. He had to go to Fort Wayne to mill. He went sometimes with an ox team. It would take about three days to make the trip. Sometime one or more of the neighbors would join in with him and they would go down the St. Mary's river in what he called the keel boat. He said it was easy going down stream, but coming back it was hard work running up stream. When he built his new house about the year 1845 he had to go to Piqua, O., for his hardware with an ox team. It would take five

or six days to make the trip. He also had to haul some of his lumber from Piqua, Ohio. By hard work and good management he accumulated a great deal of property. He had about 1,500 acres of land when he died in the year 1878. Before he died he deeded to his son Eli Zimmerman, 900 acres of land, the old home place, he paying back to the other five heirs $5,500 and did not get any share of his other estate. Eli Zimmerman, Sen., had his second wife. His first died in the year 1872. He had three farms in Mercer County, Ohio. I sold one of them for $8,000, one for $5,000 and one for $4,500, as his executor. He gave each of his children, when he got married, 200 acres of land. He had five children living when he died. It took sixteen years to settle his estate. A great many people said that I would have some law suits in court before I got the estate settled, but I settled the estate without any lawing at all.

The first schooling I got was in Richland County, Ohio, near Jeromeville. I learned my letters and first spelling in the Cobbs' spelling book; then we got United Speller, then the Elementry, then the McGuffey's. The first arithmetic was called the Federal Calculater. In them days they used the quill pen. It would take the teacher morning and noon to make pens. We had no blackboard in the school then. When I went to school the teacher always had his rod in his hand and whiped for most every thing.

I was born in Wayne County, Ohio, August 4th, 1833, and emigrated to Adams County, Ind., ten years later, the country being comparatively a wilderness at that time, with no schools or churches, church generally being held at private houses.

I remember the first school I attended was one built of rough logs and with a clapboard roof, puncheon floor and seats of split logs and with rough boards to serve as desks.

Young men at that time, when wanting a general good time, would go to Mammouth, which was then quite a business place.

On one occasion a crowd of us went to Mammouth, the metropolis, and stopped with old Mr. Dorwin, who run a hotel and general store. Mr. V. B. Simcooke, who was one of the party, on retiring for the night concluded to sleep within the feather bed, instead of on top, and done so, getting in boots, clothes and all. His clothes being somewhat damp from a drizzling rain, you can imagine what a sad looking spectacle he was the following morning on arising. But his folly made much sport for the boys.

Neighbors were few, but they thought nothing of going seven or eight miles to help a new-comer raise a log house or barn

or attend a log rolling, which was one of thesports of the time. On those occasions the ground would be divided into equal space, a captain selected for each side and the men evenly divided and it would be a race until finished, the side coming out victorious would receive a prize of four or five pounds of tobacco.

Our market was Fort Wayne, and it would require four days to make the trip, and supplies enough to last for a period of six months would be purchased at one time.

In 1852 a plank road was built from St. Marys to Fort Wayne that opened commerce to a great extent and helped in getting different enterprises at Decatur.

In those days corn was ground on a coffee mill and when soft, grated. When further advanced a Mr. Anderson built a mill of burrs dressed from two large boulders. Men served as elevators and fed the wheat by hand into hoppers which run it through the bolting cloths. The engine consisted of a team of oxen or horses.

The pumpkin was then the main stand-by, and when sitting at dinner you would generally see pumpkin butter, pumpkin molasses, pumpkin preserves and other eatables too numerous to mention, all made from a common pumpkin, which took the place of fruit.

Game was plenty, deer, turkey, bear and wild hogs were in abundance.

In 1874 I built the first fair ground and held the first fair ever held in Adams County.

I have been interested in a great many of Decatur's enterprises and have resided in Adams County for the past fifty years with the exception of two years spent in the mining districts of the Black Hills in South Dakota.

M. WOOD.

CHAPTER XV.

RACHEL ELZEY.

I came to this state in 1840. Decatur had but one house in it and it was all woods and Indians were plenty; there were 400 in one camp. It was a very lonesome place, but we had our pleasures as well as our sorrows. We had many happy meeting; we went summer and winter. I will tell you how we went. When the weather was good we walked, but when it was too bad to walk, we went with our oxteam. We took all of the children with us; we didn't leave them at home as they do now. We had mile and three-qarters to go to meeting. The brush was cut out and the trees blased so we could find our way. I went to church one Sunday and I had went about a quarter of a mile when I saw a big black bear lying on a log in the sun asleep. It was about fifteen feet from me. I run, and lost the road, but I went on and came out where I knew the place and I went on to church, and when I came back the bear was gone.

We had no saw mills, no planks, had puncheon for floors and clapboard tables; a log house and no partition in it, one window and a fire place and a clay hearth, and nothing to make doors out of. Hung a quilt up at the door and then put the clapboard table against it to keep the wolves out at night. A panther ate up our little dog. It was a picnic to go to a new country to live. We had plenty to eat. Had honey, wild turkey and deer. We went to Fort Wayne for our flour. We raised our children carefully and prayerfully, and I hope parents will be more careful to raise their children and raise them in the fear of God and with

kindness. Do not whip with a stick, but with kind words, for kindness is a pleasure and makes happy children, and when you go to church take all of the children along with you.

I live in the city of Decatur, and I have a pleasant home, although a lonely widow. I am eighty years old. I have lived a Christian life for sixty-four years. I feel that nothing can move, that I am founded on the ock. Christ Jesus, how glorious it is to live a Christian life. I hope all will come in to the fold of Christ and be saved.

My first husband died and left me with eight children, and with the help and grace of God I kept them together. The two oldest children, Elizabeth and William Fisher, were both preachers; they had a good father, a man of God. Yours truly,

RACHEL ELZEY.

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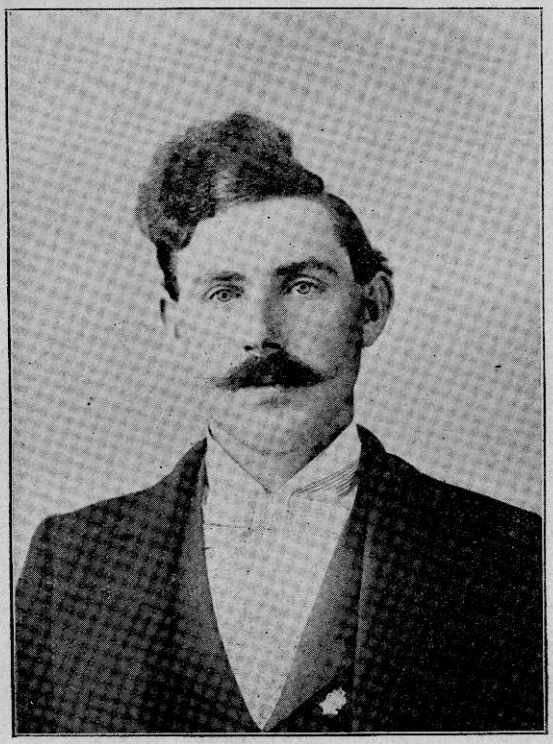

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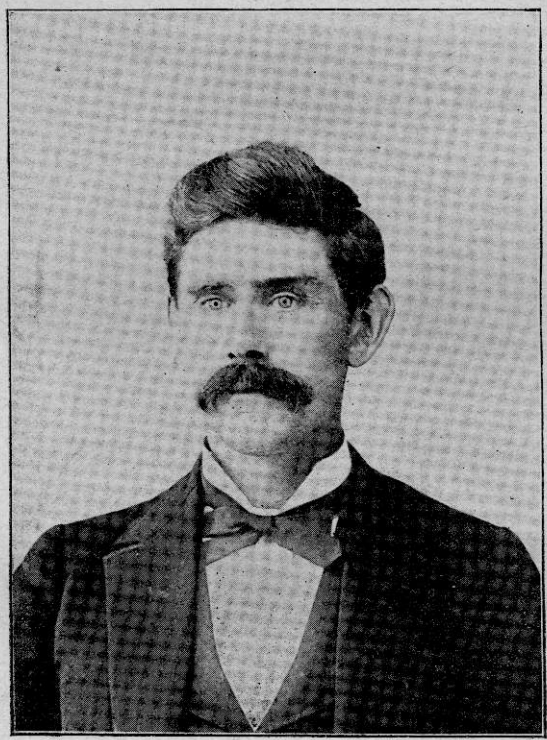

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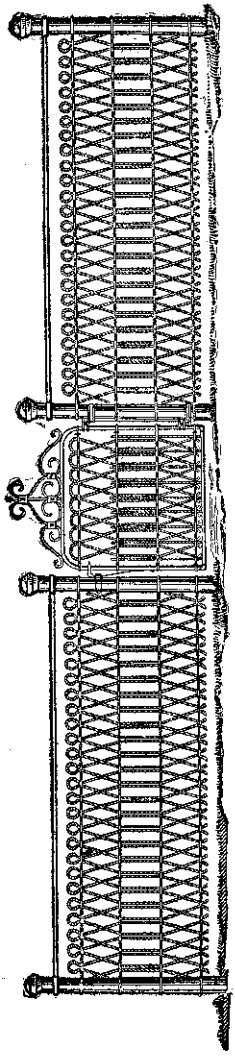

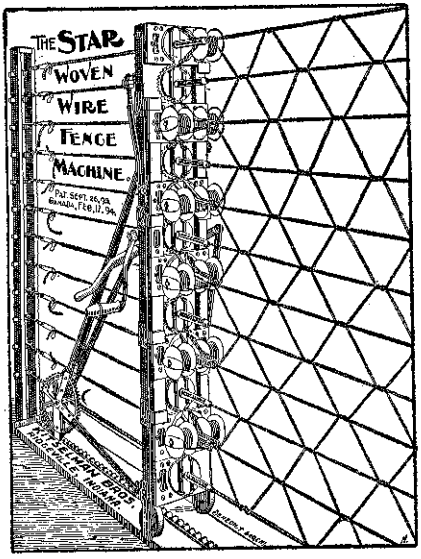

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CHAPTER I.

REUNION OF THE COATS FAMILY.

On Sunday, September 1, a reunion of the Coats family was held in W. R. Diehl's grove, four miles west of Winchester. Music, and speaking by A. J. Studebaker was the order of the forenoon exercises, after which a table about two hundred feet long was loaded with the choicest the country affords, all hands doing what they could to hide from view as much of the good things in sight as possible.

Elder D. S. Davenport invoked the Divine blessing, after which there was an engagement of a half-hour's duration in which knives and forks were dexterously used. Verily to the victors belong the spoils, as after the smoke had cleared away it was quite perceptible that much had been accomplished, yet, after all had been satisfied that all could not be eaten, there was enough left to raise another generation of Coatses. After dinner the brass band from Saratoga rendered some excellent music, interspersed with some choice selections from the choir, after which Robert Dodd was introduced and in a very entertaining manner gave a detailed history of the Coats family. He said that grandfather, John Coats, was born in North Carolina in the year 1787, and grandmother, Sally Wright Coats, was born in the same state in the year 1788. They were married in 1808, moving soon thereafter to Covington, Ohio, where there were six children born to them, viz.: Thomas W., Isaac, Charlotte, Charity, William and James. In the year 1819 they came to Randolph County, then almost an unknown wilderness, stopping on the farm now occupied by Tyre Puckett, our present Township Trustee.

Grandfather Coats entered the land he selected for a home three miles east of Winchester, on the Big Four railroad, where there were fourteen children born to them, two dying in infancy. They raised twelve children to man and womanhood, all married and settled around them so near that they could go home for breakfast. Grandfather Coats was Justice of the Peace when that office done about all the legal business of the county. He was a man of almost iron constitution, working by the day for the support of his large family and clearing his farm after night. With the assistance of grandmother they struggled through, making their clothing from the lint or flax and skins of animals, going on horseback to Richmond, Indiana, to mill through almost impenetrable forests, being frequently disturbed by Indians and wild beasts. Their house was a stopping place for travelers in the early settlement of the county, many weary, hungry traveler found a welcome beneath their friendly roof. Grandfather and Grandmother Coats belonged to the society of Friends and led an upright, honorable life, ever ready to extend a helping hand to those less fortunate than themselves. They lived to a ripe old age and were gathered to their Father as a shock of corn cometh in its season. The Coats family have been closely identified with the history of Randolph County.

Other speeches were made by Ann Coats, Joel Pickett, D. S. Davenport, G. C. Shultz, S. D. Coats and A. J. Studebaker. A pleasant feature of the afternoon exercise was the spinning of flax with an old-fashioned spinning wheel by the only living daughter, Aunt Polly Pogue, seventy-four years old, who was placed upon the platform and the entire crowd passed around and saw how the clothing of our grand-parents was made. After the exercises were concluded the family was formed and marched out and counted, there being 180 present. Charles Pierce was present with his camera and took a picture of the group.

An organization was effected by the election of D. S. Davenport, president; Otis Coats, treasurer; George Coats, secretary, and Ann Coats, assistant secretary. W. Diehl, Robert Dodd, Simeon Cox, S. D. Coats and Simon Snyder were appointed a committee of arrangements for our next annual reunion.

The Coats family are good eaters, but Seth can surround more saltrising bread than most men of his size. W. R. Deihl brought down the house by singing in a most laughable manner "The Old Arm Chair." There were other features of the occasion deserving mention, but for fear of being consigned to the waste basket, I will close.

GEORGE COATS, Secretary.

CHAPTER II.

As time in its onward and never ceasing march shortens the path of life, we are many times made to feel sad when our thoughts carry us back to the happy days of childhood—mixed here and there by a dark page as the sands of life grow less. I am almost the last and only survivor of the small village of Portland of 57 years ago. No doubt there are yet some left to call to mind the childish thoughts of years long ago. The few links that have held together the great chain of memory are well nigh severed by the ravages of time.

On the 22nd day of August, 1838, my father, Jason Whipple, started from Delaware County, Ohio, with his family, consisting of my mother and six children. The time that it took to reach Jay County, Indiana, was six days. On the night of the 24th of August we camped on the hill where the Prospect church now stands, three miles east of Deerfield, Randolph County, Indiana. This was Saturday night. In the morning, Sunday, the teams drove through Deerfield and one of the teamsters bought of old Edward Edger two plugs of what is now called "dog-leg" tobacco for 5 cents. The teams drove across the Massasinewa river where now stands a store house which, until a few years ago, was occupied by one of the young Collinses. It was a beautiful morning, and very dry. The entire journey was made without a drop of rain, and many times it was hard to find water for the horses or even for family use. The road from old Deerfield north was just a single track that wound round stumps such as usually beset a new cut road. The teams reached Whipple Cook's, who lived in a log cabin 18x24, with a fire place in the north end. His family consisted of himself, wife and five children; and, when my father's family was added, as the reader may well imagine, standing room was at a premium.

Of course my father supposed that the man who lived on the land he had entered in August, 1836, would vacate the premises as per agreement. But he did not, and father was compelled to set him out by a writ of ejectment; and then he would not cut up the corn that grew on a small patch that had been cleared around the house. The cabin stood on the high ground almost directly north of the cemetery at Liber. After Phillip Brown was dispossessed of his pretended home my father moved into the cabin —16x20—on the last day of September. There still came no rain, and water became alarmingly scarce. The little Salamonia was as dry as the slab road, with only a small pond here and there. However, later on, the water seemed to get clear and pure. That fall, or in the fall of 1838, father hired E. B. Kikendall, formerly of your city, Jackson Knapp and Edward Kikendall, to make 4,000 rails, and they boarded with us, all stowed in that little 16x20 cabin. Well, I confess I am unable to tell just how we did get along. My father did little else but hunt. Deer were so plentiful that no day did he fail to get one or more. They were in splendid condition and we did not lack for meat of that kind.

About the 1st of November, 1838, one Joshua Penock brought a barrel of flour and sold it to my father and Ammon Cook, who landed in Jay County about the 1st of October of that year. He came from Massachusetts by way of Toledo and Fort Wayne. The flour was brought from Fountain City, then called Newport. There was no way by which the flour could be divided equally, so father sawed the barrel in two at the center, first spreading a sheet on the ground and rolling the barrel upon it to save any possible waste that might result from this novel rule of division. This man Penock then lived directly west of the ho htouse, one and one-half mile south of Portland. The old cabin was occupied in after years by John Peterson, Robert Stranahan and others whose names I cannot now call to mind. The first fried cake or doughnut was made from some of that flour and fried in coon fat.

Along in November, the fall of '38, father went hunting, as he did almost every day, back in the woods. He was coming home, and it was almost dark, when he saw a large coon coming towards him and he shot it, brought it home, took off the hide and then took off a large flake of fat, mother rendered it out and the cakes were fried in the fat. The soda that was used on that occasion was the melted ashes by burning a beech stump that was hollow from ground to top. The ashes were put in a crock and water poured on, and some of that was used. Of course it

did not take very much. Salaratus, soda and baking powder were things that was not thought of at that date. All of this came to pass and a thousand other things that I am unable to call to mind after so many long and varied years.

No one can be made to realize the many privations that beset the man that went from his home more than half a century ago to try and make a home for his wife and family. Things without name that made many a dark page in the great volume of a pioneer's life. One great blessing was we were blessed with good health and was always ready to eat more than we had to eat. Something to keep us from freezing was among the most essential things at that date. Shoes were almost out of the question; when the ground was bare or the snow dry, rags around the feet were all O. K. The winter of '38 was very cold and dry; stock that lived in the woods at that date, with little or no feed, suffered much for the want of water and some died with thirst.

Early in the spring of '39 every old hunter of that date, as soon as the frost was out of the ground and the frogs began to croak, started for the woods to set coon traps along the branches and on old logs that lay in and across the ponds. It was not a common thing for the ponds to go dry, but they did in the fall of '38. The heavy snows that fell in the winter of '38 and '39 went off with long continuous rains, which made high waters almost everywhere. Travelers were compelled to lay at fording places until the waters subsided, which was a slow thing as vast amount of water was held back by leaves and drift in the ponds and branches. The price of coon pelts at that date made them an object. The money that rewarded the hunter in those trying times made many a glad heart and brought joy to the cabin home of the early pioneer of Jay County.

Late in March, '39, which was well nigh the end of the trapping season, my mother told me to get up and hurry to one of my traps, which was almost on the old road leading through my father's land, coming down from the Bickle settlement and leading out to Richmond and Fort Wayne state road, at the corner of Jonas Votaw's land. C. H. Clark knows all about it, as it was the only path by which the Hawkinses, Mays, Bickles, Ensmingers and Hardy come to the town of Portland. Mother says I dreamed that there was a coon in the trap close to the path which led to town. I jumped up and started in my bare feet. There was lots of frost and the ground had frozen some, but I did not have any shoes or boots. I tripped over the little rise of ground, and I could see that my trap was down. My heart leaped with

anxious fear that the trap had been thrown by something that had escaped; but no, Mr. Coon was there, as dead as a chelsy. It was as black as coal and worth 25 cents more than coons of a lighter color. I sold the hide to Jos. Nixon for one Mexican dollar and an old Spanish pillared 25-cent piece. This was the first money that I had ever owned, except four cents that I had earned riding horse to plow corn in the summer of 1834. I worked three days and got four cents. The dollar I got for the coon hide was, by direction of my mother, spent with old Sallie Conno for its value in meat. There was a man who brought out a lot of meat from Richmond, Ind., and left it for old John Conno to sell. She cut me off a square chunk about 8x8 inches thick, guessing at the weight, and said that it was a dollar's worth, and I took it. Now my dollar was gone! I gave the 25-cent piece to Nathan B. Hawkins for a jack-knife. I never got another dollar until 1845, but I got smaller amounts that I sold gingerbread for. My father was so poor, for several years after we landed in Jay County, that it was out of the question to get enough to cover our backs, and many has been the time that I have watched my mother's anxious face when she was striving to get food for her helpless children. When the meal sack was empty the situation was not a pleasant one by any means. Many were the silent tears that moistened that careworn cheek when the mind traveled back to the happy days of childhood, when want and destitution were strangers. Words can never tell any part of the many trying moments that came to those who settled in Jay County fifty-seven years ago.

My father sowed a small patch of wheat in the fall of '38, and of course after harvest bread stuff was not so much of an object, as we had a bountiful yield. We threshed some of it on the ground, and the balance was stacked. And in the winter of '39 and '40 we hauled the entire stack down in a field where there was a pond that was frozen to the bottom. The snow had fallen in the water and it froze and the ice was not smooth. It was all put down at one flooring and the old oxen were driven up and down the pond until all was threshed. I went down to where Green Crowell now lives, to Obadiah Winters', and hauled his fanning mill up on the old sled and the wheat was cleaned, and I set quail traps in the chaff. I made a trap that was four feet square, and I caught one dozen the first haul. I sold them the next day to Nathan B. Hawkins for a stiff round-crown white wool hat. I wore it a year or so and then sold it to Frederick Wible, and he painted it red and wore it till after James K. Polk's election.

The people did not know but little of what was going on in the world at that date, as the mails did not bring but few letters from those we left back in the land of plenty. The first letter that came to my father was in November, '39. The post-office was kept by Daniel Farber in his own cabin just across the road from the residence of Dr. Joseph Watson, at College Corners. It cost 25 cents and was on the road thirteen days. It was mailed at Hyanis, Mass. The next letter came to an office in Portland. William Haines was postmaster. The office was kept in the office of Dr. Dixon Milligan. The building stood at what is the south end of the old Trade Palace. That letter came from Ohio, mailed at Delaware, and was six days on the road and cost 25 cents to pay the postage.

William Haines came to Jay Conty in 1839 and built a place to live in by putting some saplings in the ground on the lot that James Powell now lives on, south of the Commercial House. He split out clapboards four feet long and nailed them from post to post, and did not have any floor but mother earth. He staid there until he built on the corner where the old Trade Palace now stands, and with the many additions that he put to the main building, he run a hotel, but just how many years I can not tell, but it was three or four.

OLNEY WHIPPLE.

CHAPTER III.

PIONEER COON HUNT.

Forty-seven years ago to-day, November 15th, 1842, I, with my brother, Reuben Whipple, went out to hunt for coons. Our mother protested against us going, as it was almost one vast unbroken forest for miles in any direction. But as we had made up our minds to have a hunt, away we went, and when we were once out in the woods all was alike to us. We started for what was known as the old Geo. Knapp place. There was a small patch cleared, and a cabin. This was situated on the north bank of the big Salamonia, below the old Robert Jones' farm, about two and a half miles above Portland. We had not gone very far before things did not look right to us and it grew very dark and we were compelled to start a fire to light a hickory bark torch, so I got out my old jack-knife and I had a part of an old Indian dart in my pocket and some tinder, that father had got of old Joe Flesher, that was made out of linen rages. Father had a small apartment in his shot pouch to carry it. We "hooked" some of it and had it with us, there was no matches then. We started a fire and lit a torch of hickory bark. One carried an ax and the other the torch, but we had not gone far before we run into a nest of wild hogs and small pigs that got run over in their fright and squealed, and then fun did commence in earnest. The dog ran back to us and the hogs after him, and if it had not been for the torch that

frightened them away, Heaven only knows how the matter would have terminated, but we shied off and left them and went on, but we had gone not gone far before we heard a strange noise, and back came the dog with his tail tucked between his legs, and we could not induce him to hunt any more that night. So we wandered about, thinking that we would come to some spot that would give us some idea of where home was, but nothing could be found, and it grew darker and began to rain and continued to rain harder and my brother began to cry and said that we were lost and we would have to lay in the woods and would be eaten up by wolves before morning. The situation was not a pleasant one by any means, and what to do I did not know as this was the first time I was ever lost and knew that if we did not get in by midnight mother would be nearly crazy, wondering what on earth was wrong or had happened to us; still we walked on and on, nothing turned up that gave us any clue of where we were. Tired and hungry, cold and wet, we thought that we would build a fire and dry our clothes, so we came to an old dry beech stump that was hollow and it was a small task to start a fire, and when we got warm sleep made heavy demands upon us and we soon fell an easy prey, so we curled up by the fire and the dog laid close by our feet. It had turned much colder and the rain slacked up. When daylight came the sun came up from the east. We knew that our home must be west from where we were, so we started the contrary way from where the sun came up, and after a long walk, we came to the old Greenville state road that run in former days through the lands of Andrew Reid and a part of Jason Whipple's. We came to it just north of the residence of Daniel Miller, we knew that the south end would take us to the old wheat road that passed or left the state road at College Corner, right where old Judge Bowden first settled in Jay County, I think, in 1835. The tomahawk path that led you through the woods of Isaac Myers, Robert Jones, Thomas Wheat, Joseph Gillets and how much further I cannot say. We soon were in sight of home, and were glad once more to see something to eat. Mother had a thousand questions to ask, where we stayed and why we did not come home. Time in its onward march has wrought many changes, the old have many of them gone to their reward. The young have grown to man and womanhood and have been identified among those that early and later have brought about many and lasting improvements of our county. Few are left to bear witness of those pioneer days and the hardships that were experienced by those that lived at that date. Of what would seem

strange to many when they become conversant with the ages of us. I, Olney Whipple, was 13 years and 4 months, my brother, Ruben Whipple was 9 years and 11 month old.

Now, Mr. Editor, let me say one word in conclusion. No greater plasure could be participated in by me than to speak to my many old, tried and true friend of some little incident of days long ago. May the blessing of a Merciful Heaven be their portions is the wish of the grateful heart of him who penned these lines.

I am ever yours,

OLNEY WHIPPLE.

CHAPTER IV.

"GIDDY YOUNG THINGS."

How the Jay County Boys Celebrated Valentine Day Forty-one Years Ago.

Editor Sun:—Forty-one years ago this night I, with many others, met at the house of Aunt Polly Hardy, in Pike Township, for the purpose of having a wax pulling. Arrangements had been made some days previous so that refreshments could be prepared and the necessary amount of sugar scraped up. Each one of the boys was required to bring two pounds, and I think nearly 60 pounds were brought in. I will never forget what a time I had to get my part. My father never had any money for anything, so I was compelled to find some one that I could borrow 12½ cents from to get the sugar. I, like many other boys, was backward asking for that amount of money at that date. Father and John Shanks, a brother to the late Aunt Rebecca Headington, were standing on the old log porch, nearly or quite opposite of the Commercial office, as that was used for a hotel—the old building that William Haynes put up—and when I came up Mr. Shanks asked me if I wanted anything. I dared not say before my father that I wanted 12½ cents to buy sugar, but just then old Dan McNeal called father away, and that gave me a chance to tell Mr. Shanks what I wanted. He gave me the money, and I promised to pay him in a day or two, or as soon as my 'possum

skins was dry enough to sell. No one knows the heartfelt gratitude that I entertained toward that man for that act of kindness. I went home as happy as a lark, as the tug of war was then over, and when the day, or rather the night, came, I saddled up an old blind horse that was used on the farm, and went for my girl—the daughter of Ammon Cook. There were but a few that came on horseback. Nearly all walked. The ground was bare of snow, but frozen, and the moon shown. The most of us arrived at the place of pleasure about dark. All preparations had been made for making the wax. A large 15-gallon iron kettle was hung over a slow fire to make the great luxury. The pies had been made for a day or so. Curtis Hardy went one mile and a half below old Deerfield, to old Geo. Reitenours, and bought one and a half bushels of apples for 75 cents and brought them home on horseback, and the pies were made by Aunt Polley Hardy and her daughter Orpha ,who in after years became the wife of Reuben Jellison. But the oddest thing to all was that by some cause, not known to me or any one, a small amount of salt got into the boiling syrup and that was "good-by John to the wax." It was soon discovered that there was something wrong about the thick syrup, as it was repeatedly tried and no wax. Finally it was emptied into a tub of cold water, that it might cool. Well, we rolled it around in the tub until we could handle it and then it was laid on the table and many were the efforts to cut, brake or pull any part of this huge mass of sweetness loose from the big lump, but all was in vain. There it laid, about the size of an ox head. We ate the pies and had a good time, anyhow.

I wish I could call to mind all who were there that night. A few are left to sigh in sadness when the mind travels back over forty-one eventual years. Of all the rosy cheeked maidens that formed that happy crowd I am unable to call to mind anyone, and of the stalwart youths of that night time will soon blot out all who remain, as the sands of life with many of them have well nigh passed. O, those happy days! Could we recall them, or say: "time, stop thy onward march! and let me live thee over again that I may drink deeper of the fountain of youth!" A few more years at the longest and we will have filled the allotted mission of mortal man. I extend my dearest regard to all that see this and note, remember that night. It was the last night that I ever met with any of my associates in this county, as my father moved off to Randolph County on the 17th of February, 1848.

I am ever yours,

Briant, Ind., February 14th, 1889. OLNEY WHIPPLE.

CHAPTER V.

FORTY-FOUR YEARS AGO TO-DAY!

The Great Liber Spring was Discovered by Olney Whipple, Who Now Tells About it, and also Remembers Several Other Things.

Many years ago, when but a small boy, I was out in the woods (it was nearly all woods then) digging sand on the hills in and about the old town of Liber, when I accidentally stepped into or upon a very cold, damp place, almost hidden with leaves and rank vegetation, and as it was so far up the side of the hill it caused me to stop and examine the spot. I had no hoe or mattock to dig out the damp leaves and so I used the sang digger, made from a crooked beech limb. I soon saw that I had found a very strong spring of the best water, which had for years, for aught I know, been running under the leaves until it was absorbed by the rich lomy soil of the banks of the Salamonia. Another reason for it not having been discovered before this date was that there was no road near by and owing to the steepness of the hill none but footmen could go up and down it. This happened on the forenoon of the 17th day of June, 1843. At noon I mentioned what I had found and father and I took a hoe and shovel and dug it out. Freed from obstructions the water poured forth in a large stream and made quite a small branch down the hillside.

Along in the after part of the summer, after water became an object to many, J. H. Smith, upon his own account, improved the spring by walling it up and enlarging so that many pails of water could be taken out at one time without roiling it up—and it remained the same, gushing forth the pure crystal fluid to quench the burning thirst of him who perchance came that way. Smith carried the water in what he called a neck-yoke, worked out of the part of a buckeye tree, scooped or hollowed out so as to fit the shoulders and come down a little on the back, and then a round notch cut out to admit his neck. This brought the weight square over the shoulders, the ends of the yoke extending each way from the center until they came in line with the outside of the arms, and there was a rope then attached with a hook to fasten to the bail of the bucket. This took almost the entire weight off the arms, and a man could carry two pails of water half a mile with comparative ease.

The spring in a short time became a noted place for basket dinners and there was many a happy hour whiled away by those who came to see and be seen and have a social and pleasant chat with their neighbors and those that came many times from the older settled parts of our adjoining counties. I believe the first lecture ever delivered on the hill was by Theophilus Wilson to a large crowd of the citizens of Jay, Randolph and Adams Counties. The stand was situated under a sugar tree on the west side of a large sweet oak that had been cut for coon, in the fall of 1835, by Jacob Ringer, who was the pioneer of that patch of cleared land where Isaac N. Taylor erected his "gambol roofed house." I will mention for the benefit of those who may yet be living that this man Ringer built in the spring of 1835Acyx—dtogvaoininn the old cabin that this man Ringer built in the spring of 1835 was occupied by him until some time in 1837, when he "lit out," and no one lived there afterwards except in the winter of 1838, when it was occupied by an old lady by the name of Parsons, the divorced wife of Robert Parsons, of Randolph County. There was but her and her son, Robert, and two daughters, Catherine and Lucinda. The oldest several years afterward married Josiah Penock, as his second wife; Lucinda married Agriffith Jones, also his second wife. The after history of the Penocks and Jones I cannot say. But the old cabin still stood, and in the summer of 1839, Elizabeth Bosworth, daughter of Dr. Jacob Bosworth, taught school in it, and I had the good fortune to be one of her pupils. She, in after years, married Lewis J. Bell and made him a good wife and kind mother. The Bosworth family

are all well known to the present as well as the older citizens of Jay County as a highly respectable class of citizens, marked for their morality and temperance proclivites.

John H. Smith, whom we mention as having improved the spring, used to impose enormous tasks upon his son, Peter, the only one that was with him, and if the task was not done according to his English idea, Peter had to take a thrashing. He repeated this inhuman brutality so often that Peter became deranged and had an attack of fits that came near taking him across to the other shore. I remember one night that he lay at the house of John Spade. He was so raving and distracted that it took three good men to hold him in bed. I was there and went with William Spade after Dr. Bosworth at night. It was raining and very dark and we had but a cow path to follow, but still we found the way. Dr. Bosworth was very indignant to be called up at that hour of the night and more so when he was told that John Smith wanted him to come and see what he could do for Pete. Dr. Bosworth was conversant with Smith's conduct toward Pete. When we got back Pete was easier, as his physical nature could not hold out against a continuous attack of fits. Smith mentioned that he hardly knew what to do, as he could not trust Pete out in the woods at work as he might fall a tree upon himself. Dr. Bosworth replied, "there has been too many small trees fell on Pete already!" Fortunately for the old man, Pete never had another attack after that night, and in the summer of 1846, George Smith, the younger son of John H., came out from Troy, Ohio, and then things were different.

I do not know the exact date that Isaac N. Taylor built the college at Liber, as my father left Jay County on the 17th day of February, 1848, and it was many years before I came back to learn much of the improvement that had gone forward while I was away.

Of the Whipples I will speak a word. In 1814 Reuben Whipple, my grandfather, came from the state of Massachusetts —walked to Delaware County, Ohio. My father came with him when he moved, in 1821, and they settled on the west branch of Allen creek. Reuben Whipple built a saw mill in 1822-23 and father, Jason Whipple, walked back to Massachusetts in 1824 and married Eliza Hellett in 1825 or 1826. Father worked in the machine shop and mother worked in the old Blackstone factory at the fall of Blackstone River, R. I. In the fall of 1829 father came west to Delaware County, O., and lived there until August, 1838. We landed in this county August 28, 1838, and sad to say,

that there is but one living soul at Portland that was a man when my father came, and that is a man who has been more than any one else identified with the early history of our county and its many varied improvements—Robert Huey. He came as one of the pioneers, and he almost stands alone in the great army of those that came after him. There are but few left to speak of the happy days of childhood or to call to mind the many incidents of our early history—time has gathered nearly all the sheaves. Forty-four years more and we will live in history and our records will be weighed by their merits.

Pardon me, dear editor, for this short note and I am ever yours. OLNEY WHIPPLE.

CHAPTER VI.

A LEAF OF EARLY HISTORY.

Forty-nine years ago this day (August 28, 1838,) Jason Whipple and Henry Moore with their families set foot upon the soil of Jay County, which ended a journey of eight days. Delaware County, Ohio, had been our former home for nine years, as my father lived in that county before he came west in 1835. Father built the acqueduct across Painter creek at Chillicothe, and in the fall of 1836 he and his brother, Noah Whipple, and Aaron Grant came to Jay County and entered land. Father engaged what is known now as the Wiggs farm, north of Liber. Grant entered what forms the northwest corner of Bluffpoint, and Noah Whipple entered what is known as the James Wilson farm. We landed at the house of Whipple Cook and was compelled to remain there for several weeks, by reason that Phillip Brown had squatted upon the land, sometime in 1835, and to all land hunters that came through that part of the country, Brown always conveyed the idea that the land belonged to him, but father got some one to show him such and such tracts that were still vacant, and he selected the one that Brown lived upon, and when he was request to vacate the old hut he absolutely refused to go, and a suit was threatened to be instituted against him, which he paid but little attention to at first, but finally moved out. In the latter part of October we took possession of the old hut. As the fall of 1838 was a very late and dry fall, late corn matured and made a very fair crop for this country. Many times there was not much of it

left after the coons and other "varmints" took their share. Brown had the small patch about the house planted in corn and pumpkins, and father sent word to Brown to come and cut up the corn, as he wanted to sow wheat and it was already to sow; he refused to cut the corn, and finally we cut what little there was left, and on the 29th of November, John Spade sowed the wheat and plowed it in with a two-horse plow and it soon turned cold and did not come up that fall, but in the spring it was very favorable, and the wheat came up and there was a splendid crop for this country at that date. Father did not thrash but a part of the crop in the fall after it was harvested, and the next winter we hauled it to a pond that was frozen over and the entire crop was put down at one flooring on the ice and was tramped out with the old oxen and cleaned upon the ice. I then set a quail trap where the chaff and straw was, and caught all that come there, and sold them to old Bill Brandon for $1.00 a dozen. In the winter and spring of '38 and '39, Edward Kikendall, Butler Kikendall, (of your city) and Jason Knapp, made 4,000 rails for father and boarded with us, and in Heaven's name I cannot tell how we lived in that old hut 16x20, only one room and an outside chimney six feet in the back. I know mother would make the children stand in the corners of the fire place while she got breakfast in the morning. Along about the last of November when meat was scarce, as it usually is at that time in the year, father went out hunting and was unfortunate and did not see any deer. As he came home nearly dark there was a coon coming on a log towards him, he made a slight noise and the coon stopped and raised his head and father shot him in the end of the nose. He was so awful fat father concluded to skin him and save the oil, so mother rendered out the fat. About that date old Joshua Penock brought out a barred of flour from old New Port, and sold it to Ammon Cook and father, and of course each one wanted his part of the flour, and there was not a pair of steel yards or scales to the ten miles square, so they measured and got the center of the barrel and sawed it in two with a hand saw, each one took his end, and out of the flour mother made fried cakes or doughnuts and they were fried in that coon fat. They were the first fried cakes I ever ate in Jay County and was cooked in coon fat. Fur at that date brought price, was plenty and about all the money the early settlers got hold of was by the sale of hides and pelts. In the latter part of the winter of '38 and '39 father bought from Henry Welch, an old pioneer citizen, one hundred pounds of bacon and it had been fattened on beech nuts and was about two inches thick and about sixteen inches square,

when it was fried the meat was gone, but there was a lake of oil and there was nothing remained of the meat but the hide or rind and I could not think of anything but an old fashioned hame string floating around in the skillet. Of course it came very handy, as it took a good deal of sop to get some of the corn pones to migrate down a fellow's neck.

Allow me to mention a little incident that happened in the fall of 1839. About the 1st of November, Caleb Penock, the son of Joshua Penock, came over to our house to get a gun to shoot a fat hog. Father sent me along to bring the gun home. Well, the road came out into the state road just where the hot house is south of Portland, and the hog was in the cornfield that forms the southeast corner of John R. Perdieu's land. Cale, of course, shot the hog as soon as he seen it. Well, the hog was more than 200 yards from the house and had to be drawn through the corn down to the house, which stood in the field southeast of J. R. Perdieu's residence; however, we hauled it down, there was a large kettle on a log fire, and boiling. But the hog had not been stuck and there was not a formed thing to bleed the hog with, and old Josh wanted Cole to stick him with the drawing knife, and finally old Josh brought out the spoke gimlet and undertook to draw the crimson fluid by boring into the dead porker's neck. As the gimlet did not bring the answer, old Josh says, "bring me the broad-ax," and amputation of the head came next, but what followed was worse than all. They each one took a hold on a leg, and went to the kettle and gave the pig a circumbendebus souse. The water was boiling and, of course, not a hair could be pulled out, as the water was too hot. I did not stay until the hair was off, but left them using the drawing knife in getting off the most of the hair.

It seems more like a dream than reality, when our minds travel back over the many and varied scenes of our early childhood. But nevertheless they are all realities, and those that figured at that date are among the blessed, and we are spared to buffet the storms of life, and hand down to our children the early traditions of our boyhood days. Most respectfully.

OLNEY WHIPPLE.

J G Martin

Margaret Moore

CHAPTER VII.

George Washington Marquis was a rich land owner in France when the people of France were oppressed. He took sides with the people against the Empire, for which he had to leave the country. His friends smuggled him to America and his friends sent him large sums of money with which he bought land and slaves in the state of Virginia. Marques was a second cousin of General Marques De Lafayette. Marques was the father of six children, four boys and two girls, viz: Wm. Kid, Gardner, Wilson, James, Kissiah and Rebecka.

Kissiah is the mother of the writer's father, J. G. Martin, and a near relative of Captain Kidd, the pirate. Her older brother was named in honor of the captain.

John Gardner Martin was born October the 20th, 1820, in Harden County, Virginia. He was the second son of John and Kissiah (Marques) Martin. His mother died when he was seven years old, leaving a baby, James, a few months old, and Smith, the oldest, was twelve years of age. Shortly after the death of Mrs. Matin her brothers, Kid and James, moved to Dark County, O., near Union City, bringing the two oldest Martin boys with them, Remaining a short time in Dark County, Ohio, James Marquis moved to Jay County, Indiana, bringing J. G. Martin with him, and lived with him till he was married, in 1843. As this connects their lives up to this last date, I will not take up the history of James Marques. He entered a farm in Jackson Township, Jay County, Ind. A little later in the year he bought of Michael Zimmerman the farm now owned by Rev. Aaron Worth. The house that Marquis lived in was a split log house, the chickens roosting on the joists in one corner. On the south side of the

house as a shed used for a stable and the north side by the chimney was a pig pen.

