SOMETHING FOR TOMORROW

****

DIARY OF

JOHN MCBROOM

FOUNTAIN COUNTY, INDIANA

1822

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Preface by Lucille McBroom Crumley

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McBROOM FAMILY
Copied from 1881 Fountain County IN history by Beckwith

One of the families which has taken a most prominent position in the settlement of Cain township was that of John McBroom, who, along with his brother, Edward, and John Cain, settled in Cain township, and erected the first cabins within its borders, in 1823, and were the first men to enter land at the land office at Crawfordsville, and paid the first money to Maj. Whitlock at that point.

The family is originally of Scottish-Irish descent, three brothers, Henry, William and John having emigrated to the United States prior to the revolutionary war, in which they took part. Grandfather McBroom was taken prisoner on two occasions. After the war Grandfather McBroom settled in Virginia, where the late John McBroom was born and raised, receiving his education from his wife, who was a fine scholar. She was the daughter of Benjamin Snodgrass, one of the revolutionary heroes, who took a prominent part in the siege of Yorktown, and who afterward settled in Kentucky, where he had a large property, and reared his daughter in wealth and luxury, but entered into litigation about his land, eventually losing it all, and came to proverty. They were married in 1818, and removed to Wayne county, Indiana, and then removed to Fountain county in 1823, as already stated.

Here they raised their family, consisting of four sons and one daughter: Elam, Jane (married to Henry Cade), Warner, J. M., and Harvey. Elam S. McBroom was born in Wayne county in 1821 and was raised on the homestead in this county, where, as he grew up, he assisted in redeeming the farm from the surrounding wilderness. He received the greater portion of his education from his mother, and was one of the first pupils at the pioneer log school-house, which was erected on the bank of the creek near Hillsboro.

He was married to Miss Annie Ainsworth, daughter of Father Andrew Ainsworth, one of the pioneers and who at present writing is still alive at Covington. The result of this union is a family of seven children: John A., Alva, Addison F., Seldon W., Amanda

Alice, Elbridge, and Emma. Two are deceased: Alva and Amanda Alice. The latter's death took place December 4 1870. Her memory will ever be green in the hearts of a wide circle of relatives and friends. Mr. McBroom has devoted his attention principally to farming and stock raising, his beautiful farm of 230 acres being one of the best in the county. He is a consistent member of the Christian church, and polically is a republican.

J. M.McBroom, another son of John McBroom, is one of the prominent men of Cain township. He was born October 8, 1822 and what little education he acquired at the primitive log school-house he afterward perfected and improved upon by self-culture and study, having had the rudiments of a solid education imparted to him by his talented mother. Like the rest of the family he was raised on the farm, though he has always endeavored to find time for literary pursuits. During his youth he engaged in school-teaching, and for twenty years has been a preacher of the Christian church, and one of the main up-builders and up-holders of the congregation at this place, the first organization having taken place at the residence of his father. He was married to Miss Mary, the third daughter of Father Ainsworth, and who died twelve hears ago, leaving him and a family of seven children to lament her decease. His children are: Joseph Warren, who is now principal of the High School at Covington, and who is a graduate of Wabash College; Andrew, Harvey, Mattie (married), Hattie and Ella. Josephine, his other daughter (deceased), was a young lady of fine education and ability, and was a true Christian. Mr. McBroom now resides on his farm with his two daughters.and two sons, and oversees the management of his farm of 300 acres, which he acquired by his own industry. During his career he has traveled a great deal, having been in eighteen states, including the Indian Territory and Texas, and in the latter state bought 1,280 acres of splendid land, which he still owns. We are greatly indebted to him for numerous facts and incidents which appear in the history of Cain township, and where other items regarding the history of this pioneer family will be found.

Addison McBroom, son of ElamS. McBroom,was born August 8, 1848, in Cain township, and was raised on the old homestead. On coming to manhood he clerked in a dry-goods store for some years, then, in 1866, in partnership with his brother, opened a store at Hillsboro, which they conducted one year. He then sold his interest in the store and returned to the farm, where he continued in agricultural pursuits for about twelve months, and then went to Sherman, Texas, where he was employed as land agent. After a year's residence he returned to Hillsboro and opened a general grocery store, under the partnership name of McBroom & Linville, in which business he still continues, and is building up a large and extensive trade. He married, in 1868, Miss McBroom, and she having died, in 1875 he was united to Miss Emma Fairbanks, and has a family of two children, Erett and Alice. Mr. McBroom is a prominent member of the I.O.O.F., and is a member of the Christian church. He also fills the position of postmaster here, and in politics is strongly republican.

PREFACE

Dedicated to America's children.
May they ever know that wonderful
Land which once was, when man was
Truly free as he was created to be
From the beginning in Eden's garden;
To live as he has lived in this
Country for more than a century and
A half, in your land and my land.

• • • • • •

The Master Painter took a brush- And on a sturdy canvas drew-

Fertile rolling plains of green, - A sky in oils of palest blue -

Mountains where tall pine trees stood, - Valleys cool with deepening shade;

He dipped his brush in every hue – And brilliant singing birds He made.

Golden fields of grain were there, -Yellow corn to feed the people-

And towering over all of this- Stood a tall church steeple. –

Little towns where children played – Free as they were meant to be; -

Cooling streams and rivers wide – Were everywhere the eye could see.-

There was a plowman in the field – That turned the fragrant sod;

The love of all this newest world- Was captured by the art of God.-

When he lay His oils aside- He raised an outstretched hand, -

And breathed a prayer for every one- And blest my own, my native land.

PREFACE
by Lucille McBroom Crumley

Everywhere the fires of autumn with their glory pageant crept over the valley woodlands and pasture groves. One more summer had passed into eternity as flowers and plants responded to ancient forces. Nature was ready for the grand finale; scarlet leaves were painting the swamp maples and rich-colored candles glowed on every sumac candelabra. This was October and October is walking weather. It was good to start forth and ramble wherever inclination led.

I was feeling a little depressed. No overwhelming or urgent problem; just a combination of small irritating things. World problems and relationships bore heavily on my shoulders because I had children and grandchildren that were facing this changing world. Many disturbing things kept stubbornly pushing my mind when I came across a place that impressed more forcibly the thoughts that had been disturbing my day.

Just as the sun was moving far to the west I found a path and came across a place that led back through the elusive veil of time. A forgotten cemetery in a small spot in western Indiana is a quiet, cleared plot set one short block from a wide, smooth-paved and busy highway. There was a time it was quite lost and overgrown with tall weeds and briars. It is now tidily kept and mowed but few come to visit. Those who do, find stones of an era of people unknown to them and quite old. Most are simple and weathered markers-some tall and enduing, some are mere irregular chunks of grayed and broken stone with simple lettering, noting the year in which the sleeper was born and died; some are delicately inscribed with poetic thoughts. The old road used in the beginning yet runs down the slight and grassy slope to the waters of the once beautiful Coal creek. Beyond the waters of the free flowing stream stands a wooded area, quiet and unmolested and wildly beautiful with its drapery of marvelous leaf color in a setting of raw nature.

It was restful and a little sad. It was the one spot that I knew as a child where progress has not touched. Life there goes on making the best of what it has – the last of an era, forgotten now as are those who lie in the lap of it's hill; a

time, when there were only a few scattered and cleared fields and newly planted orchards, a dozen or so log cabins on scrubby farms, framed with hand hewn rail fences. Two giant Oaks yet guard the spring of sweet flowing water that once supplied the needs of a thirsty pioneer family and has endured the erasures of time as the text of an immortal sermon.

On this hushed October day maples and birches dripped gold and scarlet leaves in the natural cathedral where I could not help but feel in close communion to the long ago. Disturbed by the invasion of his privacy, a big brown owl drifted out of an oak and winged out of sight. A shadowed evergreen whispered a moan song above me and was now the only sound in the vast quietness.

The stone beside me marked the resting place of John McBroom, born 1792, died 1853. Beneath his name was a line of script, almost indistinguishable. I looked closer to see what phrase his children might have chosen to express their love, because one of his children was my grandfather. It was not an expression of love I read – it was a statement, "His words Do follow after him".

Six words, I stood there with my fingers on the cool stone feeling the present fade and the past stir behind the elusive veil of time. This mortal lived at the beginning of our country when few men could read or write; yet someone was certain his words would live beyond his generation. It is strange how a single phrase will haunt you. I could not get this one out of my mind- "His words do follow after him." There was certainty in the words and purpose. It was as if they spoke directly and to me alone. I felt a kind of triumph. Suddenly I knew my voice was to be his voice and speak out his words that they might not be lost to my generation. It was a cry coming from the wilderness of the young America to save something for tomorrow and for tomorrow's children. To preserve for them the splendid inner and personal freedom of mind and spirit the daring men and courageous women of five and six generations past gave a lifetime to bestow on all coming after them – the priceless gift of liberty and justice for all mankind. That gift that is today being slowly, cunningly and tenaciously strangled to the death in our wonderful land.

In the quiet and seclusion of this obscure sanctuary, an urgent voice came out from the depths of time. "Say the words I cannot speak. Be my voice in the land that all may hear and beg them to save something for tomorrow." That is why I give to you the diary began by my great-grandfather after his migration to Indiana in 1823, along with stories he told to his son, John Harvey, who recorded them in his generation, that you may read and ponder and preserve at all costs each and every principle of our founding fathers that is today our priceless heritage; and to keep our land the eternal land of the free and the home of the brave. The price of that freedom came high.

We are living in the greatest era of all time. Man has left the beaten path of earth to plumb the waters of the sea and scale the over mounting heights of heaven. Sometimes I am awed by the realization of how near we are to the utter revealment of the secret of creation. Atomic energy has been discovered to aid all humanity or to destroy the peoples of the earth on a burning funeral pyre. Science has mastered pain and disease. The pulsing heart, stilled for a time, has been bared to human hands until it starts its rythmyeal beat. All this, because one spark of freedom burned in the hearts of a handful of brave men who dreamed a dream and fought and died for that dream; men who believed in the Man of Galilee, who walked among the people and left all His ideals of freedom, self reliance, self respect, individualism and a surmounting love of all mankind in the hands of eleven men to carry to all the peoples of the earth. These were men who built a country on prayer and great faith and courage – men who knew Christianity and democracy are ever synonymous. A land where the least can be greatest; a land with outstretched hands to the earth's poor and oppressed with a torch of hope ever burning and held high for those who yearn for that beautiful inner freedom of mind and spirit

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I want you to meet John and Martha, a tall young man and a noble woman, just one generation removed from our country's beginnings, who lived and loved and bore children and pioneered the heartland of American before the

city of it's crossroads came to being. There were only Indian trails and scattered Indian villages in the unbroken wilderness.