In May, 1836, the Methodist Episcopal class was organized at Marques' house, it being the first religious organization in Jay County. The members were Marquis, William Vail, Jesse Gray, senior, David and William Baldwin, and their wives. The first temperance meeting was held at the same place in 1837. In June, 1837, Marquis commenced to build a water grist mill on Bear Creek. Boys and girls, you know this creek; can you imagine this stream large or swift enough to turn the wheels of a mill. The mill was built on the farm now owned by Samuel Read, where the oil wells are now thickest. They did not know that there was a richer investment a thousand feet below the ground than above it, so old time with his never ceasing discoveries was left to tell the story. But in January of 1838 that little stream of water began to turn the wheels of the second grist mill in Jay County. Like all of the pioneer mills it was a great blessing to a large section of country people coming to the mill from Adams, Wells and Blackford Counties, some coming horse-back carrying their grist on their shoulders. My father, at this time, was a boy of eighteen summers, helping to build the mill, and after its completion was the miller. Judge Studabaker told me of going there to mill and finding it full of people who had stayed all night. He said there was where he first met my father, who was but a few years his senior.

But how time has changed things. That little stream that once turned the wheels of that mill to grind the grist of the people; it has gone down to a mere branch. So has the stream of time turned the boys of that day to gray haired men and brought new faces to us and stamped their existence on the era of time so it has left but few traces of the old mill, and has called that boy who stood by the hopper in the old mill to try the realities of an unknown world to us. Marquis also built the first saw mill in Jay County in the year 1839.

Marquis, raised in the south by parents who owned slaves and thought it right, he was unlike them in that belief and thought every one created free and equal, and with the assistance of Martin, ran the railroad known as the underground railroad. How I wish I could recall some of the stories told by father about helping the negroes to their freedom. How easy it is to trace that disposition of spirit back to where it would cause people to fight for what they thought was right. A grandfather banished from France because he took sides with a people he thought oppressed

and slaved. My grandfather Martin was once a slave owner, but he helped runaway slaves from the country in which they were held in bondage, and going contrary to the laws of their own state because they thought slavery wrong.

James Marquis made the first abolishment speech ever made in Adams County. It was made in the forties; Judge Studabaker told me about it. Marquis was a large man, six feet and seven inches in height. Studabaker said the people of Adams County said no man could make such a speech as that in the county, but it was made at Alexander, now Geneva. So the day came, and so did Marquis. Some of the people in favor of slavery came with fife and drum with the intention of making so much noise that he could not speak; they had a little fight; someone had a gun and went to use it. Marquis grabbed it and held it up, and some one threw a wash tub that was sitting by, striking him on the shoulder. That quieted the racket and he made his speech.

James Marquis was chaplain of Company E, Seventh Indiana Cavalry. I will tell a story that I have often heard told about him.

It was on the Sabbath day and he was preaching with all the eloquence of an old time Methodist minister and there was a skirmish near by; the noise of the battle grew louder and louder and Marquis preached the louder, but the battle grew closer and closer and Marquis could stand it no more and said, "boys we had a d— sight better fight than pray." After the war was over he moved to Missouri and there fought his last battle of death. The death is unknown to us, but in writing this history I speak of one who was a father in action to my father.

John Gardner Martin was married to Margaret Fitzpatrick in August, 1843. To them was born nine children, one boy and eight girls; the boy being the oldest child, died when he was six months old. The sixth daughter died when she was five years and some months old. The rest of the girls living, Margaret Fitzpatrick, was born on the Nations birthday, July 4, 1827, in Muncie, Delaware County, Indiana. Miss Fitzpatrick was a true American in every sense of the word, making no difference with her how low was the situation of any one, she was always ready to give them a kind word of encouragement for a better life. Her parents moved to Camden, now Pennville, when she was a little girl; she was converted and joined the Methodist church when she was 10 years old and was ever found ready to do her duty as a Christian. She was but sixteen years old when married. What a tender age to take the cares of a house, yet what a wife and mother she proved to be. She would often say she wanted us to

walk alone, but in real need we ever found a helping hand held out by mother. When mother was married she could not read without spelling every word, but with that determination to know something she mastered that difficulty herself. As a Bible scholar she was good; she was well posted on the political issues of the day, studying everything on that line she could come in contact with. Being a great reader and having a good memory, there was few subjects but what she could talk on. In short, I was proud of mother and realize the old ade, a person's best friend is their mother. I do not know where or how my parents went to house keeping. Father entered a piece of land in Jackson Township, Jay County, (now owned by John Karney) when they were married. For five or six years they went into the dry goods business. Having none of the older girls to tell me of the early part of their business, I will leave that blank and take up the year of 1854. At the time they were keeping a general store in Alexander—Sale Buffalo—and now known as the city of Geneva, noted for her hustling business men, which I will make you acquainted with by reading their advertisements in this book. On the 5th of April, 1854, your humble servant, the writer of this sketch and author of this book, came to live at J. G. Martin's and boss the other three girls around for the next three years. At that time there was another girl came to make me dance to her music. In 1857 they were keeping store in Camden. They moved from there to West Liberty in '58 or '59. In looking over the Jay County Torchlight, the first Republican paper printed in Jay County, I see he was an authorized agent for the paper in the fall of 1863. He thought he would try farming, and he moved on a farm he then owned, and now owned by Mrs. Dillavon. Father had often wished to enlist in the service of his country, but by the pursuasion of wife, children, relatives and friends, waited, but in 1864, when the Union called for volunteers, he knowing that his country needed his service, he could stand it no longer, and enlisted on the 12th day of October, 1864. Telling wife he was going to her Brother Harvey Fitzpatrick, at Winchester, on business, never hinting his intentions of the business of his country. I will never forget the day he started. There were seven girls of us. The way he kissed us so tenderly and clapsed mother to him as never before, taught us of what was coming, as we watched him as he rode away on his favorite black horse, we waving our hands and the winds tossing our flaxen hair till he was out of sight, thinking his business was at Winchester, but a day or two later brought us the news that his business in the defense of

our glorious flag of the free and the home of the brave. He enlisted in Company F, 140 Indiana Infantry. He said he could not stand it to stay at home when his country needed his service and he hated to bid farewell to wife and babies and them knowing where he was going.

I do not know where he did go, but think it was in Alabama, but that which they all expected happened. He was of a delicate constitution and could not stand the hardships of war, was taken sick and removed to the hospital. The next we heard of him was when he was brought home on a horse, a man on each side of him holding him, and they carried him in the house. I do not know whether he went back or not. He was offered a discharge for disability, but would not accept it, as his company was to receive their discharge on the 11th of July, 1865. While father was in the army mother moved to West Liberty. They moved to the farm a year or two and he went to West Liberty in the goods business again. He was keeping store there when the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad went through and Bryant was laid out. He built the second business house in Bryant, putting goods in he keeping the two stores for about a year. He built a dwelling house, the one now owned by the heirs. It is on Main street. We moved in the latter part of December, 1872, and in May, 1874, the news came to us that father was sick, and in the two weeks he lay sick everything that medical skill could do was done, but to no avail. He told us he hated to leave his family, but it was a change we all had to make. On the 16th day of May he was called to the unknown shore and to him death's mystery was a mystery no more. He was buried in the Miller cemetery. He had accumulated a great deal of property which he left to our mother, which she knew well how to take care of. He had always told and consulted her about business. She sold the store goods to Dr. M. Glentzer and brother. She bought and sold land, town property, horses, cattle, hogs, in fact everything there was any money in.

On June 23rd, 1876, mother was married to Wm. Moore, who died in January, 1892. After that time she kept house, her daughter, Mrs. Bailey, a widow with three children, living with her. On the 17th of January, 1896, mother came to our house and stayed till the 25th. During that time she told me that she intended to have father removed from the Miller cemetery as soon as they would lay out a new one somewhere. They had been trying to get ground here where the new cemetery is for twenty-three years, but could not succeed. She looked up at me and said, "Matt, if anything should hapen to me never lay me in the Miller

cemetery." Little did I think that in three short weeks we should be called in some way to fullfil her request, but on Sunday morning of the 9th of February, 1896, brought us a dispatch that mother was found dead in her bed. What a death, how sad, and yet how sweet to go to sleep in health on earth and wake up in eternity. While writing this the song comes to me, "What is Home Without a Mother?" How fully I realize it when I go back to the old home and other dear ones meet and welcome me, but the true friend and magnet of the home is gone it does not seem like home wothout Mother. We laid her in the Wells cemetery, about five miles from home, and on the next Friday took up father and the children from the Miller cemetery with the intention of laying them by the side of mother, when Mr. Alberson offered to lay out three acres in cemetery lots if we would lay them there, and when the sun had set they laid them away. The next day they brought the mother back and they all sleep side by side on the hill between their old home, West Liberty and Bryant.

I do not want to tire the readers but will give a little sketch of my own life for my boys.

On the 23rd of January, 1873, I was married to Mr. Allen T. Lynch, a Buckeye boy, he being twenty years and seven months old. We went to housekeeping in Adams County, Ohio; moved on a farm first thing. It was a quarter of a mile from the road and it was a novelty for me. I had been used to being in the store and with a big family. I amused myself by riding on the plows, fishing, tending the chickens and turkeys. The first of September we moved back to West Liberty, Jay County, Indiana. On the 7th of November, 1873, a stranger came to our house to live and boss the ranch. We named him Bertie Gardner. In the spring of '74 we moved on a farm owned by my father, and in August of the same year moved to Ridgeville, Randolph County, and lived there about three months, and then moved to Bryant, Mr. Lynch buying timber. On the 11th of April, '83, another little boy baby made its appearance at our house, but made a short stay with us. In ten days he was taken from us, but in that short time he had won a place in our hearts that can never be filled by any one else. In August, 1883, Lynch went in the goods business, keeping a line of dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, and ready made clothing. In the spring of 1884 I made a visit to my sister, Mrs. John Hammett, in Davison County, South Dakota. The country was new; it had only been settled about six years. I was not very favorably impressed with the country. Indiana is good enough for me. In 1886 A. T. Lynch was the candidate for sheriff of Jay County, being nominated on the 13th ballot, but

was defeated at the election by a small majority. I suppose what defeated him was my believing on the other side of the political fence. I have heard it said that a house divided could not stand, but ours has stood for twenty-three and one-half years and all the change is a little improvement on my side. Our oldest boy votes the Republican ticket and I live in hopes that in sixteen years from now the other one will vote the same way with a prohibition addition. In the spring of 1887 we added to our line of goods a millinery goods department, and on the 23rd of June sold out to Jeol Townsan.

Then he went in partnership with Votaw and moved to Winchester, Ind., and started a spoke and hub factory and remained in parternership with him till the last of June, 1889, then selling his half interest to his partner, A. Votaw. Mr. Lynch then moved to Decatur, arriving at this place August 10, at 6 o'clock p. m., bought the brick property on Madison street and moved in it in the afternoon. We took dinner at A. E. Huffman's, supper at home. Lynch had brought the machinery and started a spoke factory in the Studabaker factory building on the G. R. & I. railroad. In January of '93 I caught a severe cold and it settled on my lungs. The doctors pronounced it consumption and said only a change of climate was the only relief, so on January 25th they carried me to the sleigh of Pendleton Rice, whose history you will find in this book. He drove me to the G. R. & I. train and Lynch sent me to the land of oranges and flowers, known as Florida. At that time baby Ralph was only one year, nine months and six days old. They wanted me to leave him with my sister, Mrs. Votaw, but I would not do it and took him with me. Bertie, the oldest boy, went with us to take care of us. We left a land of 2½ feet of snow and three days we were in sunshine and flowers in central Florida. Our longest stay was at St. Petersburg, on the Gulf of Mexico. We were at Leesburg, Wildwood, Polatka, Tampo, Pansdeloon Springs, St. Augustine, Jacksonville and some other towns I do not remember the names of. Bertie left me at St. Petersburg and came home. I had partly recovered my health. Was you ever sick away from home and have some one to go back and leave you? I was very lonesome after he left, and traveled around some, finely landing at Atlanta, Georgia. I was there a week when I got a letter from home telling me I could come home about the 20th. This was the 13th of April. I packed my trunk and the next morning started for home; stayed two nights in Chatanooga, went up on Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, National cemetery and all the places of interest.

Arrived at home on the 17th of April and it was snowing and they had all the carpets up and the stoves out and were cleaning house, thinking I was safely housed in Chattanooga.

But be it ever so dirty, there is no place like home, at least I thought so when I got back. In the summer of '93 Lynch bought fourteen acres of land at the west side of the city and laid it out in town lots, calling it Lynch's addition. It was done with the understanding that the lots were to be sold and the proceeds to go to building a chair factory. There were thirty-four of said lots sold, the contract to pay for lots when said factory was in operation. Lynch built the factory and had it in operation on the 1st of January, 1894. There were twenty-three men paid for their lots, and there were eleven refused to pay, and he brought suit against them and carried it to the supreme court. But the courts decided it a lottery and the contracts illegal. The supreme court said where you place a name in a hat and a number in another is was a lottery, and that is the way they decided location of lots. The lots were sold for $100 to $250, the location depending. We had to sell spokes, home and everything saleable at from a discount of a third and a half of valuation to meet our obligations, and in the fall of 1894 we had a fire at the storage room. We had $900 worth of A and B hub blocks, the building had cost us $185 and about $400 worth of machinery stored in the building, with $500 of insurance. Everything burned, also buggy and harness and several other little things.. He tried to pull through, but it and the panic in times was too much for him, so on the 23rd of February, 1895, he deeded everything to preferred creditors. On the 18th day of May, 1895, I got my mother to go on my note for $500 to go in the spoke business again and with that assistance we have been able to make a living and paid some of our debts, and at the time of writing I have a brick chair factory 150 feet long by 50 feet wide with a brick engine room and chair machinery and no money to operate with, a nice big mortgage of $2,425 which we would like to sell. With good health and plenty of grit we hope to soon be able to pay. When we are, like the old honest blacksmith in the old reader, we can look the whole world in the face and owe not any man. Well, I don't think Decatur will be big enough to hold us, we will have to lay out another addition. Now I will tell you a little secret. On the 21st of July I will be that most dreaded of beings, a mother-in-law. The future Mrs. Bertie Lynch is now Miss Mammie Houlthouse, the daughter of T. Houlthouse, the shoe man.

Yours truly,

MRS. MARTHA C. MARTIN LYNCH.

CHAPTER VIII.

J. M. PAXSON.

I was born in Columbian County, Ohio, November 23rd, 1834. My ancestors on the father's side came from England, settling in Pennsylvania. They were members of the society of Friends. My father was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, November 11th, 1790, and moved with his father to Ohio, Columbian County. He was twice married, I being the youngest of the last marriage. My parents move to Jay County, Indiana in 1837, when I was three years old. My grand parents on my mother's side come from Ireland before the revolutionary war. Grandfather died on the passage, and was buried in the ocean. The children were put out amongst strangers on their arrival in America, Mad Anthony, or General Wayne, taking my grandfather. He and young General Wayne were raised boys together. My grandfather's name was George McNely. He married in Philadelphia a Quaker girl by the name of Jane Register, moved to Columbian County, Ohio, after they had three children. The only thing I can remember when we lived in Ohio was standing at the fence with my father watching the carriages as the Friend Quakers went by to yearly meeting at Damascus. Moved to Indiana in 1837 in the fall, father, mother and three children then at home. We were accompanied on our trip to Jay County by Aaron Register and wife, and they had a carriage, we a big wagon. Thomas Register and Enoch Hunter (young men) came along. All I can remember on the road out was some men killing our dog. He had treed a squirrel, but never came back to

the wagon. The men, I think, were drunk. I remember the men and the boys with us having a racket. We were nine days on the road, making the quickest trip that had been made. My oldest brother, William, and brother-in-law, Abraham Smith, had moved out some two or three years before we came. Brother William had a house up and an acre or two of ground cleared. Though my father was not one of the early pioneers, yet we had some of the experience of pioneer life. In my mind's eye I can see the old log cabin with its small windows, its puncheon floor, the stake ridden roof, stick chimney and clapboard door with the latch string always out. I can see the small patch of ground around the house, and remember how year by year it widened, and the neighbors seemed to get closer together as the woods disappeared. My brother, older than myself, was quite a hunter in a small way, though he never killed a deer or turkey. He was death on mink and opossum. The worst small varment dreaded by the hunter was the porcupine, for the dog was almost sure to get his mouth full of quills, then they had to be pulled out with the bullet molds or pinchers. Never saw but one wolf and that after it was killed. Remember hearing them howl after night; never killed but one wild turkey. The deer used to come in our meadow to pasture, three or four at a time. Mother was a great nurse in sickness and used to go far and near when the diphtheria broke out first. She was a faithful hand, never fearing for herself. She was something of a tailor, having worked at the trade in her younger days, and long hours after we were in bed she often plied her needle making garments for the neighbors. Can see her yet at the old spinning wheel, and how well I remember the wall pickings, quiltings and log rollings, the visits to her neighbors in winter on the big sled, in warmer weather on foot with the hickory bark torch to light us home. My father was a jovial, jokey man, but very firm. I always knew that when he told me anything that he meant it. Remember when one of my cousins was married Eli (Paxson) he and his wife were at our house for dinner my father asked the young lady if she could make a shirt. Yes, she said. Well, then you can get along, for Eli can make a shift, he has made many a one. One night a cousin was staying at our house, something got after the chickens, the young man (Joe Davis) jumped out of bed, jerked on his boots and ran to the hen house. As he came up something started to run for the woods, and having no club or anything to kill it with, Davis jumped onto it and stamped it to death. When he came in to the light and looked at his boots they were full of porcupine

quills. Our new ground was plowed with a single shovel with a cutter in front to keep it from catching on the roots. Many were the rides my brother gave me and my sister sitting between the plow handles. Must say it was not very smooth riding, as the plow jumped over the roots. I was always a sickly child. When about two years old I fell in a bucket of water where mother was washing, drowned so they had to fetch me to. Then had the whooping cough, was twice laid down for dead; then the third day ague. Dr. Arthur says he gave me quinine enough to kill a horse, but outlived it all. It seemed to fall to my lot to go for the doctor when any one else was sick. I first went to school at West Grove, then to Balbec, but finally a school house was put up close to us which went by the name of Paxson's school house. My father died in 1862. Mother afterward married and moved to Randolph County, Indiana, where, after my marriage, we lived for seven years till mother's death, on November 23rd, 1869.

I was married to Deliah B. Manley, daughter of Jeremiah L. and Mary A. Manley. My wife's parents moved from Athens County, Ohio, to Jay County, Ind., in 1851, making the trip in a big wagon, when their oldest child was a little over one year old, remained in Jay County about four years, then went back to Athens County, Ohio, where they remained two years, then again moved back to Indiana, Jay County. You people that load your household goods on the train, then take the express and reach your destination in so short a time, know nothing about the hardships of a trip of two or three weeks in the big wagon. Not many of the women of Jay County have made their trips in a big wagon of that distance before they were seven years old. Mr. Manley was a cooper, so that occupation came in good play in the new county; he was also somewhat of a shoe maker. On one occasion he had piled in a lot of wood and roots for the morning fire, laid his boots on the wood when they were taken off at night. His wife getting up first to build the fire, piled on the wood and with them both of the boots, not noticing the difference till they were badly burned.

Getting home late one night after a hard day's work for a neighbor some miles away, Mr. Manley lost his way in the woods and was followed by a lot of wolves. Knowing that he was not far from home he called to his wife to make the dog bark. Guided by this he soon got home. Another experience his wife had returning home one evening on foot with her sister-in-law and two children (having been to see her father-in-law, some four miles away), Mrs. Manley saw some wolves in the woods close to the

path. Being cool-headed, she picked up one of the children, telling her sister-in-law to pick up the other, said, lets walk a little faster, never telling about the wolves till they reached home. Manley tried farming, then the goods business, finally studied law, in the practice of which he was proving very successful at the time of his death, in Geneva, Adams County, December 6th, 1880, aged 54, leaving a family of six children.

Many little incidents of early life will never be told in history, but I wish to drop a few of them; especially wish to remember the faithful old pioneer dog, not the fine-haired, imported dog, but the old that has stood his part. Remember our old dog would go for the cows as far as he could hear the bells and even farther. He has been seen a mile from home standing on a big stump listening for the bell. Then the old harvest field in which the dinner and evening pieces were brought out and how myself and sister used to dozen the sheaves; they must be six on a side and laid even. The sickle was only used for down wheat when I was a boy, but will carry a scar on my finger from its use while I live. Have raked wheat after the cradel and bound the end sheaf many a day for 25 cents per day. On one occasion I had taken mother to town in an old-fashioned jumper, as they were called; a pin sled with a hickory pole for a shaft and a clapboard bed on it. There was a fine haired young fellow from the east in town. As it chanced I knew his name, which was Pointer. As I drove up and hitched he came up, pushed his hat back, marched around our sled and said, do you call that a cutter? No, sir; I replied; its a pointer. A what? A pointer, I answered. He looked at me a moment and walked off. Always made it a practcie to tell mother where I was going when I went away. For several years before my father's death he was troubled with palpitation of the heart. We never let him go any where alone. We used to haul stove wood to Camden, a distance of three miles. Froze my feet once on the road. We lived on the line of the underground railroad, as it was called. Many times I have seen the darkies going by our house after night to the next station, just north of us, on their road to Canada. Was raised a Republican, but in 1884, realizing that the party would not stand out for the destruction of the liquor traffic, I pulled in with the Prohibition party and have worked with them ever since. Never took a drink in my life, do not use tobacco, and my brother that is now living, can say the same. Though the forests of timber has been cleared away and the log house given place to the fine mansions in our county, we can see a forest of sin growing around us that it be-

hooves us to clear away. The open saloon, the gambling den, prostitution, Sabbath descreation making a far worse wilderness than has been cleared away. Brothers get your prohibition ax and help clear it away.

CHAPTER IX.

Ruth A. Headington, wife of Col. Nim Headington, but known and loved far and near as "Aunt Ruth," is one of the pioneer women of Jay County. Of the women identified with the earliest history of Portland, she alone remains; and Hon. Robert Huey, who will soon celebrate his 86th birthday, is the only man now living who was here when she first came to this place.

Mrs. Headington's mind is stored with many interesting reminiscences of the earlier settlrs of Portland and vicinity. When she first came to Portland our populous little city could boast of but two houses. One of these was a log house, occupying the ground where the Silvernale store now stands. It was used as a court house, and the hickory trees stood so close that in the fall the nuts beat a lively tattoo upon the clapboard roof. The other house was a long,double log house, and stood where the Miller & Huston building now stands; this was the residence of Christopher Hanna.

In building the first hewed log structure in the town, it took all the men within five miles two days to raise it and several gallons of whiskey to keep up the steam. This building afterward became famous as "Hickory Hall."

The first frame house was built by Dr. Dixon Milligan, where the "Trade Palace" now stands. The lumber was hauled from Richmond with oxen, and it often took seven or eight days to bring one load. This eventually became the first tavern in the town. The first store of any note was started by William Shull, and was afterward transferred to William Brandon.

RUTH A. HEADINGTON.

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It was a common thing to see a "'log rolling" in what are now the streets of Portland, and it was a long time before there was any kind of a bridge over the Salamonia river. Sometimes there would be weeks and weeks that they could not ford the river and often had to swim horses across.

It would be a pleasant task to go on recording the many and varied recollections and experiences of Mrs. Headington, but space will not permit. Her career has been identical with the growth of Portland, and its ever increasing prosperity must be a gratifying feature for her contemplation.

Aunt Ruth's life is a beautiful example of noble womanhood. The laurel wreath of fame lured her not, yet she has made herself a name more to be desired than fame and far above rubies.

Her church duties and acts of benevolence furnish her an ample field for usefulness. She has a kind word of encouragement for the weak and a sincere prayer for the erring.

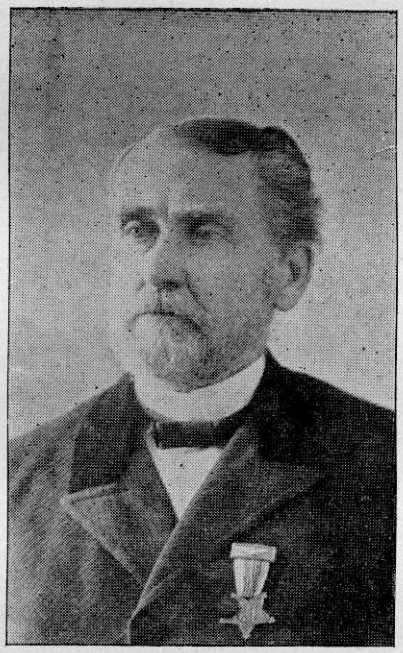
Her home has that attractive restfulness and comfort which even palaces do not possess, where the magical touches or the true home-maker are about, and her bright, cheery face is sure to beam a welcome to all who cross her threshold.

Having no children of her own, she has made for herself a place in the hearts of many of earth's helpless ones, and to them her memory will ever be a sweet fragrance of tender thoughts and pleasant recollections of kindly deeds and loving words. One of these whom she thus befriended, in deepest gratitude and loving tribute, signs her name. ADALYN.

CHAPTER X.

JOHN M. HEADINGTON.

I was born in Knox County, Ohio, December 13th, 1833. My parents were Nicholas and Ruth (Phillips) Headington, who emigrated from Maryland in the early part of the present century. I was educated in the common schools of Ohio and came to Portland in September, 1853, where I have lived ever since. In 1856 I commenced the study of law with Hon. J. M. Haynes, and was admitted to the bar in 1858. In May, 1858, I was married to Miss Nancey Bosworth, a daughter of Dr. Jacob Bosworth, who died in 1874. In August, 1862, I enlisted as a private in Co. H., 100 Regiment Indiana Vol. Inft. On the organization of the company I was elected captain of the company at Wabash, Indiana, where we first went into camp. We were at once ordered to Indianapolis and in old Camp Morton we began to school ourselves as soldiers. We graduated early, partly on account of our proficiency and partly because of necessity. On the 11the of November, 1862, we started for the field of battle and landed at Memphis, Tenn., where we joined Grant's army on his campaign through Mississippi, which was defeated by the fall of Holley Springs in our rear, and we were forced to retire to Grand Jucntion, Tenn., here we spent the winter (1862 and '63) guarding the Memphis & Charleston railroad until June, 1863. We went to Vicksburg and participated in what is known as the "Vicksburg campaign." In the fall of 1863 we came to Memphis and thence across the country to Chattanooga, where we joined with the army of Thomas and fought the battle of Chattanooga



JOHN M. HEADINGTON.

and Mission Ridge, here our regiment lost in killed and wounded a greater per cent. of our force than the loss of the famous 600 and greater than any other regiments engaged in that great battle except the 90th Illinois, on our immediate left, and the 40th Indian regiment in Sheridan's division. We marched to the relief of Burnsides at Knoxville after the battle of Chattanooga, though our men were worn out and barefooted or nearly so. We returned to Bellefonte, Alabama, where we spent the winter, and on the 1st day of May, 1864, we started on the "Atlanta campaign," which lasted until the 3rd day of September, and we were under fire every day from May 3rd to September 3rd, 1864. We made the march to the sea with Sherman, and after the fall of Savannah and a short rest, we made the campaign through the Carolinas and were at Raleigh, N. C., when the war closed. Our regiment participated in the battle sof Vicksburg, Jackson, Chattanooga, Dalton, Snake Creek Gap, Resact, Kingston, New Hope Church, Rome, Dalas, Chattahoocha River, Big Shanta, Kenesaw Mountain, Manitta, Atlanta, Nickerjack Creek, Jonesboro, Lovejoy, Gresworldville, Savannah, Bentonville and a host of other smaller engagements and skirmishes, and it never fired a gun at the enemy when I was not with it. In June, 1864, I was promoted to the rank of Major of the regiment and later on I was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel of the regiment. On the 22nd of November, 1864, while on the march to the sea, our brigade, then numbering 1,300 men present for duty, had an engagement with the nemy at Gresworldville, Ga., which I desire to mention particularly because of the fact that on account of our being in the rear of the wagon train and away from the great body of the army, the historian has never done us justice. The enemy, 10,000 strong, attacked us about noon and we were compelled to fight them with our 1,300 men until darkness closed the bloody scene, and we held our ground and slaughtered the enemy the worst they ever experienced. The southern papers admitted a loss of 614, but the estimates of our generals place their loss much higher. In that engagement I was in command of six companies of our regiment, (the 100th Ind.) and occupied the center of our lines where our loss was the greatest. Every horse in our brigade, including the artillery horses, were killed or wounded except mine, and six of the number (four killed and two wounded were killed or wounded within 30 feet of me. You may imagine we slaughtered the enemy when I tell you we shot at them 92,000 rounds of fixed amunition besides what was thrown by the two pieces of artillery. After the close of the war

I returned to Portland and resumed the practice of the law in this and adjoining counties, where I have remained ever since. I commenced in the "free for all" a poor boy and have had many ups and downs like most people who have to struggle for themselves. In my early practice of the law, being poor in purse, I was compelled to practice in justices' courts all over the county, and occasionally a little over the line. We have had some lively times and many amusing incidents connected with the practice before justices of the peace. On one occasion I was called upon to defend a well-known farmer, who I will call Mr. "A." who was charged with the crime of perjury before one of the justices of was charged ith the crime of perjury before one of the justices of the county. Mr. "A." was a very noisy man when excited, had a course, loud voice, and when he wanted to he could make more noise than a dozen wild beasts. On the way out, knowing so well his disposition to make a noise, I said to him, "I know your ability to make a noise, and I will warn you now if you don't keep still and let me do the talking I will withdraw from the case on the first outbreak, and if you don't promise to keep still I won't begin the case. He promised to keep still until the case was decided, and kept his promise, but when the justice, about midnight, in a room full of pople waiting in breathless silence, made his decision "not guilty," he gave way to his pent-up feelings in his best and most improved style, so that in a few minutes he and the justice were alone in the room, all the balance having retreated as from a cyclone. In early days in our practice in this county turnpikes and gravel roads were not dreamed of, and we were compelled to trudge through the mud on horseback. There were no buggies in the country to be had, and for about nine months of the year a horse could not have pulled them through the mud if we had had them. On one occasion we tried a case before Esquire "B." which lasted until late in the night. It was his first case and he tried hard to be on both sides of the case all through, and when both sides were done he deliberateld for a time and finally said, "when the plaintiff rested his case I could have decided it easily, but since the defendant has got through it is so mixed up that the d—l can't decide it."

Esquire C., Q—— Township, issued an injunction enjoining a party from removing a lot of corn in the shock, and on the refusal of the defendant to obey the injunction he attached him for contempt. His attention was called to the fact that a justice of the peace could not issue injunctions, he demanded to be shown the law that prohibited him from doing so. One justice

of the peace, 'Squire D., who was a justice for several years in —— Township, always held that a party arrested for a crime was presumed to be guilty or he would not have been arrested, and it was his rule to require the defendant to prove himself "not guilty," or he was sure to convict him, and on one occasion he found a party guilty of grand larceny, and seeing the statute providede for imprisonment in the state prison, proceeded to sentence him to the states prison.

In 1876 I married Laura E. Haines, with whom I am still living.

CHAPTER XI.

Levina C. Griffin was born in Pelham, Mass., in 1809. Her parents and grand parents were born twelve miles from Providence, R. I., in Cumberland. Her father was a minister in the Friends' church. Her mother was a member of his church. Mrs. Griffin remembers of goinng to school at the age of 4 years; the distance to her school was one-half mile. There were two old maids that lived near the school would always have her come in and dry her dress every morning that was wet with dew. Mrs. Griffin only had one sister, at the age of 4 or 5 years. She remembers of her sister weaving yarn that was spun at the "Slater's factory," the first factory that was in New England. There was no weaving done at the factory at that time. Her sister, who was weaving with another girl, would say when Mrs. Griffin would go to see them, "Well, let's drive a nail through that little girl's ear and hang her up to the side of the house." She would go down stairs in a hurry. Her mother would say to her, "thee had better stay with me." Mrs. Griffin would attend school six months in a year, three months in the summer and three in the winter, until she was nine years old, then she only went to school in the winter until she was eighteen years old. At that age she was through in orthrography, reading, writing, arthmetic, grammar and geography. Then she attended school in her 22nd year in Providence, R. I., at the New England yearly meeting boarding school. She taught in all two years in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. She had six brothers, one younger and five older than herself. Her sister was married when she was only six year old. She and her younger brother were born in Massachusetts, the rest being born in Rhode Island. The oldest and youngest died when they were born. Whipple Cook, next oldest, was thrown out of a wagon and killed near Portland, Ind., at the age of 84 years. Simon Cook, next oldest, died in Dixon County, Neb., at the age of 75 years. Tremer Cook, died in Baltimore, Md., at the

age of 50 years. Ammon Cook died in Howard County, Ind., and her sister died in Boston, Mass. She was married to Sumner Griffin August 27th, 1837. He was the son of Johnath and Mary Griffin, who were old residents of Pelham, Mass. She started with her brother, Whipple Cook, and his family of six children for Indiana in September 1st, 1837. It took them two days to come to Troy, N. Y., one week they were on the canal to Buffalo, N. Y. There they took a steam boat to a little town by the name of Huron, at the west end of Lake Erie. There they hired two teams and they brought them within about two miles of their destination. There the teamsters swore that they would not bring them another step. They unloaded their goods and left. Then Whipple Cook started for Jay County, and hired three men with teams, Mr. Spade, George Bickle and Henry Welch, and returned the fourth day. They reloaded their goods and they started for Jay County and arrived at Whipple Cook's farm of sixty acres, just one month from the time they left Massachusetts. Whipple Cook had come out the year before and Mrs. Griffin. Not a tree was cut on their land, and in the spring Mrs. Griffin. Not a tree was cut on their land, and the spring was a mud hole full of deer tracks. Inside of a week they had a cabin built 16 feet square and the floor was laid with puncheons two-thirds over the room. Whipple Cook had put in six acres of corn, pumpkins and potatoes. Whipple gave Mrs. Griffin two nice pumpkins and they were used as chairs. The first meat that they had to eat in their little cabin these pumpkins were used to sit on, and there goods box as their table. Mrs. Cook said once to Mrs. Griffin, "I have brought all the school books of my children and paper for them to write with, and now there is no school, and I would of never come here if it hadn't been for you." And Mrs. Griffin answered, "I never urged you to come; I only told you I was coming. But if you will send your children up to our cabin I will do my best to teach them." The Widow Hardy, living three-fourths of a mile off, had three children that attend. Henry Welch had two and he lived one mile off. Wm. Clark had four that lived about one and one-fourth of a mile off, three sons and a daughter, Wilson, Curtis, George and Patsy, all of these children being well known all over the county. Curtis H. is now a resident of Portland, Ind. Mr. Ware had four one-fourth of a mile away, and her brother had five children that attended. She had a $1 fee for three months and take pay in anything they had, except her brother's, which she taught for nothing. She remembers of taking soap grease from one and think it too tedious to the rest. In Massachusetts there were no women

worked out doors, not even to make garden. She thought to work out doors and turned her attention to making something in the house, and as she came to Indiana with the determination of making an honest living or die trying, she brought palmleaf with her to braid, and the second year they were out here they had two cows. She making cheese, which they had plenty to use and some to sell. She was thoughtful enough to bring two brass kettles with her. Mr. Griffin, on their arrival, went to Portland, Ind., then a town of three or four houses, to get some cooking utensils. There he could get nothing but a tea kettle. They then borrowed a bake kettle of Widow Hardy, which had a lid on it. That was all they had the first year. Then there was a neighbor that died and had two big iron kettles that Mrs. Griffin bought. That was all they had until the next spring. The next spring Edward Edger, at Deerfield, brought on plenty of iron ware, and they had a chance to get all they needed. They had to live on corn bread mostly for two years, as they could get no flour on this side of New Port.

Mr. Griffin cleared up four acres of land the first winter and put it in corn in the spring. He traded his watch for a gun and went around the field three times a day to keep the squirrels from destroying his corn. He killed more than one dozen a day. They had all they could use and gave them to Widow Hardy for her hogs. Mr. Griffin started to go over to Maring to the raising of a barn, four miles off, at George Bickle's. He handn't been gone an hour until he came home with a deer on his back. He dressed that and started again, and within an hour he came back again with another; dressed that and left his gun at home and started again, saying the higher the logs were laid the more help they would need. I can do some good yet. Mrs. Griffin says that almost every one that talks with her of it says, "you must have had a hard time," but she said it never seemed hard until they began to have somthing to sell, and they then had a hard time, as she began to experience the rub. No matter for what they had to sell, and it brought so little that it seemed very discouraging. The third year they were out here Mr. Griffin sold some hogs at $1.25 a hundred. He sold them to Edward Edger, at Deerfield. He had to take one-third of his pay in goods. He paid 25 cents per yard for calico, 20 cents for muslin, and other things in proportion.

Mr. Griffin took a pail of butter to Portland and could not get but 3 cents per pound; he said, "well, I won't take it back. But one thing certain, I won't bother you with any more." He took a load of wheat to Piqua and got only 30 cents

a bushel, and said if we lived like a white man he couldn't make a cent. It took five days to go and come. Mrs. Griffin packed his basket, which was all the food he had while he was gone. Mrs. Griffin could make more money braiding hats and making cheese than he could with all the grain he could raise. Could not get but very little money, but they needed furniture very badly and exchanged cheese for it; also a clock. Mrs. Griffin sent "home," (as she called it) to Massachusetts for $40 worth of palmleaf, which took her three years to braid. She sold her hats at the store, but would have one-third cash, and there she got her money back for her palmleaf. Mrs. Griffin is the mother of Mrs. John Hardy, who was born August 14th, 1839, on the land they entered. Mr. Griffin died February 3rd, 1876, and since that time she has lived with her only child, Mrs. John Hardy. Mrs. Griffin says when they came to Jay County that the woods looked like a beautiful flower garden. There was the blue bells, beautiful for-get-me-nots, deep red and vermine kinds of yellow fourners that she never knew the name of. She said when they were moving out here a man at Sidney, Ohio, asked where they were going, Mr. Griffin answering, Jay County, Indiana. Well, I would not live there if they would give me the whole county; one half of the land is under water and the other half is mud knee deep. Cattle and horses could live with very little feed. A neighbor said that he had fed his stock but very little feed all winter; if they could not browse they could bark. Mrs. Griffin would often get the "blues," as we term it. But Mr. Griffin swears he never wanted to go back east on a visit. He was left an orphan at six years of age. The man that took him to raise died when he was sixteen years old. His widow was left with very little to help herself with. Mr. Griffin then had to make his own living. He got a good common school education, but had no steady home until he was married and then came to Jay County, and was happy and thankful to think he had a home of his own where he could sit under his own vine and sugar tree, and no one to molest or make afraid. Mr. Griffin was a member of the New Light (or Christian) church, at Salamonia, he helping to build two meeting houses there of his own demonination, and did his full share or a little more in supporting the church. Had a long, painful sickness and died in hopes of another happier and better life. Mrs. Griffin still survives, enjoying unsual health for one of her age. But yet in a few days, months or years she hopes to pass to a better life where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

CHAPTER XII.

My father was John J. Hawkins. He was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky, September 25th, 1789, and was a soldier in the war of 1812, and served three years. My mother was also born in Bourbon County, Kentucky, June 4th, 1789. Her name was Nancy Sellers Hawkins. I am their youngest child and was born in Eaton, Preble County, Ohio, October 10th, 1820. My father moved to Jay County in 1829. We started to move the 1st day of March and arrived in Jay County the 8th. It took us eight days to travel fifty miles from Eaton, Ohio, to Jay County. We got to Greenville, Ohio, the 4th of March, the day that General Jackson was inaugurated president, 1829. The men were marching around a hickory pole with fife and drums. I asked my father if it was the 4th of July, and he said it was in honor of General Jackson. I have since learned that it takes the hickory poles to reach the public crib.