John's father, Henry, came to the colonies from the north of Ireland in 1778 because of religious prosecution. He was of Scotch Irish descent, and like most of the countrymen was a zealous patriot and espoused the cause of his new land. He served faithfully for five years in that bloody struggle for freedom. He was twice taken captive by the British in December, 1783. He was a weaver by trade, married Nancy Jones in Virginia and lived there until 1816.

John was their second son born in Rockbridge county, Virginia in 1792, who left home early in life, going to Prebble County, Ohio where he married Martha Snodgrass in the year 1817. He was a carpenter by trade and had three months of schooling

Martha's father, Benjamin Snodgrass, too was a Revolutionary War soldier. He served under Washington's command at the siege of Yorktown. His was the farm on which was fought the battle of Chickamague and for whom the famous Snodgrass Hill was named. Her grandfather left Ireland in 1728 and settled in Pennsylvania. Her grandmother was Betty Houston, a sister of General Sam Houston's father

This is the brief story of their background as recorded in the old family Bible that has been handed down from generation as the diary was handed down from father to son. The story of the storms of life they weathered has been recorded only in the Book of Life. They are but two of those first Americans whose pain, sorrow and adversity were the bricks and the stones that fashioned and erected the enduring edifice of freedom. They created a home for the indomitable spirit; a garden for freedom to flower and grow into glory for those who came after; an altar where the young and the brave of every generation have rededicated and reconstructed with their blood sacrifice to preserve that structure. Perhaps most of all they built character. It was not built with ease, success, a million dollars or a happy life. All who came after are the everlasting harvest. Let us not cast our seed for the future in stony and hostile soil of liberalism, socialism and ultimately, communism. For John and Martha it was a heart breaking victory. Freedom has a timeless quality and the eternal

brightness of the blazing sun. Let us bury those who would bury us in the mire of oblivion. Let us be guided and protected by the light of the individual stars—all fifty of them.

Sept 1822

In the fall of 1822 I, John McBroom, with my brother Edward, John Cain and John Walker came to the unsettled region, and looked over the country far and wide. (This was later Fountain County.) In passing down Coal Creek, at the forks where the two Coals unite, we fell on the first settler we had met with, after leaving Crawfordsville. This was William Cochran and family. Here we got useful information about the country, and learned that there were two families – Birches and Colverts—settled higher upon the north fork; that there was a General Osborn settled farther west, after whom Osborn's prairie took its name; that below him on a creek, a man by the name of Thomas Patton had settled, and west of him, on Graham's creek, they would find two families, James Graham and William Forbes. We visited all these families and got what information we could about the land, etc. If there were any other settlers at this time we failed to hear of them. After much looking around, we all selected our lands (in what is now Cain township), but Walker, who selected his north of old Chambersburg. We each helped the other rear our log cabins of such poles as the four of us could carry up and raise, chinked and built the chimneys up to the crest, with blocks and jams of stone that we found in the bluff near by; then with clap board roof and door, and puncheon floor, the structure was complete and ready to receive our families which we planned to bring the following winter when the earth was frozen over and the wagons would not mire down.as we traveled through the wilderness with no roads or trails, through streams and swamps and we had to cross the White river as there were no roads nor bridges.

December 1822

We got back home safe and sound, but traveling by horseback as we did was much easier than bringing wagons across the unbroken wilderness and we

knew there would be hardships ahead, especially for the good woman and the small children, the eldest, Harriet, three years of age, Elam, two and John Harvey, a bit over one. What would our Christmas be the next year?

January 1823

We set about in earnest to get ready to move as we wanted to make the trip on the freeze, knowing that if we waited until it thawed out the bottom would fall out of the ground, much of which was swamp country. In preparing to move we had to exercise much care and judgement in selecting what was absolutely necessary to take and rejecting everything we could possible do without so as not to overload our teams. The husband had to look after feed for his team, provisions enough to last for a long time after getting through. Then he must take his plow and tools for there is nothing to buy in the wilderness to where we are going. I cut the tops off some dozen young apple trees, packed the roots carefully in wet moss, and when I get to my forest home I will set them out.

The good wife is busy selecting and packing up seeds – potatoes, cabbage, beans, peas, parsnips, beets, lettuce, pumpkin and some cotton seed, which I told her would not mature because the season is too short. She did not forget her apple and peach seed to plant at her new home.