Our nearest neighbor was ten miles away. The Indians were plenty for three years after we came, then the government moved them west of the Mississippi. My playmates were little Indian girls. We shot with bows and arrows, ran races and rode the ponies. We had no house to live in when we came to Jay County. We built a half-faced camp by a big oak log and lived in it six months before we built our cabin. The first thing we done after we got here was to make a brush fence back of the big log to pen our sheep in at night. Well, the very first night the wolves came and killed four of the sheep, and don't you think we only had fourteen dogs. I will tell you there names. There was Cay, he was dady's deer dog; there was Cuff and Ring and Rover,

Wallie and Spry, Music and Sound, Rauge, Sauce, Don, Trail and Loud and Tiger. Well, Don was Brother Joe's dog; he was no account and all wanted to kill him. Well, when the wolves got after the sheep they tried to hiss the dogs onto them, but not one of them would go after them but Don. The next day dady and the boys built a wolf pen and put some of the dead sheep into it. That night they caught a great big wolf. They took the dogs and us children to see the wolf; they cut its ham strings and let it out of the pen and set the dogs onto it, and they soon killed it. The next day father and the boys went hunting. Daddy killed three deers and Brother Nathen killed two turkeys. From that time on we had plenty of wild meat. Well, the next thing to be done was to clear a corn field in the green woods. It was bottom land and covered all over with spice brush. Brother Sam grubed five acres and the rest choped the trees down and picked the brush and planted it in corn and pumpkins, the 25th of May. We had a good crop of corn and such fine pumpkins the sheep had to be watched. Brother Ben was the shepard. We then cleaned a turnip patch and raised about five hundred bushels of the finest turnips I ever saw. The 1st of August, the same year that we came, Town Shalar came and settled right across the road from the Liber grave-yard and lived in an Indian hut. L. Williamson, a young man, came about the same time and made his home with us the most of the time. He and Shalar were both born in Kentucky. Our cabin was twenty-two feet long and twenty feet wide. It had a great big fire place ten feet wide and a puncheon floor. That fall the hunters came by the dozen, some from Cincinnati, some from Eaton and some from Kentucky. Oh, Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky? It is'nt often that you see a hunter from Kentucky. Later men came to pick out homesteads. Our house was the stopping place of everybody that came to the country. We were so glad to see them come. One evening daddy said to the boys, "we must get up early and go to the rich woods and bring the hogs home to butcher," so they got up early and Ben said, "I drempt last night that you started for the hogs and killed a great big bear right in sight of the house," and sure enough, he killed the bear just as Ben had dreamed, and sent Sam to the house for the oxen and cart to haul it home. It was the fattest thing I ever saw. Daddy says, "Now boys, we go for the hogs to-morrow." We got up early and low and behold, Ben had dreamed again. He dreamed they started after the hogs again and daddy told Sam to go to the right of him and Nate to the left so they would be sure to find the hogs. They went about a mile and saw a gang of deer. Nate killed

two and daddy one and Sam one. They didn't get the hogs that day. Well, they started and they killed the deer just as Ben had dreamed. Next morning they asked Ben what he had dreamed, and he said, "if you go you will get the hogs to-day," and so they did. We always had plenty to eat, game was so plenty. Our worst trouble was going to mill; we had to go to Richmond, Ind., or Greenville, Ohio. It took a week to go and come and oh, such roads. The next settler that came was Phillip Brown, who settled near Liber. People soon came to settle around us.

One fall the news came to the men that there was lots of bear out north, where Adams County now is, so every man in the County went off for to hunt the bears. Ben Goldsmith lived where Lancaster now is, and Sally May and I went to stay with Nancy while Ben went on the bear hunt. It was three miles from our house, and as we went we saw a great big bear; it crossed the road about a hundred yards in front of us. We were very badly scared, but we went ahead and soon got there and told of seeing the bear. Before sun down Nancy told we two children to go to the spring and bring night water. There was four of us, Lizzie and John Goldsmith, Sally May and me. The spring was close to the creek; John says, now galls, let's go across the creek and get some grapes and black hawes." John says, "you get hawes and I'll climb the tree and get the grapes." Just then we heard a noise up the tree; we looked up, and there sat a great big bear. I think it was eating grapes.

We were badly scared, and we ran to the house. There was no door shutter so we stood a table up in the door and put a bedstead against it and brought the ax in and prepared to fight the bear, but he did not come. The day that the men got home Mary Ann Brown, a little girl about eleven years old, treed a bear in the corn field and went to a neighbors that had gotten home from the bear hunt, and he came and shot it for her. The men that went hunting did not see a bear. About that time Tom Shalar took his team and went to Batavia, Ohio, to move his brother-in-law to this county. I stayed with his family while he was gone. Earl Porter was building a cabin for his son, George, about a mile below Shalar's. He stayed with us at night. A lot of hunters came from Kentucky and stayed in a cabin Tom had built, but had not moved into it yet. Well, they all went a hunting. In the afternoon two of them came in and they had whiskey and they got drunk. They came to the house and told us to cook their dinner or they would shoot us. Mrs. Shalar refused and shut the door, put a bar of iron across it. They swore they would tear the roof

off if we did not let them in. She told them she would shoot them. There was a log cut out at the back of the house, next to the prarire, with a greased paper pasted over it to let in the light in place of a window. She tore the paper off and told me to creep out at the hole and run into the prarire and run in the high grass until I got out of sight and then go out into the path and go and tell Porter to come quick. Well, I went as fast as I could and just as I got to the path I met Porter coming. I was so glad when I saw him coming if I had been one of the fainty kind Ithink I would have swooned for joy. We son got to the house and Porter soon settled them. That night Porter lay right across the door with his gun by his side. The next day the hunters pulled up stakes and left.

Tom Shalar moved to the prarie close to where Camden now is; he was the fist settler in Penn Township.

A lot of us girls and boys went to see them; there were eight of us. They were Jim Simons, John Hardy, Ben and Jo Hawkins, Phebe Simons, Sally May, Avaline Hawkins and myself. The horses were all in the woods but one, and we had to go seventeen miles to get there. Our plan was for us girls to take the one horse and ride turn about. Well, Avaline said she would ride first. Well, she started and soon got out of sight and that was the last we saw of her until we got to Shaler's. We walked that seventeen miles against noon. Well, Avaline said she thought she had better ride on and have dinner ready against we got there and so she had it all ready. The next day the boys went hunting and killed a dozen half grown turkeys. We all went fishing and caught a big turtle and a fine lot of fish. We went to the Indian village at the Godfrey farm.

When our crop of corn was eaten up by the coons and squirrels we had to buy our corn for our bread. The boys would pack the deer hides and go to Greenville and sell them and buy corn and get it ground and bring it home on pack horses that were trained to follow the leaders without being driven or led. People moved into the neighborhood with big families of boys and girls, young men and women, and then our glorious times came. We had house raisings, log rollings, flax pullings, Christmas and New Years, Holly eve and Valentine drawings, and always had a dance at night too. Our dances were a different kind to what they have now; we danced reels and jigs. We were all poor and had no fine clothes; we all wore home-made clothes; we had no shoes, and wore moscasins or went barefooted. We had a flax pulling at George Bickels and a dance, and we were

all barefooted; the floor was very rough and I got a splinter in my big toe. Sally May took my place in the reel while Nancy Bickle picked the splinter out and rubbed some coon grease onto it, and then I went on with the dance. When such things happened there were no remarks made about it. I'll tell you why it was; just because we were all ladies and gentlemen, every one of us. My sister Avaline got married to James Simmons and moved to Randolph County. They lived in a shanty built of rails and covered with clapboars until they got their cabin built. That was before Jay County was laid out. When anybody got married they had to get their license and a squire from Randolph County to marry them.

My father took sick in two years after we came to the country. He lived a year and died, and left us for a better world. You may imagine how we felt but can never know how it was. Only two neighbors, one six miles off and the other three, and our father lying dead in the house. My brothers, Sam and Ben, went to the woods and cut down a tree and split a puncheon out of it and laid father out on it and dug his grave, and mother made his burying clothes; they were Irish linen pants and hunting shirt. Tom Shalar went to Winchester and got some lyn boards and him and Billy Odel made the coffin. It was a great bereavement. Like all such things we had to bear it. We did the best we could. It has been sixty-five years since he died, but it is still fresh in my mind. I was eleven years old when he died. There was no school in the county until I was a woman. I can only read and write. I can't read figures; I have to write every thing at full length.

I am almost seventy-six years old. I am the youngest of the family and all the one living. I have been married twice; my first husband was Jesse Maxwell, the second was B. W. Clark. I was a Hawkins; I had four brothers and one sister. Their names were Samuel, Nathan, Benjamin, Joseph and Avaline.

CAROLINE CLARK.

CHAPTER XIII.

VINE COTTAGE, REDKEY, May 9th, 1896.

The grand army, Epworth League,
  May unfurl their banner high;
The foot of their soldier may be on earth,
  And the top may reach the sky.

Their grand aspirations may ascend
  To the great Shepherd that dwells on high;
The angels of love and mercy will descend,
  And crown their labors by and by.

Even the very honored name they bear,
  Is grand, the name of Mr. Wesley's home;
In that home was talents, rich and rare,
  As will be read in history yet to come.

The grand army, Epworth League,
  Will be enrolling soldiers more and more,
Until they meet their illustrious Captain,
  Upon the sacred and Heavenly shore.

They may meet Him by the river,
  There they may cross the rushing stream;
By the Dear Saviour he may be resting,
  Beneath the palms of evergreen.

Then songs of praise they will loudly sing,
  To Him who died to save us all,
Until the courts of Heaven ring,
  When the Epworth roll is called.

Composed and written by Mary, wife of Rev. D. B. Sutton.

VINE COTTAGE, February 20th, 1894.

The very name of this honored organization indicates noble principles, aleviation or remedies of wrong or suffering. This is the third anniversary of the Woman's Relief Corps in our beautiful city. Yet we remember in 1861, the great foundation of this noble work was laid, when our brave soldiers offered their bodies as a sacrifice to maintain the glory of our flag. The beautiful emblem of our liberty, which but for their bravery would have been trailed in the dust. I remember with what anxiety the ladies worked that they might send such things as would relieve the wounded and suffering. They sent delicacies to relieve their hunger; they sent soft linen and precious ointment to be aplied to the wounds they might receive in defending our loved country from oppression. The patriotic and loyal ladies followed with such relief as distance and circumstances would admit. It was among daily anxiety and prayers and the sacredness of many tears that the foundation of this organization, the W. R. C., was laid and sealed with the loyal and brave blood of our country.

Their grand work and prayers may ascend
To the great Captain that rules on high;
The angels of mercy and love may descend
And crown their labors by and by.

MRS. D. B. SUTTON.

(A tribute in honor of General Washington's birthday.

George Washington is the grand, illustrious name,
That gained for our world such honored fame;
It is to celebrate his birthday, with pleasure and delight,
That we have assembled in this room to-night.

We now are gathered in this beautiful hall
With those, like him, that went to their country's call,
To defend for us the glorious flag he had raised,
That filled our country with happiness, cheer and praise.

On January 22nd this wonderous infant, George, was given,
As an angel sent from the shining courts of Heaven,
To teach, love of country and of liberty, should be our fame,
Signed by George Washington, our President's honored name.

He had grown from childhood to strong and interesting youth,
Always observing the laws of honesty and sacred truth,
Until the people of our country united as an independent band,
And gave him the highest office that could be given in our land.

He stepped into wedded bliss; he met Miss Martha when passing
along the flowery path of life,
He was attracted, and asked her if she was willing to be his true
and loving wife.
I am willing, she said, to take you as my husband and my guide;
Your splendid wisdom never would misuse my station by your
side.

Their home was to them as Eden, bright and pleasant and fare,
Nothing but pleasure and happiness could enter there;
They ever plucked from love's embrosial tree
In this life we hope they will through all Eternity.

Composed and written by Mary, wife of Rev. D. B. Sutton.

VINE COTTAGE, REDKEY, May 5th, 1896.

Rev. D. B. Sutton, local elder in the M. E. church and one of the local pioneer ministers of Jay County, Indiana, was born March 8th, 1816, in Ohio, Green County. He is the youngest except one, of a family of ten children. All except him have gone to the great beyond or glory world. He received such education as the school privileges of that time and period offered. He was early converted at a camp meeting held in Green County, Ohio, sixty-five years ago. Through all these years that have intervened since that hour, he has never wavered in his faith nor faltered in his duty. In the meantime his interest in the M. E. church began to attract attention, and his brethren recognizing his ability and integrity and seeing in him the requisite qualities of leadership, called him early to engage in public service. During his early days his parents moved to Green County, Ohio, where he resided till the date of his marriage, which was March 23rd, 1836, when he was united in holy matrimony to Miss Mary Roberts, by Rev. Brown, of the Ohio conference.

She was born in Berkley County, Virginia, August 4th, 1815. She came with her parents early in life to Chillecothe, Ross County, Ohio. This was my earliest recollection of a home, my parents having settled there shortly after their marriage, where they established a home like the ancient Patriarch. They erected an altar from which each morning and evening ascended the inscene of prayer and praise. They also furnished a chamber for the prophets, and many of the toil worn preachers rested there. If any of those veterans are still living they may perhaps remember my sainted mother and father, and recollect incidents of association with them. My ancestors were nearly all Methodists. I can recollect Father Finley, Father Collins and Mr. Bascom in his oratoral brilliancy. Those I heard proclaim a full and free salvation. When I was 16 my father moved to Green County, Ohio, where Mr. Sutton and I were united in marriage. The pleasant associations that we enjoyed while living in Green County have been the subject of grateful recollection, and it is with feelings of no ordinary character that I address these few lines. It recalls vividly to my mind many pleasant scenes.

In 1845 we bid adue to our home and all its hallowed associations, the friends of our youth. We came to Jay County, which was almost a wilderness. Mr. Sutton had to open the road before we could get to our intended home. We soon erected a small cabin with four window lights in one side and a stick chimney, and blankets for doors. Here as formerly our room was soon enlivened by the cheerful presence of kind friends. By industry and economy and proper improvement of time we soon became more comfortably situated. There was a great many wild animals infested this uncultivated country, such as wolves and deers, and turkeys, and wild hogs, and some of the more dangerous animals, would often approach the houses. Some ladies were brave enough to shoot at them to the great delight of the settlers, and sometimes would meet one of the reptile tribe that tempted Eve. Sometimes they would offer battle and effect their designs, to the great suffering of the individuals. But notwithstanding, we had our disadvantages we had our pleasures. There was a grand quality of socibility among the people. One instance we had a great number visiting at our house, I jestingly said to Mr. Sutton, "please step out and kill a wild turkey for dinner." He went to where they ranged and killed three at one shot. They were sitting on the fence. It gave great amusement to the visitors. At another time he killed two deers at one shot. Many others were fortunate in obtaining wild meat for their families.

Sometimes there would be wagon loads of friends go and assist some lady quilt and the gentlemen would gather at the same place and assist in rolling logs and clearing. They would have grand enjoyment in each others society and partaking of a fine dinner, such as the new country afforded, rare delicacies When we had week day preaching we would lay our work by and attend without fail. It often would last all day and sometimes part of the night. In times of quarterly or two days' meetings, we would take home with us fifteen or twenty persons. We worshiped in log houses or cabins. The dear Savious met with us and we were happy. Our benches were made of split timber, and no person thought strange of it. I could name many things that would seem strange to the people in this advanced age. In our united efforts to serve the Lord we sometimes traveled through muddy roads and deep water. It will not be long until all of those land marks will be gone and will be known only in the hearts of grateful people. We may forget the gratitude we owe to those brave men and families. They have toiled and denied themselves the comforts of life to give the following generation. They have conquered the forrest and subdued the wilderness and made it to but and blossom as the rose with the richest flowers, and to bring forth fruit in most bountiful profusion for the enjoyment of rising generations. How thankful we ought to be, how sacredly should we cherish their memory. They occupy in the temple of fame a place which in the great rush of modern life, people are apt to pass by unnoticed. If their hard labors of years ago were borne in mind they would be recognized as being the more worthy of earth.

The great foundation that was laid by our pioneer citizens; the wilderness was cleared, but on it was made the great and marvelous improvement of to-day. Too much credit cannot be given to these enterprising citizens for the grand work that has been accomplished, to the great advantage of all the people of Jay County. The original town of Redkey was laid out under the name of Mount Vernon about the year 1848. The first store and first postoffice was established one-half mile south of the present location. From that time forward to the time of finding of large quantities of gas, the town has steadly increased. Redkey has enjoyed a steady growth; the population is 4,000. We have three large glass factories, heading and hub factory, slate factory, three saw mills, one grist mill, one fine elevator, a very fine $25,000 school building, and a new M. E. church costing near $15,000, and square after square of imposing and city-like brick

business blocks, miles and miles of cement and brick sidewalks. With our large natural gas territory and the prospect of oil in the near future, will make Redkey the metropolis of the great Indiana gas and oil field. We are situated at the crossing of the Panhandle and the L. E. & W. railroads. It gives great opportunity for shipping. We are favored with one of the best lumber yards in the state, and also a fine printing press and postoffice of modern style. The muddy roads have given place to miles of fine pike; the log cabins are something of the past, and instead there are large and valuable frame and brick residences, and grandly improved farms. We cannot do justice between now and fifty years past, the contrast is too great.

VINE COTTAGE, REDKEY, May 9th, 1896.

Dear Sister Lynch:—I have not been well since you was at our house. I fear I have not done justice to this imperfect history. But I have done the best I could under the circumstances. Some pieces of history that I will send have been printed years ago. The one on temperance I composed and wrote years ago, to be read at a temperance meeting. An editor was there and wished to print it. It recalls to my mind the real circumstances in connection with it, that you may please return the history. I have had a very imperfect education. I only went to school six months in all, and that was to a country school. Mr. Sutton and I have been married sixty years last March, 23rd, 1836. He was born March 8th, 1816, and I was born August 4th, 1815, so we are 80 years old. He engages in all the activities of life, in matrimony and church services, and I continue to write history and compose poetry, as I have done for years past, ever since I could write. Dear sister, you must excuse mistakes that I have made in writing or spelling, especially.

MARY SUTTON, Wife of Rev. D. B. Sutton.

Mr. Sutton took me when a girl,
  Into his home and heart,
To bear in all his after part,
  A fond and faithful part.

I have never tried
That pleasure to forego,
And I have never been joyful
When he had care or woe.

I would rather share his sorrows,
Than any other's smiles or glee;
If he is nothing to this world,
He is all this world to me.

He makes a palace of our home,
And where we stay a throne
There is pleasure for me in his voice,
There is affection in his tone.

Composed and written by Mary, wife of Rev. D. B. Sutton.

VINE COTTAGE, February 21st, 1895.

(Composed in her 74th year.)

Holy men were impressed in early times by the Divine Spirit to go forth without script or staff, proclaiming the wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad for them, and dessert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

There was a time when this country was shaded
With trees and beautiful bloom,
And the cirucuit riders took their saddlebags
And rode forth to give the Gospel a boom.

In the saddlebags they carried the precious Gospel truths,
Which they kindly taught, to the aged, as well as to the youths.
The saddlebag was regarded with very sacred awe,
As in them was carried the whole Gospel law.

A message to be delivered, with true Gospel love,
As handed down from the pure courts of Heaven above,
With a pearl surpassing grandure or eloquence for,
Even so much as the sun would, the dim evening star.

The shouts and the songs would go up from the saints, all around
They felt that they had gained more Gospel ground,
On which they might build a log cabin, a home,
In which they might invite the preacher to take his saddlebags and welcome come.

And they would receive him as a messenger sent from on high,
To tell them of the joys that awaits them in the sweet by and by,
When the labors and cares of this life are all over,
And the dear Saviour take us to dwell with him on the golden shore.

Our circuit riders took their saddlebags and traveled forth
Through the wilderness of beauty and true natural worth,
To proclaim in language most pure and sublime,
That there is glory coming in the near future time.

When the wilderness shall blossom and bloom as the rose,
Then the pious circuit riders will lay aside their saddlebags
And put on nice and comfortable clothes.
Our salary is just sixty dollars, that is very true,
But that is all sufficient, as our wants are very few.

The dear Savious has said in His own written word,
We shall never want if we trust in the Lord,
And our children should never, never beg bread,
It was by kind Providence poor old Elizabeth was fed.

The preacher's faith grows strong when he takes from his saddlebags
The words the Saviour has given to teach him to travel to a mansion in Heaven;
The he prays the dear Saviour to direct where to go,
Even if he should travel through the mud and cold freezing snow.

That he might plant a Bethel in the name of the Lord,
In which His sacred name might ever be adored,
Then he rises from prayer and looks far ahead,
There is a place I can administer, where saints need to be fed.

He looks and he listens, as his faith grows strong,
He takes up his saddlebags and slowly marches on;
He looks until he sees the flames of the clearing mountain high,
As though it was (the) flames of electricity ascending to the sky.

He stops, and he listens, and hears the voice of a singer sounding clear,
"Dear Saviour, send us glad tidings of great joy in this wilderness here,"
The tired preacher slowly walks up to him, and meekly nodding his head,
And saying, "Dear brother, I truly have need of some nourishing bread."

"Oh, come home with us, we will gladly have you with us eat,
We have corn, we have pumpkin, we have vension, the finest of meat."
"I will accept the kind invitation and thankfully come,
For I am a poor wearied traveler, seeking a rest at some home.'

"I have traveled many miles in deep, muddy roads,
To bring to you, dear friends, the pure word of God,
On which you might feed Heavenly things,
With such brotherly love as the true Gospel brings."

The voice as of telegraph sounding out clear,
"Oh, come to our log cabin, for a Gospel minister is here,
To tell us we may have a glorious mansion upon high,
Even to exceed the brightness of the sun on the ethereal sky."

They met in the log cabin to praise the dear Lord,
Their vioces ascended high, as they sang, may his name ever be adored,
Our homes have fallen to us in a Heavenly place,
For surely Thou hast sent us a preacher to teach us free grace.

Just as the faithful old-fashioned clock struck four,
The preacher said, "Dear friends, it is time our meeting was oe'r,
But we will stay with our dear brother the balance of the night,
And praise our dear Saviour again in the bright morning light."

Dear wife, just spread a soft blanket upon this puncheon floor,
That will make room for the preacher and two or three more.
Dear sister, if you need those pillows to lay on the trunel bed,
Just hand to me my saddlebags, on which I have so often rested my head.

Now we will take sweet rest the balance of the night,
We will praise our dear Saviour, if He should spare us to see the morning light;
Then we will trust Him to give us bread and meat, the substantials of life,
Which will sustain our mothers and children, and dear loving wife.

Composed and written by Mary, wife of Rev. D. B. Sutton.

CHAPTER XIV.

SKETCH OF MARIAH MENDENHALL'S LIFE.

My father and mother, Jacob and Mary Bowersock, lived in Adams County, Pa. They were strict members of the Lutheran church. I was born May 2nd, 1813. Mother died when I was eight years old. Father was a weaver by trade and he kept the family together by hiring an old lady to assist until the year 1825, when we moved to Columbian County, Ohio. I was then 12 years old. I do not think I ever went to school over six months. At the age of 14 I went to live with my uncle, William Galbreith. I was married at the age of 18 to William Farrington. William worked in a saw mill for several years. We moved to Jay County, Ind., in October, 1838. We first stopped at William Mendenhall's. From there we went to our place in Jackson Township, joining on the west the place now owned by Albert Bronson. Myself and children set around on logs while William built a three sided shanty. We lived in this six weeks. We hung a coverlet in front of our three sided shanty. At night the wolves often came and stuck their noses under the quilt so I could see their eyes. William would have his gun standing in reach and would fire at them. That would be the last of them for that night. One reason the wolves were so bad, we had built our house right on their trail, which was packed down like cow paths. Game of all kind were plenty. William often killed a turkey or two and sometimes two deers before breakfast. Once he killed two deers at one shot. He tanned his own deer skins and made his own buckskin pants. For the vest he would take fawn skins

when they were spotted and tan them with the hair on. We often would see eight or ten deers in a drove and had six deer hides tanning in the house at one time. After living in the shanty six weeks, William and his brother John, built a cabin in the woods. William chopped down trees and trimmed them up, leaving the brush lay until evening, when I and the children would go out and pick up and burn brush until nine and ten o'clock at night. We got five acres cleared and put in corn the next spring. Some of the corn grew 15 feet high. We paid $1 a bushel for corn meal from the time we came to Jay County until we raised a crop. The meal was brought here by Nathionel Coffin, from Winchester, until Joshua Bond's mill was built.

One of the necessaries of those times was the successful use of the gun in which I proved very successful. I went squirrel hunting; the first time I missed the squirrel, but the second shot brought it down. After this I shot at marks with Dr. Lewis and Thomas Sumption, easily beating them.

One afternoon I went to William Mendenhall's, a distance of one and one-half miles, and was late in getting started home; darkness overtook me. I had a small dog with me and the wolves got after us; the dog growled and snapped at them, keeping them off until we got home. In five years after we landed in Jay County William died. He took the milk-sick in June and only lived ten days. He was attended by old Dr. Beel, and was buried at West Grove. At the grave I took sick and commenced vomiting. I was taken home in Daniel Votaw's wagon. I and two of the children were sick four weeks. I was left a widow in the woods with seven children, four boys and three girls. My oldest boy was 12 and the youngest six months old.

William had sowed about five acres of oats besides the corn we had out. About the time the oats began to get ripe Seth Rigby's and Isaac Irey's horses got to breaking in. As we could not keep them out, Jonah Irey loaded a gun with shot and broken nails and told me to shoot them and he would stand by me. They would break in at the same place every time after night. One of them had a bell on so when I heard them coming I took the gun, and my boy, Jesse, went with me. I went to a tree that stood in the field close to where the horses came in. I put the butt of the gun against the tree so it would not kick me, aimed the gun at them the best Icould, and pulled the trigger. The gun went off and so did the horses, Seth Rigby's horse carrying a lot of shot and broken nails in her neck and shoulders. They were but little bother after that and did not come back after any more oats or nails. This was my first horse hunt. The next

spring after William's death John Reed and Ensley Lewis moved us on Ensley's farm, where J. R. Hopkins now lives. After living a widow a little over a year William Mendenhall and I were married. I had seven children and he had six, and from this union one more was born, making in all fourteen children in the family. We also adopted a weakly little girl, Lib Slack, by name. After doctoring her up she got to be a stout, hearty girl. So we had fifteen in the family. We took this girl when our youngest was three years old.

We made our own clothing. After getting our wool carded we spun it. As one of the girls was a weaver one would spin, one weave, one do the cooking, one wash the dishes and one rock the cradle. You see we had enough to carry on the whole business. We also raised our own flax and made our linen. In the spring we would make quite a lot of sugar. My husband mended our shoes.

In the year 1849 the bloody flux broke out. Holyfurness Wood lived southwest of Rifesberg, about twelve miles from us. His neighbors were so afraid of the disease that they would not go in the house to help them, so Thomas Sumption came down and told us about it. Margaret Lewis and William and I saddled our horses and went up there to lay out one of the girls who had died. There was five of them down with the flux. As soon as they were able to be moved we took two and Enos Lewis took two of them and cared for them until they were well. The same year Seth Rigby's family took the flux; Margaret Lewis and I went and took care of them for three weeks. There was five deaths in this family. After this George Stansbury and his wife took the milk sick. After his wife died George was brought to our house on stretchers and we took care of him until he got well. We also took care of his baby for a few weeks until it took the diphtheria and died.

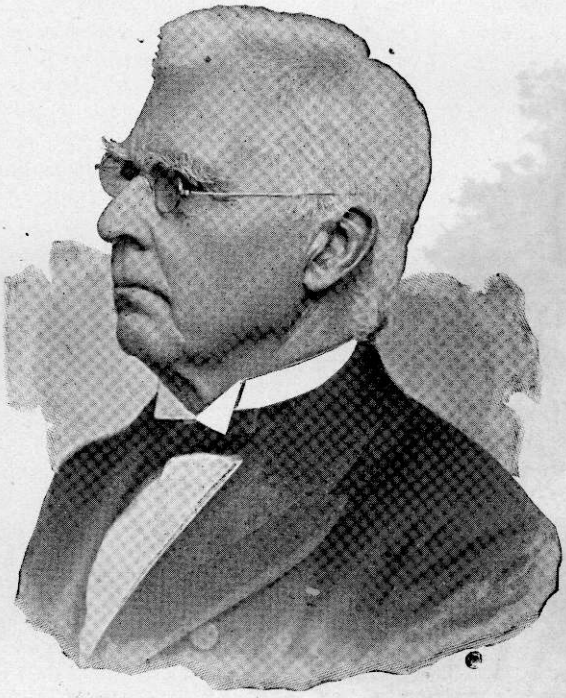
My first call as a midwife was by a family by the name of Whitacre, in the year 1840. Since then up to this date I have attended nine hundred and eighty cases. In all these cases I have never had a woman to die while under my care. In two instances I have waited on three generations, grand parent, parent and child. I always went when called upon. Went through rain and cold many times wet to the skin.

One night I started home by myself at 11 o'clock at night, from north of my home. The man peeled me a hickory bark torch some three feet long. I took off my garter and tied it around the torch and away I went with old Charley on the gallop.

When I got to where Sam William's lived the horse kept shying at something in the woods so I could hardly make him go. I threw away my torch, garter and all, put whip to the horse and went home on the run. The house we lived in when my first husband lived, was of round logs, skutched down on the inside. It was 18x20 feet big and had but one door and one six-light window. It had puncheon floor and the floor over head was laid with 4-feet clapboards. The roof was held on by weight poles. The fire place had mud jams and a stick chimney.

After my second marriage our house still had a stick chimney. In this short sketch it will be impossible to tell the incidents of pioneer life, but as the years went a daughter died and two of the children were taken in and cared for by th large-hearted grandparents and kept until they could care for themselves. Then a stepdaughter, her husband and children were given a home under the roof of the old homestead for a while. After living near thirtyeight years with her last husband, William Mendenhall, she was again left a widow.

Thus the old pioneers have been dropping off one by one until the subject of this sketch is almost the last one left. She passed her 83rd milestone May 2nd, 1896. The young people of today, as they drive over the smooth gravel roads in their fine carriages, will never realize the hardships and privations our pioneer fathers and mothers had to undergo to give us the comforts we now enjoy. Grandmother Mendenhall is now living with her step-daughter, Mrs. George Paxson.



J. M. Haynes

CHAPTER XV.

Since the organization of this county many events of special interests connected with its history, from lapse of time and the death or removal of those who were intimately connected with them, are now seldom brought to mind. Among those is the robbery of the county treasury, which occured on the 4th day of February, 1862.

At that time the county was without a court house or building for the accommodation of the county officers. The office of the county treasurer was in the building known as "Miller's building," a frame structure standing on the corner of Main and Meridian streets, which was burned down a few years ago. There being no bank in Portland or in Jay County at that time, a safe was kept in the office, in which the public funds were deposited. The door to the office was secured by an ordinary lock fastened by a key, and the safe doors were secured in the same manner, it being before the day of combination locks. Joseph P. Winters was county treasurer at the time above referred to, and on the evening of said day closed his safe and office as usual, taking the keys in his pocket to his residence, a distance of some two squares, and on retiring for the night left the keys in his pocket. On the following morning the keys were missing. Going to the office he found the door locked. Without much difficulty or delay he effected an entrance, when he found that the safe had been opened and all the money it contained missing (except a package containing $500, which had evidently been overlooked).

The amount taken was something over $7.000. This discovery of course, produced great excitement. The robbery had evedently been commited by some person who knew who was the custodian of the keys and where he lived. But there was no one on whom suspicion rested. It was pretty soon learned that two horses had been taken from the stable of Robert Stranathan, who lived on the fram south of town, on which John R. Perdieu now resides and that they had been ridden in the direction of Union City. A person sent to that place reported that the horses were found running at large in the suburbs of that town on the morning after the robbery had been committed. This raised the presumption that the robbers had taken an early train leaving Union City on the railroad running to Dayton. No further clue, however, was obtained as to the perpetrators of the crime for some time. The officers at Portland soon had information that a rather bad character by the name of James Hull, who had been staying about Whinchester, had left that plaee under rather suspicious circumstances on the evening before the robbery was committed. On this hint he was taken into custody. He, however, had no difficulty in showing by trustworthy persons that he was in the city of Richmond on the night of the robery. He, however, stated that he had some knowledge of the affair and could find out who the perpetrators were if funds were furnished him to enable him to ferrit them out. Trusting to his representations Hull was sent to Dayton. After a stay of two or three weeks he reported that he had ascertained who the parties were, and the part that each one performed in connection with the affair. On the information furnished by him, a prosecution was commenced against John Barker, Samuel Johns and William Blackburn, residents of Dayton, Ohio, and William Beardon, a resident of Union City, Ind. A requisition from the governor of Indiana on the governor of Ohio was procured for Barker, Johns and Blackburn, and they were arrested and brought to Portland. Breandon was also arrested. They were brought before the proper authorities and the amounts of their bonds fixed for their appearance at the next term of court of the Jay Circuit Court. Failing to give the required bonds they were confined in the Randolph County jail, there being no safe jail in Jay County. At the April term of the Jay Circuit Court they were all indicted for burglary and grand larceny. Barker, John and Breandon took a change of venue from the county. The cases were sent to Delaware County; Blackburn having broken out of the Randolph County jail, was at large when the indictments were found.

At the April term, 1862, of the Delaware Circuit Court, the cases came up for trial. Barker was first tried. Prior to the time fixed for the trial, Breandon, who had for many years been a resident of Portland, indicated to some of his old friends that he would testify for the state in case he would not be put on trial. As the state had no positive evidence against him, and the understanding was that he got none of the money, and further the evidence that Hull could furnish would be of such a character that it would not be admissable on the trial, it was thought best to accept his proposition. His statement was that Barker made an arrangement with him (Brandon) that he was to go to Portland a day or two prior to the 4th of February under the pretense of buying hogs; that Barker and Blackburn would meet him at the bridge over the Salamonia at Portland, about 9 o'clock in the evening; that he was to conduct Barker into town and point out to him the treasurer's office and his residence. Bearndon was then to go to the hotel and retire so that no suspicion should attach to him. He stated that the plan was carried out as arranged. On the trial of Barker, Brandon testified substantially to the facts above stated, that he met Barker and Blackburn at the bridge, that he pointed out to Barker the office and residence of the treasurer, and further, that Barker informed him that they left Dayton on the morning of that day, went to Winchester, Indiana, by railroad, and walked from that town to Portland. The conductor of the train that left Union City for Dayton on the morning after the robbery testified that Barker was a passenger on that train. There were other circumstances proved tending to corroborate the testimony of Brandon. Barker's defense was an abibi. He had witnesses from Dayton who testified positively that he was at Dayton on the evening of the night when the robbery was committed. He, however, was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in the state prison for two years. Johns was then put on trial. He was connected with the affair only as an assessary before the fact. He counselled with and aided Barker and Blackburn in laying the plans for the robbery, and was to share in the spoils. Hull's information relative to the matter was procured chiefly from Johns, and he was the principle witness against him. He was also convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in the state prison for three years. The case against him was taken to the supreme court and was reversed, for the reason that he being only an asscessory before the fact, and was not within the state of Indiana, the courts of the state had no jurisdiction in the case—Sec. 19 Ind., Reports page 421.

Blackburn was afterwards arrested and brought to Portland. In the meantime a jail had been built at Portland, in which he was confined, but escaped therefrom. In 1863 he was re-arrested and was tried in Randolph County, was convicted and imprisoned in the state prison for five years.

The county recovered none of the money, but the citizens, and especially the public officers who were instrumental in the detection and prosecution of the perpetrators of the crime, had the satisfaction of knowing that they were duly punished for the offense.

J. M. HAYNES.

Portland, May 28, 1896.

CHAPTER XVI.

In addition to the above data it has been elicited and it is the purpose of this sketch to give to the public some of the unwritten history of the Jay County robbery.

Soon after the burglary had been so successfully effected, George H. Moore was at Winchester on business when he was informed that Mrs. James Hull would be pleased to see him; he of course called as requested and was surprised to be told by Mrs. Hull that her husband had left home the day after the robbery, was now at Marion, Ind., and probably knew something about the case; she furnished him with a good description of her husband and Mr. Moore, after thanking her, hurried back to Portland to impart the news to those citizens to whom he deemed it wise to confide. Among the number whom he told was William G. Sutton, at that time auditor of the county, who was known as a shrewd and sagacious business man, and whom he thought would be valuable in assisting to place a true estimate on the woman's words.

About a dozen gathered to discuss the matter in all its lights, and unanimously agreed that Mr. Sutton should start immediately for Marion in a buggy, accompanied by James T. Stanton. They began their wearisome trip on one of the most bitterly cold nights and with instructions to arrest Hull, if found, without process. We who now can settle ourselves in a well heated, well lighted and elegantly furnished palace car, can illy imagine the the slow porgress amid dark, dismal and foreboding surroundings, that was made by those two determined citizens as they

pluckly urged their horses over the rough, frozen road. By 9 o'clock the next morning they had reached their destination, and after making guarded inquiries, located a man who fitted exactly the description furnished them. They arrested him and started to return home, when their prisoner confessed that he was Hull; that he had been invited by those committing the robbery to join them in their nefarious operations, and gave his captors to understand who had given him what knowledge of the matter he possessed, and that he was willing to assist in running his would-be confederates to earth. After accepting his proffered aid and making arrangements for him to meet Mr. Sutton at Dayton, Ohio, where Hull stated all the parties lived, except William Brandon, who resided at Union City, Ind., they permitted him to go. A full report was made of the above, and the meeting resolved that W. G. Sutton should go to Cincinnati,Ohio, call on the chief of police, secure a first-class detective, disguise and proceed to Dayton, there to meet Hull, who had already gone to Dayton, and by urging another robbery and giving plausible excuses for not assisting in the first, had succeeded in ingratiating himself in the confidence of the entire gang, except Barker, who was conceded to be the smart one of the lot. The plan was executed and the detective secured the necessary evidence to convict the suspects by means known only to the profession. The Jay County sheriff was notified by wire, and by the next day had arrived at Indianapolis and soon had a requisition from Governor Oliver P. Morton on Governor John Brough, of Ohio, for the parties wanted.

After various difficulties had been overcome at Dayton, such as getting rid of habeas corpus proceedings, etc., the prisoners, Barker, Johns, Bell, Blackburn and Barker's mistress, Etta Smith by name, were escorted to Muncie, where the prisoners were confined.

The successful prosecutions that followed were due to the untiring efforts of the writer of the first sketch, Judge Jacob M. Haynes, at that time judge of Jay Court of Common Pleas.

The trials were conducted singly, and on the part of the prosecution with a degree of success that speaks for itself of the care, ability and vigor that were used by the principle attorney for the state.

The venerable and honorable lawyer referred to is still one of the most prominent of Jay County's residents, and when talking of his experiences in the above cases shows a memory remarkable for one of his years.

CHAPTER XVII.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JAMES ROONEY.

I was born March 4th, 1815, in Burkly County, Virginia. Was married the 1th day of May, 1838, to Rebecca Murphy. Moved to Clinton County, Ohio, in the fall of 1838; lived there until 1860, when I moved to Jay County, Indiana, onto a farm in Jackson Township, on the 14th day of October, 1860. While on our way to Indiana my wife was taken sick and died and was buried at Xenia, Ohio. After she was buried I, with my six children, came on to the farm in Jay County, that I had already purchased in the summer of 1861. I built a cabin on my farm and moved into it, where I and my children lived till April 15th, 1868, when I was marreid to Elizabeth Sisk, who I lived with until December 13th, 1893, when death again deprived me of my companion, since which time I have lived with my daughter. I lived at Polingtown during the time I lived with my second wife, nearly twenty-five years.When I move onto my farm it was nearly all in woods. It is now all under cultivation except about six acres. In the year 1840 I joined the new Christian church in Clinton County, Ohio, of which I remained a member until I came to Indiana. In the fall of 1866 I united with the Christian church at West Liberty, where I still hold membership.

JAMES ROONEY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The following sketch was give me by Simon Cox himself. He intended writing a full history, but sickness and other things prevented. Simon Cox was my step-father.

J. M. PAXSON.

SIMON COX.

I was born in North Carolina, Randolph County, the 15th day of second month, (February), 1798. My father and mother's names were John and Patience. I had four brothers, Benjamin, John, Joshua and Isah; five sisters, Margery, Patience, Ruth, Martha and Hannah. I was about two years old when we moved to Ohio. Recollect once on the road they set me in the hind end of the waggon, and in driving through a mud hole I fell out in the mud. Father settled in Ross County, on Salt Creek, near a town called Richmond. Father bought sixty acres; only had to go two miles to mill. We used to go twelve to fifteen miles from home hunting; often fire hunted, which took two hunters; one to carry a pine knot torch and one to do the shooting; whenever I saw a deer's eyes shinning I would hand the light back for the others to hold so I could see along the gun barrel. Aimed to shoot about one foot below the eyes and generally fetched them down. One night I hit one in the end of the nose. There was one buck that was too sharp for us; could never get him to stand long enough to shot; got so close one night I could see him, but he got behind something before I could get a shot. Three or four of us used to go together in purchasing our powder and get it by the keg.

Have some of the powder yet, and I am nearly 78. There was a big shelving rock we used to camp under when we went hunting; built our fire out from the rock and slept between the fire and the rock. Did not kill any bears while we lived in Ohio. Remember one time I shot three deers from one tree as fast as I could load and shoot. None of them ran out of sight after being shot. In about 1818 Brother Benjamin moved to Randolph County, Ind., settling near where Winchester now stands. Isah, sister Margery and myself came along out in the fall. In the spring I and brother Isah cleared a field on a place father had been out and entered before we came. Planted the field in corn. After harvest I went home and father and myself moved out. Father entered 160 acres at $1.25 per acre. I was married the next spring after father came out, in Wayne County, to Tamer Shugart. We settled on 80 acres of the land father entered; the east 80 acres it was. I was a little turned of 20 and Tamer a little over 18. We put up a log cabin 16x18, round logs (hewed them down after); put on a weight pole roof; had no chimney; built only the logs cut out for the fire place and two rounds of the back wall; laid no hearth, no floor, no door up, no windows cut out, and none of the cracks chunked or daubed; laid a few clapboards on the sleepers to lay our bed on; the tick was home-made, and the slats (though we did not use them) were home-made shaved out of walnut. It snowed the first night after we moved in. The first summer after we were married I stayed and farmed father-in-law's place and in the fall moved on the land I had got of father. All the stock I had when we were married was a heifer and spring colt. My ax and gun was the rest of my property. Had it not been for my gun we would have starved. Remember one day a neighbor, James Coats, was at our house a squirrel jumped up on a tree and Coats picked up his gun, rested it on the jam of the fire place, shot the squirrel from where he was setting. Wild turkeys were so fat sometimes that when shot from the trees they would burst open when falling to the ground. The winter I moved in my cabin I hauled my corn up from Wayne County in the snow. The first time went after a load there was no road. We took the section line two miles east of where Winchester now stands (was no town there then) one hand traced the line and the rest cleared the road. It was a pretty crooked one, too; only got about seven miles the first day. When we got to the five mile section there was a forked beech stood there. Brother Benjamin cut W on it for White River, and 5 for miles. About two miles south of that we camped; had Benjamin's waggon, the one

he moved in, which had a cover on; snowed a pretty smart. Snow that night with what we had, made the snow pretty deep. The next day we had two more miles of road to clear before we struck any other road. We had cleared nine miles of road and drove the first team over it. I stopped at New Corydon; the rest went to White Water after corn to feed their horses. Brother Joshua and I got a team at New Corydon, took a load of corn I had raised, got a late start, so we had to camp out that night and found where a hollow tree had blown up; the top part of the log ran over, forming a roof. We built a fire in front and slept back in the hollow, keeping pretty warm; got home the next day a little after noon. I had a big stew pot I used to take in the fore end of the sled when I went after corn; kept fire in it to warm by. The first winter only got our house chunked and plastered to the joist, the chimney above the jam; cleared four acres of ground and fenced it that winter, on which I raised, the following summer, enough corn to do us the following winter. In clearing we took every advantage of the timber we could. Game of all kind was plenty.

Here my history ends as taken from his own lips, twenty years ago, but wish to add a few lines from memory. Himself and wife were a hard working, saving couple; they rocked their first born in a sugar trough, and shared life's toils together. To theme were born three children, neither of whom are now living. They were two boys and one girl, she dying young. The oldest, George Cox, so well known near Winchester, passed away a few years ago, leaving several children and grand children. The other, Elish Cox, has been dead for over twenty years, leaving but one child, now living. For seven years I lived with the subject of this sketch, he having married my mother, Abigail Paxson, of Jay County, as his last wife. He was married three times. Simon Cox was a member of the Orthodox society of Friends, and for several years of the last years of his life set ahead of the meeting regularly. When physically able he attended meeting at Jerecho, his home, meeting twice a week. The kind, quiet old man that I called father Cox holds a place in my memory never to be forgotten it seems, yet I can almost feel the pressure of his arm about my neck as I bid him good-bye when he was too far gone to speak. His last wife died five years before him on November 8th, 1881. He quietly passed away aged 83 years, 8 months and 23 days; was laid to rest in the quiet country grave yard at Jericho. Though being a farmer, he worked at cabinet making and the undertaking business together with his youngest son, assisting in making their own coffins. His life was an example of honest and piety.

CHAPTER XIX.

Curtis H. Clark was born in Preble County, Ohio, February 10th, 1828. I was then small and can't remember very much about my few first years of life. My father and mother were Kentuckians and emigrated to Ohio on account of slavery, and being religiously opposed to the system, although Grandfather Clark was the owner of slaves. At the time of the great Caine Ridge revival he did not get religion enough to emanicipate them and that did not suit my father, and he emigrated to the then wilds of Ohio, and in a few years enlisted in Gen. Wm. H. Harrison's army, or in other words, in the war of 1812, and served almost two years. Was at the battle of Tippecanoe and at the battle of the Thames, but did not claim the honor of killing Tecumsia. After the war he settled in Preble County, Ohio, and was married to Lucy Hardy. I can't give the date, but think it was in 1816. In the course of time to them was born seven children; two died and the other five lived to become men and women. I was the sixth child and next to the yougesnt. We had very poor facilities for schooling, even in Ohio, at that time. The school house in our district was a round log cabin about 20x20 feet, and we had but three months school each year, and we lived two miles and a quarter from the school house, and the district was full of scholars. Some days there would be as many as twenty full grown young men and as many girls, and that gave us little fellows a poor chance. But it is astonishing how one can remember things so long ago. It is now sixty-two years since that school, and I can tell the names of the scholars and things

that happened then better than I can what happened at Liber when I was thirty. I remember on the Christmas of 1834 the big boys was going to make the master, as we called him, treat to the apple cider and ginger cakes or they would duck him in the creek near by. Christmas came and with it all the big boys and girls, and it was very cold and the creek was frozen over solid. Everything went well, until near noon a big fellow by the name of Ned Felton, stepped up to the master and handed him the written demand, and if not complied with the result. He was determined he would not treat. At a given signal the big boys closed in on him and carried him to the creek, cut the ice and asked him if he would comply with the terms. He says, "no; I will drown first." Four boys, one at each leg and arm, gently let him in the cold water. It took the third imersion before he agreed to comply with the terms. I remember most all the names of the actors in this case and if I was called into court to-day I could give better evidence on that than on many things that have happened in the last few years. I write this to show how vividly things may be engraven on the young mind. Another thing, I remember the first funeral I ever was at. It was in harvest and mother was going and asked me to go with her. I remember having my forebodings, but I went. After the preaching they took the corpse out in the yard for the last view. When it came our turn, mother took me by the hand and I can never forget the sight. They did not embalm them days and this woman had passed into a bad state of decomposition; the smell was unbearable. There were two women with a big brush on each side of the coffin keeping the flies off. I asked my mother as we went home if everybody had to die and smell. Many other things I might mention that might be interesting to some, but I will now leave my Ohio home and go to Indiana.

My father owned a small piece of land consisting of 65 acres, which he sold for $800, $400 down and balance in one and two years' time. After paying all his debts he had enough left to enter 160 acres of congress land, as we then called it. He first went up to the Tegarden settlement, in Dark County, Ohio, but not liking the looks of things as well as he expected, he concluded to go to Indiana, or the Hawkins settlement, as it was called, on the Little Salamonia. Here he found land in abundance for entry at $1.25 per acre. He had friends here who all wanted new neighbors and all had the best land adjoining the best land. A man had to be on the lookout for dry land at that time. He located on what is now the James Haynes' place, in

what is now Pike Township. He bought out old Billy Bunch, who had squatted on forty acres and had put up a cabin and a small stable; had cleared five acres and planted it in corn. This improvement he sold to father for $50, so that he now could but enter only 120 acres, instead of 160, as expected, but he had the house and stable to go into and corn and fodder to winter our horse and cows, with the assistance of the browse from trees we felled for said purpose. He now returned home and the preparations commenced to move to Indiana, a great place in our estimation. The 1st of November, 1835, we were ready to move; we had killed our hogs and every thing now being ready it was a great day for us children. Father had hired two four-horse and one two-horse teams to move us. (We had but one horse.) These men were regular teamsters and wagons as large as a canal boat with the old-fashioned Pennsylvania beds. A man could walk upright under the cover. They made it a business hauling goods to and from Eaton and Richmond to Cincinnati the year around. We loaded our goods in these three large wagons and moved at daylight, Thursday morning. By agreement Mr. Wilkinson was to meet us at Eaton with another large wagon drawn by three horses, moving his son, C. C. Wilkinson, to the same settlement, which consisted almost entirely of Preble County people; Hawkins being first, in 1829, then George Bickle, George Hardy, Eli Longnecker, Henry Welch, Ben Goldsmith, Wm. Isenhart and John S. Mays those that made the settlement for eight miles along the creek when we came. I left our train at Eaton; we moved on to near New Paris and went in camp for the night. You may think we had a high old time with those old waggoners, they being used to that way of living, and we children totally unacquainted, but all went well on the road. We crossed the Mississimewa at William Simmons and here our roads ended. It was but a trace, with never but a few wagons along it now. Our train beat all ever in these parts; two 4-horse, one 3-horse and one 2-horse wagons stretched out them woods for ten miles that Sunday morning and not one single house to be seen on the entire route, but we landed at our home a little before sun-down and all our friends for miles was there to greet us in our new home. We soon had the beds out and with the help we had, made things look home-like. Our teamsters stayed with us that night and the next morning bidding us good bye. We were ensconed in our new home in the then wilderness. It was very lonesome for a while, but we got used to it. Father hunted most of the time; he could make more hunting than at anything else.

He would often kill two or three deers a day, and besides the meat the hides brought a good price; from 37½ cents to 75 cents. We had our smoke house nearly full of dry deer meat at a time. This was good at all times and ready for use; the hams, (there was nothing of the meat kind better) after being smoked were sliced and fried in butter. Our worst trouble was to get milling done, as we called it. The nearest mill was a little water mill on the Mississinewa, twelve miles away and only run about three months in the year.

In April, 1836, Dr. Bosworth moved in and was our nearest neighbor. They were eastern people and well educated; the great difference in our talk and conversation almost put a division between us that was insurmountable, but we all had to have favors; we adopted some of their ways and they adopted some of ours and we soon became fused, as the saying is, and other Yankees came in and land of nativity forgotten.

In June, 1836, my mother died very suddenly. She had eaten her supper and lit her pipe, went out on the porch to smoke and took a spell of coughing and broke a blood vessel and died in five minutes. This was a terrible trial for us children, for we loved our mother above all others and confided everything in mother. There had been two funerals in this neighborhood before mother's, John Hawkins and Uncle George Hardy. They had split blue ash puncheons and made coffins for them, but now the question was, what will we do? It being very warm weather, something must be done at once; no planks nearer than Winchester, no nails nearer than Deerfield, twelve miles away. Dr. Bosworth came to our relief; he had a new poplar wagon bed he had made to move in, which he offered as the best he could do. Now the qusetion of tools and nails. The country was gone over from Obediah Winters to Ben Goldsmith's, a distance of eight miles, and all the old rusty nails that could be found were donated. Late in the evening the coffin, or in other words, the box, was done and mother was laid in and then we took the last sad view of her remains; the top or lid was then put on and nailed down with the hammer and common nails, then carried by hand half a mile to its resting place. This was a different funeral from the present. Two years from the next August, in 1838, father took sick and in two weeks he died. He had commenced to build a new house and had brought three poplar batten doors for house. Those they took and made his coffin, in which he was buried. There was a young man at our house building a saw mill and had nails and screws to make it. Here I am at the age of 10 without father or mother, thrown on the cold charities of the world. We

broke up house-keeping and went back to Preble County and staid one year, and I was lonesome, as all the rest of the family were in Indiana. I had a good place and was well used and hated to leave the old man that had taken me down there, as he was going to move out to Indiana, and told him he had brought me there he must take me back. When the old man bid me good-bye he cried, and so did I. When he got on his horse to start back I had a great notion to mount on behind again and go back to Jay County, but as it had got to be, I stayed with C. C. Wilkinson the next winter. I remember going to mill on horseback; early in April we shelled five bushels of corn and put it in two sacks, 2½ bushels in each, and in the morning, just at daylight, cold and frosty, light scum of ice, he put one sack on old Bet and histed me on it; the other on Rock, and he mounted, to go twelve miles to the mill. It was almost through the woods and briddle paths, as they were called. We got to the mill a little before noon; the old miller told us we could get our grinding in two hours. We got it all right, but it was growing cold and we twelve miles from home. I was not well clad for the weather and before we got half way home it began to freeze, and when I got home and was taken off the horse I could neither stand or walk, I was so near frozen and so hungry. By and by I thawed out and ate a hearty supper and was all right. In August, 1840, I was bound out to Hiram Rathbun for seven and a half years, or until I was 21 years old, for the consideration of $100 and one year's schooling, a freedom suit of clothes, to cost at least $20. I served my time as per contract and was a free man at 21. Since that time I have had many ups and downs, as most men. I was the fist man to volunterr for three years in Jay County, in 1861.

CURTIS H. CLARK.

CHAPTER XX.

A sketch of the life of F. M. McLaughlin, now a resident of the city of Portland, Jay County, Ind.

His father, John McLaughlin, was one of the pioneers of Jay County, Indiana; he was born in Bath County, Virginia, February 21st, 1799, and resided there until he was 22 years of age.

Although a native of a slave state, he imbided a hatred of slavery, and the cause of his leaving his native state was the danger he incurred for chastising a slave driver for beating a slave.

His mother was also a native of Randolph County, Virginia, being born December 21st, 1805, and resided there until her 15th year, when her father, Christopher Spillman, emigraed to Meigs County, Ohio, where she was married to my father, John McLaughlin, August 24th, 1824.

To this union eleven children were born, six boys and five girls, six of whom are still living. William, John, Wiley and the subject of this sketch were soldiers during the late war of the Rebellion. Wiley was killed at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., while making a charge on the rebel lines.

My father emigrated to Jay County in November, 1833, and settled in Madison Township, on the farm now owned by J. Armstrong.

On his arrival he found that he had insufficient money to pay the entry fee on the land he wished to enter, consequently he was obliged to relinquish this land for the time, and with the hope of securing some land for his own, he went to Kosciosko County where he rented a farm on which he lived until October 1st, 1837, when he returned to Jay County and entered 160 acres of land

one half of a mile east of the village of Salamonia. While living in Kosciosko County, the subject of this sketch was born, April 9th, 1836, and was one year and six months old when he arrived in Jay County, so that I was born the same year that Jay County was organized and came to the county in the same year that the town, now city, of Portland was laid out, so that you will see that I have saw the county transformed from a vast wilderness to what it now is.

My father killed a wolf near the house the same day that my Brother John was born. I was but one and a half years old when we arrived in this county, and here I was reared on a farm and subject to all of the hardships of a pioneer life; I never had a pair of shoes until I was 13 years old; there was quite a number of Indians in Jay County at the time of the McLaughlin family coming to the county, and I just then learning to talk, and one Indian took quite a fancy to what they called the white papoose, and learned me to talk the Indian language, some of which I now remember yet. I recollect very well the first cigar I ever saw; some person found it about half a mile from our house, near the blacksmith shop of George Beard, and when I heard that they had found a cigar I had no idea what it looked like. I imagined that it was a fancy pipe of some kind, so I told mother that I was going to see it. She refused me this privilege, but I told her that I would go, and she said that I must not, as it was through the woods all the way, but my curiosity was so aroused that I ran away and went, and when I arrived at Mr. Beard's I told them that I had come to see that cigar that had been found. They got it and showed it to me, but I told them that they could not play that kind of a trick on me, as I wanted to see the cigar that had been found, and not a leaf of tobacco that had been twisted up, but Mrs. Beard told me that it was the cigar, and I think that I went home the worst disgusted boy you ever saw.

I had no opportunity to go to school and had no clothes sufficient to keep me warm in winter time, and there was no school in the summer time, and if there had been, we could not have went, as we all had to work in the summer to clear up the farm. The only way that I got any education at all was that every dime I got I bought a book with and every moment that I had from work I was readin or writing on something with a piece of chalk or coal or anything I could get hold of.

There was a preacher at our house one time and we stole his pony out and run a race with one of our horsese and they collided in the race and knocked me off and pretty nearly broke my neck. We had a cross ram and we used to take it by turns

and stand out and let him make a run at us and see who could dodge him, and my Brother John one day failed to dodge him, and he nearly broke his back for him, and father did not know we had been teasing the ram and he killed him for butting John.

In those times we could only farm the higher lands, and the black soil that is now the best of land was all under water and was only inhabited with frogs and snakes the whole year round, and when we got a piece of ground cleared and raised a crop of corn on it, it was almost impossible to save it, as there were so many coons, foxes, squirrels, turkeys and deers to eat it that we had to constantly watch it until it was ripe sufficient to be shucked and brought in, and I can now hardly believe how plenty these wild animals were. I have saw twenty to twenty-five deers at one time. I at one time shot twenty squirrels from one tree, and very well remember the day that my oldest sister, Jane, was married. I think that it was in January, 1846. The old folks did not inform us of the wedding, but we found it out and my older brothers, Hugh, William and John, felt that they had been slighted, and they ran away and went hunting, and it being Sunday, they felt hurt about the slight, took to the woods early in the morning; I could not go, as I had no shoes to wear, and they never returned until it was getting dark in the evening. Just about the time that the preacher was ready to perform the ceremony the three boys came marching in. They had ten rabbits, eight opossums, two raccoons, a fox and a mink. They had them all strung on one pole and it was a little embarrassing for father, but they all had a good laugh on the amount of game the boys had caught and the wedding went on all the same. I had forgotten what kind of a dress that my sister wore no that occasion, I interviewed her a few days ago and she says that she thinks that it was a blue calico that she could buy anywhere now for 4 cents a yard; she says she worked out and waited on sick folks for 50 cents a week and took calico at 37½ cents per yard for her pay, and that was the way that she got her wedding dress, and six yards made the dress, as that was all that they put in a dress at that time. I remember that she wore a cap; all brides at that time wore a cap like their grandmothers wore when they got married. We think that we have hard times now, but we are living in paradise to what we did then. I have often saw the time when we got up in the morning that we could not get any breakfast until we grated meal enough for a big family on a piece of tin with holes punched through it with a nail. I could give you many more incidents of early life in Jay County, but I have already taken up too much space.

My father died in March, 1860, leaving my mother not in good circumstances; he had 40 acres of land near the village of Salamonia, which she choose as her dower in the estate; there was no house on it, only an old log cabin, and I did not think it fit for her to live in, so I set out to build her a house. I cut and hewed the logs for a house and Brother Hugh hauled them for me, and I built her a hewed log house. It took all the money that she and I both had to complete it and I had to trade my silver watch to the carpenters to get it finished. About that time the war came on and we all went to the army and left her and my youngest sister, Rebecca, who now lives near Toledo, Ohio, to do the farming and to get along the best that they could.

I left the service in the fall of 1863 and returned home. Miss Susan Keck, a Liber student, was borading at my mother's and teaching the village school, and on the 18th day of October, 1863, we were married and commenced housekeeping in the old cabin that was situated near my mother's house. My wife was a good scholar and was a great help to me; she being a fine mathematecian, I learned much from her teaching after our marriage. I rented mother's farm and we started to make a living. I had $60 in money that I had saved up, and that was all the money we had to start on, and that only bought us a cook stove, six wooden chairs and a few other trinkets, and all our money was gone and Mrs. McLaughlin traded her watch for a set of dishes, and we thought that we were pretty well fixed. I farmed for a living until 1871, taking jobs of ditching and farming, and I managed to make a living until 1871, when I was elected as recorder of Jay County, serving two terms of four years each, and by economy and by the help of my good wife, we secured a reasonable good home. Six children have been born to us, three girls and three boys, all of whom are now living, three being married and three single. My wife was always a faithful and a noble wife and a hard worker, and through exposure she contracted consumption, which baffled all medical skill, and on the 23rd day of April, 1894, she died, since which time I have had a very lonely life and am only waiting for the time to come when we may be united in the spirit land.

F. M. McLAUGHLIN.

CHAPTER XXI.

William G. Sutton was born in Green County, Ohio, on the 12th of April, 1828.

In the month of September, 1837, his father (Isaiah Sutton) and family emirated to eastern Indiana, opening a farm on the present site of the beautiful city of Dunkirk, in Jay County.

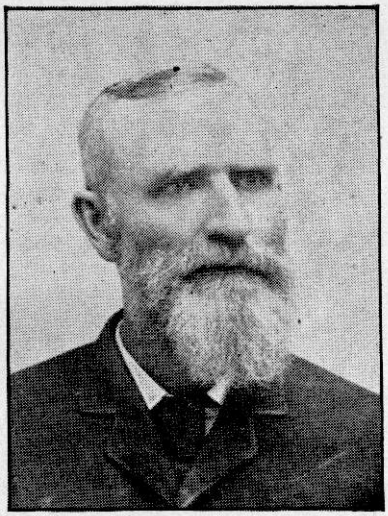
At that time this country was a vast wilderness. His father had to cut a road three miles or more throuh the timber to reach his land. The nearest neighbor on the south was three miles; on the east, four miles; on the west, five miles, and on the north, eight miles.

The nearest postoffice was at Muncie, eighteen miles distance. The nearest mills for grinding grain were at Chesterfield, Madison County, and Hagerstown, Wayne County.

Newspapers were unknown.

When they began to build school houses they made them of unhewn logs with fire places big enough to burn wood four feet long, the back wall and jams made of mud, as were also the chimnies with sticks and mud. The cracks of the buildings were daubed with mud, that making the houses comparatively comfortable. To secure light, sufficient openings were made in the walls, over which was pasted greased paper instead of glass, thus permitting light enough for the pupils to pursue their studies.The seats for the children were made of long puncheons hewn from a large sappling split, with legs and arranged so the pupils all faced inward. The teachers were suposed to have some knowledge of reading, writing and arithemetic.

Mr. Sutton's younger days were devoted to securing an education in the common schools of the neighborhood, after which he engaged in farming and teaching. He began teaching at 20 years of age, devoting thirteen years to the profession in



WILLIAM G. SUTTON.

this immediate vicinity, where he has lived since childhood, excepting nine years, from 1859 to 1868, he lived in Portland, the county seat.

In April, 1859, he was nominated for the office of auditor on the Republican ticket, and in October was elected to said office by a majority of sixty-five votes over Dr. Manuel Reed, Democrat. At the October election in 1863, he was re-elected by a majority of eighty over James G. Adair, Democrat, serving in said office eight years.

Mr. Sutton has lived in Jay County almost sixty years and has witnessed the growth and development of his early home with pardonable pride, for to himself and father, more than any others is due the credit for placing the substantial foundations upon which the city of Dunkiry is built. He has used every legitimate means within his power to induce the location of manufacturing industries that would tend to increase the importance of the town.

When natural gas was discovered in 1887, he platted three additions to Dunkirk and placed sixty-five lots on the market at $100 each, the proceeds, $6,500, being presented as a bonus to J. T. Wilcox, who established the first window glass factory in the city. He has been foremost in all enterprises that had for their object increased municipal importance. Socially he is a genial and friendly gentleman who stands high in the estimation of his fellow citizens, who are not slow to recognize the true value of such a man in the community. He is a member of the Congregational church, also a member of the leading local fraternial organizations, and there, as elsewhere, he stands in the foremost ranks.

September 5th, 1847, Mr. Sutton was married to Miss Judith Gauntt, of Randolph County, who died on the 11th day of April, 1893. Their three sons and one daughter, who are now living, are residents of Dunkirk, and are highly respected citizens.

January 4th, 1894, Mr. Sutton was united in marriage to his second wife, Miss Angie Graham, of Julesburg, Colorado.

Although practically retired from active business life, Mr. Sutton is still directly interested in a number of leading enterprises, and his judgment and advice is eagerly sought by business men of the younger generation.

For his generosity, benevolence and leniency he is known far and near, and by his courteous manner and pleasant way has done what few can do—made every acquaintance a steadfast friend.

CHAPTER XXII.

BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH L. CARL.

I was born in Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey, January 1st, 1819. At the age of eight years I was sent to school and my parents being poor, I could only go three months. There was no free school those days and as there were several children of us our school privileges had to be divided among us all. We had to pay $1.25 per quarter. So in my three months I learned to read, write and cipher, as it was then called. At the age between nine and ten I went to work in a woolen factory, managed by a firm named Wile's, at $1.50 per week, and by being promoted my wages were raised and on less time, and as there was a night school started I went to it at night.

At school we used to try and surpass each other in learning. Our books were the old Daybold arithemetic, the old green leaf grammar and the old English reader. At the age of thirteen I went to work at wall paper printing. There was no machinery those days and we had to take paper by sheets and past them together to make them long enough to make a bolt and then put on the ground work with burshes by hand and print the paper by blocks. We could only put one color on at a time and press the blanks with a hand press; and now what a change progression has made in that line. At the age of seventeen and a half I went to the city of Newark, N. J., to learn the cabinet makers' trade. I was bound to my preceptor until I was 21 years old, but when I was 20 I had some difficulty with my boss and I ran away and went to New York city, and still continued at my trade. At the age of twenty-two and a half I married, it being July 3rd,

1841, to Elizabeth Casterline. After that I went into business for myself, and in the spring of '55 I came to Indiana. I lived in Fairfield, Franklin County, in this state, and in the spring I moved to Green Township, Jay County, in the woods on the farm now owned by Jacob Whiteman, and in '64 I bought the farm known as the Timberlake, which we own yet. To look at Jay County then and now, the rising generation would hardly believe the change it has made. No horses and no fine buggies to ride in; horse back was the only mode of conveyance then in winter and muddy times. I went to one of our neighbors, George Whitemen, and got 300 pounds of hay and yet got stuck in the mud and had to walk a mile to Adam Zigle's and get his oxen to pull me out and help me home with it. I was elected in 1862 as assessor for Green Township. I served three years, then by the persuasion of my friends, was elected justice of the peace and served four years. That gave me enough of public office. Although I was a strong Democrat and took an active part in politics, I would decline all office.

There was splendid hunting them days. You could hear the crack of the rifle every hour of the day; squirrel was plenty, wild turkey was plenty, and some deer. James Spahn,Mathias Spahn and Jacob Koup and myself, in the fall, would take a trip to Paulding County and camp out two or three weeks. My experience in deer hunting was very limited, not knowing how to hunt deer. James Spahn went out to hunt deer and we separated and in a few minutes I heard his rifle crack and he hoted like an owl and I went to him, and he had killed one. We hung him up and started out again. I had not gone far before two deers jumped up before me not twenty steps from me, and I had a double gun and could have killed them both, but I was so excited to see their tails pop up that I took the gun down from my face and let them run off, forgetting that I had a gun until they had gone out of my sight. My luck eneded there; I had no such chance after that. I was out turkey hunting with Redman Gaunt and we got after a flock of turkeys. He told me to go to the old Timberlak school house, in a narrow strip of woods, and set down; that they would all come down through them. I went down, but they were hollowing up in the deadening; I was so anxious I could not wait, so I went after them, but they all slipped through where I had been and the consequence was I got none and Gaunt got four, and he said to me that the next time he would put me under a brush heap to keep me still, but I finally learned how to hunt. In 1869 I left the farm and moved to the place called Dunkirk, and started business in the furniture line. It was a small place then; about

200 inhabitants then, and in 1872 I commenced practice in law. I was appointed deputy prosecutor under Jesse Lafallett, Luther I. Baker, Adair, George Whitaker and R. H. Hatfield. I quit the furniture and undertaking business about twelve years ago. My wife died about six years ago and I broke up keeping house and lived with my son. The town of Dunkirk has grown from 200 inhabitants to a city of 5,000, with brick streets, good walks, large brick business houses, splendid churches, two large school houses, which now has an attendance of 1,000 children. It seems wonderful to me that I have lived from the time that there were no railroads, no telegraph, no photograph, no phonegraph and with all of the progressiveness that has been made. While so many have been denied this grand privilege I have lived to see all of my mother's family of eleven children go, while I am the only one left, but such is life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Cunninghams, of the eastern part of Jay County, represent a pioneer family that figured in the border wars of Virginia.

An aunt of Benjamin Cunningham, one of the subjects of this sketch, was taken prisoner by the Indians, her arm pinioned and she was made to carry her babe on her hands until becoming exhausted, the child was taken from her, its brains dashed out against a tree and the body cast upon the ground. She was some weeks in captivity, but was finally bought and set at liberty by the notorious Simon Girty.

Benjamin and Margaret Cunningham moved from Gillia County, Ohio, in 1832, and settled first one-half mile west of Fort Recovery, moving across the state line into Indiana a couple of years later. In 1838 they selected a site on a small hill midway between Fort Recovery, Ohio and Liber, Ind., and there Margaret, or as her friends nick-named her, "Aunt Peggy," still lives as this sketch is put to press, at the advanced age of 96.

Three of their sons served in the late war. Jacob, the second son, died in the south, and Abraham, the third son, came home and died from consumption contracted while a prisoner. Isaac and William, Sarah and Orinda, the surviving children are residents of Jay County. Among the grand-childen of this pioneer couple we number the Cunningham brothers, the music dealers of Portland.

CHAPTFR XXIV.

In regard to my ancestors, we trace lineage to William Edmundson, who died in June, 1712, aged 85 years, and left memories or accounts of his travels in the wilds of America, the West Indias and the British Empire as a Quaker preacher. The account of these and other acts of his life, as kept by him, were published about two years later in a book of 335 pages, a copy of which has come to me by decent from generation to generation. He was a man of very strong self-will and enthusiastic in religious work and would not stop for cold or storm, and he spent most of his time in what would now be called missionary work. That strong self-will predominates yet in his decendents. Back to my grandparents the age ran to about 90 years. As to myself, I was born April 17th, 1825, in Frederick County, Maryland. I am the son of Thomas and Elizabeth Edmundson. I have five sisters and two brothers. We moved to Clinton County, Ohio, in 1833, it took five weeks to make the trip with a three-horse wagon. One sister was left in Maryland. As small as I was I walked much of the way. The pine in the mountains was so dense in some places that the sun did not shine on the ground, and some places they were on fire and the fire was so fierce that we were afraid it would burn the wagon. We stayed in Ohio untill 1837, then we moved to Jay County. The oldest sister was married in Ohio. We moved in the same wagon and four horses, having three cows and a small amount of clothing and household goods, and only $40 in money, and we had 240 acres of unimproved land. My father and two brothers came here about the time the snow went off in the spring; got their wagon along to Montpelier, then went on foot. With gun and what they could carry they got

well on toward the Salamonia river. Night coming on, they shot into a hollow tree and got a fire the first shot. Having some wraps they got along quite well. A man named Haines and another man started on their trail in the snow, but failed to overtake father. They came near perishing with the cold. One of them had enough energy to walk about and the other did not and the other dragged him about to keep him alive till morning. When day came he got life enough to walk on. Father struck the river south of the old Sam Grisel farm. There was a tree across the river and a rail fastened above it and the river was so high that they had to cross over on it. Father and brothers came to the land I live on and built a cabin about twenty feet square, cut a door and one window, laid a puncheon floor on about one-half of it, and cut a fire place at the other end, cleared a little land and raised some truck and rented a part of the Godfrey farm and raised some corn and the biggest crop of spanish needles I have ever seen. That seemed to be what the Indians seeded their ground with, and they and the bones of the Indians on the banks of the Slokum and the old brick house is among the land marks left by the Indians, and there was many elm trees standing that they had peeled to get bark from to cover their Wigwams and to make canoes. I never seen a tree peeled so nicely by a write man. But I have lost track of mother and sister while I have been looking after the Indians, (but that was no uncomon occurrance in the early settlements, and to return to find them scalped). When father and son returned to Clarke County, Ohio, about the first of August 1837. Mother and the rest of the family was ready to try their fortunes where Uncle Sam with his good sword and rifle had said: Mr. Indian, move on I am going to have all of this fair land, except enought to bury you in and we will soon have that for a garden spot. As we were moving we crossed the river valley about Dayton and Richmond the wheat was being cut, and the trees was loaded with ripe cherries and made one of the loveliest land scapes ever seen. Some of my readers may think it a mistake about cutting the best quality of wheat in August, but when father got home on the 6th of August his wheat was so geen that he would not have it cut.

We will go back to to beautiful fruit which we will have to leave and go to a wilderness, when would we see cherries again, what will we find in our new home to make up for the loss of fruit; I suppose that was what dear mother was thinking about and what did we find. (Father had been in good circumstances and went securety for those he thought his friends and had it to

pay.) What did we get; a farm in the wilderness which, after many years of hard labor, has made a good home. What did we get at once; we got a fish sein long enough to reach across the river. There was J. Paxon, E. Davis, E. Irey, all together. There were nine shares. A few days after we all got home we all went to the river, some two miles, in the forenoon. It rained and seemed very cold to us, and we did not get many fish. We got dinner at George Porter's. It cleared off and we went back and got all the fish we needed and got back in good time. They were about as large as a man's wrist. There was but little brush in the river then. Then there was deer. Hunting was my favorite sport. Now my sons will go hundreds of miles to see the deer. I used to stand at the window and see a dozen of them go by, and sometimes shoot them from the window. They came in our garden many a time and eat cabbage. Under these circumstances, I had the luck to kill the last wild deer that I know of around here, on one of my farms. I borrowed the gun from Sarah Miller, or Sally as she is most always called. I remember of one of my wife's sisters holding a candle every night in the week except Sunday, for me to dress deer. My father and two brothers could do the work on the farm and I was chore boy. I had to kill squirrels from the time corn was in roasting ears, till in the crib. I could make more with my gun in good hunting time than I could at work. I have followed as many as twenty-seven deer in one gang, but could not see them all at once. They mostly run, a doe and two fawns together until some of them get killed. In the winter a buck or two would get with them, and after part of them were killed two or more gangs would get together. When a man has hunted as long as I did it is hard for him to give it up, or even quit telling about it untill all get tired listening. There is something so fascinating about hunting that it overbalences the hardships of a hunter's life, which was made up, to a great extent, of need. After I was married, I used to keep my father's family and my own in the hunting season. I had barrels of it salted and the rounds dried. Turkeys were very plentiful; I have shot as high as five out of a flock after they had gone to roost. After referring to some of the pleasures of a hunter's life I will refer to some of my associates in backwoods life.

In the forepart of Augnst, 1837, I got to Jay County, (where I now live). Came with my father and mother, Thomas, and Elizabeth Edmundson, and brothers William and Thomas, and Mariah and Anna, sisters. We stopped at Samuel Grisel's just east of where Camden is now. He had been here for a few

years and had made considerable money by keeping a list of unsold land and showing it to woud-be purchasers. He had selected the choice land of Jay County, counting soil and the oil it has produced. Then we went to our lonely cabin, half puncheon and half dirt floor. It was the last cabin from the Salamonia settlement till we got to the Bluffton settlement, fifteen miles. I soon went to where Camden is. William Samuels and John Jones were commencing to build log houses. Joseph Paxson and Eli Davis started improvements three-fourths of a mile south; Stephen Kruse and Ely Irey a little west of John Allen's; going between them Moses Allen settled two miles nothwest. A little latter the Allen house was raised. I went with sacks near where it was raised and picked up two bushels of shell bark hickory nuts and left the ground covered with nuts under the trees. Samuel Grissel's son, Amos, was at the raising on horseback, and he carried them home for me. All of our folks and neighbors were at the raising. I have known Grissels to go nine miles to help raise a house. We had to go a long way to get enough to handle the logs.

There was the two families of Johnathan Hyitts just north of Camden; just a little east of them was Joshiah Bond, who built a grist mill and threashing machine under the same roof, and the house was built on back. Some of them were trees with the stumps just the right height for the second story. When we went with grain we had to furnish teams, and two or more would go together. I have spent many a weary hour waiting my turn, and then when it came, it was very hard and particular. Once when I was driving in with another man that furnished a part of the team, Bond complained very much for us not driving fast enough. In a little bit he run out of the mill scared so that he could hardly go back in the mill for fear the burr would jump out and run over him. It was dangerous, but boys often do more reckless things than driving too fast. See what a change in milling here since that.

Now as to the way we had to live in our little settlements. There was not enough grain raised to bread us and we had to go south to get flour and meal.

Soon after our arrival my father went to Richmond to get supplies, in which several families were interested. There was not enough flour and meal to last until they got back, and it was borrow and lend until it was all gone; then we all lived on potatoes, and then some others would go to mill. Sometimes we could get milling done at Ridgeville, but grain was not always to be had there. It is said that "roses have thorns, and trials are

often softened by kindness," but the freedom with which the lending was done and the kindly intercourse it caused more than balanced the privation we endured.

We all went together to log rollings and house raisings as one common class, there being no aristrocracy. Adelina Lupton was as poor as the rest of us, he being the village blacksmith of good repute. Many a weary day have I spent in his shop. I will relate a little incident: I was doing some work in the shop and one of Del's younger brothers got very much out of fix with Del and I and we shut him out of the shop. He stormed the shop for a long time, bue finally got in a good humor and the Luptons and Edmundsons have since always been good friends.

You ask how we lived. Mostly on corn bread, butter, milk, pork and wild meats, and we parched corn for coffee, as a rule. I think we use as much sugar now in a week as was used in a year in olden times, except when maple sugar was made, then it was used more freely. What we had to buy was high, and what we sold was low, because of the cost of getting it to market. My brother went to Piqua, Ohio, and got salt, and I think he sold it at $10 per pound. Eggs were sold at 3 cents per dozen; calico cost 18 cents per yard, and eight yards made a full dress. The waist was made plain to fit the lady neat, and also the sleeves; the skirts were gathered full and showed a woman off to a better advantage than of the new styles. But look at their bonnets; a piece of paste board about a foot square, but in a half circle, and calico or silk fitted over it, so that one end would fit on the head and the other was open so that they could see straight ahead, but not to the right or left, and a frill sewed to the lower edge to reach the shoulders. I belong to the Quakers and we are very much opposed to following the fashions of the world. Once when attending a meeting at Richmond there were over one thousand women with bonnets on similar to these, with the lower corners rounded and not quite so much frill. I never saw a class of people more afraid that their children would not dress in their fashion, and my readers can magne how those good old friends felt when their daughter came out with a beautiful new hat. It is nicer than the old sunbonnet, if it is so bad. Before sewing machines and knitting mills were manufactured there was not so much work on a lady's clothing.

Go back to the foreingers; go in their cabins at night; we see a log fire; it is cold; the ladies are knitting, if the supper dishes are put away. Maybe one is sewing a patch on brother's trousers, and another smaller girl feeding the fire with wood or shellbark

to make the room light enough to see. Then there was a slight improvement for light; a small tin or iron dish, with a wick that reached across the bottom and up at one end, and lard in the dish to make it burn. Then those that could afford to kill beef would make dip candles, and those that could raise the candle moulds had moulded candles, and that was the best light obtainable.

The Fitzpatricks were among the early settlers and kept a grocery and raised a family of bright children. One of them, Grant, went to Randolph County, another to Wells County and practiced medicine and conducted a store, and recently he and his sons moved to Dunkirk, Ind. One of the girls married Garner Martin. They went into the mercantile business and her husband died many years ago and left her with some money and a family of girls. She knew well how to take care of the money and the girls. Some learned to take care of themselves, and I will say for the benefit of that family, that I have been traveling as a salesman more or less for fifty years over this and adjoining counties, and often meet the descendents of the old Fitzpatricks, and am always met with a pleasant greeting.

Being asked by my friend, Mrs. Lynch, of Decatur, as an old settler of Jay County, requesting an account of my ancestors and where and how I lived, the pleasures of such a life and its sociability and the hardships, where I went to school and the many frolics we had helping our neighbors roll logs and catch his snipes, the deer or bear hunts, and in fact anything to make a good spicy story.