It is hard to select what is to be taken and what left behind. Of stock the milk cows and hogs must go along, they are indespensible, but the sheep must be left behind as the wolf would soon gobble him up. The woman hated to part company with her geese, ducks and turkeys. It was like parting with childhood friends, but they had to be left behind. But the hen – she was indespensible, She could make an honest living by scratching, so she is duly cooped and stowed away. With some fears and tears on the woman's part we start on our journey. (They did not go west by way of Indianapolis which would have been the nearest route because as was written in the family history, "there was no trace or settlement on that line".)

We bore northwest till we reached the waters of White river, thence down that stream till we reached old Strawtown, an Indian village of days of yore, then we went west through the black swamp, as it then was, to Thorntown, another

Indiana village on the headwaters of Sugar Creek. We got along pretty well till we crossed the White river at Strawtown, as the weather remained cold and the ground was frozen solid.

Of course it was hard on the woman, never very stout, and her three little children, the youngest a little over a year old, but the ground being hard frozen we made pretty good time, and the team stood the trip so far well. The first thing we did every night when we made camp was start a fire. I will tell you how we started fire in these days. (The man who invented matches did not exist at that time.) The gun being empty, powder was put in the pan. Toe and shavings provided, the gun is cocked, the trigger drawn, which drives the fling down on the frizzen; the fire flies, the powder flashes and thus the fire is started. The woman hung the baby's wet clothes on nearby branches to dry and if there was water close by, she washed them. Then she busied herself trying to prepare the supper, while the children as usual are crying and fretful, while Jimmy Foreman, our Irish fellow traveler, required that the mother whip the squalling bairns and make them hush. This advice was not well received by the mother.

The horses and cattle were hobbled and turned loose to hop the big rough grass that abounds in these slashes. Big fires were kept going through the night to keep the wolves at a safe distance.

Let me introduce you to our fellow travelers; the oldest was a man by the name of Killen. He settled at Crawfordsville and was a stone mason by trade. I spoke of Jimmy Foreman before; he was a raw son of Erin, and like most of the race was fond of the drops and often found how-come-you-so. He was by trade a carpenter and by practice, a general tramp, a homeless wanderer, hence he fell in with this expedition – anything for change and adventure. (According to a later account by Edward, "Twice in after times he called around on John and helped him each time on houses he was building, but each time growing restless, he had to take his spree and with it his departure.")

The third was a young man by the name of William Epperson. (He later moved to other parts, as he early dropped out of history.) The fourth was a boy by the name of Ambrose Cain. There was my brother, Edward and his wife Marjory Cain with their two children, Nancy and Patricia.

With such a corps of hands to drive the stock, look out ways, and when mired down, help pry up the wagons, we made reasonable progress. But now the scene changes and our troubles begin. Every trace of civilization has disappeared and we are buried in the dense and almost impassible wilderness when the weather changes and it begins to thaw. The rain pours down on us until we are wet through and through. This is followed on by regular March weather – rain, hail, snow, sunshine and sleet often in the same day.

The ice grows treacherous and we break through and stick fast in the mud. The horses plunge and struggle and cut their legs on the ice. We men are in the mud and ice up to our knees, prying on the wagons. These are daily occurrences, let us use the greatest caution we can. Our progress is necessarily slow. We can make only eight or ten miles a day and it is telling badly on both man and beast. The horses are becoming jaded and need rest, while the children, exposed to so disagreeable weather, are sick and cross and tax the utmost energy of their kind mothers trying to administer to their well being and comfort. Each day we pass through much tribulation but we make some progress.

We broke through the ice this day and the wagon went down to the hub in mud and water. The horses struggle in the mud and ice but can't move the wagon. I was in water nearly to the waist, trying to loose the struggling team. I finally get the horses back on solid land, then with a long rope attached to the hind axel we succeeded in drawing out the wagon. By this time we were so badly demoralized we lay over until the next day to rest up. We built great fires around our wagons where we dried our clothes and the mud was rubbed off of them. After our supper was eaten we safely repacked for another day and as night came on the horses are tied up and fed; the cattle were hobbled and driven close to the camp and they too being tired, lay down to rest.

The men cut and threw down brush to keep their bed off the cold, wet ground. On this brush our bed is spread and we lay down to sleep. First though Edward and I helped stow away the mothers and their children in the wagon, closing the cover in front to keep them as warm and comfortable as was possible. Together we prayed to The Almighty to see us through, then retired

with the men. Everything was quiet. The silence would have been oppressive but for the hooting of the owls and the howl of an occasional wolf that has been attracted by the smell of our supper, but the blaze of the camp fire keeps him at a safe distance. We were all so exhausted we slept soundly all night and woke up in the morning to find our beds all covered with snow.

This snow is a great hindrance, as it has covered the ice and makes our way more difficult. We never knew when we would break through but with two boys ahead with axe in hand to look out the way, we slowly moved forward. But why dwell? Enough has been said to give some idea of what we went through in moving to this country.

Suffice it to say we finally reached Crawfordsville. We had to stop here for several days as the late thaw and heavy rains had put Sugar creek on a tear. She was out over the bottoms and filled with floating ice. It was with great difficulty that we could get the hogs over, as they had to swim and didn't take well to water, but finally all made the crossing safely.