My ancestors trace back to William Edmundson, who died June, 1712. I was born April 17th, 1825, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Edmundson, his wife, in Frederick County, Maryland. There were many negroes around there and were very fond of sport. The white farmers would take advantage of heat to get his corn husked. They would top the corn and blade it, then they would lean rails against a ridge pole and nail lathe on them and cover it very thick with the tops of the corn; then they would snap the corn and haul it in the fodder house, as it was then called. They would send word to the negroes and whites as far around as they thought necessary to get help enough to husk all the crop by common bed time. There would be two captains choosen and they would choose all the ladies and gentlemen that were able to husk, then they would put a rail on the middle of the pile, then the captains took two ladies up for choice of ends; then the fun began, for each red ear husked by a gent he was entitled to the girl of his choice. The ladies of the house always had a good supper, and

best they could get. The supper cost nearly as much as to have hired help to do the husking, but where would we go to see such sport and merry making as we had after supper, and the next night we would go to some other farm, and so on until all the corn was husked.

I went to school in Maryland. It was Xmas time and the weather was as pleasant as May, and the scholars wanted a holiday, and the teacher would not grant it, so we locked the door on the teacher and threw the key in the school house and would not let him in to get it until it was time to dismiss school in the evening. What a jolly good time we did have roaming about the beautiful grove. The next spring we moved to Clinton County Ohio, and I went to school there that summer, and everything was as pleasant as could be. The next spring we were in Clark County, and the schools we had there is enough to make a man's blood boil to think of them. It was a common occurrence to see a scholar with hands or wrists tied together with a handkerchief and hung over one of the pins in the wall they used to hang clothes on. We seemed to think we were slighted if were not whipped each day. It was apparently distributed impartially to all, each received so much with regard to good or bad conduct. There were other punishments that would not kill, yet were very unpleasant to the scholars. One of the scholars took a pistol to school to shoot the teacher, and he made a very narrow escape, and I think all the children were sorry that he did escape. I think if the children had told their parents how they had been treated the teacher would have been discharged.

The next spring, 1836, I went to a district two miles east of there, but they did not have summer school. I moved here in 1837, and what chance I had I went to a low grade school in a log house about one mile east of Camden. Afterward Benjamin Denis built a good frame school house where the grave yard is now. I went there a short time. The punishment there was dismissal if we did not obey the rules. We had very good order and few dismissals and the teacher did not study most of the time how to get even with the tyrants who abused them. I did not go to school after I was seventeen years old. I got most of my education in the woods with a gun, as most of my chums did. George Porter is, I think, the only man living here, when we moved here. He now lives at Montpelier. We used to go fishing and we could get all the fish we could use in three hours' seining.

My sister Ester, who married Stanton Scott, in 1836, moved here soon after we did. She has been a widow for near forty

years. She is now eighty-six years old. She lives about six miles from here. The rest of my sisters and brothers have gone to their last resting place. I will now tell you of some of my hunting exploits. When I was about thirteen years of age I could handle a gun as well as any man. The second deer I shot I put a ball through its heart.

Joshua and Cyrus Paxson, Newton Miller and myself went one day in the woods to hunt. We had not gone far, however, until I noticed a deer trail some seventy yards beyond. There was a high bank of dirt and roots, caused by a fallen tree, and I told the boys I would stop there and wait for a deer. They had gone about three hundren yards when they heard the crack of my rifle and came running back with the dogs to see what I had killed. I told them I had shot a buck with a nice head of horns and that I had got the ball about two inches above the heart and that the dogs would have a good run and a fight if they caught it. The boys thought it strange I could tell just where the ball hit, but I could see just as well where the sight ranged as I can see these letters I am making. I had been doing scarcely anything but shooting hundreds of squirrels for weeks to save the core. We started the dogs on the bloody trail and we ran as fast as we could for about three-quarters of a mile. We all came up at once. It was one of the most desperate fights for life I ever witnessed. The dogs did not understand their business very well, although they were good dogs. I think the deer would have killed them, but they were desperately in earnest and the deer's horns and the dogs would come together with a crash; the dogs would get a hold of the deer's nose and the deer would spring forward and land about thirty or forty feet with his head in a different direction, only to make the next spring to bring deer and dogs together. You ask why we didn't shoot. We were afraid of killing the dogs, and the deer came towards us so often that a man was very near lost that wanted to handle a stout mad deer. We watched the fight for some time, changing our positions so as to keep out of their way, not doubting that four men and three guns and two dogs would finally conquer the wounded deer. Paxson shot once and just missed the dogs. I was afraid to shoot for fear I should not do so well. The deer got clear of the dogs for a short time and it started for Miller. It got within twenty feet of him and he shot, but the bullet did not go toward the deer, and if you had seen him run you would have thought him mad. I never saw a nicer race or one I enjoyed more. I was sure the dogs would not let it strike him. I then

had seen as hard and long a fight as I cared to, and begged Paxson to shoot it, and he did, and thus ended its struggle for life. After I cleaned the legs and head off it weighed 128 pounds. Some years later I, at the place where Jacob Miller now lives, came to an open place where I thought would be a good place to shoot deer. Just then one jumped up close by me and ran about seventy yards off and turned its head to see me. I aimed to shoot between the eyes. It fell and layed still. I run to it without loading my gun. I had a very good pocket knife; I tried to cut its throat. The skin was about a half inch thick on the throat and its horns would not begin to go in a bushel basket. I was not doing much good with the knife, and the deer began to wink pretty lively and I began to think it a good thing to get away from there. I went away about a rod. I had a young dog with me that weighed seventy-five pounds; he had never fought with a deer before. He stood by me while I loaded my gun, and by that time the deer was making a great effort to get up. I put another bullet through its head, and it sprang at me, just missing me. The dog shut its mouth on its ham string and it seemed to forgoe me in its struggle with the dog. It went leap after leap with the dog's hold unbroken until it came to the top of a bur oak tree, and it went over the highest part of the tree, but the dog dropped off. I supposed he would not be unable to catch it again, but he soon regained his hold and away they went with the dog swinging high in the air, and twenty or thirty feet at a leap, circling in gun sot distance. When about seventy yards off, as I got the gun loaded, it failed to raise the dog from the ground, and his legs ceased pulling back, every limb was trembling with the great exertion, I shot it through the neck. It fell over and I went to it and tried to stick it with my knife, but it would not be still long enough, so I pounded it on the head with a club and then shot it again. It then had four bullets in its head and one in its neck. It was dead. When animals are greatly enraged they will live a long time with wounds that would kill them intantly if sustained when perfectly cool. When the deer was fully dressed it weighed 140 pounds.

I killed and dressed another there and took the hide and cut them to fit and made me a pair of pants, which I wore for several years. They were nice in dry weather, but not so in wet weather. Talk about grit; there were three deers came in open space in front of me. I shot at the largest one, with a nice set of horns; they all ran about one hundred yards and stopped there. I began loading my gun and they watched me. The one I shot at turned

his head forward and started after me. I could not get the cap in quite soon enough to shoot, so I grabbed the gun as a club with the intention of jumping to one side and striking it as it passed. It got within ten feet of me and made a great effort to jump against me. It fell dead in the effort. I was in prarie grass and about forty yards from me there was a big buck. He put his head down in the grass just as I saw it. I couldn't see anything but its back, but I shot and it fell and I went to bleeding directly. It got up and looked at me and turned toward me, and it was my turn to fall, and I loaded my gun and got up and lo! the deer was gone. My dear readers, if you think you would like to see a wounded buck in an open prarie, with an empty gun, you certainly have not seen as many as I have. The last one we had I killed while out shooting blackbirds in the cornfield. There was a cornfield in full bloom just east of our house. I saw a deer and a fawn cross the field and I started after them and Herman Sullivan followed me. We followed it into the woods and I shot it dead. I left Herman there and I went back to find the fawn. I knew it would be near where the mother left it, and sure enough there it was in a fence corner, behind a stump. I wanted to get it alive if possible. I fixed my gun so as to shoot low and quick, and I crawled flat in the clover, and as I got close it made a spring to go through the fence, but it could not get through quick enough to keep me from grabbing it by the hind legs. I held it in the fence until Herman came and got it by the forelegs. I took it home and it was tame at once as a pet lamb. There was no other animal on the farm that made as many friends as it did. It would come in the house and try to go up a common ladder. It would go to the field with my wife to get green beans and would not offer to eat any, but when laid on the table would eat them with a relish. I carried her when she was small. She always loved company. I had a bell on her and a red ribbon around her neck. I had her trained to track wild deer for me, and she could trail better than a dog. She would go to the woods with me and stay right by me until I saw signs of deer and I would show her the trail and tell her to follow it fast or slow, and I would follow. When she came up with them she would stay with them until I shot one and then go home with me . I could hear the bell for half a mile, and thus it enabled me to be ready to shoot. When there was snow on the ground they could not escape. One day I started her after two not far from the house. She run about a half mile and came up with them. I heard some one fire a gun and they started back toward me. I was

standing by a log about four feet from them. The deer came on the other side of the log rather too far back to suit the pet, and the other stopped opposite me, sixty yards off. The pet was just a little in advance and I watched a minute and then decided to break the wild one's neck. When the smoke cleared away there stood a deer without any head. I thought at first I had killed the pet. In the confusion they had changed places. But as luck would have it, she was safe. One cold morning, about the coldest I ever saw, I was looking out of the window and saw the pet coming with another deer. I got my gun and shot at it, but did not kill it. There was snow on the ground and I followed them about a fourth of a mile and shot again. All I could see was the ears of a deer. The woods was so thick I could not see its body. I was back of a large tree waiting to see the ears more. It shook its head and no bell tingled, so I knew it was not the pet, so I shot again, aiming to hit it in the neck. The deer never stirred, that I could see. I tried to load my gun but my fingers were almost frozen; I had to put them under my clothes to get them warm enough to load my gun. All this time the deer stood as still as death, as much as I could tell by the moving of its ears. I shot four tomes, each time a little lower. When I got to where the deer was it sprang high up in the air and fell dead several yards away. Just then pet came running up ready to go home with me. I could tell you of a great many more adventures, but for fear of tiring the reader. We had to kill the pet, finally, we did not like its ways. Some pet deers are good natured and some are bad. I have seen some in the "Park" at Chicago chew tobacco. Fanny, as we called our pet, made friends with everybody.

The early settlers of this country used to dress very queer. As I would be going to Fort Wayne I have seen men and women dressed in calico or any other kind of goods, rapped around them, commencing just above the feet. The goods was about twenty inches wide, and did not take so long as if it was narrower. They rapped themselves to the arms and then threw a blanket over their shoulder. All this was fastened with just a few pins. Now my dear lady friend is there one of you with the sewing machine that can take a bolt of goods and dress yourself as quick as these people did and enjoy yourselves as much? Now this is no fancy sketch; it is the way we saw them. These ancient settlers loved finery and brick houses. We all like to see things new to us, especially if we think them pretty. I was passing a good brick house southeast of Fort Wayne that was occupied by

Indians. I wanted to go inside and see how they were fixed, but how to get there I didn't know. I had just passed the house, however, when of the most beautiful ladies I ever saw came out and asked me to come in. Of course I did not make many excuses; I was too glad for the invitation. One of the first things I noticed was one of the most beautiful store carpets I had ever seen, and everything else seemed to correspond, except the overseerer; she was a dark Indian. The lady that invited me in was part French and about sixteen years old. She could talk good, but the other could not, so our conversation had to be interpreted, but I was in no hurry to go. I would just as soon stayed all night, but they saw brooms in the wagon and they gave me some money and I went on. In referring to early settlers brings to mind a tract of a short distance northwest of Winchester. It is a beautiful place; there is an enbankment about six feet high surrounding about forty acres, with a mound in the middle for a signal station, or in time of war it seems as though it was far enough from the outer wall to prevent arrows from reaching the center station. It seems that men lived on this land, fought for possession long before the whites drove the Indians out, and it seems as though no one ever published a book, as Mrs. Lynch did, to hand down to our descendents, telling them of our hardships and pleasures of a backwoods life. One of the greatest pleasures was, we were of honorable families, moved in the same society and enjoyed ourselves a great deal more than the many classes of people do in these days. Every house seemed open to all who cared to come, to borrowers or pleasure seekers. Truly it is said all roses have thorns. Yours truly,

JOHN EDMUNDSON,

Balbeck, Ind.

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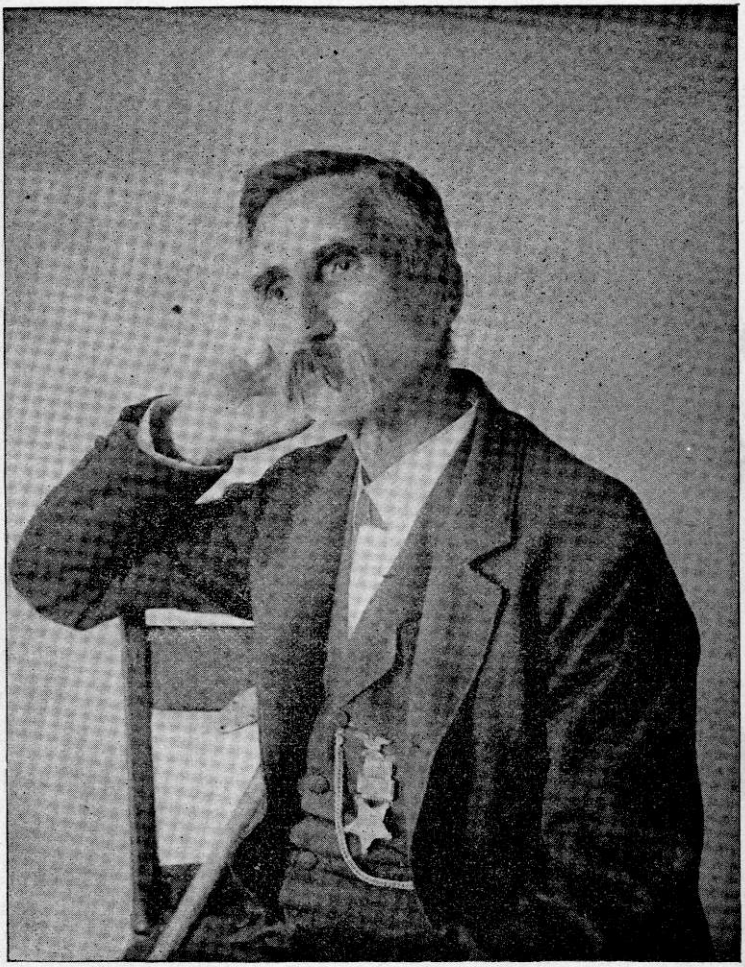

Truly yours Sam Ginger.

CHAPTER I.

At once there rose so wild a yell,
From out that dark and narrow dell,
As if all the angels from Heaven fell.
Had pealed the banner cry of hell.—Rush.

Just one hundred years ago from last November 4th, or properly speaking, November 4th, 1791, there was encamped on a knoll or rising piece of ground on the bank of the Wabash river, now the site of the beautiful village of Fort Recovery, twenty miles from Ridgeville, an army of two thousand regulars and about one thousand of undrilled, untamed, untried irregulars, all under command of General Arthur St. Clair, a brave office and gallant leader who knew how to lead his forces against a civilized enemy, but who knew as much about fighting the cunning redman as John Smith knows about the Bland silver bill or the Reciprocity of the Plumed Knight. St. Clair had been sent with this little army into the very heart of the wilderness to conquer and bring under subjection the several tribes of Indians—among them the bloody Potawatomies, Miamies, Wyandottes, Chippewas and others, under the leadership of such famous chiefs as Little Turtle, LaFontaine, Rushville and others fully as warlike, brave and cunning as they. This little army had penetrated the wilderness thus far without any serious disaster; building forts and block houses as they moved deeper and deeper into the forests, that they might have a place to fall back to in case of defeat or lack of supplies or other necessities. All had gone well thus far, and our little army had almost dispaired a brush, as they called it, with the Indians. It is said, in extenuation of what followed, that St. Clair was suffering from an attack of rheumatism, and was hardly able to walk, much less mount a horse and take

command in such a crisis. The fact is, probably, that being so long without meeting hostile Indians, the little army became careless and unconcerned. The very situation the redman was waiting for, be this as it may, came just at day-break and just as the guard was being relieved. The terrible warwhoop that begins this chapter, and a sound heard never forgotten, was heard on all sides at once. A great many of the tired soldiers were yet sleeping soundly, while others were cooking their breakfast; in fact all except the guards unarmed. Could the redmen have selected a better time to begin the massacre?

I do not intend to describe the battle, if battle it might be called, for that is already history. Let it suffice that time and again the Indians, with blood-curdling whoops and upraised tomahawks, charged right into the midst of the camp. Again and again, were they driven back by heroic men fighting for their very lives, and again would they return to the charge more determined and bloody than ever, and as might be expected, that which for a brief time arose to the dignity of a battle became a defeat—a rout, ruin, murder, slaughter. Many of the men were tomahawked in their tents without firing a gun; resistance seemed of no more use, and then every man, especially the irregulars, tried to save his own life; the nearest fort, Greenville, twelve or fifteen miles away, became the only hope. The deeds of heroism, of self-sacrifice for the lives of others on that terrible retreat, is a history of itself. Many were killed as they ran, refusing even to fight for their lives. How many reached the fort at Greenville was never exactly known, but when the pursuit stopped and the Indians returened to the real enjoymentof the fight (scalping and tomahawking) they found nine hundred dead and dying white men; heroes who had lain down their lives at the command and through the incompetency of their leaders, as many, very many, have done in later years. An old squaw speaking of this many years later, said she became so tired scalping the white men that she had to lay down the knife and rest. The loss of life to the Indians was never known; but of course was comparatively small. The defeat of St. Clair was a crushing blow, but at last it cost the redman dearly. Another expedition was immediately sent against the Indians under the command of General Anthony Wayne—Mad Anthony, as he was familiarly called—who perfectly understood their mode of warfare, and he so thoroughly whipped and cowed them that they sued for peace, which treaty was ratified at Greenville in 1795; and so afraid had the Indians became of Wayne that he made them believe that if they again

took up the tomahawk, he would arise from the grave and exterminate the last living redman, and it is needless to say they never broke the contract, but stood solemnly by and saw the paleface rob him; saw him clear, plow, plant, and reap ground that for generations had been a home for his ancestors; where he had killed game, trapped the fur, raised the maize that fed and clothed his children, bought his powder and his lead. Poor Lo; you are not in it; however, our government would not do that way now. We are more civilized and christianized and under no circumstances would we rob or cheat the poor ignorant redman; would we? Perish the thought.

By the Greenville treaty the Indians ceded to the government all the land lying east and south of a line beginning at the mouth of the Cuyahoga river, running thence west to Fort Recovery, thence in a southwesterly direction to the Ohio river, intersecting that river at a point opposite the Kentucky river.

Comparatively few know it, but nearly every man and woman in Ridgeville cross that famous historical line daily. It enters Ridgeville from the farm of Hannah Ward, crosses Main street west of the G. R. & I. railroad, the lots of James Cunningham, and Richards, angling across the old cemetery, the lot of Eve Ginger, on the corner of Race and Second streets, through Hawthorne's restaurant, the Bank, the McKew grove, thence northeast to Fort Recovery.

We have several relics from the field of St. Clair's defeat, presented to my family by Comrade John M. Clum, of Fort Recovery; among them a bayonet, broken Indian tomahawk, gun lock, bullets, etc.

At that time the Mississinewa country, where Ridgeville now stands, was known as the best hunting, trapping and fishing grounds in the northwest, and it was natural to suppose that a great many of these scattered tribes of Indians would seek the Mississinewa as their future homes. Mississinewa in the Miami tongue means clear running water; and it is with these Indians, good and bad, and the few white settlers that came and settled among them, that the writer proposes to deal.

Thou shall not covert thy neighbor's house nor his wife, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is they neighbors.—Tenth Commandment.

Among the Indians that made the Mississinewa their home, was a bad Indian named Fleming; this particular red man was not only feared and dreaded by the whites, but the Indians them-

selves felt more safe with their lives and property when Fleming was away from them. He was a perfect fiend for fire-water, and when by any means he could get it, he became a ferocious devil, and had killed one or two Indians and no telling how many white men, but had, through his superior cunning managed to escape the laws of both the redmen and the statutes of the white men, by a plea of self-defense, justifiable homicide, or some other lucky circumstance.

It was the custom of the Indians, when they saw that Fleming was getting about drunk enough to be boisterous and dangerous, for three or four of the stoutest of them to jump upon him unawares and tie him head and heels, take away his knife and tomahawk and then bind him to a tree, where he staid until he sobered and promised to be a good "Injun."

Now it so happened that there was a mulatto, named Smith, (probably a descendant of Pocahontas John) who had married an Indian woman or squaw, and was not very well liked by the red men in general, and cordially hated by Fleming in particular. And, moreover, to complicate the situation, this untutored savage, not having the benefit of christian civilization, and of course never having heard of the ten commandments, did covert his neighbor's wife, and had a strong hankering for an excellent flint lock rifle that Smith owned and possessed. Mrs. Smith, poor, unelightened heathen, not being one of the Four Hundred, and knowing little of the custom of civilized society, was not averse to being coveted by one of her own race, and one vastly supperior to her "nigger" husband. Of course such things do not happen in these times; so much for our education; it would be rare indeed to find a covetous man in this respect to-day, or a woman that would harbor such a thought. But bear in mind that these people were nothing but savages and had no teacher but nature in these matters. Well, as might be expected, this covetous Indian began to devise ways and means by which he might possess this dusky squaw, and have, hold and keep her as his very own. In order to succeed in this precarious and doubtful enterprise, it was necessary to have the assistance of the woman in the case. So a council was called with Fleming, the Indian, and Mrs. Smith, the squaw, the only ones present; even Smith was not invited, and they way that Indian and squaw fixed up the plan to remove Smith, and allow Fleming to possess himself of the wife, rifle, cabin and all else pertaining thereto, was worthy of a betttr cause; and for cold-blooded villainy and shrewd cunning has rarely been excelled. At this time Smith, or the

"nigger,' as he was called, lived in a log cabin near where Stone Station now is, and his only neighbor, living in a somewhat larger cabin near him, was a white man named Jesse Gray, and who will be the hero and the noblest Roman of them all in these reminiscences later on.

When the council held by Fleming and the squaw adjourned sine die, it was thus arranged: Mrs. Smith was to forget that she had left her petticoat hanging on a bush in front of their cabin and in the early morning ask her hubby, Mr. Smith, to please step out and get it for her, while the wily Fleming was lying concealed behind a log, a nice rifle shot distance, with his trusty flint lock pointed directly towards Smith's cabin. This part of the plot was all right so far, but the wisest schemes of men and mice, gang aft aglee. The petticoat was there, and Fleming, the Indian, and the rifle was there, the squaw was there, and the "nigger" was there. Just as the first faint streaks of the morning sun shone through the tops of the maples, Smith stepped from his cabin door and stood for a moment taking in the beauties of the spring morn, and listening to the gobble-gobble of the wild turkeys and the song of the hundreds of the beutiful birds beginning their morning concert. He finally stepped to the bush, raised his hand to get the petticoat, but he didn't.

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes and braggart with mine tongue; but front to front bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself; within my sword length set him, and if he escape, Heaven forgive him, too.—Macbeth.

And why he didn't we will have to go back to the style of dress worn at that period. Of course some of the older readers will remember the flap that embellished the front of the pants worn by the men of that day, somewhat resembling a barn door, only instead of swinging sideways, as the door, the flap swung outward and downward, and was suported at the top with two or three large buttons. The man that could afford metal buttons was considered one of the four hundred, and it so happened that the "niger" was the happy owner of a beautiful metalic button, pure shining brass, and as large as a half dollar. This button supported the flap of Smith's pants just above the center of his abdomen. Well, what has this button to do with the Indian, the nigger, or the squaw, the reader will ask. Patience, reader, you will see that it has lots to do with it. As Smith raised his hand to take the rag from the bush his face was turned to the east, the morning sunshining on that button made it a target so tempting

that the Indian could not resist the temptation to draw a bead on it; although it was not the spot to do the nigger to death the most speedy, it would do it just as surely; swish—bang—Smith saw the flash but could not dodge the bullet. It struck that button fair and square; Smith sprang about six feet in the air, gave a yell that could be heard in the next county, and came down, rolling over, believing, of course, that he had a bullet hole right through his vitals. The Indian, thinking he had done him sure, did not exercise the usual caution of the red man in making a sneak away; and the nigger about that time discovered that he was not dead, raised up and started for the cabin door. In so doing he had a fair view of Fleming, and he knew to a dead certainity who had shot him. Just then the squaw opened the door, rushed out yelling, "who shoot! who shoot!" and when she saw that her poor husband was shot (and not killed) her grief was pitiable to behold; "who shoot! who shoot Smith!' she repeated, of course having no idea who did it. "D—n black coward Fleming," said Smith. "Oh, no, Flemin', he good Injun, he no shoot Smithy; he friend to Smithy." They finally got into the cabin where Smith took an inventory of the damage done by the Indian's bullet. He found the bullet had glanced from the button, passed just under the skin, struck a rib, followed the rib around and came out on the back, making a very painful, but not dangerous wound.

When the nigger discovered that he was not killed outright his rage was awful to behold. He raved and fairly pawed the earth; swore he would load his old flint lock musket and before sun-down he would have that d—d Injun Fleming's scalp hanging to his belt. But his squaw had no trouble in persuading him out of the notion, telling him it was very wicked and contrary to the law to kill Injuns ,and moreover, she was quite sure that Fleming did not shoot him. "Look here, old woman, don't I done told you it was Flemin', didn't I see him sneak away?" said Smith. This settled the squaw for the time being, at least, and Smith hugged the cabin mighty close for a week or so, waiting for his wound to heal, in the meantime keeping his weather eye on the squaw, for at last he had begun to tumble, as we call it to-day. He flatly told Mrs. Smith that if she left her petticoat on the bush any more she might get it herself; and, moreover, he thought there was too much malaria in this flat country to be healthy, and they had better move down on White Water where there was less malaria and fewer Indians; and in the meantime he would consult his old white friend, Jesse Gray,

who hated all Indians in general, and Fleming in particular.

As Jesse Gray will be a prominent character in these reminiscences, it will be proper to give a brief biography of the man so the reader may know who and what he was, and how he come to be such a bitter and unrelenting enemy of the red man. Jesse Gray, at that time a youth of nineteen or twenty, was living with his family, near where Fountain City now stands. The family consisted of his step-father, mother, two younger brothers and two or three step-brothers and sisters, the youngest a baby sister a half a year old, and Jesse himself the main dependence of the family. They were on the best of terms with the young Indians; Jesse associated with the young Indians so much that he was an Indian himself in all but blood and color; he was the equal of the best of them and superior to the most of them in the use of the rifle, in running, jumping, wrestling, and in fact in all the athletic sports that the Indian so much delight in. Even when the writer first made his acquaintance, nearly fifty years ago, he was then a man of seventy or more, as straight as an arrow and six feet or more in height, with the eye of an eagle, and walking with that cat-like step common to all pioneers that had to deal with the cunning of the red man of the country. As I lay on my back in our hunter's camp, a boy of 12 or14, on a dark stormy night with the owls hooting and a hundred wolves howling and snarling around our camp, and listening to the grand old man recount those thrilling tragedies, I would cuddle down closer to my father, feeling almost as if the bloody savages were just ready to swoop down on our camp and tomahawk and scalp us.

As the old man told his story tears would fill his eyes, and his voice become husky, although a half century had intervened since the occurrences he was relating. As stated in a previous chapter, at this time this country abounded in fine sugar groves, and everybody, white or red, that could own or borrow an iron kettle, would engage in sugar making in the spring, and the sugar, with other products, was shipped down the Mississinewa in flat boats and bartered for amunition, salt, muslin, blankets, etc. Gray's family were busily engaged in this sugar making, all unmindful of the terrible fate hanging over them. The sap being abundant that spring required their presence day and night, and on this fatal night in particular they were all present except Jesse, who had been sent to a neighbors several miles distant to try and get an extra kettle, and would not return till the next day, and it was good for him that he was absent. It was with extreme reluctance that Jesse consented to go, telling his father that he did

not like the actions of the Indians for some time back, but his father hooted at his fears, and bade him go, telling him, "we have nothing to fear from the red man; are they not our friends? Did not two of their prominent men partake of our hospitality this very day?" Fatal security; still Jesse was not satisfied and insisted on leaving his gun with the family; but this, too, his father refused, saying, "that they were about out of meat and he might kill a deer on his return home." With a heavy and misgiving heart he left the family; will he every see them again alive? Long before the peep of day next morning he was on his way home, walking or rather running at a rate of speed that a deer might have crossed his path within reach of his gun with perfect safety; his only desire being to see his dear family as he had left them in the evening before. But, Oh! what awful heart breaks await us sometimes in this world of sorrow and uncertainiy; what crushing events may happen in a single day; yea, within an hour. It was just at sunrise when Jesse reached a little knoll or rising ground from whence he could see the camp or rather see where the camp should be. He paused for a moment, almost afraid to look; the stillness of death reigned; even the morning songsters seemed to realize that something terrible was happening; his faithful hunting dog "Fleet," who was always wont to come running and barking to meet his kind master, was nowhere to be seen or heard. This simple incident was more ominous to the young man than all else, but he was forced to look; and where the camp should be, was now a smouldering ruin. Could he, dare he go on and look on the horrible sight that he instinctively knew must greet him there? Yes, go he must, for this dreaded uncertainty was worse than death itself, and hope still whispered some might be spared.

Witch—Fillet of a Fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake,
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's legs and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble;
Like a hell broth boil and bubble.

All—Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble.

—Shakespear.

Surely they could not, savages though they be, find it in their cruel hearts to murder his little innocent sisters! They would not be that bloody minded! But he must go on; before he started again he leaned against a tree for support; he could hear the beating of his heart; his knees trembled, and it seemed as if he must sink to the ground, but he made one more super-human effort to compose himself, and went forward to that awful scene of destruction, upon which he must look, though it killed him. As he started he gave a sharp, familiar whistle for his dog, feeling that the companionship of that poor dumb brute was worth a world to him then; but the only answer he received to his call was the echo of his own voice. A few hasty steps brought him to the spot where, only a brief twelve hours before, he had left all activity and bustle, but now as silent as the grave. One swift, hasty glance showed to the young man that his worst fears were more than realized; every member of his loved family lay dead before his eyes, and he was an orphan indeed; even his faithful dog lay in the ruins of the camp half consumed by the fire. When the old man told this part of the horrible tragedy, his eyes filled with tears and he had to stop a while to weep, though a half a century or more had intervened since the occurrence. Is it any wonder that as the boy stood there viewing the awful havoc that at once made him an orphan and left him all alone in the world, he should become insanely enraged and begin to devise a plan for revenge? He kneeled by the body of his mother and baby sister and registered a solemn oath before high Heaven that henceforth no Indian should cross his path and live. How well he kept his vow, will appear further along in these reminiscences. Young Gray at once alarmed the few scattering neighbors who assembled at the Gray residence and with tearful eyes and heavy hearts proceeded to bury the murdered victims in the best manner possible at that day. A company was organized to pursue, and if possible to punish, the murderers of the Gray's, but it is needless to say it came to naught. Where the Indians came from, or of what they were, it was hard to tell; of course every Indian in the neighborhood could prove that he was in his own sugar camp on that night in particular. The supposition was finally reached that they were a roving band of cutthroats from the Miami tribe down on the Wabash river, near where Marion now stands. But while this brave little company of neighbors failed to punish the murderers, young Gray was all the more determined, single handed and alone, to hunt them to death. One peculiar thing they could not understand, was that

the Grays were the only family struck; not another person was disturbed. The only solution at which they could arrive was that Gray at some time or times had incurred the enmity of the Indians by beating them at their games, and having them laughed at by onlookers, and this was their mode of getting even. Young Jesse, being trained in the same school, made up his mind to take every advantage, fair or foul, to revenge the killing of his family. He soon concluded, however, that he would have to modify his first intention to kill indiscriminately, and confined himself more particularly to the wiping out of those Indians that had done him such great wrong, and for this purpose he must have some friends among the Indians; for he wisely concluded that the murderers were known to some of the Indians camped on the Mississinewa and that by degrees he could wring the secret from them one way or another. By his superior cunning and skill, it did not take him long to get the superstitious reds in mortal dread of the pale face hunter, who in spite of their ever watchful eye, and more watchful dogs, would be standing right in the midst of them, in front of their wigwams while they were quietly smoking their pipes; here he would be, all of a sudden, as if he had descended from the sky, with the palm of his hand turned toward them, and the friendly greeting, "How," which at once made him an honored guest. Little by little, by hunting with them, by giving them tobacco, beads, etc., he managed to find out the murderers to be a band of six, from the Miamis, down the river, and that this red devil, Fleming, although not in the massacre himself, had been the ruling spirit in the plot. This was all young Gray wished to know, and at once set about his revenge. It is well for the reader to remember that the law was equally strict against killing an Indian or white man; and, in fact, it was more dreaded, for to kill an Indian it was likely to bring down swift vengeance on the whole settlement; blood for blood was the Indian's only creed.

It was noticed by his neighbors that Jesse would prepare a large amount of powder and bullets and start off on a hunt, never telling any one where he was going or what kind of game he was going to hunt. On these trips he would be gone for months; at other times only a few weeks, but always soon after his return, word would reach the settlement that an Indian or two was found dead with a bullet hole through his heart or brain. Of course some of the Indians that knew him well, had a strong suspicion that Gray was the avenger, but so afraid of Gray were they, that they kept their own counsel, only wishing that they might not gain his enmity. One of the tricks that he played on the super-

stitious reds,was, that when they visited his camp, Jesse, while cooking the meal, would set down by the boiling pot and mumble over some giberish and then tell them that all true friends could eat to their satisfaction; but if a treacherous enemy ate of the food it would make him very sick, and that he could never more have luck with the gun. By these tricks, and by invariably keeping faith with them, he made many true friends among them. In the meantime Jesse had married the woman of his choice, and had made considerable headway clearing up his farm. With the exception of his periodical trips down the river on the hunt, he was considered a very ordinary man.

The law of self preservation is higher than all law, and a man may resort to it, even to the taking of life of another, in the defense of himself or family.—Revised Statutes.

We will not attempt to follow him through all his thrilling adventures with the red man, but let it be suffice that in ten years or less not a single Indian connected with the killing of his family was alive, except Fleming, the plotter, and Gray was hot on his trail, but the wily savage, knowing that Gray was after him, always managed to lay very low when he heard that Gray was on the war-path. He had sent word to Gray that he would kill him on sight, but he was careful not to get him in sight. Things were in about this condition when the shooting of the "nigger" occured. Gray, as before stated, had built a cabin near his black neighbor, about four miles south of where Ridgeville now stands, and he and Smith were fast friends in their common cause against the red man.

In the meantime, the country along the Mississinewa had rapidly been settled. Jacob Ward had settled here and cleared up a farm, planted an orchard, and was preparing his residence, the house where Sherman Brooks now lives, on the bank of the river just south of town. The Llewellyns had settled where Mrs. Elmira McKew now lives, and several other white families had settled along the river. This did not suit the Indians; they considered it an encroachment on their hunting grounds; consequently they were rather impudent and aggressive, and left no opportunity to get up a quarrel with the whites; but the settlers knowing the danger of getting into serious trouble with the reds, had to grin and bear it as best they could. However, when an Indian became too abusive, and was considered dangerous the few settlers would meet and talk the matter over and soon thereafter Jesse Gray would take one of those periodical hunts, and

that particular bad Indian would be missed. It was supposed that he had gone where there was more game; to the happy hunting ground probably; at least he never came back. I may stop here to say, that one of the peculiarities of these old timers was, that they never would say plainly that they had wiped out an Indian, but always stopped short by saying, "I left the Indian here," etc. I can only account for this on the ground that as the law was very severe for killing a red man, they had from necessity learned that a still tongue makes a wise head. I remember on one occasion that Grandfather Ward was telling me about a bad insolent Indian who was a thief, and would rob every trap he could find with a mink or a coon in it, and when he accused him of the theft he gotheap mad and swore in bad English that he would kill white man who called him thief. Some time after that quarrel Jacob told me he was hunting on this side of the river up about the northwest corner of the corporation line now, when he discovered this same Indian slipping through the woods. He did not think it necessary to inform the Indian of his presence just then, especially as he saw the Indian take from the trap a large mink; "but," said Jacob,"he never skinned that mink, nor robbed another trap for me or any one else," and only a few years ago a gun barrel was plowed up just about the place he described to me, and I have that same gun barrel in my possession at present. Once in talking with Grandfather Ward about the Indian, I said, "well, grandfather, I suppose there are some good honest Indians." "Yes," he said, and after a considerable pause, added, "dead ones." Indeed, it was generally understood that the red man was treacherous and when his avowals and eternal friendship were the most profuse, then was he the most to be feared. But had he not even learned this from his pale faced brother? Time and again had he not been driven from his best hunting grounds, cheated out of his best land, and even his family murdered by the treacherous white man? How is it to-day? Is he not still robbed and forced to leave the land he loves, the only home he has ever known, and then if he happens to object to this treatment and stand up for his rights, does not this big government send out a force of well drilled and equipped soldiers and slaughter them indiscriminately, even to their women and children? As at Wounded Knee, S. D. How long, oh how long, will this government that boasts of the highest civilization on earth, stand by and see this terrible wrong continued; How long will it be until the Indian, like the buffalo, will live in history? But pardon this digression. I have spoken of the family of Llewellyn's, that

lived where Mrs. Almira McKew now lives. The head of the family was Meshac Llewellyn, and his oldest three sons, Shadrach, Meshac and Abednigo, and several younger sons and daughters. It seemed that from some cause, probably from their Wm. Penn religion, Quakers, they were very friendly to the Indians, which caused some of the old settlers and especially the Indian haters among them, to call the Llewellyn's Tories. But with what reason I could not understand; but certainly it is, that the Llewellyn home was a great place for the Indians to assemble and hold their pow-wows, etc., and when an Indian was seriously sick, or dangerously wounded, he found a ready welcome at the Lleweelyn's. But notwithstanding the friendship existing between the Llewellyns and the Indians, one of the Llewellyn boys shot and killed an Indian, among the very first troubles that existed between the two races. It happened thus: It seems that Shad Llewellyn was a little off occasionally owing to some kind of fits to which he was subject, and the Indians knowing this, would have some fun with him at his expense when they would catch him away from home, although they had repeatedly been told that it was dangerous sport by the older Indians, and it so proved one day in the fall hunting time. Shad had taken down his flint lock from over the door, picked the flint, and as he was returning, coming down the river bank he saw two Indians on the opposite side of the river just this side of the Burket Pierce farm, along the high bluff bank which most of my readers are familiar with. The Indians concluded that would be a good time to give Shad a good scare, and they commenced jumping behind trees and pointing and snapping their guns at him. It did not take Shad a minute to tumble; he knew the Indian character to a dot, and although a little off in some respects, was no coward; he also took a tree, examined his gun to see if she was all right, and waited for a shot; the Indians thinking they had scared him so bad he could not shoot, one of them tried to get to another tree where he might see better the result of the scare. In doing this he exposed himself for a moment, but that moment was fatal; "bang," a wreath of smoke and a hunter getting away on the other side of the river was what he saw when he stepped out to see what had become of his partner. Looking over a log a few feet away there he lay as dead as a clam with a bullet through his heart; he soon gave the alarm and had a lot of Indians assembled and buried him right where he fell. Some of the more war-like reds tried to make trouble about it, but the older men said he had only received what he deserved, as he had been warnd not to

molest Shad; and moreover, until this day the Indian has a supreme dread of having trouble with a person that is insane or queer in the upper story. In proof of this statement it is related that a party of six of Fremont's men, in crossing the Rocky Mountains on his first trip, had got lost from the main body and wandered around until their provisions were gone and two of them had perished from starvation and exposure, and the rest had given up to die; they were sitting huddled around a few smoking embers, reduced to gibbering idiots when they were found by a body of Camanche Indians, who were the most inveterate enemies of the whites and never lost an opportunity to tomahawk and scalp any white man or woman that fell into their power, but on discovering the condition of these wretched people they not only spared them, but divided their dried buffalo and venison with them, built them a fire and left them to their fate, where they were found a few days afterwards by their friends and restored to life and health, to kill, perhaps, at some time in the future the very men that had spared them in their great extremity. Many of my readers will remember of seeing the grave of Shad Llewellyn's Indian about a mile or so up the river, and if any should doubt the correctness of the story, step into Dr. Smith's office in Winchester and see the skeleton of that same Indian.

The times have been, that when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end. But now they rise again with twenty mortal murders on their crowns.—Macbeth.

The killing of the Llewellyn Indian brings us back to the shooting of Smith, by Fleming, the devil of all Indians, and to the beginning of one of the most thrilling Indian adventures that ever occurred in the Mississinewa country.