Now we had but one more great obstacle to overcome and that was to get up the Sugar creek hill, there being no road cut out nor hill dug down. It looked like a mountain before us, but by following up a ravine we finally reached the summit where we made camp and made plans for the coming day. We knew our long trek was almost over. From there on we had higher, better ground to travel over, and we reached our forest home on March 10 1823.

And what a home – a rude cabin in the deep forest and did not begin to compare to the one we left behind. Sunlight could barely filter through the dense shade of a thousand trees but enough of it must be cut away to raise bread and food for the next winter. Now gloomy the prospect and how much hard labor will be required to accomplish it. But with strong will it shall be done. The pioneer will triumph over the wilderness and make it blossom like a rose.

April 18

Absolam Mendenhall is one of the earlier settlers in this part and deserves more than a passing notice. He was a native of east Tennessee, where amid her mountains, rocks and laurel hills, grew to manhood with very little education

so far as booklearning was concerned, the settlement being sparse and rude and school houses few and far between. He, however by dint of energy and perseverance, learned to read and write, at first indifferently, but which he improved upon in after life when he became quite a passable reader, and wrote a good legible hand, as his docket of the peace shows.

East Tennessee in his boyhood day was a new country, settled by an honest, plain class of poor men, principally from North Carolina, who lived in the most primitive and simple style. According to Ab's statement, they enjoyed few luxuries, dressed in plain homespun, subsisted largely on game such as turkey, deer and bear that abounded in the mountains, and fish that were plenty in the Chuckey and other mountain streams. Just so they could hid their nakedness in homespun and the half tanned skins of varmets, have plenty of 'backer' and a little of the 'O,show-joyful' from time to time to mix with it, they were content and happy. It is likely that the man's propensity to tell a joke and raise a laugh caused him at times to overdraw the simple habits of these mountaineers. He once told me they let their children go barefooted and run in their shirt tails till they were nearly grown; he said he was sixteen years old when he got his first pair of pants, and that the very next night he struck out to see the gals. He said where he came from they used ox teams attached to a slide or cart to do their hauling. He remembered well the first wagon he ever saw and he almost ran himself down following it. It looked so funny to see the big wheels trying to run over the little ones. Ab stayed in Tennessee till he had children well near grown, and finding that he was increasing his family faster than his wealth resolved to pull up and move to a new country. His steps were toward Indiana, yet a territory where he found a home in Wayne county, but the best land there had all been taken up and second handed land was held a little high, so he determined to make another move in search of cheaper and better land. Having heard much talk of the Wabash country, in the summer of 1823 he gathered up his traps and started in a wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen – his family on foot. In due time they reached Sugar Creek and nearby erected a cabin on Congress land, stored his goods and family while he, gun in hand, Daniel Boone like, struck out in the wilds to look after a permanent home. After much wandering, he finally

pitched his claim and became our closest neighbor. He made a good selection – no better land in the country. It was covered over with black and white walnut, same as mine. There was poplar, sugartree, hackberry and buckeye, the very richest growth of timber, with the beautiful Coal creek rippling across it, alive with fish, while deer and wild game bounded on every hand.

He made his way back across the wilderness to Terre Haute and entered his land. In February 1824 he gathered up his family and went down on Coal Creek and erected his cabin. They temporarily lived in an Indian hut where there had once been a village and burying ground. After getting all the material on the ground he had to go back to Sugar creek to get hands to help him raise his cabin and to get a fresh supply of grub. That night two strange men appeared at the Indian hut wanting a night's lodging. They said they were hungry, tired and lost; that they could not find their way in the dark of the night. The women folks were afraid of them at first and refused them admittance, but they were clever and said they would remain the next day and help them raise their home, so they gave them a bite of supper and the men started a fire themselves in another hut hard by and lay down beside it and slept soundly till morning.

The next day Mendenhall was no little surprised on his return to meet with Pitt, a culprit that had broken jail several years previous in Wayne county and had skipped out to parts unknown. Pitt was no less surprised and chagrined to meet with his old neighbor. He stayed however and helped raise the house as he promised. In putting up a log, everything being icy and slick, the sked slipped and let a log fall on Pitt. It knocked him down and bruised him up badly but luckily no bones were broken and he was soon out again. When he heard the McBrooms, Cains and others were settled near he became uneasy lest he might be reported and remanded back to justice, so he pulled out to parts unknown and abandoned all thought he might have had of staying.

Spring of 1823

Our homesite was on a high and dry, rich piece of land and flush with flowing springs. A little ways behind was the largest flowing well I had every seen. Here Indian trails crossed and camp was often made as this had been

Indian country. For several hundred years back the Miami Indians as well as the Kickapoos and Pottawatomies had occupied most of Indiana. Before the war of 1812 French traders had come up the Wabash river in pirogues loaded with whisky and trinkets to trade with the Indians. The natural springs of excellent water was the circumstance that made my land a former place for the Indiana to camp.

After living in the wagon for so many days the cabin was heavenly. Of course there was no furniture but being a carpenter I planned to make some after enough land was cleared to plant food for the next year. Brush from the felled trees was piled in a corner of the cabin and our bed was laid on that at the first. I had brought along oil paper for the windows but for now blankets were hung to keep out the cold which also kept out the light.