As stated before, the negro, soon as he found it safe and advisable, started off to find and counsel his friend Gray, and when at last he did meet him he told him about his close call from Fleming's and the squaw's plot to murder him. He also told him that while Fleming breathed neither of their lives was secure for an hour. Gray told Smith that he was well aware of the Indian's hatred of himself, and that he was just waiting for an opportunity to kill him on sight; and in the meantime for him (Smith) to conceal himself in a certain thicket near his house, where Fleming and the squaw were in the habit of meeting and holding their pow-wows and etc., etc., and to be sure that his gun was in the best of order for sure fire, and when theIndian made his appearance put a bullet hole right through his cowardly heart. But the

negro could not see it in that light, and told Jese that he would rather part with the squaw.

It is said that all things come to him who has patience to wait. It so proved in the case of Gray and the negro. While they were watching for an opportunity to do up this bad Indian Fleming, an extra supply of fire water and his own devilish daring put him in just the right shape for them to get their long sought revenge.

As stated, Joab Ward was living on the river bank, where Sherman Brooks now lives, at the south end of the railroad bridge. Stopping with him was his brother-in-law, Ellis Kizer, father of Tom and Henry Kizer, of Winchester. It so happened on a warm day in September, just as the Ward family were eating dinner, that a very unwelcome guest in the shape of an Indian entered the house. It took but one glance to see that the Indian was Fleming, and that he was drunk and bent on mischief. In one hand he carried a huge butcher knife and in the other his ever ready rifle. The Wards, not desiring to have trouble with him, asked him to sit down and have dinner with them. But this did not suit the mood of the cut-throat, and he demanded whiske. He was informed that they had none for him. Then he wanted money. This too, he was told, was an article fully as scarce as whiskey; but all this would not do; he had come for blood. When Joab began to realize the serious and dangerous fix in which they were placed, he cast a longing glance at his rifle that lay resting in its hooks over the door. But the Indian was on to that glance, and placed himself between Joab and the gun, and flourished his huge butcher knife in a manner that threatened certain death to any one who dared to oppose him. But something had to be done and done quickly. Ellis Kizer, sitting on the other side of the table, caught the longing glance of Joab towards the gun, and as Joab jumped to his feet with a chair between him and the Indian, Kizer went for the gun; the Indian seeing they were too many for him made a break for the door and the river. He managed by running zigzag to keep Kizer from getting a bead on him until he gained the middle of the river, which at that time was a mere riffle, but Kizer was a marksman, and notwithstanding the difficult shot from the Indian's crooked and fleet running he got a half chance and fired; the Indian gave a whoop, but still kept on running. It so happened by the Indian's leg being raised the shot took effect in the heel and ranging upward came out near the knee, making a severe flesh wound, but breaking no bones; it made him terribly sick, and when he

reached the mouth of the little creek that runs through the west part of town and flows into the river just this side of the rock dam, he was compelled to lay down.

Now it is astonishing how soon the news reached Jesse Gray that the very Indian above all others that he wished to meet had had been shot at Wards, and had run down the river, and in less than two hours Gray was seen to take his track at the bank of the river and follow it, which he had no trouble in doing, by the blood left on the leaves as the wounded Indian ran. The Indian in the meantime had managed to tear off a piece of his hunting shirt and by twisting it around his leg had stopped the flow of blood. Of course he rather expected to be followed and managed to conceal himself in a clump of bushes, where he was laying to give a warm reception to any one who might be on his trail; and by being so well concealed he expected to get the first shot, but he little dreamed that his worst dreaded foe, and one he had more reason to fear than all others, and one more cunning in woodcraft than even himself, and one whom he well knew thirsted for his blood, was even then on his trail. It so happened that each discovered the other about the same time, and as Gray raised his gun to fire it seemed as if the Indian lost all his boasted bravery and resorted to flight rather than fight. He commenced rolling over and over like a log until he reached a tree, and before Gray could fire he had jumped behind it. The most of hunters would have waited patiently for him to show himself or make a break for another tree; but Gray was too smart to be beaten by this kind of a trick; he immediately changed his position off to one side and discovered the Indian crawling close to the ground and getting away as fast and as quietly as a serpent, and so very unsteady were his motions that it was almost impossible to get a good shot; but Jesse knew that the Indian's object was to draw his fire, and if he missed, before he could load again the Indian would have him at a disadvantage. So he seen he would have to force the fight. He made a break for the red man, and this too, the Indian was prepared for, and he again started on a run; always managing to keep a tree between him and Gray, and when he did expose himself he would run from side to side, making a line like a rail fence; but the superior skill of the white man was too much for him. Gray stopped short, threw his gun to his shoulder, and before the Indian could get behind another tree, he fired. The Indian gave a bound up in the air and fell flat on his face. Gray did not stop to see the effect of his shot, but presuming he had killed him stone dead, he reloaded his gun and re-

turned home, told the negro their mutual enemy was at last beyond doing either of them any more harm, for him to keep posted when the officers of the law got on his track, bade his family a hasty farewell, and started for Wayne County, thinking that in a few months at least the trouble would have blown over and he could return home on the Mississinewa.

It may well be imagined what was his surprise about four weeks after the shooting of Fleming to see the darkey at his door with his eyes fairly bulging out and trembling like he had the ague. "Why, Smith, what's the matter?" said Jesse. "Oh, I done tole you, Mr. Gray, dat Injun Fleming got already done killed; he a'int killed at all, and dem Llewellyn's got him up dar to de house, and sent away off and got a big medicine man, and when he come he look at dat Injun mighty sorry, and den he tuck a silk handkerchief an he put de end in dat bullet hole, an he takes a ramrod an he punched dat handkerchief clar through dat Injun, an den he put that handkerchife to him nose an smell it, an fore de Lord, Mr. Gray, he say good Injun get well; and Jesse Gray an dis nigger had better look out or leab de country."

After Gray had heard Smith to the end of his story he asked him what he intended to do about it. This was a stunner to the poor darkey, and he scratched his woolly head a moment and said, "why, dat's just zactly what I cum to see you for, Mr. Gray; dars one thing mighty powerful sure, somebody has got to kill dat Injun; he seems to hab as many lives as a cat." "Well," said Gray, wanting to have a little fun with the darkey; "will you undertake to finish him before he gets well and kills us both?" "Oh, Lordy, Mr. Gray, I neber could kill dat Injun; he entirely to smart for dis nigger, an he dun kill me fore I git my gun off my shoulder." It was finally arranged that if Gray would go with the nigger to the Llewellyn house and protect him from harm he (Smith) would shoot the Indian without fail. The price to be paid Gray for going along and seeing fair play was a grubbing hoe, two bars of lead, and three gun flints. The next Saturday was set down for the time, and how well they succeeded in the undertaking will apear in the next chapter.

Lady M.—Are you a man?

Macbeth—Ay, and a bold one that dare look on that which might apall the devil.—Shakespear.

As agreed upon, on the next Saturday Gray and the darkey met and decided to immediately start on their somewhat uncertain and dangerous undertaking of killing Fleming. On this

occasion there was to be no mistake; that devlish cut-throat Indian had to die, or each of them lay down their lives in the attempt. Gray was to take the lead, and when they once got into the room where the Indian lay, Smith was to do the shooting. Gray told Smith to follow right in his footsteps, but not to make a motion, or to speak a word only when he was told to do so. About the time they were ready to start the darkey began to repent of his rashness. Gray turned on him with a look fairly paralyzing him, and told him if he did not stand right up to the work and do just as he bade him, he would blow his head off. This settled the poor darkey, as it was sure death if he backed out. The two men of different color started on a mission of blood, to wipe from the face of the earth a man of still another race and color from either of them. When they reached the Llewellyn home it was just after supper. Gray placed the negro behind a tree while he went forward to reconoiter, and the sight that greeted him was well calculated to appall a stouter heart than his. Seated on the grass in the shade of the forest trees that surrounded the house, were six or eight stalwart Indians, who, after the excitement of the day's hunt, were smoking their pipes and telling to each other the adventures of the day, all unmindful of the presence of the man they dreaded more than all the rest of their white neighbors combined. As usual they had placed their guns in the house, not needing them until the morrow. Gray returned to Smith and told him to follow directly in his foot-steps, and on pain of instant death, to neither speak nor show signs of fear.

Before the Indians had time to realize what was happening Gray and the negro were standing right in the path that led to the house, and between them and their guns. One or two of them started to rise, but Gray, by a single motion of the hand and without speaking a word, bade them stay right where they were if they wished to live, and they obeyed without a murmur. All this time the darkey was stepping on Gray's heels, and his teeth were chattering like a buzz saw. A few hasty steps brought them to the door of the wounded Indian. Mrs. Llewellyn, knowing Gray well, at once defined his mission and tried to bar their way, but Gray as quietly pushed her aside and they entered. She commenced remonstrating and positively forbid them shedding blood in her house. Gray told her in language more emphatic than polite, that they had come to kill the Indian, and if powder would burn they would do it; if she did not wish to see the tragedy she had better retire. This she positively refused to

do. Then Gray took her by the arm and pushed her out and barred the door. All this time the Indians lay there eyeing them as coolly as if they had no interest in the matter wahtever. After the woman was out of the room, Gray turned to the negro and told him to do his business, but he might as well have talked to a stump. The darkey stood there with his eyes bulged out, and his complexion in a few minutes turned from a black to a shade whiter than Gray himself; his knees were knocking together, his teeth rattled and in fact he had a terrible attack of buck ague. He could not raise the hammer of the gun to save his life; and when he went to raise the gun to his shoulder he took it by the wrong end. Gray seeing he was more apt to kill himself than the Indian, gave the poor fellow one withering glance of contempt, and stepping to the bed on which the wounded red man lay, told him he could have one minute in which to make peace with the Great Spirit. The Indian answered by a defiant look and drew the blanket over his head. Gray placed the muzzle of the gun within two feet of the Indian's forehead and fired. The blood and brains spattered the ceiling overhead and Fleming, the thief and murderer, had started on the voyage to the happy hunting grounds.

At the crack of the gun some of the Indians on the outside got up and peered through the cracks to see what was going on, but none of them attempted to get their guns. After the shot that settled Fleming, Gray stepped to the fire place, took out his pipe, filled it with tobacco, lighted it, and after giving the darkey a meaning look as much as to say, "If you dare to run I'll kill you," stepped out and coolly walked away, with the darkey almost stepping on his heels. Not an Indian spoke a word or made a movement to get up. The two kept up this moderate gait until they got down the little hill and just out of sight, when Gray turned to the negro and said, "Now if you value your life, run for it," and run they did. Gray said, in telling this adventure, "I never saw the Indian that could outrun me, but with the darkey I was nowhere; and every now and then he had to stop and wait till I caught up, for he was too badly scared to run alone."

They finally reached Gray's house after a run of four or five miles. After they had something to eat, Gray said, "now tonight them Indians will attack us, so we will prepare to receive them." So they fortified the house as best they could, moulded all the lead about the house into bullets, picked the flints and sat down to wait. At this time Gray's oldest boy could handle a gun

by taking a rest off a log or fence, and it was arranged that this boy should conceal himself behind the bars that crossed the lane that ran up to the house and when an Indian made his appearance, he was to fire at him and run for the house, where the door would be left ajar for him, and when safely inside they would be prepared to stand a siege for several days. The boy had not waited for more than an hour or so when up trotted an Indian dog. The boy ran to tell his father about the dog. "Now go back," said Gray, "and keep a sharp lookout, for the dog shows that they are coming, and if they find that we are prepared for them they will not be anxious to tackle us." The boy was armed with an old flint lock musket loaded with buckshot, a gun that had done duty at Fort Recovery. The boy had only time to conceal himself, when bang went the old musket and the boy went tumbling into the house heels over head. "I gave it to one Indian, dad, sure; I seen him fall and heard him grunt.' The men peered out at the loop holes in the cabin and looking every minute to see an Indian slipping up on the house. But daylight came without the sign of an Indian. The men finally ventured out cautiously, fearing the cunning Indians might have a trap laid for them. They went to the bars where the boy had fired the musket and instead of a dead Indian, there lay a yearling calf perforated with twenty buckshot. As the old man told this story he laughed till he had to hold his sides. "The worst of it was," said he, "it was the only animal on the place, and I could never get that boy to talk about fighting Indians after that. But there is no doubt that the shot warned the reds that we were ready for them and saved us a fight, and maybe our lives."

It is needless to say that after the killing ofFleming, the cutthroat Indian, Gray and the negro had to lay pretty low for a while. They took a trip south, to Gray's old stamping grounds in Wayne County, and allowed the affair to blow over. It was while Gray and Smith were taking this lay off that Gray received the word from Mississinewa country that the famous Indian marksman and hunter, Pequannah, which in the Indian language signifies dead or sure shot with the rifle, was going on his trail and would never rest until he had avenged the death of Fleming by killing Gray and the negro. Gray was well acquainted with this celebrated warrior, having frequently met him at the shooting matches of the Indians and settlers, where Pequannah was sure to carry away a big load of beef and furs and other traps that wer put up and shot for. He also knew that he had a foeman worthy of his steel in this Indian, but he lost no time in this,

accepting the Indian's challenge and sent the Indian word that before three moons he would hang Pequannah's scalp to his belt.

Now commenced one of the most exciting, most daring still hunts that ever occurred; the hunt to be to the death, and it was diamond cut diamond; the superior skill and daring bravery of the white man against the equally skillful and more cunning red man. Gray put his gun in the best of order and started for the Mississinewa. While he did his best to keep from being seen by any one it was almost impossible to do so, and of course the Indian was speedily informed that the terror of all the Indians, Jesse Gray, was in the county and thirsting for his blood. The Indian was just as anxious as Gray for the combat that must come sooner or later; for he would gain more honor by killing Gray than twenty other white men; so day after day these two men hunted, each bent on shedding the blood of the other. Days lengthened into months and yet neither had gained the oportunity sought. The fatest bear or deer might have crossed the path of either in safety, as the crack of a rifle would warn the foe of the whereabouts of his enemy, or any Indian might pass right under the tree in which the white hunter was concealed and never know how near he was to the man thirsting for the blood of one of his tribe. The Indian was pursuing exactly the same tactics. Jesse Gray was the only white man he was looking for. Nearly three months had elapsed since these two men started on the war path, and so terribly cautious was each, they never had a glimpse of one another.

It was about the middle of the afternoon, on a very hot and sultry day in September, when the climax came. Many of my readers will remember a beautiful clear, cool spring just a few rods above the old lime kilns and near the southwest corner of the river cemetery and southeast corner of the corporation line. Even as late as twenty-five years ago, the spring was cared for, and was a favorite place to get a cool, refreshing drink on a summer Sunday afternoon, or when on a fishing tour. A beautiful wild crabapple tree leaned over and formed a complete shade for the spring, and in the early spring the fragrance of its magnificent white blossoms was a rare treat, indeed. I believe the spring is now relegated to innocuous dessuetude. On the south side of the rive and opposite this spring Gray had climbed into the thick branches of a large spreading oak, which position placed him about one hundred yards from the spring. He wisely concluded that some time during the day the Indian would come to

that spring for a drink, the day being extremely hot and dry. His theory was correct.

When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war.

He had been concealed among the branches for several hours and was getting very tired, and had about made up his mind to climb down and give up the hunt for that day, when his trained eye caught sight of a peculiar movement in the thicket some two hundred yards below the spring, and on that side of the river. He watched closely, and in a few minutes saw an Indian emerge from the thicket. He knew at a glance that it was an Indian, but was not sure at first that it was the game he was hunting, as already two whites and one Indian had drank at the spring since he had climbed into the tree. But it was Pequannah. He noted every motion of that Indian, and the time it took him to get to that spring showed the extreme caution of the man. He stepped as lightly as a cat, and every bush that barred his way he put aside without creating the least sound. Every time he stopped, it was behind a tree large enough to conceal the body from an enemy in front, and there he would stand for several minutes as silent and motionless as the sphinx, scanning every bush and tree with the practiced eye of the born woodsman. Once when within about one hundred yards of the spring he stopped as usual behind a tree, and for many minutes his eye seemed to rest on the identical tree in which Gray was concealed. It seemed as if the untutored savage instinctively scented danger. He stood and gazed so long in that direction that the white hunter thought that he must surely be discovered. The distance was too great for anything like a dead shot, but he was at last relieved by seeing the Indian step behind the tree and cautiously move toward the spring. Never for one moment did Gray allow his eye to wander from that wiry form, gliding through the bushes with the stillness of the panther approaching his prey. It seemed to Gray that the Indian would never reach the spring, so cautious and slow were his movements. All this time Gray sat with his back resting against the body of the tree with his gun resting on a limb and pointing directly to the spring. Of course he did not dare to move a muscle, nor change the position of his gun, for well he knew that the practical eye of the wily foe he had to deal with would detect the least motion he might make, and in a second of time spoil the only chance and advantage he had been months in securing. But he was equal to the task. Not a single motion did he make. Slowly, cautiously, the Indian approached the

spring; so fearful of an ambush we he, that instead of leaving his gun against a tree as usual while he drank, he laid down with his right hand clutching the gun. As he lay there drinking, if a line had been drawn from the pupil of Gray's eye through the notch of the rear sight and over the front head of his gun, that line would have intersected a spot directly over the Indian's heart.

The clear, sharp crack of a rifle, reverberating up and down the palcid waters of the Mississinewa, a wreath of smoke curling up high above the top branches of the majestic oak, until lost in the mist of the blue dome above. A white hunter sitting rigid, with his back against the tree, with a face ghastly pale, and his eager eye intently riveted on the form of an Indian at the spring across the river, and Pequannah's spirit, if he had any, had started to join his fathers, and face the grand sachem in the sweet remotely, or the red man's happy hunting ground, where he might smoke his kinnicanick and join in the beautiful esthetic ghost dance, where no pale face hunter or United States troops dare molest or make him afraid. When the gun cracked the Indian clutched his rifle, whirled over on his back and made one last dying effort to get his gun to his shoulder, but the effort was in vain; he gave one spasmodic gasp and fell back dead. The ball had pierced his heart. Alas, poor Lo, he had at least died with his face toward his enemy. We all listened to hear the old man say that he either did or did not kill the Indian, but the old man simply said, "Pequannah was still lying there drinking when I climbed down from the tree and started for Wayne County, and I never saw him again." But a little mound near the spring, still visible forty years ago, tells the story.

I should have said in a previous chapter that there was two other Indians with Fleming when he went to the house of Joab Ward at the time Fleming was shot by Kizer, and things looked extremely blue for Joab and the rest of the settlers, as thre was a camp of fiv or six hundred Indians down the river on what is now known as the Kitselman farm. Joab and Kizer well knew that if these Indians got an exaggerated and one sided account of the shooting and took it into their heads to go on the war path, not a man, woman or child of the pale faces in the settlement would be spared. So when Joab saw the two Indians start west for the camp on the run he halted them and told them to come back and hear what he had to say. They did not want to stop, and kept on increasing their speed, but when Joab threw his trusty rifle to his shoulder and looked rather longingly in their direction, they immediately changed their minds and returned.

The first thing the white men did was to disarm the two Indians, and then Joab spoke to them in substance about as follows: "Now go to your friends and tell them the exact truth about the shooting as you know it to be. Say to them we have always been their friends, have kept faith with them, and have always treated them like brothers. As you well know, we were compelled to shoot Fleming or lose our own lives. Tell them to come and get Fleming and if he is dead, bury him; and if alive, take him and take care of him. Tell them to come unarmed, not to bring a single gun, or there will be serious trouble; and after you have taken care of Fleming come and get your guns." So the two braves started, and it seems as if they delivered the message, for about sundown six or eight stalwart Indians came up, finding Fleming still alive lying where Gray had left him, picked him up, and as already stated, took him to the Llewellyn residence. I had also forgotten the fact that Gray and the negro went to the house of Joab Ward on the day they shot Fleming at the Llewellyns, presumably to get Joab to go along and to share in the glory, but Aunt Amy, as she was familiarly called, told them that Joab was not in and she could not tell when he would return, which Joel thinks a little white pardonable "fib." Many times in after years he said to his father, "as a matter of fact was thee not, at that very time, concealed somewhere in the house?" which question caused the old gentleman to begin to look for bees and observe rather hastily that it was high time to be at work in the cornfield. Thus it was with all these old settlers, they would tell you an interesting story of early adventure but always leave something to guess at, and the moment you would begin to question them they would break off abruptly and change the subject.

Before we say good bye to our old friend and hero, Jesse Gray, we will give an instance or two of the terrible dread the red man had of the famous white hunter. Gray had found excellent hunting ground on the Loblolly about twenty-five miles north of the Mississinewa, where at the mouth of a little creek emptying into the Loblolly, he had established his camp and where every fall with a few congenial spirits, he repaired to take his annual hunt. The Indians, too, had discovered this rich hunting ground and had built several camps, and every autumn some six or eight braves and their squaws and papooses camped there and killed their winter venison and trapped a large amount of fur. This arrangement did not suit Gray, of course, and he warned them to pull up stakes and get away from there. This the Indians refused to do, contending, and with reason, too,

they had as much right to hunt there as the white man. And as Gray had wiped out the last Indian that had anything to do with the murdering of his family and as the law was getting more and more severe for the killing of Indians, he concluded to resort to stratagem, and if that failed he would try something else.

Talk of your sign language. One frosty morning, when the red men arose at the peep of day to start out on the day's hunt, the chief of the band was noticed to halt abruptly and intently scan some peculiarly mark he noticed on a tree about one hundred yards from the camp. After gazing for some time at the mark he called the other braves to him and explained something to them that caused them to retrace their steps and to immediately begin to pack their traps and prepare for a journey. In the meantime the chief continued his investigation and this is what he discovered: There were six camps and six braves, and in six trees there was a little notch cut with a shary tomahawk, and in each notch there was a bullet and a load of powder. It is needless to say the Indians understood this language better than they would the plainest English or their own Miami tongue. At least it had the desired effect, for about the meridian of that day six braves, with their rifles on their shoulders and six squaws, with their six papooses, and the tents, furs and pelts strapped on their backs, stood in single or Indian file, with their faces turned toward the setting sun, awaiting the command of the chief. It came in the single word Puccachee.

Wizards know their times; deep night, dark night, the silent of the night, the time of night when Troy was set on fire; the time when screech owls cry, and ban dogs howl, and ghosts break up their graves.—King Henry VI.

Puccachee, in the Indian language means forward, march! Git up and git! Skedaddle! Vamoose the ranch! So the six warriors, six squaws, and six papooses started west to find a more congenial hunting ground. Before the next autumn's hunting season came around all the camps on that creek were burned to the ground. No one knew who did it, but the strong presumption was that Jesse Gray knew something about it; and to this day that creek is known as burnt camp creek, and it was while camped on the banks of that creek, in company with Jesse Gray, my father, elder brother, Uncle Joe and several others, that I heard many of the thrilling adventures which are related in the "reminiscences" from Jesse Gray himself, the great hunter and Indian slayer and noblest Roman of them all. It was while encamped here with Gray, my father and many others, that oc-

curred one of those peculiar and to this day laughable incidents that so vividly illustrates the superstition of the hunter of that day, and in fact may still be found with many hunters, actors and gamblers of the present time. My father was an old Virginia Dutchman, and as full of dreams, sighs and tokens as an egg is of meat, and the rest of the party were much like him in that respect. Father was always recognized as the Grand Sachem or boss of the party, and it being necessary for Gray to go home for a few days to attend to some urgent business, after which he would join us and finish up the hunt. As he shouldered his gun just at the peep o' day he turned to my father and said: "Now Lew, if an old devil and wizard named Harshish should come here in my absence, which he is almost sure to do, don't under any circumstances give him anything, for if you do he will spell your guns, and you will not hit another deer this hunt." With this parting injunction the old man took his leave. After Gray left some of the party laughed rather lightly at the old man's warning, but the most of them considered it more seriously. My brother, Jim, who was considered the best hunter in the party, concluded that he knew more about "spelling" guns than father, Gray or any one else, and said that the idea that a gun could be "spelled" was too absured to be talked of for a moment, and if he was at the camp when Harshish called he would give him the whole camp just to show them that they were all superstitious lunatics. But Jim changed his mind before thirty-six hours had passed. It was about four o'clock in the evening of the day that Gray left for home; I, a boy of twelve or thereabout, and the camp keeper of the party, was stirring the fire preparatory to setting on the coffee pot and hanging over the blazing logs the dinner pot, well filled with young venison. I was startled by an apparition of, well I will not say a man, yet it was a living, moving, breathing animal of the genuine homo. I would like, if possible, to describe that singular looking being for the reader, but alas the pen is unequal to the task, and I pause dumbfounded, not knowing where to begin or what to say; nay, not even the hasty little kodak of to-day could catch him, so uncertain were his movements, so restless his motions, so glittering and piercing his little deep-sunken eyes; indeed, he was one that might well appall the devil, and what of a twelve year old boy? I presume that had it not been that Gray's description had prepared me for such a sight, these "reminiscences" would never have been written, and yet I had as much grit as the average boy of that day and age. I assure you that his greeting was not calculated to nerve me, as his first words were in a tone of voice something between the

screech of a locomotive and the plaintive wail of a Scotch bagpipe. "What the devil is the matter boy, did you never see a man before?" "N'—,n'—, no," I managed to say, "I never had." I suppose I meant to such a man as that. He was about five feet in height, slimly built and could not have weighed over ninety pounds, with a shock of grizzly hair, a snow white beard that covered every inch of his repulsive features, and neither hair nor beard had ever known the use of a comb. His little deep-set, piercing eyes reminded one of two holes cut in a venison ham, or two holes burnt in a blanket. But now to attempt to describe his dress: A hunting shirt which at the beginning was buckskin, but now from the numerous patches sewed on, tied on with strings, tied on with hickory bark, patch upon patch, until all the colors of the rainbow were blended into one inconceivable butternut hue; moccasins of a pre-historic type, were tied upon his feet with leatherwood bark, while his pants out-generaled his coat for color and patches; his hands, which scorned the use of soap, reminded one of the talons of a chicken hawk; on his head he wore what once had been a cap, made of deer skin with the hair side out, but now it looked somewhat like a last year's inverted bird's nest after the breaking up of a hard winter; but comparisons are vain, and I'll give it up in despair. An old United States flint-lock musket was slung over his shoulder, a dilapidated greasy shot-pouch and powder horn hung by his side, while a much worn shoemaker's knife, in a leather scabbard, was tied to his belt. His next words were: "Give me something to eat, boy; I'm hungray as a bar;" but by this time I had partially regained my senses and told the ghoul or gobblin that there was not a morsel of cooked food in the camp, but if he would tarry a while, the hunters would be in and by that time I would have supper ready, and would be very much pleased to have him sup with us. This invitation he readily accepted, and standing his gun against a tree with a satisfied grunt, sat down on a log to await the return of the hunters and supper. In a short time all returned, and as they greeted the visitor it was plain to be seen they knew who he was from Gray's description; and indeed, he introduced himself as Harshish, the oldest and greatest hunter of the classic Loblolly; had killed more deer and bear than any man in the world. While he would be talking to one, the rest would be out behind the camp discussing the situation. It was finally decided that by allowing the wizard to take supper with us would not be giving him anything any way, and, moreover was any man ever known to come to the home of father hungry and

go away empty? So Harshish took supper with us. He did not tarry long after supper, but picked up his gun to start. For the sake of good manners, father asked him to stay all night. No, he would go to his own cabin, which was not more than a mile away, and he had traveled those woods darker nights than that. Just before leaving he turned to father rather carelessly and said he had always made it a point when he was having good luck hunting to divide with his less fortunate neighbors, and he had been hunting several days and killed nothing, and his family being entirely out of meat and nothing else in the house to eat but a little unground corn, he would be very thankful for a small piece of venison. Now, of course, father could not refuse that appeal, especially when the wizard referred to his family, and had his mind fully made up to offer him meat without asking, regardless of the wishes of the others, but he wisely concluded to have their consent, so if any disaster followed the gift, would not bear all the blame. And moreover, we could not plead scarcity, as there right in front of the gent hung three fine deer, the fruits of the day's hunt. So father said, "Well, 'tis true we have the venison, and to spare, but I am only one and as for me you can have the meat and welcome." Then Jim, the man who did not believe in "spells," spoke up, "certainly, give him all the meat he wants, and we can kill more when this is gone." Uncle Joe was of the same opinion, and gave his assent. Old Coon Thompson, the next oldest to father, and the most superstitious of the party, was the hardest nut to crack. But as all the rest were against him, gave a reluctant consent, saying he thought any man who was not too d—d lazy might get all the game he wanted without begging for it. If Hirshish heard this remark, he did not heed it, and father stepped out to one of the deer hanging on the pole, cut off a fore-quarter and handed it to the apparently thankful Hirshish, who speedily took his departure. For hours after he was gone the men lay there discussing the pro's and con's, and wondering what the morrow would bring forth, which interesting question will be answered in the next chapter.

They ripped and tore, cussed and swore, and swore they wouldn't stay there any more.—Old Negro Melody.

A better time for stalking deer never dawned than the morning after the wizard of the Loblolly left the camp with his quarter of fat venison. A crisp white frost covered the ground and hung like sparkling diamonds from the trees and underbrush; just such a morning as gladdens the heart of a hunter, and sends

him forth with the assurance that before the frost has melted from the leaves he will get a shot; for on such a morning, any old deer hunter will tell you, that every deer in the woods is on the move, especially in the height of running time. It was not more than a half hour until bang, went a gun. That's father, said I, and I'll bet my boots there's one less deer in the woods. I wish to explain here that after being in the woods a few days, hunters can tell the crack of each other's guns as well by the sound, as if they saw them fired. In five or ten minutes more, bang, bang, I heard Jim's gun, two shots in quick succession, and in less time than it takes to record it, the shots became so fast and furious that it reminded one of a skirmish line, and I began to wonder what we would do with all the deer killed that morning. But before dinner time my mind was set at rest on the subject. The first to get to camp was father; he came tearing through the woods like a mad steer. As he threw off his shot pouch and slammed his gun down in the tent he muttered, "d—m old Hirshish; what in the dickens did them fellows mean by giving him meat, anyway; two broad-side shots and not a hair touched." Next came Uncle Joe, puffing and blowing with the same refrain, "d—m that old scoundrel; three as fair shots as I ever had in my life and not a hair or drop of blood. Lew, what in thunder ever possessed you to give that old d—l that quarter of venison?" "I didn't give it any more than the rest of yo," replied father, rather hotly. Next came Jim, the wise man, that did not believe in the hoodoo art. Oh, but he was hot. "What do you think?" said he, "I stood right in my tracks and shot five times at the biggest five point buck that runs the woods and never made him bat his eye; I know I took as good sight and had as steady a nerve as I ever had, and I did not shoot an inch over sixty yards. That villain has "spelled" my gun, I am ready to swear, for I never miss a deer that distance, you all know." This was a fact, for Jim was known as the greatest deer hunter of that day, and had the proud distinction of standing in his tracks and piling up five full grown deer, and that with an old-fashioned muzzle loading, single barreled rifle, which would be a considerable feat to-day, even with the improved Winchester. In fact it was not ncommon for Jim to kill more deer than all the rest of the party, and as a matter of course when he reported having missed five fair shots, something had to be wrong with his gun, that was dead sure. After each one related his terrible luck, and blamed old Hirshish with it, father says: "Well, we will wait for old Coon Thompson, and if he has missed we may as well hang up the fiddle and break for home.

They had not long to wait, for at last came not satan, but something worse. It was old Coon; you might have heard him swear for a mile or more; he fairly turned the woods bule with profanity. "Didn't I warn you, Lew, not to give that old devil anything? Didn't Jesse Gray tell you that if we give him anything our luck was done and our goose was cooked? Why, I would have seen the old sun of a gun starve before I would have given him a crumb of bread to save his cussed life. We may just as well pull up stakes and start for New Paris, (where we lived at that time). If I only had that old devil here for one minute he would never "spell" another gun," said old Coon. "Why, have you forgotten, John that nothing but a silver bullet will kill a witch or wizard?" said my father, half jeeringly, half earnest. "I'd risk it," replied old Cooney; "I'd take the ax, chop him into mince meat and throw it into the fire." "Well," said father, "you have not told us yet what your luck has been; we heard you cannonading, and thought you had a wagon load of deer hung up." "Deer," said Cooney, "devil a deer have I touched this day, though I have shot away every bullet in my pouch. The first chance I had was a doe and two fawns; they ran up within twenty steps of me; I could see their very eye winkers, and knew if I could knock the doe down in her tracks I was about sure of all three of them. I held for the doe's heart, when fiz went the cap. They never stirred. I put on a new cap, and click, it went again; there them three deer stood until I busted seven caps, and then galloped away without even seeing me. I then concluded the powder in the tube had got damp, and sighted at a spot on a tree and the gun cracked as clear as a bell. I loaded again, and had not gone two hundred yards until six deer came running and stopped within sixty yards of me. There I stood and banged away, shot after shot, while them deer circled around me until I hadn't a bullet left in my pouch. I'll take my oath I did not shoot overy twenty-five yards at some of the deer, and never touched a hair. Its all your fault, Lew, I told you not to give that old cuss anything, but you would have your own way, and now you see what's come of it. Our guns are "spelled," and we will not kill another deer."

I should have stated that the other two hunters, one of them Hurst Porterfield, of New Paris, and the D. G. of the same place, had come in just before old Cooney and had about the same experience to report; plenty of shots, or snaps, but no game. Especially was D. G. badly demoralized; he had got a half mile from camp, when a large black bear came running and jumped up on

a log not over fifteen steps away, and on seeing the hunter, raised upon his haunches and took a hasty survey of him. The hunter aimed for his heart, when click went the cap; he snapped again, and again, and the gun failed to fire. He went to put on a new cap, and in his great haste and excitement allowed the cap box to slip from his hand and roll away in the leaves, and as he stooped to recover it the bear took the alarm and jumped the log and in a very brief time was lost in the underbrush. Thus it was each man had a story more dismal than the one preceding him. So they jawed and quarreled, crimination and recrimination was the order of the day; each one positively denying that he had been responsible for the bad luck in giving the wizard the venison. So after they had quarreled until they became tired of that sport, father said that the witch did not live that could put on a charm that he could not break, that he was not born right in the shadow of the natural bridge in old Virginia to be out-generaled by such a little shriveled up wizard as old Harshish, and if they would all be governed by him he would break the spell. To this they readily assented, you may be sure. Each man took his gun barrel out of the stock; this being done, the vents or tubes were closely plugged up a pole was placed over the big log fire, high enough for the lower end of the barrels to hang a foot or more above the fire. A piece of hickory bark was tied around the muzzel and was filled with a fluid readily obtainable, then each barrel was suspended from the pole, until they should boil dry, while an incantation or witch jargan, something like the following was repeated thrice:

Boil away, boil away, till the pot boils dry;
Away to the clouds the charm will fly;
If the witch comes back, the witch will die;
Howly poke, up in smoke, and all's well.

The guns having all boiled until they were perfectly dry, were taken down, thoroughly washed out with hot water and ashes, and wiped dry with tow. They were then fitted to their stocks and were ready for the next morning's hunt. About sundown Jesse Gray returned, and laughed heartily when told of the morning adventures, he himself having killed a large five point buck on his way to camp. We staid there three more days, and had more game than we could haul home. Besides the deer killed, we had six or eight wild turkeys, and nearly a barrel of honey.

Iam aware that some of my readers will think, Old Timer is exagerating, but I can assure them that while the language is my own, the facts as here set down are substantially true as Holy Writ. Is it more unreasonable to believe these stories of superstition and witchcraft, than it is to believe that Mrs. Stuckenberg, of Louisville, Ky., at precisely the same hour, 3 o'clock p. m. of each Friday, has apearing on her forehead a perfect cross and on her breast the initials I. H. S., and the nail holes through her hands and feet? Also the spear thrust in her side, and these wounds bleed afresh the hour named, as if just taken down from the cross? Is it more difficult, I ask, to believe the story of the wizard spelling guns than this miraculous story that is religiously believed by hundreds of thousands of intelligent people all over our broad land? I may say I well remember of people coming to my father to get him to mold silver bullets with which to kill witches. In fact things every whit absured and unreasonable are believed by many people of to-day, and not the most ignorant people either.

The pitcher that goes to the well too often is sure to get broken.—Proverb.

In closing the first part of the "reminisences" it will be necessary to go back some little way and relate incidents that had escaped our memory. A few days after Gray's family had been murdered by the Indians, the same tribe made a raid in the same locality and ruthlessly murdered the Morgan family, consisting of father, brother and one son. As a matter of course, Jesse Gray was one of the first to volunteer his valuable services and experience in Indian fighting to wipe out the band of bloody butchers who did the work. In this undertaking the famous old hunter came near losing his life. Gray, in company with Josh Addington, another old Indian fighter and hunter of note, with several others whose names I have forgotten, pursued and overtook the red men before they reached th Mississinewa. Each party was mounted, but the reds outnumbered the whites two to one. With such men as Gray, Addington, and the other settlers of equal mettle and daring, numbers were not considered. The instant the whites got in range they opened fire, and the reds seeing their advantage in numbers, wheeled about and returned the fire with interest. As the aim from off a horse was uncertain at best, both sides dismounted, and each man took a tree and fought on his own hook. It soon became apparent that the Indians were too much for the whites, as some of their guns had gotten damp and would not fire at all, while others had fired his

last bullet. The Indians being quick to discover their advantage, were trying to flank the whites, that is to get in the rear and surround them, in which case not a white man would have escaped. So the order was given for each man to mount and save himself. It was at this critical time that Gray, in attempting to get on his horse, slipped and came near falling, which caused his horse to shy, and for a moment it looked as if Jesse was to fall a victim to the now enraged and confident Indians. At this point Josh Addington, seeing the danger of his old friend Gray, discovered a big brave drawing a bead on Jesse. Although his own gun had refused to fire for the twentieth time, jumped from behind his tree, and in fair view of the Indian, leveled his gun at him, well knowing it would not fire, but knowing just as well that the Indian did not know it. At the same time he yelled to Gray for Heaven sake to mount and get away. The ruse had the desired effect; when the Indian saw Josh's gun aimed straight at his heart he droped his aim from Gray and jumped behnd a tree. This little diversion enabled Gray and Addington to get on their horses and get away, although the bullets of the red men were cutting the brush close around them. The fight on the part of the whites resulted in two or three being wounded; on the part of the Indians it is hard to tell, as they invariably remove their dead and wounded, even while the fight is on; but it is known that at least one Indian bit the dust, and several others more or less severely wounded.

This was the last raid that wes ever made in the settlement of the Mississinewa, though for years after the death of a white man might be laid at the door of an Indian, and as to the Indians, a good one disappeared with almost frightful rapidity for many years after the Morgan murder.

Among the early settlers of the Mississinewa were Peter Dailey, Joseph Flesher, Tom Shaler and several others who found it necessary occasionally, in order to save the furs caught in their traps, to serve notice on bad Indians to immediately leave the country, and it is needless to add they always obeyed, and never bothered the traps more. One of those thieving Indians was known by the rather peculiar name of Duck. Peter Dailey was a very successful trapper, and the coon and mink skins that he took in were a legal tender for all debts, public and private, and even to paying taxes and entering land. It is a fact not generally known that many quarter sections of land in this part of the state, that are now well improved farms, were entered and the price paid in coon skins; so when Peter discovered that his traps were being robbed, he saw that a nice eighty acre farm

on whch he had been keeping his weather eye, was likely to slip through his fingers if this stealing of his furs kept on. So Pete told Mr. Duck plump and plain that he believed him to be the thief. This, of course, he denied, and got fighting mad, talked shoot and told Peter he must not call him thief or there would be serious trouble. Peter told Duck that he understood the use of the gun pretty well himself, and if he was spoiling for a fight, he might sail in whenever it suited his convenience, but for the time being all he wanted was his traps to be let alone, and if he every caught the Indian at his traps he was a dead Duck sure. For some time after his traps were not molested, which convinced him that he had spotted the right man.