When planting time came there was enough land cleared to raise some corn, potatoes and other vegetables. Besides I had made a considerable deadening and it looked as though we would be living content as Diogenes in his tub. The wife planted her peach and apple seed and she cultivated them with her own hands. She set out the young apple trees we brought along and as the soil was rich they took hold and grew rapidly. This was the beginnings of the first orchards in this part of the country.

Edward and I were the first come to the land office which opened in Crawfordsville and thus were first served and we paid the first money ever paid in for land in that part. This was the year that the first families planted themselves here. Besides entering my own land I had brought $200.00 of Dr. Warner's money and entered land for him. By dint of hard work I was able to clear and deaden some of his land and planted ten acres of corn on it. The ground was new and rich and clear of shade and I had more good sound corn in the fall than all the other neighbors beside. This proved not only a God send to us, but to the newcomers as well for during the summer settlers began to pour in rapidly, and the problem seemed to be what shall they live on during the coming winter? For it was but little ground that they could get cleared and planted so as to raise anything and the shade was so thick over what they did plant that it could not

produce much. They all surely lived very hard, deprived of all luxuries of life and most of its necessities.

These settlers were poor men and had no money to buy food so I let them have corn on time and they paid for it in work, thus helping me open mine and Dr. Warner's land. Many of these early settlers squatted upon their farms, being too poor to pay the entry price until after the harvest of the first or second crop. Others had barely sufficient to enter their lands. Others had considerable means and for them settling up a new country was not so bad at all. Still others were obliged to return from whence they came. Money was scarce and people resorted to barter in order to effect changes.

The woods abounded in game and Coal creek was filled with fish, so that we lived largely on wild meat. As they were busy clearing ground, raising houses, cutting out roads, etc. they had but little time to spend hunting and fishing. They killed their deer by watching a deerlick by night. They would often watch all night and kill nothing, go home, work hard all day and at night try again with better success. We caught fish by five or six neighbors uniting, making a dam on the creek and fixing up a fish basket. Every morning we had a fine lot of great big fish. We would empty the fish basket morning about and thus we were all well supplied with fish. Then honey was plenty but it was so wild, made from wild flowers, that it had to be bottled and strained before it could be eaten.

Raising cabins and helping each other roll logs occupied a great deal of our time and we had to go quite a way to help each other, often four or five miles. Families were obliged to live in their wagons or in a tent of boughs and blankets or in the cabin of some neighbor until their cabin was raised. The cabin, such as it was, often without floor or permanent roof, and destitute of door or window, was very often ready for occupancy at night of the day it was began. The next few days were passed in getting comfortable. The chinks must be daubed with mud. The chimney and fireplace must be made reliable. Puncheon floors and doors must be split out, and the latter hung on wooden hinges, with a huge wooden latch on the inside provided with a string which extended outside through a small hole in the door. To draw in the string was to prevent entrance. Hence the saying "the latch string is out" is tantamount to an invitation to hospitality in

our humble cabin home. There were no "stuck up" folks in the new country; all were friendly and all were poor. The latch string hung out for everybody. This hospitality was so universal every settler seemed to keep tavern. It would not do to turn travelers away, for the cabins were so few that the night would have to be passed in the woods.

There were wild animals in the woods. A few bear had been killed and their meat divided and their hides half tanned to be used for floor coverings. The first October in our new home Walker and others were hunting by moonlight and the dogs startled a bear not far from here. The large animal started north at a rapid rate, closely pursued by the dogs and followed by Walker, who was on horseback and who could scarcely keep up with it owing to the swamps and woods. But finally he reached the fierce animal just as it was in the act of killing one of his dogs. The bear had seized the dog in a deadly embrace and was crushing the unfortunate animal to death by repeated hugs. Walker jumped from his horse, which was very restless, and threw his rifle to his shoulder just as the bear with open mouth and gleaming teeth displayed in the moonlight, released the dog and made a dash for him. He fired as the animal reared up and a half ounce of lead went crashing in his body near the heart. The maddened animal gave a spasmodic bound, fell over on the leaves and after a few feeble kicks was dead. The Walkers and the McBrooms and some other neighbors ate bear steak for breakfast the following morning.

Wolves were very numerous and in winter they would enter door and stable yards and attack our domestic animals, and sometimes would pursue and attack man himself. This however, was only when they were half starved and desperate. Ab Mendenhall tells of his encounter with one of the animals. He was pursuing a large wolf on horseback. He ran over it once, but his horse was severely bitten and avoided the beast on subsequent charges. At last it was brought to bay and Ab having no gun, took off his stirrup, intending to brain the animal by one blow. He advanced upon it, and it, in turn, rendered furious by the long chase, advanced upon him, showing two rows of teeth that a crocodile might have envied, and that snapped together like a steel trap. When close enough he struck it upon the head with the heavy iron stirrup and finished the

work by repeated blows on the head. Ordinarily the wolf was not dangerous to man but cattle, in the woods, becoming mired down in the swamps by night, often furnished a feast for a ravenous pack of wolves. That is why we had to watch our cows closely by day and night and in certain seasons great smokes were kept up to keep the flies and mosquitoes from eating them up. This attached them to their strange home.