It so happend that year fur ran away up to a fabulous price for those times, and Peter discovered that although his traps would be set and the bait be in its place, there were signs that to his practiced eye convinced him that there had been a coon or mink in the trap, and it had been taken out, and the trap reset with the greatest care. As a matter of course this made Peter red hot and he commenced laying for the thief, but in spite of his best efforts he could not catch the Indian in the act, nor could he ever catch Duck in the vicinity of his traps. Yet the stealing went on, and he was dead sure Duck was the thief. Fnally Peter tumbled to the racket. The cunning Indian was going to the traps before daylight. About two o'clock one morning Peter went to one of his surest traps, and concealing himself in easy rifle range, sat down to await events. He had waited an hour or more when he heard a step going toward the trap; it was too dark to make out clearly what the object was that stopped by the trap, but through the gloom he finally made out that it was a man. He could see him stoop down and take something from the trap, but what puzzled Peter was how was he going to set the trap again and leave everything in proper shape as dark as it was; and moreover he did not like to risk a shot at that distance in the dark, and yet he could not think of letting the thief get away; he was soon enlightened, and more, when the Indian drew a flint and steel from his pouch and with a sharp click struck the flint and the sparks dropped on some dry tow, blazed up, and in a moment was applied to some dry shavings and soon made a pretty fair but small light, by which Peter was able to see plainly the stalwart form of Duck, with a large raccoon lying at his feet. The light also enabled him to get a good bead on the Indian, and it is presmed his gun did not miss fire; but in relating the incident Peter only said, "Duck did not set the trap and he must have went off on a long hunt, for he has never been seen in this country since."

Uncle Joe Flesher had an experience with a bad Indian very similar to that of Peter Dailey. His traps were being robbed almost daily and he had a strong suspicion of who was doing the mischief. So he set out to catch the thief; he concealed himself near some of his best traps very early in the morning, and about daylight he heard a turkey calling right near one of his traps; he listened attnetively for a time and fancied that the turkey had a rather peculiar call, so he waited and refused to answer the call. In a few moments he was rewarded by seeing that turkey in the shape of the very Indian he was looking for, step up to the trap, and after cautously looking in every direction, place the caller to his lips and give a very good intimation of the call of a wild turkey, yet the call was not quite enough to deceive Uncle Joe Flesher. He saw at a glance the ruse of the wily red man was a good one. His scheme was to give the call of the turkey and if it was answered his well traned ear would warn him whether it was a man or turkey, and if a man, he would slip away leaving the trap undisturbed; but if answered by a turkey he would take the coon or mink from the trap and proceed on his way to another trap. I may stop here to explain that the turkey caller is made from the small bone of the wing of a turkey, and when used by an expert will deceive the most cunning old gobbler in the woods, and draw him on to his death. The Indian was fooling with a white man that knew the genuine from a false call of the turkey, as well or better than himself, and that's where he made his mistake.

And your sons and daughters shall prophecy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dread dreams.—Bible.

Before entering upon the bear hunt with our old friend Gray, I wish to relate an occurrence as showing how wonderfully strong was the belief in dreams, signs and tokens of the men of fifty years ago. How almost miraculously some of their dreams at least were fulfilled. As said in a previous chapter, my father was one of the greatest deer and bear hunters of his time, and could boast an achievement that probably could not truthfully be claimed by another man in Indiana or Ohio, and that was that he had killed a deer in every year for sixty years. Of course some years he killed many more, but what I mean is, that for sixty years there was no year in which he did not kill one or more deer. He killed his first deer in Rockbridge County, Virginia, when he was eleven or twelve years of age, and his last one in Jay County, Indiana, when he was seventy-two or seventy-three. He died in Camden, Jay County, Indiana, in 1875, at almost 80.

The story I wish to relate is this: As usual in each year when October, about the 8th to 16th, came around, our party, six, eight or ten, were ready to start on our annual deer hunt, with a two-horse wagon well loaded with bread, corn meal, potatoes, sugar and coffee, camp equipage, good tent, axes, augurs, saws, etc. We started from New Paris, Ohio, and drove to the Mississinewa, where we were joined by Jesse Gray and Charles Sumption, another great hunter of the time. We hunted for two or three days there with rather poor luck; in fact a few wild turkeys, squrrels and pheasants were all we had for camp meat, which was humilating to such hunters as composed our camp. Finally Gray, who understood perfectly the habits and haunts of deer, said the game had left the Mississinewa and gone to Stillwater, where there was plenty of mast, (acorns and beechnuts) and we had better go to that river if we expected a successful hunt. So next morning we started for Stillwater and camped the first night on Greenville creek, ten or twelve miles from our destination, which was the crossing of Stillwater on the Shanesville road twelve or fifteen miles north of Greenville, Ohio, and now comes the singular fulfillment of the dream. Just at the peep of day next morning father awoke in good humor, and before he had even got out of bed said, "boys, venison for the pot to-day, and a fat buck it will be, too." "Why, what are you talking about, Lew?" said old Coon. "We will do mighty well if we even reach the camp ground to-day, as bad as the roads are." "No difference," replied father, "we will have venison in the pot for supper and a good fat buck at that or I will never say dream again; for" said he, "I dreamed of cattle in the night and I am just sure of killing a deer when I have that dream as I am of living, and if I dream of cattle with horns it will be a buck, and if I dream of muleys it will be a doe or fawn. As the day began to draw to a close and several of the party, especially old Coon Thompson, began to give it to father about his dream, and among other jokes asked him if he would just as leave have squirrel for supper? "No," said he, "nothing but venison goes for supper this night, and rest assured I will have the venison for the pot by the time the pot is ready to boil." So just as we crossed on the bridge and drove up to a pretty clear space on the north bank and stopped, the sun was sinking behind the tree tops. "Now," said father, "some of you take care of the horses, others put up the tent and build a good fire, and Sam, you go down the river and bring up some water and set the pot on the fire about half filled with water, and I will have the venison here when the water boils." So father put a fresh cap on his gun and started in a

brisk walk directly north from camp while the most of the hunters gave him the laugh; even Jesse Gray, himself a firm believer in dream and unbounded confidence in father's skill as a hunter, remarked that Lew's dream would certainly fool him this time. But about the time the tent was raised and just as I had placed the pot over a bright fire in front of the tent, bang! we heard father's gun ring clear and sharp; every man raised to his feet and intently listened for our signal, which was "Tally Ho," and signifies "I have killed the game and need help;" but instead of "Tally Ho," came the no less exciting request, "bring the dogs, and be in a hurry about it; I have wounded a big buck." We had three as good Virginia deer hounds as ever gave tongue on a track, and you may be sure that every man left the task he might be at and started on the run for father, with the dogs. We did not have more than two hundred yards to go before we reached father, the dogs had struck the track and had the deer on the go; but he was a game deer and the wickedest one I ever saw, and the excitement for a few minutes was of the grandest kind, but came near being serious if not fatal to brother Jim. It is very rare indeed that a good hound will ever take hold of a deer or bear, and our dogs were no exception to the rule; they would stand and bay the buck, but when he pitched at one of them they would get out of his way in a hurry; and with the dogs charging and retreating, it was difficult to get a dead shot at the buck for fear of killing a dog; every time the deer caught sight of a hunter he started for him with his hair turned the wrong way, and his eyes blazing like two balls of fire, and that hunter had to climb a sapling or get a big tree between him and the buck in mighty short order. In the excitement, father had overlooked me standing there enjoying the sport without a gun or even a club, all unmindful of the great danger in which I was placed; when he discovered me he fairly screamed, "run for you life, boy, and climb up on that big log;" you know that for once at least I obeyed him without grumbling, and about the time I had got safe on the log our best dog, in running away from the buck, had ran against a tree which knocked him over, and before he could recover the buck jumped on him with his shary hoofs and horns and was doing the poor dog up in great shape. Jim could not stand this, as the dog belonged to him, and was a favorite of all the party; so he stepped boldly forth and stood within fifteen steps of the deer with his gun to his shoulder ready for a shot at the first opportunity. The moment the deer saw Jim, he left the dog and pitched at him. Jim, who was a man of nerve, stood like a statue awaiting the charge of the buck, and when the deer was

within two jumps of him, we were all horrified to hear his gun snap. It was too late to retreat, so Jim dropped his gun and reached for his tomahawk, but before he could get it from his belt the enraged buck had raised on his haunches for the leap that would have borne Jim to the ground, and possibly ended his hunting adventures then and there, but fortunately at this critical moment the sharp crack of a rifle rang out and the buck fell dead at Jim's feet. Uncle Joe, seeing the danger in which Jim was placed, and realizing that something must be done, and that instantly, had taken a snap shot and his bullet had broken the buck's neck. It is needless to say that everybody was happy, and in much less time than it takes to record it, the deer was carried to the camp, dressed, and the big pot was boiling merrily, well filled with the fat ribs of the deer, while the hunters sat around the bright camp fire waiting impatiently for the meat to get done. Of course Uncle Joe was the hero of the hour, for making the capital and difficult shot that probably saved the life of brother Jim, while father raosted old Coon Thompson over making light of his dream. We found game so abundant that in less than a week we returned home to New Paris with all the meat and honey we could haul.

Now for the bear hunt. When Jesse Gray was living over south of the Mississinewa about three or four miles, he was the proud possessor of just one hog, which he kept in a stout log pen near the house, thinking the nearness to the house would protect the porker from the ravages of bears and wolves, which were very abundant at that time. Be it remembered hogs were hogs in the country, and it was not every settler that could boast of even one hog, so we may imagine the surprise and anger of Jesse when he went one morning to feed that same hogs, to find the pen empty and a huge bear track going to and from the pen. Jesse stood mute in surprise for a moment and then he said some things very uncomplimentary about that bear. But Gray was a man of action, and his mind was soon made up. He went to the house and said to his wife, "get to work right away and bake me enough corn dodgers to last me at least three days." "What in the name of sense are you up to now, all of a sudden," said Mrs. Gray. "Why, an infernal bear has come and carried away our only hog, and I'm going after that bear if this snow don't melt away too soon, and I'll have that bear's hide before you see me again."

It was nip and tuck, but tuck had it.

When the old lady heard of the loss of the hog, she went to

work with a will and by the time Jesse had his gun in the best of trim and a goodly supply of bullets run, she had the corn bread ready; Jesse, putting the bread in the sack which he slung over his shoulder, started on the bear's track. A good tracking snow, and all the water courses frozen over, very much favored the pursuit. The bear had started north for the Mississinewa, and in about a quarter of a mile from the house he found where Bruin had stopped and enjoyed a hearty meal off the hog, and had dragged the rest to one side and covered it over with leaves and twigs for future reference. He did not go but a mile or so until he started the bear, but did not see him; he increased his speed and was not long in giving that bear to understand that he had a nemesis on his track as stern and unrelenting as fate itself.

The track led on north until it crossed the Salamonia, then he turned eastward and crossed the Wabash near Fort Recovery. By this time he was getting pretty tired and manifested a desire to rest by lying down in a thicket every now and then, but it was no go. Gray was in sight of the bear one fourth of the time and might have had several shots, but that was not exactly the idea of the hunter; his woodcraft taught him that if pursued long enough the bear would return for a meal off the hog. After crossing the Wabash he turned south, and began to show signs of being very tired. By this time, night was at hand, and the ordinary hunter would have encamped for the night, but Jesse Gray was no ordinary hunter; he had been raised in the woods and inured to all the hardships of frontier life, and consequently as tough as a whale bone. So he kept Mr. Bear moving till near midnight, at which time he could no longer see the tracks in the snow, as the moon had gone down. He hunted some dry wood, took out his flint and steel, (matches were not thought of at that time) and struck a spark in some dry tow and soon had a bright fire. After a good square meal of corn bread, he lay down by the fire and was very soon enjoying natures sweet restorer, balmy sleep. At the peep o' day, Gray was up and away on the track, not even taking time to eat his lunch, but attended to that affair as he followed the animal he was bent on destroying. The bear had not gone but a short distance until he, too, tumbled down in a tree top for a much needed rest; but on the approach of Gray he got up, but was so terribly stiff and sore that he showed signs of fight, and Jesse could have killed him then and there, but that was too far from home. Jesse seeing he had the bear at his mercy, concluded to drive him right back if possible to the spot where he had killed the hog, and there take his sweet revenge. He threw a club at the bear, which had the desired effect and

started him off in a slow and sullen walk; for awhile Gray was in sight of the game all the time, but as bruin began to warm up, his stiffened muscles relaxed, he began to get up a rate of speed that astonished Jesse, and he began to think perhaps he had miscalculated the nedurance of the bear and possibly lost his opportunity. This caused him to accelerate his own speed, and for several miles it was nip and tuch, but tuck was the winner, and Jesse soon had the pleasure of again being in sight of his hated enemy. The chase led across the Mississinewa to the south, and again back and across the river to the north, then he turned down the river in exactly the course Gray wished him to go. When he got down about two miles above where Ridgeville now stands, he crossed the river again, going almost straight for Gray's home, and he thought he would have the pleasure of killing the bear right at home; but Jesse himself was beginning to weaken, and the bear would turn and growl and show fight frequently, and as it was getting near sunset, and he was only two miles or less from home, he concluded to bring the hunt to a close, so he sat down on a log to rest for a moment and the bear dropped over in a tree top and in a minute was sleeping his last sleep. Gray walked up to within twenty feet of the bear and taking good sight for the bruin, fired, and bruin was done hog stealing. He was an immense bear, weighing fully five hundred pounds. Jesse took off the animal's hide, and after hanging the carcass up out of the way of wolves, he reached home just at dark, the most exhausted he every was in his life, and almost as well satisfied as if he had wiped out an Indian. The meat of the bear he sent down the river on a flat boat, where it brough him $20, and the hide was sold to an Indian trader at Richmond for $10, making in all $30 for his two day's hunt; enough, he said to buy him twenty hogs better than the one taken by the bear; "besides," said the old man, "the satisfaction of killing that b'ar was worth more than the money."

As this is probably the last time our hero, Jesse Gray, will appear in the Reminiscences, I will here state the last time I heard the old man speak of his thrilling experiences with the red men, he seemed to regret that he had been so hard on them, although the provocation had been great. He had become quite a zealous Christian, (Methodist, I believe) and probably felt that "Vengenace is mine, saith the Lord," and if his eventful life was to be led over, he would leave vengeance to the Lord. The grand old man, hero, hunter and Indian slayer died in Noble Township, Jay County, Indiana, at the advanced age of four score, in 1872, and was buried in the cemetery at Camden, Jay County, Indiana, where a decent monument should mark his last resting place.

Among the pioneer hunters of the Mississinewa was Tom Shaler. I remember of his telling how difficult it was to get ammunition, especially lead; so very craeful was he of the lead that he would not shoot a deer until he got the deer directly between him and a big tree, so that if the ball passed through the deer it would lodge in the tree, where the hunter would cut it out and mold it into a bullet again. I have had pointed out to me near Camden, a large oak tree with two notches cut out where Shaler shot two deer on the same day and saved both bullets. This sounds funny to us now, but Grandmother Ward has often told me about the squirrels being so destructive on the corn, and lead being scarce and costly, that she would put a small grain of corn or a bean in the bullet molds and run the lead in around it, thereby saving one-half or two-thirds of the lead.

In our next chapter we will tell about the flat boats that were built on the south side of the river just between the wagon and railroad bridges, and there loaded and sent down the river and the produce bartered for such goods as the settlers needed in those days. It will be news to some of my younger readers to know that the Mississinewa was at one time declared navigable as far up as Ward's crossing, now Ridgeville.

A ship in distress is a wonderful sight,
It is worse than two armies a goin' to fight
For a soldier can throw down his gun and run,
While a seaman must submit to a watery tomb.
—Burlesque on Raging Canal.

As said in the last chapter, the Misissinewa was at one time a navigable river as far up as Ridgeville, at times Ward's crossing. As strange as it may seem now, good sized flat boats were built here, and the amount of different kinds of produce one of these boats would carry, is simply marvelous. Sometimes a whole fleet of these boats were built and anchored at the same time. The building of the flat boat was an art that was possessed by a very few. Among the chief of the builders, I have been informed, were Grandfather Joab Ward, Arthur McKew and John Sumption, father of Malon Sumption, president of the Ridgeville bank at this time. Of course there were many others that worked on the boat building and as the boat was built bottom side up, it required the whole settlement to turn one over. The turning of a boat was a holiday, and the feats of strength performed on these occasions would astonish the athletic of to-day. No block and tackle, jack screws, derricks, steam hoisting machines, were known, but every man put his shoulder to the wheel, or rather the

boat, and over she went. One boat in the fleet, at least, had a cabin, built about the center, in which the cooking was done.

In the meantime, while the boat was building, the produce with which it was to be loaded was being collected and stored in a ware house built near where the G. R. & I. water tank now stands. The basement was an excellent place to store fruit, butter, pork, honey, etc., while the upper story, built of hewed logs, was used for storing furs, pelts, dried fruits and such articles as had to be kept dry. The ware house was built and owned by Joab Ward, and was a great convenience to the settlers wishing to ship goods down the raging Mississinewa, and even unto this day, my mouth waters to think of the big bellflowers and rambos that Joel and I used to purloin from that cellar.

After the boat was built and the produce all to be loaded there was another very essential requisite for a successful voyage, and the time for this was somewhat uncertain. It sometimes occurred almost every month in the year, and at other times it might be almost a year without occurring at all. This much desired event was a freshet or high water, for be it known the pathway of the navigator was strewn with many dangerous obstructions; if the water was not high enough his boat was liable to run square into a big rock that would be concealed just a few inches beneath the surface. If the boat happened to be in a ripple and going at high speed, it was liabel to stave a hole in it and cause it to sink, or, as sometimes happened, the boat would be so firmly lodged on the rock that it had to remain there until there came higher water and floated it off; or, they might unload it, and thus lightened, would free itself, and be reloaded and another start made. But this process required so much work it was only resorted to when all else failed.

One of the early settlers tells me of a fleet of twelve boats that were built here and loaded with charcoal, and in addition to the coal, the firm of Edger & Co., of Deerfield, had on one of the boats several hundred dollars worth of furs. The boats had been built of green timber, and by inexperienced workmen, and the consequence was that when they were launched they were almost ready to sink of their own weight. By careful handling the most of them got down as far as the McKinney dam, now Fairview. When the big, or family boat, reached the dam it was a question whether or no it would ride the dam with safety. Two or three of the most experienced sailors volunteered to make the attempt to shoot the dam. When all was ready they put the boat in the swiftest current, and the water was the deepest on the dam; they put on all the steam (the steam was stored in a jug in

the pilot house- and let her go. The attempt was a "dam" failure. The boat ran about one-third over the dam and there stopped, and no power possessed by the crew could budge it an inch. After remaining there several days and when every plan to get off failed, it was finally abandoned. The goods were unloaded on shore by means of canoes, and Edger & Co. were compelled to take their furs back to Deerfield and wait for another and better fleet of boats. While the other boats were strung along the river from the starting point to the McKinney dam, some sank to the bottom and were seen no more until the water went down later in the summer; while others were run to the shore and there left, and all the blacksmiths in the country had charcoal for two or three years just for the hauling. After the coal was unloaded, the boats were taken away by the settlers, and hog pens were made of them. It is useless to say that the charcoal merchant was forced to the wall with liabilities up in the hundreds, and assets, nix. In other words, he was badly broken up and left the country in disgust.

No, his name on the note is not sufficient; it used to be, but I have noticed that when a man sells a good farm and goes into mercantile business, and lets others sell his goods on commission, he is about sure to come to grief.—Uncle Jimmie Moorman.

As the country was cleared up and ditches cut so the water could run off, the Mississinewa came to an end. Besides the roads were getting so the trip could be made with wagons, and the salt, ammunition, etc., that the settlers were obliged to have, were brought from Richmond, Piqua and other points within reach.

At this time there were no bridges or foot logs across the river, which necessitated each settler keeping a canoe or dugout, and it would astonish the professional oarsman of to-day to see how one of the old settlers, with only a single paddle could run across or up and down the swiftest current.

The canoe business often led up to quarrels among the settlers. Unfortunately people quarreled and took the advantage of each other very much as they do to-day, and probably will until Gabriel blows his trumpet. Among some of the rather eccentric characters of the early times were Edward McKew, who lived on the farm now owned by Mrs. Elmira McKew, and Ezekiel Roe, who lived on the farm now belonging to our old friend Joe Nicholson. It so happened that Roe had a canoe which he prized very highly, for it had many a time and oft carried him and his friends across the raging river when miles would have had to been

traveled to cross in any other way. So Zeke's rage may be imagined when one morning he went down the river to cross and found his canoe split into smithereens. Of course somebody done it, and as he and McKew were not on the best of terms, he at once jumped to the conclusion that the vandal was Edward McKew. It is said that when Zeke would accuse Edward in the presence of witness, Edward would deny it in the most emphatic language, but when they were alone old Edward would say, "of course I split your d—d old canoe, but you can't prove it, and I would like to see you help yourself." The story goes that when they would meet in a crowd, Zeke would say, "Old Edward McKew, you split my canoe," and McKew would reply, "Old Zekiel Roe, how do you know." They finally went to law over the trouble and it cost almost a farm to each, and then wound up by a terrible hard fist fight in Winchester, in which the honors were about even, according to some of my informants, and others say that both were the victors, according to their individual preference.

It is no wonder these early settlers had their quarrels and difficulties when we reflect that the stock were allowed to run at large, and the fences were of the poorest kind, and when stcok did break in there was no justice of the peace handy like there is to-day. Another fruitful source of trouble was the trapping of furs. The traps would be robbed, and somebody was sure to be accused of it. One man would find a bee tree and place his mark on it, and when he went to cut the tree and get the honey, he would find that somebody had been there and cut his tree and secured possibly a barrel of honey. In fact, there was a thousand things for the early settlers to quarrel about that do not exist to-day. One of the incidents of the time we write about occurred between Joab Ward and Ben Llewellyn. The two men had been rather bitter toward each other for some time, and of course there were busy bodies to carry threats from one to the other, until things began to look serious, as both men were known to possess enough of the backwoods grit to make it interesting if the came together. It so fell that one day these two men met in the woods over south of the River Side school house. Each had his ever ready and trusty rifle with him, and it was almost out of the question to avoid a more or less fatal meeting, so after discussing their differences and coming to no amicable understanding, Joab stepped over to Ben and, raising the cap that covers the powder in the pan of the flint lock, told Ben to observe that the powder was perfectly dry, and there was no danger of the gun missing fire. With this somewhat pointed observation, they each turned

and went their way, in the meantime keeping his eye on the other until they were out of sight and gun shot.

Joab told of a close call he had from a source he little expected. My readers will remember a pond and thicket just a few rods this side of the house occupied at present by Date Simmons. In that pond a man had concealed himself as a hired assassin, to shoot Joab as he was returning on horseback from Richmond, where he had been to mill. He lay there in wait with his rifle resting on a log, and when Joab came riding along all unsuspecting of danger and feeling glad that his trip would soon be at an end and his family supplied with bread, which was an item at that early day, the assassin drew a bead on Joab and his finger lightly pressed the trigger, but when, in after years, he was relating the incident and Joab asked him why he did not fire, he said, "My heart failed me when I thought of the many kind acts of yours, and the times I had partaken of your hospitality, and when I tried to press the trigger my finger refused to move." He told grandfather who had hired him to do the dirty work, but as all the actors in that almost tragedy have long passed from the stage I will not name them.

One of the amusing incidents connected with the flat boating I will relate as a finale of boating on the Mississinewa. A gentleman had fitted up a boat and loaded it with a cargo of venison, hams, honey, corn, dried fruits, furs, pelts, etc., and started it down the river consigned to a commission merchant at Attica, on the Wabash canal. He expected the load to bring enough to pay for 160 acres of land which he expected to enter when he received the money for his cargo. He waited and waited to hear from the commission merchant, and as no news came he wrote the merchant to know if the goods were sold, and if not, why not. After he had waited until his patience was nearly exhausted he received word that the goods were sold, and the following bill, the merchant informed him, would be deducted for his trouble:

Storage	$25.00
Drayage	20.00
Boatage	30.00
Shrinkage	15.00
Commissionage	40.00
Total	$130.00

This left the shiper abpout sixty dollars for his load. He sat down and sent the merchant the following reply: "You d—d infernal villain, put in stealage and keep it all."

Truly yours, SAM GINGER.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Lynch:—On receipt of your letter asking me to write a short, concise history of this part of Randolph County or of what came under my own personal observation and other antheuticated transactions of which I my know about in the early settlement and anectdotes and doings of the pioneers, I hardly felt myself capable of doing the subject justice. Thousands of those men and women who braved the trials of pioneer life have passed on to the other, and let us hope, the better life; their stories are untold and unsung by this generation of people, and where was once heard the ax of the frontiersman as he felled the mighty trees, the melodies of the modern musical instruments is wafted over well kept lawns and fertile fields, fine carriages, phaetons, and surrays have taken the place of the mud boat, cart and wagons, as in early times these were the vehicles used to go visiting and trading and, yes, to funerals.

What a change has taken place since that time. Those piooneers are gone; the wild beasts of the forest that they fought are gone; the game that they hunted to supply their tables are gone; the waist land for which they had no use has been subdued and is now yielding the golden grain, and finds a market a thousand miles from where it was grown, quicker than they could market it six miles in those early days. Then it could only be taken to market during the summer or in the frozen winter.

Their wants were few, but at times they were hard to obtain. In their rude cabins they were happy with their axes and trusty guns, surrounded by wife and children. He was a monarch of his domain. Do not think for a moment sorrow and trouble never came to those people; with the country reeking with nuiasing swamps, sometimes whole families would be stricken with chills and fever, or better known in those days as ague. Noble men and women laid down their lives in the terrible struggle to subdue the fair state of Indiana from the terrible wilderness when they first came to it.

Everything they had to sell was cheap; everything they had to buy was dear. A few prices will not be amiss at this place: Eggs, 3 cents per dozen; corn, 12½ cents per bushel; wheat, 40 cents, marketed in Piqua, Ohio, mostly; salt, $3.00 per barrel; calico, 25 cents per yard; common casinet, $1.25 per yard; shirting, 25 cents; New Orleans sugar, 12½ cents per pound; labor, 25 to 50 cents per day from sun-up until sun-down.

My father moved his family from Cincinnati to Randolph County in 1832, and on Easter morning went over to the grocery to buy some eggs, and as baskets were scarce, he picked up a half bushel one and started for the eggs. Arriving at the grocery he told the proprietor to give him a quarters worth of eggs, handing him the basket. Soon he came out of the little ware room, the basket full of eggs and asked father if he anything to put the rest of the quarters worth in. Explanations were made, matters adjusted, and he went home with a basket full of eggs and some change. I have seen no better eggs sold at 50 cents per dozen. What a change.

These were good Democratic days; we heard no talk about greenbacks nor silver certificates; nothing but gold, silver and wild cat bank money. When a man got fifty miles from home with the paper money he was obliged to keep it or have it discounted. A hundred dollars in the morning was apt not to be worth a hundred cents in the evening; but these were good Democratic times and the people did not complain. In these good times postage on a letter was twenty-five cents, payable on delivery. I have known letters to lay in the postoffice two weeks because the man to whom it was addressed did not have the twenty-five cents to pay the postage; he then borrowed the quarter from the clerk of the court, and it was eight months before he could pay the money back. Oh, those were splendid times!

There was one consolation that always filled the hearts of the pioneers with joy, and that was that when they got a patch of ground cleared off. It would produce an abundance of everything they planted. There was one old gentleman, Mr. James Forsythe, who always raised a large quantity of water melons. On one occasion a young man, a neighbor's son, who lived about three miles away, called on Mr. Forsythe. When ready to return home Forsythe told him he could take some melons home with him. He filled up a three bushel tow linnen sack and loaned the young man a blind horse on which to carry his melons home. The horse was named Dragon. He was told that when he came to a log all he had to do was jerk the bridle rein gently and say, "over Dragon," and the horse would do the rest. So on coming

to a log that laid across the path he jerked the rein and gave the word, but all too soon, for the horse lit on top of the log and fell about twenty feet on the other side, spilling the boy and bursting the melons at the same time. Fortunately the boy was not hurt, and regaining his feet he placed his hands on his hips and was surveying the wreck in silent meditation. Soon finding his voice he merely remarked, "that was one h—l of an over.' '

In early times in this county there were many wild animals that was a menace to the flocks of the early settlers, such as wolves, wildcats, panthers and some bear. My father, on one occasion, went out to try his hand killing bear. He carried a rifle and a double barreled shot gun which was loaded with buck shot. When he got about a mile from home he went up to the west side of a cat-tail pond, and climbing up on a lodged tree near the edge of the pond and getting a position that gave him a commanding view , he set up a hallowing which started two bears out of the pond on the opposite side. He discharge all his artillery at their retreating forms, but got no bear. The old gentleman says he thinks they are running yet, as that was what they were doing when he last saw them. There were many deer and turkeys throughout all the country. I was born in 1837, and I remember to have seen bear tracks in the snow, and treid hard to shoot deer, and have killed several wild turkeys north of Winchester. It was practically an unbroken forest as far as Fort Wayne. Throughout Jay, Wells and Adams Counties for long years hoop poles and coon skins were a legal tender for all debts, public and private, except taxes and marriage licenses, which had to be paid in gold and silver. The politics of those counties was mostly Democratic, and there was a story I heard in my younger days, that every Sunday morning the people had to catch their children with dogs to put their clean clothes on. I always thought that was a lie, and feel free to say at this time that I am yet of that opinion, although Mr. Lynch has told me some things that leads me to believe that there was was some truth in the hoop pole and coon skin stories.

Of the old residents of this township (White River), and more especially in what was called the Salt creek and Sugar creek neighborhood, they are nearly all gone; and in some instances every one in the family have passed away to the other side of life. Some of the children of those pioneers faced the stern realities of life on the sanguine battle fields. Many of my school mates of 1844, 1845, 1846 and 1847 and later years now sleep the sleep that comes to the soldiers far away from the home of their children. Some of their bones are bleaching on the bottom of the

Gulf of Mexico; others lie beneath the waters of the turbid Mississippi river; one I assisted to bury on a noll in the woods above Memphis, Tenn. They were children of men and women that conquered the towering forests and provided happy homes in their younger days for those that in time yielded up their lives to pereptuate those home, to fall in defence of that flag that in early life they were taught to honor and respect. Many returned home again after the struggle, wounded and broken in health and have fallen in the race of life. Doubtless some are burried in the cemetery which you are proposing to fence by the proceeds of the sale of this little book. Let us hope that if for no other reason the generous and patriotic people to whom it may be offered will gladly and willingly respond and that you will be successful in your efforts; that it may be said that no grave of a man who fought for his home, his country, his flag, shall be turned out to the commons, that the horses of the husbandman shall trample them, nor brouse above their mouldering ashes.

JOHN MARTIN,

Winchester, Ind.

CHAPTER III.

John C. Meier, son of Lorenz and Barbara Meier, was born in Gesees, near Bayrenth, Bavaria, Germany. His father died November 9th, 1881, and his mother in 1892. He received a good common school education, after which he assisted his father in farm work until he was 18 years old, when he learned wagon making. On April 9th, 1870, he bid adue to his native home; on the 13th he boarded the fated steamer "Cimbria;" on the 27th he landed in New York city; on May 4th he arrived at Cincinnati, where he soon found employment at his trade. In 1871 he concluded to learn the baker's trade, of which he made a success. In 1873 he came to Winchester at the request of Mr. Manderbach, for whom he worked five years. In 1874 he married Miss C. E. Keller, daughter of G. G. Keller. Miss Keller received her education in short winter and subscription terms of school. She also attended the seminary under Prof. Ferris. Mr. and Mrs. Meier had ten children, Alice J., Lorenz G., Bertha C. (died October 7th, 1894) twins died in infancy, Hugo H., Edwin J., Alma A., Irene L. and Clifford S.

In 1878 Mr. Meier moved to Union City, Ind., where he started a bakery, which he carried on very successfully for three years. At this time his father-in-law, Mr. G. G. Kelley, who kept a grocery under the firm name of Keller & Son., wished to retire from business and offered his place to Mr. Meier, which he accepted, and for this purpose removed to Winchester. After January 1st, 1881, the business was carried on under the firm name of Keller & Meier. Mr. Meier not being contented with his trade soon added a bakery to the already rosperous business. In March, 1887, the bakery was destroyed by fire, but was immediately rebuilt and the baking capacity enlarged. The firm continued successfully until the end of 1892, when G. W. Keller retired, Mr. Meier taking sole charge and continuing the same, assisted by his children. On the 13th of May, 1887, Mr. Meier left here for a visit to his aged mother and two brothers. He returned in three months, content to spend the remainder of life in this land of liberty and plenty.

Mr. Meier is prominent among fraternal orders. He was instrumental in instituting the I. O. R. M. in this place on January 28th, 1894. He has passed through all the offices of the order. He has also held important state offices, and now is United States representative of the Hay Makers' association. He has also filled all the offices of the K. of P's, has also been state representative of the same order. He is also a member of the I. O. O. F. Mr. Meier has filled the office of vice president, and is now one of the directors of the Winchester Home and Savings association. Although not a church member, Mr. Meier has contributed to the various churches which have been erected during his residence here.

In politics Mr. Meier is a Democrat, of which he is an enthusiastic and valued member.

CHAPTER IV.

A FEW SKETCHES OF THE PIONEER LIFE OF MY DEAR PARENTS, AMOS AND HANNAH PEACOCK, AND THEIR DEATH.

(By Elijah Peacock.)

Time, Oh, how swiftly it is passing,
Swiftly passing away,
Carrying down its thousands
In its currents to the grave,
And I know not day nor hour,
Or the midnight cry may come
And summon me to judgment
From my family and my home,
And the messenger will not await
A preparation long,
But may hurry its victims suddenly,
Like the sounding of a gong.
Its been upon my mind of late
To pen a few thoughts down
About my loving parents, dear,
Who lived in days of old renown;
But the task I feel incompetent
Their history to adorn,
For many things of note transpired
Long before that I was born;
But much I have heard them speak about
That's yet in memory clear,
And by us children now that's left,
Is held in reverence dear.
In North Carolina's sunny clime,
In seventeen ninety-three,
The year that mother there was born,
As in her Bible seen;
In seventeen hundred and eighty-seven
My father too was born;
Of honest parents came they of,
Lived near each other's farm;
They grew up as children often do,
They knew each other well,
And in their childhood days they learned

To read and write and spell;
But little education then
Was enough for common lore,
But father had a little more
Than was usual held in store,
And rude was all their equipments then,
How happy, too, they were,
And coarse their garments and their food,
Yet 'twas their daily fare;
But hale and hearty they grew up
To manhood and womanhood.
They feared not neither heat nor cold,
Nor work in field or wood;
The sound of ax and maul then fell
Like music in their ears,
And cares and labors shared alike
Unto maturer years.
But now the time had fully come
When they took each other's hand,
And, according to the rules of Friends,
Were joined in holy bands.
Near eighteen hundred and twelve was this,
The day I havent got,
And little in this it seemed
Had fallen to their lot;
But contentment was their greatest gain
While in that sunny clime,
Until a little was saved up
By frugal care in time.
But little now I know of them
By history at command,
Until thery're found in readiness
For a journey to Northern lands.
To Indiana's fertile state
In wagons wend their way,
With few relations in their band
They journeyed many a day,
'Till they came to Richmond, a little town
On White Water—rugged stream.
The date, as near as I can find,
Was eighteen hundred and eighteen.
There one crop it seems they raised
And then were Northern bound,
To the wild, dense forest of Randolph,

Where their relatives were found.
In Wayne township and county named,
In section thirty-one,
In range fifteen, a cabin was built,
And here their home begun;
This, too, was of the rudest kind,
No lumber near was bought;
But what their ax and maul and wedge,
And fro had fitted out;
But rough constructed as it was
In it content to dwell,
And soon, before their willing hands,
The mighty forest fell.
Still in the wilds and by the streams
The Indian wigwam found,
And by their dreadful warhoop
Once made the woods resound;
And often to their cabin door
Those forest children came
And shared with them their frugal meal;
They turned none empty away,
Though hardships often were their lot,
And scanty their means;
They labored hard and faltered not
In the mighty wooden green,
And the roaring of the heavy winds
Through the tree tops standing nigh,
Or the howling of the wolves
Oft their nightly lullaby.
And often in a needed time
They were supplied with game,
And ever and anon it fell
Before the flint-lock's deadly aim;
And many a deer and turkey, too,
Their life blood stained the ground,
And plenteous in those early days
The forest did abound;
Thus in the absence of the tame
The wild meat did supply;
Above the cabin's wide fire place
It often hung to dry.
Rude was their furniture here too,
Made mostly by hands
With the few and very simple tools

They had at their command.
Thus labored they for many years,
And heart and hand 'tis true,
While both the family and the farm
It large, larger grew,
Until the cabin was too small
For comfort there to dwell;
And soon another house was built—
For it large trees were felled,
Both sides were hewn—a heavy task—
But this they did not mind;
The neighbors then were gathered in,
Who were so very kind,
And one by one these heavy logs
Were placed by willing hands;
Two stories high were this reared up
By the faithful little band;
A smaller kitchen on the west
With double chimney between
Formed a commodious spacious house
As seldom there was seen.
Here, too, it was commenced my life
In eighteen thirty-one,
With brother Elisha—twin with me—
And here my memory began;
Here, too, I'll pause enough to say
Nine children to them were born;
One girl, two boys were called away
In life's right early morn;
Two sons yet, at mature age,
Obey death's surest call.
Two sons, two daughters yet are left,
I, the youngest of them all;
But onward I must press with this—
No time nor space for all—
But most my subjects have to end
With a short and hasty call.
In each house was a wide fireplace,
So common in those days,
Upon its broad commodious hearth
The cheerful fire blazed.
By these the cooking then was done,
No stoves were here in use,
And simple were the vessels, too—

Their memory I cannot loose.
The frying pan with handle long,
And skillet large and wide,
And oven where the corn-pones baked
By the fireplace's side;
Here to the mantle by a string
The spare rib hung to roast,
So sweet and nice when it was done
That of it kings might boast.
The "reflector" then was brought in use
And baked the bread so nice;
It set in front of the blazing fire—
The heat it would suffice.
Within the kitchen wide fireplace
The iron crane was swung;
On it with proper iron hooks
The dinner pot was hung,
And here was boiled and cook so well
The mush and meat and beans,
And hominy, that heathful food;
In summer time the "greens."
I seem to almost hear it seeth
With pot-pie loaded down;
Of all, it was at least with me,
"Peach cobbler" took the crown.
This lucious fruit was in those days
Most penteous to be found,
And often in the fall of year
Lay rotting on the ground.
Fast to the kitchen's western wall
By where the table stood
Was ever found the old "dough-break"
Used to knead the dough for bread,
And underneath the old stairway
The hominy mortars found,
And by the firelight's cheerful blaze
Its pestle oft resound.
To beat the husks from off the grains
Was quite laborous work,
Of which, with me as one at least,
Sometimes inclined to shirk.
This was one of our staple food,
Used in the winter time,

Which gave us health and vigor, too,
Hard labor to perform.
And yet I almost seem to hear
The hum of the spinning wheel
Which mother and the girls oft plied,
Also the clack of the reel,
Which was so common in those days.
On long, long winter nights
By the "high trucks" ever brilliant blaze,
Or the candle's glimmering light,
The huge old loom that father made,
Long in the kitchen stood
Where ever and anon was wove
Our usual wearing goods.
The same hand, too, that thus prepared
Our clothing, cut and made
From threads of little spinning wheel
By mother's feet was sped.
The old distaff of dogwood bough
On which the flax was wound,
And hour after hour its flyers
Gave forth its humming sound;
And in the springtime in the yard,
Or some convenient place was found,
Long webs of strongest linen cloth
Lay bleaching on the ground.
Thus far have I some items gave
Of the housework then performed
By faithful mother and the girls
The old home then adorned.
How valiant was the housewife then—
How trusty and how true—
A tribute to their memory
I ever think is due.
And now I turn to outdoor work—
The farming part I mean—
Where father's ever ready hand
Made most of the implements seen.
The old bar-share with wooden mould
Long traced the furrows through;
Each field, however long or short,
It turned the soil when new,
And still was used when I was young.
Though many years have flown

Since first the virgin soil it broke,
But large the crops were grown.
The cast plow then was introduced,
Which was of great renown;
Though ill-shaped as compared with now,
The soil turned upside down;
The old bar-share still kept in use—
I followed it many a day—
And dropped the corn right in the cross
Where it had passed both ways;
And then to tend the corn 'twas used,
Three furrows between each row,
To clear the weeds from out the hill
We used to ply the hoe.
And when the wheat was fully ripened,
With the sickles in their hands
To the fields was seen a-marching
Every able boy and man.
Though the work was slow and tedious,
And in the midst of burning sun,
Yet they went on still unflinching
'Till the field was fully done.
Then soon followed in its wake
The making of the hay;
Here father with his ready scythe
Mostly led the way.
No horse was used for raking up,
But all was done by hand,
With wooden pitchfork and small rake—
All we had at our command.
When fully cured 'twas placed in cocks,
When the weather was nice and warm;
With rope and pole and horse attached
'Twas dragged into the barn.

* * * * * * * *

So far have I somewhat described
Their modes of work 'tis true,
This generation for to show,
The hardships they passed through,
That they may prize their privilege,
That they may now enjoy,
Above that in those early days,
So much labor did enjoy.
Notwithstanding all of this

My parents prospered well,
In basket and in store were blessed,
In peace and love to dwell.
And here I'll pause awhile and say
The profession, they did adorn,
Was of the society of Friends,
Members of which they were born.
Elders were they in high esteem
And faithful did they serve,
Neither to the right nor left
Could they be made to swerve.
Though few their words 'twas easy told
By action more than they
Their Master's voice they often heard
And willingly obeyed.
How devoted were they in the truth
As owned and believed by Friends.
The poor and needy had them lent
Their ready helping hand.
Mounted upon their favorite steeds
To meeting usually went,
Neither heat nor cold nor storms of rain
This duty seldom prevent,
To White River and Dunkirk
And Cherry Grove they rode
And Richmond and Newgarden, too,
Took the patient beasts their load.

* * * * * * * *

But I must haste along with this
Already growing long
In which the truth I want to tell,
And no one ere to wrong.
Years rolled on and with it came
Improvements thick and fast,
And I and Elisha larger grew,
It lightens much the task,
For now the family had married and gone,
Save us two boys alone,
With Father and Mother all that's left
At our old ancient home,
And age was creaping slowly on,
Their cheeks were much care-worn,
By the hardships they'd passed through,
And we was nearly grown.

But He who rules and reigns above
And doeth all things well,
Saw best to take our father away,
No longer here to dwell.
No longer to enjoy their home,
Nor the dear ones here he loved.
To join the hosts above,
In eighteen fifty, seventh month,
The twenty-fourth the day,
We all were summoned to the bed,
No longer could he stay.
Oh, how affecting was the scene,
Those loving ones to part,
So long had together dwelt,
Joined truly as one heart,
Each others burdens long had borne,
In joy, sorrow and toil,
No earthly power had yet availed,
Those kindred ties to foil.
They embraced each other in their arms
In the dearest bonds of love,
Lit by the "well-spring" from on high
That's gentle like a dove.
And peacefully he passed away,
We hope he's gone to rest,
With all the ransomed and redeemed
To the home where all are blessed.
The heart that ever beat so warm
Zions mission to fulfill,
Ceased its pulsations here on earth
And was forever still.
But, Oh! we missed at our home
His council and cheering words,
So much for which he was noted for,
No more could now be heard.
So did the meeting feel his loss
Where he long sat at the head
And served it there so faithfully,
In business rather led,
In which transaction far excelled
Most of the members here,
And readily he sake his mind
In meekness, love and fear.
But heavily did mother feel

The stroke upon her fall,
And patiently she did submit
To the blessed Master's call.
She knew the promise He'd fulfill
To those His will had done,
A father to the fatherless,
And a husband to the widow ones.
The few years now that did elapse
We three lived there alone,
Until I married and moved away
To a home that was my own.
And faithful Elisha stayed with her,
And provided with tender care
The comforts that she needed here,
No pains he seemed to spare.

* * * * * * * *

Near a dozen years had rolled away,
Disease had seized her frame,
So severe and painful as it was,
She almost helpless came;
Yet more afflictions lay in store,
For in eighteen sixty-five
Elisha, too, was stricken down,
But few days did survive.
While yet upon the cooling board,
She tottered to his side,
Bent over his lifeless form and said:
"He was an obedient child."
Heavy, heavy did we feel
The stroke upon us fall,
And to our aged, feeble mother
More than any one, or all.
But He who rules and reigns above,
Her hopes were on Him stayed,
She knew would lend a helping hand,
Deep waters yet to wade.
To leave her dear old ancient home
No little trial it seemed,
And neighbors, and her loving friends,
Long held in high esteem.
Her choice it seemed was now to go
To sister Anna's home,
Not far from twenty miles away,
Near a place called Poplar Run.

But meek and quiet this was done—
She saw them never more,
For soon it was destined that she
Should leave this world of woe.
With willing hands and tender care
They watched her while she lived,
The needed comforts here to add
They most cheerfully would give.
Once on a visit when I came
Dear Anna Hobbs was there,
Who many years had fed the flocks
With deep and earnest care.
Her tender voice I often heard
In broken accents plead
To turn our minds more unto Christ,
His inward voice to heed.
But, Oh! how solemn was the scene
For those aged pilgrims to part,
No more to meet on earth again,
Sank deep into our hearts.
Ever modest was their apparel,
Unspotted of the world,
Just waiting their blessed Master's call,
Whose banner they'd long unfurled.
Not long did mother have to wait—
Her longed for message came
To relieve her of her suffering here,
She patiently bore in His name.
In eighteen sixty-seven it was
And ninth month, eighth the day,
As though one fallen into sleep
She quietly passed away.
A heavenly smile it seemed remained
Long shone upon her face,
The Master's image did reflect
Through His ever blessed grace,
But a secret joy sprang upward,
Rose above all sorrow and grief,
That she was gathered a ripened shock,
Bringing with her many a shief.
Side by side in yonder graveyard
Were their bodies laid to rest,
Some modest grave stones at their heads
Dates their birth and age of death.

CAPT. W. D. STONE.

MRS. W. D. STONE.

CHAPTER V.

UNION CITY, Ind., June 8, 8196.

Mrs. M. C. Lynch:—Your postal requesting me to write something for your forthcoming book came to hand this afternoon, and I write some of the antics, some of the historical facts, some of the crosses, some of the losses, some of the escapes from dangerous accidents, some of the toils of a hard fate in life, some of the trials of a back-woodsman's struggle for existence in the real battle for success on earth, some of the exciting scenes of my life while fighting for my country upon the hard fought battle fields, of two wars, through which, to maintain its honor, its existence and perpetuity, this glorious republic marched to victory and to glory, and maintained its honor, its dignity, its unity, and perpetuity.

Erza Stone, my father, was born in New Jersey; Elizabeth Dye, my mother, was born in Ohio. These two were married in 1816. To this union were born six children, three boys and three girls. Of these, Asachel, the oldest, whose life is prominently connected with the development of Randolph County, materially, socially and politically, died in 1891, after a short but painful sickness. He was prominent in both state and county affairs. He had represented this county in both the House of Representatives and State senate. He also took a prominent part in the Union cause in the great Rebellion, having served both as commissary general and quarter-master general under Governor Morton during the most of the war period. His remains are buried in the beautiful cemetery he laid out and donated to the city of Winchester, Randolph County, Ind.

The writer hereof was born in Cincinnati, Hamilton County, Ohio, June 16th, 1826. His parents were poor in this world's goods, but had a good reputation as honest, pious Christians. Father was a strict Baptist, while mother was a most devout

Methodist. I was always known as "Mother's boy." The older children tormented me a great deal for always siding with mother. It is said that "every one has his price." In the saying there is "more truth than poetry." My first distinct desire was for a pair of "red-top boots!" This was the soft spot, the salient point. I was about four years of age. I sold out, soul, body and heart. I was honest in the transfer. The boots came. I was no longer "mother's bay!" I was "pap's booted man!" I was tormented by all the children of the family. Five of us were then living. I am still impressed with the fact that nearly every child of that household could show bruises made by those boot toes I had always gone to church with mother. My parents would go to the front gate together then mother would start east and father west to their respective churches. This was a part of the bargain. I had not considered; I paused at the gat. Father and mother had gone two or three steps and paused. The war was raging in their hearts as deadly as in mine. Father spoke: "Hurry up; go with one of us." Just then I got a glympse of my boots and jumped to father. Looking back I saw mother wipe tears from her eyes. She had lost her boy! No! She had saved a soul for whom she would have died! Upon our return home I was taunted by the other children till I was almost crazed for being a "turn-coat." I pulled the boots off, slammed them on the floor in defiance, and from that moment those boots never were again put on my feet. From that day to this no power can compel me to do what I believe to be wrong.

My father was a carpenter by trade, and frequently he would go to New Orleans in the fall and back to Cincinnati. Usually he would leave my mother and the children in Cincinnati during the summer and return in the fall. In 1837 he moved the family to New Orleans. That summer my mother and one sister died in New Orleans and were buried there. In 1838 my brother and wife moved to Winchester, Randolph County, Ind. Father and I returned to New Orleans, and in 1839 we returned to Winchester, and father bought a farm near town, including a part of the present Fair ground. Upon this farm I lived and worked for father till 1847, when contrary to his advice and wishes, I left home and volunteered in the Mexican war. My father and brother, General A. Stone, saved the letters I wrote to them while there. These letters are rich and racy, and many youngsters call at my home to hear the Mexican letters read. I also kept a dairy, one-half of which is still preserved, giving an account of every important move made by our forces. In this

many of my tantrams and oddities are made amusing by their drolleries. I was in several battles and skirmishes. Was injured in my left knee by the explosion of the steamer Ann Chase, which attempted to transport us from New Orleans to Brazos. Several men were killed or injured by this explosion. Sixty-five of us got ashore on the Louisiana coast and marched through swamps, thickets and canebrakes to Sabin City, Texas, sixty-five miles. Some perished on the route. From Sabin we were taken by a sail vessel to Galveston. Thereon to the Rio Grande to Taylor's army. We were then ordered to Vere Cruz to General Scott, on the road to the City of Mexico. When we arrived at Vere Cruz Scott had started to the "Halls of the Montezumas." The Mexicans had many of them gotten in Scott's rear and re-occupied the route.

CHAPTER VI.

LYNN, Ind., May 15, 1896.

Mrs. A. S. Lynch, Decatur, Ind.:—As per agreement I will write "just a little."

I was born in Randolph County, North Carolina, September 27th, 1826. My father having died about five or six years after my birth, mother, with nine of us, seven boys and two girls, I the youngest, moved to Randolph County, Ind., in the spring of 1831, and I live now on the land she entered from the government, (I having since bought it of her) and built a log house on it. In the fall her and I, with a man to show the land to us, came to hunt a place for the house, the woods was so thick we could not ride on horse-back, but had to hitch and walk it was so very heavy timber and thick of underbrush, and now at this time there is not a stick of timber on it, only as I have grown them since 1850. Oh, but we had fun cutting the lareg trees and digging the small ones up by the roots, called grubbing. I have picked and burned brush many nights till 10 o'clock and thought it good sport, etc. Well, after a while I began to think I was a man; got married in 1845, and being pretty well off in the world (having a yearling colt and $6.50 in money, all my wealth) when married, so concluded to get good property to start with, viz.: my first bedstead,had but one post, and needed no more, as the house was made of round logs and I had only to bore holes in the logs in one corner of the house, which met in one post from the corner; then small poles were put in the holes in the logs, and laid on the side rails to use for cord or slats, as is now used, but we slept first-rate after a hard day's work in the woods. The floor of the house was split instead of sawed lumber; it was called a puncheon floor; the roof was slit or rove clapboards, and the roof was the ceiling or loft floor; and in the winter I have walked from the bed to the fire place of a morning ankle deep in snow. Boys, how would you like to get up out of bed in snow ankle

deep to build fires now, eh? Was but one door hung, and to open outside, and a big crack between two logs for a window. I found a muskrat under our bed one day helping himself to a water melon. I got the gun and shot him while he was stealing my melon; so look out, boys, when you think of stealing melons, and think of the fate of the muskrat. Our diet was all kinds of bread that could be made of corn, from mush to ash cake, etc. Our meat was wild game and none a general rule. Well, you will see by my writing, spelling and grammar that I had some schooling. To illustrate and give some idea of it, I will say the school house was a log house, puncheon floor, puncheon benches, stick and clay chimney in one of the house big enough for log fires; house in the woods, not fenced in! hogs could get under the floor. An incident, one day when cold, the hogs got under the floor as near the fire as they could, and in their scuffle to keep warm, the tail of one hog stuck up through a crack in the floor; a mischievious boy, rich enough to carry a jack-knife, slipped his knife out and taking hold of the hog's tail with one hand, knife in the other hand, cut the tail off and threw it on the live coals, where it curled about as if yet alive, which made a little girl (who is now my sister-in-law; she is now older) laugh out loud, which caused the teacher to investigate, with switch in hand. I will not now say the boy ever cut another pig's tail off in time of school to cook for his dinner. So you see how schools were then. I could fill a book with similar incidents of school and farm life in early times, &c. One incident of church life in early times: Mother was a Quakeress and consequently we all had birthrights in that society, and as their meetings are very different now and then, I will say we never had music of any kind in church, and and occasionally reaching; we went to meeting twice each week, to sit still and quiet and think. The older ones in secret worship if so disposed, and some to sleep and nod, and us boys to think in some cases of mischief. The house of logs and the south door-step was about two feet to the floor from the ground, and the door shut from the outside of the house, and there was a young man, a tall, gangling fellow, always sitting in the summer, on the end of a bench at the door, with his head in his hands, elbows on his knees, facing the door to get the cool air; and to show you how evil the writer was, I one day saw him begin to nod, and a wish or prayer instantly went through my evil brain that his elbows might slip off his knees, and the next instant my wish was fully answered and he went head foremost to the ground with his bare 10- inch feet and legs to his knees sticking up at about 45 degrees inside. He could not get up until he crawled out on all fours,

which he did, and then returned to hihself, but did not sleep any more that meeting. The old friends did not tell me to laugh. I did so without any telling; so did some others. Well, that was at old Quaker Lynn, many years ago. Not many living now that were there that day, and that young man has since got old and died a good Christian, and I have no doubt is now happy. He has some children and grandchildren here yet; and now we have a new Quaker Lynn that no one could well go to sleep in time of worship, as it is lively with song and prayer. As there is now six recorded ministers that belongs to that class and they know how to sing praises as well as preach, and it is probably one of the best and most lively class in the county at present. Quite a change since my boyhood days. (I am and old boy, now). But one more incident of the old Quaker Lynn; (pardon me for telling such) it was in the first frame house; it had a raised gallery of three benches, then raised floor back to the door, where the raise of each part began, were two benches, where people sat facing each other; the old friends sat there and sometimes twirled their thumbs until nodding. One time I sat watching two old brothers with their hats off until the got to nodding with their heads very close to each other, and as in the other case, my evil thought said how I desired to see their heads come together, as I had seen sleeers do, and I did not have to wait over one minute until the bald spots hit each other. They waked without any one shaking them, and as I did before, laughed without any telling. Enough, I am old now, and do not make such prayers as I did then, but still attend Quaker Lynn meeting, not as it used to be, but as it is now; and I humbly ask all that reads this, if passing this way in Quaker meeting time, to spend one hour at meeting, and I assure you sleeping, &c., will not be seen now, but you will have to say, surely the Lord has done great things for Quaker Lynn; and if religiously inclined you will say it is good to be there. You will not be treated to any such freaks as I have stated happened at old Quaker Lynn, for this is now one of the best meetings for life in reach of Lynn, and but very few of us that were young sixty years ago will be seen there now. I am trying to live right, &c. As I think my note is long enough I will let some one else tell of the fun and games of brogue, &c., we had at log rollings, raisings, &c. I had the honor of killing the last wild deer that passed through our township. That has been many years ago.

You will have to curtail and add to make this grammatically fit to read, &c., as I know nothing of grammar, &c.

Respectfully, JACOB A. HINSHAW.

CHAPTER VII.

FIVE GENERATIONS.

Richard Williams.
Rev. Daniel Williams.
Nathan Hunt Williams.
Joel Hiat Williams.
Carlton O. Williams.

Richard Williams, the first part of this sketch; his birth, life and death is but little known to the writer, therefore will only say that he was a resident of Guilford County, North Carolina, near the Friends' meeting house, known as New Garden.

Rev. Daniel Williams, the second part of this work, was born near New Garden meeting house in Guilford County, N. C., 8th month, 23d day, 1792, died near Richmond, Ind., 8th month, 14th day, 1873.

He was a renowned and devoted minister of the Gospel, belonging to the denomination of Friends. His early life was spent in North Carolina, then Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia, from whence he moved, in 1833, near to the place of his death.

In 1814 he was married to Margaret Janes, who died in 1821, leaving five children, Lydia, Rebecca, Susan, Nathan and Mary.

About the year 1815 he began the work of the ministery, and was recorded as such within a year after he began the work. In 1823 he was married to his second wife, Mrs. Margaret Shoemaker, which was again broken in later years by the death of the wife. By this union there were six children, Solomon, Jesse, Jacob, Sarah, Margaret and Daniel.

In 1848 he was married to his third wife, Lydia Rider, who survived him by about eight years. By this union there was one child, K. R. Williams. Daniel was known especially in the denomination to which he belonged, in many parts of the country for his many acts of kindness and good deeds. He made several extended religious visits' two or three of which were to the old world, Great Britian and Ireland, at which time and place was spent in the vineyard of the Lord, endeavoring to win precious souls to God and from an endless ruin. He became so feeble before his death that he would sit down to finish preaching. Before his death he made a request that four of his grandsons (as he thought a great deal of his grandchildren) should convey him to his grave and let him down, which was complied with .

At this time the number of offsprings is as follows:

Children	12
Grandchildren	125
Great grandchildren	187
Great great grandchildren	11
Total number, including marriages, &c.	335

Before closing with the sketch of Daniel Williams we will give one of the incidents of his life, recorded by Daniel Hill (in his Reminiscences of Nathan Hunt) who said in connection with the influence that the older may have upon the young—let me pause here a moment and relate the following circumstance, related to me by the venerable Daniel Williams, of Wayne County, Ind., during the winter of 1872. Myself and family during that winter lived next door and often went to spend a social hour with Bro. Williams. One evening he said to me:

"I remember well the visit of Nathan Hunt to my father's house when I was only a boy of 8 or 10 years. I stood in the corner near the great fire place and listened to the conversation between him and my parents. When dinner was announced and as they passed to the kitchen, for our dinning room and the kitchen were all one, as he passed me he laid his hand upon my head and said, 'God bless thee, lad, what is thy name, my son?' I told him, 'Daniel Williams;' he said, 'Well, Daniel, if thou wilt be true and faithful to thy heavenly father, thou wilt cross the ocean and stand before kings and princess for His name's sake.' It made a deep impression on my mind at that time, but as years passed away I forgot it. A few years later my parents moved to the west, as we called Indiana then, and in the course of time I became a preacher. I traveled much in the Master's service, and finally I felt impressed to cross the ocean and visit old England. I obtained a minute of concurrance from my monthly and quarterly meetings and it was endorsed by the yearly meeting. I started on my mission. When I got on board the great ship at New York and had sailed on through the narrows, soon our ship began to roll on the great Atlantic ocean. I got to thinking on my position, when it occured to me I had made a great mistake. It was all wrong. I had undertaken a mission that I was not fitted for. I thought that not only had I made a mistake, but that my monthly and quarterly and even my yearly meetings had all made a great mistake in allowing me to undertake such a mission. I was greatly distressed. I did not know what to do. When all at once the memory of Grandfather Hunt's blessings on me, as he laid his hand upon my head, when a boy, now flashed

across my mind. I seemed to feel his warm hand again, I could hear the tones of his voice as he said, 'Thou shalt stand before kings and princess for His name's sake.' Instantly all fear left me. I had no further difficulty; I realized that I was in my right place. I performed my Master's service in the old world and returned to my native land with great peace and joy."

Nathan H. Willims, the third part of this sketch, was born near Philadelphia, Penn, 1st month, 5th, 1820, and with his parents moved to Wayne County, Ind., about the twelfth year of his age. The greater portion of his life was spent in farming and carpentering. In 1841 he was married to Mary Ann, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Brown, both of whom have since died in Winchester. After marriage he moved to Randolph County, near Spartansburg. By this union there were five children, Elizabeth, Luther, Mahala, Joel and Wesley.

In 1853 he removed to a 40-acre farm near Olive Branch, same county, at which place he spent the most part of his after life, until death, which occured 1st month, 15th, 1887. Mary Ann, his wife, died 3rd month, 5th, 1857, and he broke up housekeeping and the children separated no telling when to meet again. But in 1858 he was remarried to Sarah Milner, and the children were again brought home. Sad to relate, but this union of wife and husband, mother and children, were soon broken by the death of the mother. Elizabeth, the oldest of the children, now being of sufficient age, took up the responsibilities of the house work. In 1861 he was re-married to his third wife, Mrs. Eliza McKee, who still survives and lives on the old home farm. By this union there were three children, Alice, Robert and Daniel, the second having died when an infant.

At this time the offsprings is as follows:

No. of children.....	8
No. of grandchildren.....	32
No. of great grandchildren.....	1
Total number, including marriages, &c....	51

Joel H. Williams, the fourth part of this sketch, and the writer of the whole, was born in Fountain City, Wayne County, Ind., 7th month, 7th, 1850. When less than a year old, with his parents moved to this county (Randolph) and settled on a farm near Spartansburg. In 1853 removed to a farm near Olive Branch, same county. His mother died when but a child, leaving him without the tender care and kind advice of a loving mother. He was sent to live with his uncle in Wayne County,

where he was brought up under the strict teachings of Friends. Later on his father having re-married, he was brought back to his old home, at which place he remained until he arrived at the age of 19, at which time he went forward for himself in the great battle of life, first working by the month for John Clayton on a farm near Farmland. The most part of his education was obtained at Olive Branch, the first part of which was in the old log school house, with seats or benches as they were called, made from legs and no backs; he remember of an incident once when a little one became sleepy, top-heavy or over-balanced and the floor caught it from behind, and then it said to its sister in a loud voice, "Jane, why didn't you ketch me?" The writing desks were made by boring slanting holes in the wall, placing wooden pins in the same on which was nailed a wide plank. As the ink would not sit on this inclined plank it had to be placed in the windows. The writing pens were made from the goose quill. When the teacher gave the signal or play the books from all parts of the room would go flying for the writing desk, helter skelter, sometimes knocking the ink to the floor and making a general splash which was only a small matter at that time;—all eager to get to the play ground. "Black man'" and "bull pen" were the leading games of the day; "Molly Brown" came in later on. As a signal that some one was out in time of books, the teacher had varied ways. One was a little board or shingle on one side of which was the word "out," on the other side "in;" the shingle had to be turned in either leaving the room or returning so as to show the condition of affairs inwardly and outwardly.

Another was a forked stick to be placed in the window near the door, which was to be taken by the one leaving the room and returned to its proper place when coming in. Sometimes the little ones (as was the case once with the writer) would forget and leave the forked stick at the other end of the route, thereby causing an extra trip into the deep wood.

My first teacher, Lib Stark, was an old foggy; had her bed in one corner of the school room and would cook a part of her victuals on the school stove.

Once upon a time my father came home from town and brought me a new primer. The next day I gathered my new book and off I went to school with much glee, and was found in my place at recitation hour, ready to recite from my new book. But what did Mrs. Stark do? Jerked my new primer from my hand, threw it on the floor and stamped on it, then gave me an old McGuffey's Elementary spelling book and told me to study that.

Ater she departed I picked my new primer from out the dust, took it home and left it there, where I thought it would receive better care.

My next was Martin Shinn, a little better than the first; then came John Hedgepeth. He would not allow the boys to hollow for Abraham Lincoln. Oh, it was a task to refrain, but nevertheless we stood the racket.

Next came Henry Schoofield, Charlie Steele, Lib Parker, David Graham, Page Loofborough, Calvin Diggs and R. A. Leavell. So ends my country schooling. After this I attended the Farmland graded school, Prof. Lee Ault, superintendent, and by the way, a fine instructor. Also attended the Ridgeville college, where I had the work of book-keeping, penmanship, German language and vocal music.

Later on I attended the Pen Art schools, of Delaware, Ohio, Prof. G. W. Michael, superintendent, who was considered one of the best instructors of the art in the United tates.

December 25th, 1875 I was married to Marietta Wright, daughter of Amos and Deliah Wright, at the residence of the bride's home, two miles west of Winchester, Ind., Rev. P. S. Stephens officiating. Several of the immediate friends and relatives were in attendance. This union has been blessed by the adition of two, Carlton (the last mention in this sketch) and Lyra Myrtle, born 8th month, 8th, 1881.

The most part of his public life has been spent in carpentering, merchandising and school teaching, having done business at Stone Station, Farmland and Winchester. Taught school in the following townships: White River, Washington, Monroe, Green, Stony Creek and Franklin, all in the county of Randolph. At the present time is the proprietor of the "Mid-Way Grocery," south side public square, Winchester, Ind. About two years ago he began the geneology (chantform) of his grandfather, Daniel Williams, which is now nearly complete, giving all the decendants of D. W., to whom and where married, names, births, dates and deaths. He is writing a book of religious songs, which, when complete, will be an excellent selection, giving it the title of "Sacred Melodies," for social worships and revival services. He is also writing a book of poetry and prose under the title name of "Read and Reflect," or "Golden Gems of Choicest Thoughts for Thinking People to Ponder." The selections are charming, captivating and entertaining, as well as exalting, elevating and ennobling, suitable for both young and old, being of a moral and religious sentiment. When means will suffice for its publication

the work will be completed and a copy should find its way to each and every family, as the tendency will be toward a better observance and in keeping with all the principles of righteousness.

Carlton O. Williams, the last of this sketch, and completing the five generations, was born in Winchester, Ind., 11th month, 19th, 1876, and has spent the greater portion of his life in the town of his birth. He began his schooling in the country, but with his parents soon moved to town, where he has since graduated. He is now in the employ of his father under the firm name of J. H. Willims & Son.

CHAPTER VIII.

By request I submit this as a part of my early experiences of pioneer life in Randolph County, Indiana.

My parents were among the early settlers, and emigrated from the state of Virginia in 1819, the year after the county was organized. Thirteen constituted the family, and I am the youngest of eleven children. My father's first improvement was a round log cabin. His trials were many, but they were overcome with an indomitable spirit to make an honest living for his family. He went forty miles to get corn cracked to feed his young on and cut his road through the wilderness a great part of the way. Forty miles to get a barrel of salt, when the roads were so bad that one barrel made a two horse load through the swamps. It cost at that time from six to seven dollars a barrel and the pay had to be in specie or coon skins, which was a legal tender in business transactions; 25 to 37½ cents a pelt, with no source of income, but to draw sap from the maple and convert into sugar and molasses, and then had no market for it short of twenty-five or one hundred miles. But to myself more particularly. I have often been requested to write about myself and give my own experiences. For many reasons I have often declined from doing anything of the kind, for the simple reason that the eternal "I" of so many writers is to me more than half disgusting. It seems egotistic to be always repeating the story of your own achievements. Feeling thus, I avoid, so far as possible, writing or talking solely of self. I know that I was born in great poverty. The log cabin in which I first breathed and saw the light of day has long since passed away; but it was so indellably impressed on my mind, that it is fresh to my vision now. My living was meager and scant. I hardly knew what luxury was. My bread was principally of corn, occasionally biscuit, and that was served on strong enough to intoxicate. Our salt meats were fatted on maste in the woods; our fresh meats in the heated season consisted of wild game which abounded in plenty.

The opportunity for obtaining an education was very limited compared with the present. The school houses were rudely constructed, built of round logs with wide fire places on one side and a log cut out on the other with greased paper pasted on for a window, to write by, and in turn each scholar was permitted in order and limited to so much time for writing each day. The most of my schooling cost me six miles' walk through mud and

water each day of the term, and the term was from two and sometimes three months in the year, and that in the winter season. For night study I had to resort to a log fire, sometimes I would get hickory bark to get a more brilliant light. Occasionally got the benefit of an old iron lamp that consumed the dirty grease with wick made of the remnants of our worn out shirts. How does this compare with the age of kerosene, gas and electricity for heat and illumination?

The wearing apparel was principally home-made. Flax and linen were used for summer raiment. Nearly every household raised a small amount of flax for the lint, and instead of having drawing room parties, we had flax pulling frolicks and the company would mate, male and female, gent selecting his best girl, march to the field two by two and side by side, pull the crop by hand, spread it in swathes upon the ground to cure. Later on it would be taken up and spread upon the meadows to bleach. Then came the breaking, scratching and hackling. All this was attended with the loss of many drops of sweat; but was enjoyed hughly, knowing it to be a matter of necessity.

Refinement was not considered an accomplishment so much as a good worker. Industry was the prominent motive and greatest ambition. The most desired topic of the women in their associations was how many cuts such an one could spin a day. Everything merged into industry, and the hum of the spining wheel made music for the neighborhool instead of the pianos. I have seen my good father and mother take the wool from the sheep's back, wash the fleece and sit up until a late hour in the night before a blazing fire carding the wool by hand into rolls, spin, color and weave the same into cloth, cut and make it into garments for the family. Jeans and lincey for the winter, flax and tow linen for the summer. One other circumstance I will never forget. I feel delicate to mention it in this day of refinement, but as people were at that time honest and unassuming, it did not occasion any gossip. It may seem strange to you, but nevertheless a fact to me.

I well remember the first pair of breeches (as they were called) I wore. As a lamentable fact I was big enough to make love to the girls. Well, to be sure, it was somewhat embarrassing, but everything went. No critics then, and as evrybody was honest, nothing was said about it. Style and fashion cut no figure, the motto was do the best you can and you were called a hero. We had no division or classification in the social circle, all belonged to the same great family. Consequently God's law prevailed (harmony) and people lived happy .

My mother employed a widowed lady, who lived near by, to make my breeches, and when done I was sent after them. She requested me to go behind the door, (as there was but one apartment) and put them on, and don't you know I was as proud as Lucifer. I moved, stepping as high as a blind horse. I traversed every path in the vicinity that led to a neighbor's house, that they might see my improvement, and some of the older people, to guy me, would say, "where are you going young man?" and in retort I would reply, "I am putting for the settlement," as different neighborhoods were called settlements in those times. But such was life in this new country before civilization had driven all the native red men of the forest to the far off west.

I was a pupil of the first Sabbath school organized in Winchester and I was faithful and prompt in attendance, and hailed with gladness the coming Sabbath as a day of recreation, and repeat so many lines of the Bible that I committed to memory as was apportioned by my teacher for each Sabbath. I had to travel three miles to enjoy that Sunday feast, and as I was limited to one pair of shoes a year I was very careful not to wear them out too soon, as I have made barefooted tracks many times in the snow before I got my new ones. My shoes were made of heavy cow skin, home tanned, and about half tanned at that, and in July and August they woulld get hard as rawhide, so I would begin to grease and set in the sun about Friday to have them soft for to go to Sabbath school. Being limited in footwear I was so careful that I carried them in my hands until I neared the village before I put them on, and the same on my return.

My mother died at the age of sixty. My father lived to the ripe age of ninety-seven, and died a healthy man; no disease; just wore out and died. I am in my sixty-ninth anniversary, and contemplate living three years longer than my father and make out the hundred.

One other event occurred in our family that created alarm and consternation throughout the whole settlement, and that was the loss of three children in the woods. Our sheep had to be herded to browse in the woods. When evening came on it clouded over and they took the wrong direction for home, contrary to the inclination of the flock. Night came on, dark and dismal, and the pelting snow began to fall, and three children gone. No one knew where except in the wild woods, with Indians skulking around and the woods infested with howling wolves and screaming panthers, barefooted and without food. Imagine if you please, the feelings of a kind father and mother. The alarm was given and enmass the whole neighborhood re-

sponded. Some afoot, others mounted on horesback, equiped with bugles and loaded guns, the sounds of which made the air vibirate with an echo. At last the signals were answered, the children were found and returned to their home, to father and mother and such rejoicing was beyond expression.

My first schooling was in a log house in the woods. After I got to be a good sized boy I attended the seminary school in Winchester. My receptor, James S. Ferris, one of the noted teachers, to whom I owe much as to my habits of life, was offered and accepted a situation at Muncie, Ind., for more money, and as I was a favorite pupil for my obedience, insisted that I should go with him and persue my studies. I declined on account of not having means to defray my expenses. Bue he over-persuaded and I paid my contingences as an assistant in hearing recitations in minor branches. Later on I was furnished a scholarship to attend the Asbury university, where I finished what little education I have. Being unable for the want of funds to complete my collegeate course, I withdrew and concluded to take unto myself my best girl and entered the busy scenes of life, and thus far my scholastic days ended.

I have followed many avocations. I have been a farmer, a counter-hoper, a school teacher, a railroader, a shipper and a dentist and photographer. I might say Jack of all trades, and at present a hotel landlord and have been for nineteen years feeding the hungry, but let the naked clothe themselves.

Sometimes I think it a burning shame that I was born so soon, when I see how nice the little ones have it now, wearing fine shoes the year round, and clad with such nice wearing apparel. They must have fine baby carriages, with body on springs, cushioned most elaborately and silk or satin parasol adjusted over them to shelter from the sunshine or storm. But how different it is now. When I was a baby of course I thought I was just as good as any other baby. But I had to be rocked in a sugar trough, and if I got restless and fretful, as most children do, I got my bottom spanked and set down on a puncheon floor.

Oft times when I reflect on my early birth I feel sorrow that my time was so soon. But when I consider, and truthfully say that I have seen and experienced things that the present and future generations never can, it gives me consolation.

Omitting the many long winded stories of my deer and bear hunts and the pleasant times that were so enjoyable at our frolicks I will close, least I tire the readers' patience.

This is all I care to give of my pioneer life.

S. O. IRVIN.

CHAPTER IX.

SACREDLY TO MY MOTHER.

Written a few months before the death of Minerva J. Harrison, whose suffering was long and most severe. She lived until November 4th, 1893, the eighty-fifth anniversary of her birth, when she passed away in terrible agony, but strong in the faith of a blessed Immortality.

There's a woman that I love, an' I can't tell you why,
'Taint because she's pretty, or has a beamin' eye;
Nor is it 'cause she's dressed in the neatest of the style,
Nor 'cause when she laughs, that she has the sweetest smile.

She has the marks of sorrow, an' a mighty sight of care,
Her form is very stooped, an' her body frail and weir;
But I tell you after all, when I hear her precious voice,
I feel so kind o' good, that it makes me to rejoice.

She's livin' in a cottage that was built long ago,
Where she's felt much of sorrow an' not a little woe;
It's where she sang her songs, in her olden time way,
With hopes just as bright as a fine summer day.

An' when I go to see her in that quiet little home,
Where I first saw the light, an' my feet began to roam,
An' see her bended form, and shake her bony hand,
So many tender feelin's come, I can't hardly stand.

An when I stoop to kiss her, an' see her eyes so dim,
An' see her wrinkled brow, with face so very slim,
An' feel the touch of lips that I felt when a boy,
My mind is full of thinkin' an' my heart full of joy.

So when I say I love her, the story is untold,
I can't tell you why, though my words were of gold;
My feelin's whisper though, yet none but angels hear,
An' waft the mystery to the skies—the love of Mother dear.

In all her sufferin' pains an' aches, I can't tell you why,
I feel somethin' in my mind a runnin' to the sky,
A callin' for the Saviour dear, a kind an' lovin' Friend,
Just to send a little help, an' let the angels tend.

An' when they want to take her far up into the skies,
They'll bear her up so tenderly, just like an angel flies:
An' show her to the Saviour, an' all the heavenly throng,
An' join with her a singin' the great Redemption song.

June 27th, 1893. —H. A. HARRISON.

FALLIN' LEAVES AN' FLOATIN' STICKS.

Did you ever stand a lookin' in the fall of the year
An' see the leaves a droppin' of a color brown an' sear?
Did you ever stand a lookin' at the falls of a stream
An' see the quiet waters as they pour o'er so clean?

I've seen the sticks a floatin', an' I've watched 'em while they go,
Just to see which's first to reach the falls below.
I've watched 'em in the front an' I've pointed to the one
That'd reach the falls first, as they smoothly glided on;
But afore I was a thinking apast would float another,

An' reach the falls ahead, just as if 'twas no bother.
An' then I'd stand an' gaze an' ponder in my mind
How a little stick a floatin' in the same stream behind,
Could dart apast the other in such a quiet way
An' reach the falls below, an' be hid 'neath the spray
While the other was a floatin' an' a comin' in the stream
A little bit behind—but why, could not be seen.

o the floatin' of the sticks an' the fallin' of the leaves
Have stirred me up to thinkin', an a thinkin' at my ease.
An' I Ssee a mighty stream, an' its glidin' smoothly on,
An' we're all just a floatin' by the current we are drawn,
We see the aged comin' an 'we count 'em in advance,
While the younger float behind without a better chance;
But all at once they dart as per force of stream
An' a past the aged go, though we get but a gleam.
An' so we see the leaves, an' some are fallin' slow,
While others dart a past, an' reach the earth below.

From these we gather lessons which I trust in my mind
Will teach us God's wisdom, though we seem far behind.
The stream of Time's a river with its currents fast and slow,
An' we're all just a floatin' to the falls now below;
We know not what the current that'll speed us thus along,
Or what may be the eddy with its checking force so strong;
So whether fore or aft, as we glide down the stream,
We'll not forget our Anchor, though our life's but a dream.
For now we look around us, as we did a year ago,
An' see that some are missin', they've darted on before.
We scarcely saw a ripple as they glided swiftly on—
We feel that we are passin'—we know that they are gone;
But oh, the blessed Hope, an' the anchor sure an' strong
Which is given by our Pilot, as we float amidst the storm.

An' thus as years roll on, an' we're passin' one by one
We'll ever trust in Jesus, who'll guide us through the storm.
An' when we pass the falls, and are hid 'neath the spray,
We'll rise with Him in glory to see a brighter day.
An' then with loved ones dear an' others in the throng,
We'll tune our throats anew an' sing a sweeter song.

Union City, Ind., June 9, 1895. —H. A. HARRISON.

CHAPTER X.

Dr. I. N. Rarick, of Bluff Point, Jay County, Indiana, was born April 19th, 1835, in Washington Township, Darke County, Ohio. He came with his parents to Jay County, Ind., April 3rd, 1851. He settled on the farm on the east side of the Winchester and Portland road, the first farm in Jay County. All was timber for miles around except now and then a small cleared spot. As he grew up the timber vanished and when the war broke out 120 acres had been cleared. He still stayed in the county clearing up a part of three farms, either with his money or his muscle, and has studied and practiced medicine in the same county. He is now one of the best posted and most successful physicians in the county, if good rapid cures make success. December 31, 1863, he married Miss Adaline Wood, who has been known as a teacher and Sabbath school worker in Jay and Randolph Counties. His grandfather moved to Darke County, Ohio, at what is now called Shary Eye P. O., in 1818. His father, Phillip Rarick, was born in Montgomery County, Ohio, September 16, 1808, and when ten years old came with his father to Darke County, where he grew up and helped him clear up what is now the Wm. Elston place. The characteristic mark of the Rarick race is red wavy hair. Philip Rarick, to be consistent, married Miss Sarah Chenweth, who also had red hair. The result was a family of ten, all of whom had red wavy hair, but Adam, who had straight, but very red hair. His brothers and sisters and their husbands and wives have a landed possession of 22,000 acres of land, the most of which is their own earning. His brothers, Abraham C., Jacob J., Adam C. and Charles W., were soldiers to help put down the rebellion of '61 to '65, they serving a total of thirteen years, all returning home without the loss of a limb. Charles W. went through three years in Co. H. 100th Ind. V. I., which company was made up in Jay County. Charles W., then a boy, refused a corporal three times to have the honor of going through the war a private. He had a detail to forage from Savannah to the close of the war, seldom marching with the column as Sherman went north through the Carolinas.

After the war closed he started to school at Liber, and ended at Marietta college with the degree of A. B., 1874; M. A., 1877, M. D. at Cincinnati, Ohio, 1883, paying for it all by his own earnings. He taught several terms of school in Jay County, and now is practicing medicine at Greenville, Ohio.

Abraham C. rose to second lieutenant; Jacob J., to major, and had command of the 69th Regt. O. V. I. from Atlanta to Savannah and up to Goldsborough. His regiment was in the lead at Bentonville, S. C., when Rebel General Joe Johnson and General Braggs tried to surprise Sherman and whip him corps at a time. Bue he struck too many good fighters to succeed.

Adam arose to sargeant. He did his service in the 6th Iowa with the 15th corps. He now has retired from the farm to live in Osceola, Ia. He has earned and cultivated 800 acres of land in Clarke County, Iowa.

Ira O. Rarick was too young to be a soldier, but has made his wealth in farming and dairying in Cass County, Mo.

Mrs. Chas. Moorehouse is his sister; also Mrs. S. L. Roberts, of Collins, Neb., is his youngest full sister. John Rarick, of Pike Township, Jay County, is his uncle.

Dr. I. N. Rarick has been a resident of Jay County from a boy of 15, except a short time he was in the west .

NOTE:—This is to certify that we have published 6,000 copies of this book for Mrs. A. T. Lynch, of Decatur, Ind.

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