With all our care we often lost stock. Uncle Ab lost his only horse, but luckily, being down at the mouth of Racoon to mill, he heard of his mare. An Indian had stolen her, ran her off and sold her to the son in law of the miller for three dollars cash and a jug of whiskey. The old man proved his property, paid charges and brought his mare home rejoicing; and she was the nucleus from which sprang his future stock of horses. The greatest trouble was that the stock would sometimes stray off and run back to the old country from which they had been brought, and the hogs would go wild in the big woods, often to be killed by the Indians or white men less honorable than they. To obviate former trouble, the horses were never turned out without being hobbled.

While I am telling about the troubles with the stock I will relate another one. Edward had a fine sow with ten shoats. They were all the stock of any kind which he had, and he set a great store on them, caring for them the best he could to try and keep them home. But along in the fall old Sall with her family, bell and all disappeared. He sought them far and wide, but could hear nothing of them. He gave them up as lost, thinking the Indians had gobbled them up, as they were often troublesome in that way. During the following winter he went back to the east side of the state to help move out his brother in law, J. Cain, what was his surprise and joy to find old Sall with her entire family ensconced in her old quarters, fat, contented and happy. She and her shoats had crossed the entire state swimming streams, and had got to the old home in safety. So much for, what shall I call it, reason or instinct? He drove her back with him, and thus got a start in hogs that soon gave him a start in other stock. He would trade a pig for a calf, three pigs for a colt, as did other settlers, thus everyone acquired some of everything.

I will tell you of others who came into the territory soon after we were settled. General Osborn was mentioned before and he was the first to penetrate the country from the east and he blazed the first road from Crawfordsville. His route was south while our wagons struck out a little north from there. Willis Bowlin, Jenkins Romine and Ludlow, who was the leader, formed a joint stock company having all things in common after the style of the infidel Owen, of New Harmony notoriety, know as the Dotonites, put their money together and came west A.D. 1824, entered a large tract of land, fell to work, reared their cabins, broke a lot of the rich prairie, planted their corn, then returned home and moved their families in the fall. This community flourished and improved the country rapidly, and built a mill known as the Dotonite mill, which was a great convenience to the new settlers. After awhile the co-partnership was dissolved and the lands were divided out so everyone became the proprietor of his own farm, and each had greater interest in the improvement of the same, so perhaps there was no part of the country made rapider progress than they.

In the spring and summer of 1824, the pioneers poured in thick and fast. There came the Dunnahoos, Eastwoods, Cains, Scotts, Glasscocks, Straver, Rush, Simpson, Funk, Osborn, Dan'l Frazier, Kepner, W. Cade; A few miles off there were the Hibbses, Gilmans, and Rusians that we know of. At the bend of the Wabash River came the Nebekers, Steelys and others. Most of these came in the spring, reared cabins, broke ground and planted a crop, then returned and brought out their families in the fall. Thus the women and children escaped much of the exposure that we underwent who came the winter and spring before, the ground, I won't say roads, for there was none, became dry and the weather warm and pleasant. They also found a supply of corn, potatoes, etc. raised to feed their families and they began to enjoy. If not the luxuries. the necessities of life at once. They struck a good spot of country, the land very rich some of it prairie and easily improved and consequently the settlement flourished and they soon will have large farms and prosper. Most of the early settlers sought the timber land for four reasons. First, because as they had been reared in timber country they knew nothing of the prairie land and thought if it was too poor to produce trees it would be too poor to cultivate. Second, they thought it

impossible to survive the cold winters in such an exposed situation. Thirdly, they preferred to remain where wood was abundant as that was the source of warmth and preparing food; Fourth, they preferred to locate near some water and selected farm sites on streams where there was a good mill site and where springs of good water issued from the ground.

The Hinshaws settled in Big Shawnee, while the Hetfields settled on the north fork of Coal Creek and bought a large tract of land. They came from the state of New York by boat, down the Alleghany to Pittsburg thence down the Ohio to the mouth of the Wabash, thence up the Wabash to the mouth of the Shawnee. He was one of our solid farmers – a man of sterling integrity, one whose word was as good as his bond. Time and space forbids that I should speak of all who came to this part of the year '24. Those that did come had their hands more than full. Each had to turn out from sixteen to eighteen days each spring to help new neighbors raise their cabins and roll logs, and all the way had to prepare their own ground at home by working after night. Many a night we worked till ten o'clock at night preparing our own ground for plow, or go and watch a deer track all night to try and provide meat for the family. This was enough to wear out iron men, and indeed it did tell on them and shortened their lives.

In 1825 the first installment of another family put in their appearance. This was in the person of Henry Bever. He settled on the land adjoining A. Mendenhall, in the Indian huts already mentioned. The Bevers were of Dutch descent and proved a valuable acquisition to our new settlement, as they were an honest, industrious and clever sort of people. Henry had his failures and peculiarities. Among the former, he sometimes indulged too freely in that thief, that Seneca says men too often "take in their mouths to steal away their brains." On such occasions , like all others under like influence, they acted the fool most profusely, and often cut up jack generally. But mostly he was good natured and was called by the spirit (of corn) to preach the gospel, and warned sinners to flee the wrath to come. This he would do in words of eloquence and fervor. His peculiarity consisted in that he was the most diffident bashful man I ever knew. When sober it was a cross for him to be in company or eat a meal away from

home, besides he was a consummate coward till aroused. He was afraid to be alone in the dark and was often apt to be seeing spectors. This trait of mind sometimes let him into trouble.

On one occasion an old neighbor from Ohio, John Stafford, already mentioned as having settled up north a bit, had come out and was stopping in the neighborhood while he looked up a new home, paid him a visit and as he knew of Bever's fondness for "something to take" and having no aversion to it himself, took his jug along. There being more room out of the house than in, the men (for several of the neighbors had assembled) repaired to the clearing, where by a burning log heap they sit and talk over past times, while the jug is passed freely around till all began to feel a little rich and everything is joyous and merry as a wedding ball. In the midst of their hilarity, Bever peering through thick darkness espies a great black bear standing on a log hard by. A bear, a bear, he whispers, "look see it on the log. Get your fun Stafford and shoot – shoot". Stafford seized his gun, hesitates. He thinks it looks too large for a bear. "Shoot, shoot" said Bever, "I'll stand between you and all danger." Bang goes the gun and down goes Joe Wade's black cow. She was standing behind the log which made her look like a bear standing on the log. The next morning they called around and paid Wade for his cow, which to him was no small less, as good cows were scarce and milk was quite an item in a family with small children.

On dark cloudy nights strange lights were often seen on his premises. This was a source of great terror to him. He thought they portended great evil. There was a mystery about those lights that has never been solved. Some of his neighbors were very brave in day light and would declare they could see it. They would march up to it and mark the place so they could dig down and see from whence the light sprang. But when the occasion offered those brave men backed out. Visions of the ghosts of armed men arose up before them and they stood off a respectable distance. It was described as having the appearance of a brush heap when burning down and the glowing coals remain, and WHAT caused those lights may never be fully known. I presume it may be

phosphorescent and eminates from decaying human bones, for as already said, here had been an old Indian burying ground.

With all Bevers peculiarities he was a useful man in the neighborhood, ever ready to do a neighborly kindness. Like all others he had to face the thick forest and try to get clear of some of the shade so as to raise a crop. But he pitched in with a will, and a strong arm and the forest melted away before him so that ere long he had quite a farm. Two nephews, Joe and Jake Bever came out and helped clear ten acres and trimmed all the trees that couldn't be killed the first year deadening. I will tell you how we deadened trees. An Indian ladder was set against a tree, the men climbed to the top and cut off the branches and limbs. As they fell they would lodge on the lower branches and make them cut easier. Thus they left the bare stem standing, which they killed by piling and burning the brush around them. This got rid of the shade but still the ground was full of stumps and roots so that little could be done with the plow. Yet the ground was new and rich and by free use of the hoe it was dug up around the stumps and trees and planted and thus a pretty good crop could be raised the first year. Men would cut trees all day and far in the night while their women piled and burned the brush. My Martha did this many times and enjoyed it.

Michael Bever came out two years after; he was better off than most new comers. He brought a large stock of cattle and horses with him but unfortunately he settled in the worst spot for there was milksick in the country. Soon his stock began to die and this continued until he had lost most of his cattle and horses.

We were largely settled by Indianans from Wayne county and Ohioans, still Kentucky contributed her share of settlers. They were of two classes, one the poor white trash, long trodden down beneath the iron heel of slavery, and driven to the rocky hills where they lived from hand to mouth, barely eking out a subsistence till they became almost on a level with the Negro himself, and in many instances, even lower. There was a higher and better class of young men that after long chaffing under the degrading institutions of slavery resolved to get from under its oppressions and by emigrating to a free state not only became free men in name but free men indeed. Of this clan were Joe Glascock and his brother in law, John Scott. Joe told me it was slavery that drove him from the

home of his childhood, the beloved spot around which clustered all the endearing associations of early life and to emigrate to a strange new land that neither he nor his father had known. He said he had to work out by the month for his living where he came in competition with slave labor. Mr. A would tell him, "I will give you so much a month, for you see I can hire Neighbor B's black boy Tom, for so much a month and I can drive him closer and board him and bed him a little closer than I can you, so you see I can't give you as much as I do him." He was sent out with the Negroes to work while Mr. A and his sons stepped around in idleness, overseeing him with the rest of the Negroes. Thus he felt he was degraded and drug down by our institution that degraded labor and that was slowly bringing the poor white man on the level with the slave. He resolved to get from under its contaminating influence and go to where he could be an honorable working man. To this end, he and Scott moved to Illinois, then a territory. It was with great interest that he watched the struggle in the convention that had assembled to form a state constitution between the slave and free state delegates, and with great joy that they learned the free party had prevailed and that Illinois was to be a free state. This was in the year 1818. They, however, did not like the prairie country. It was too level, had too little timber, too many ponds and too much sickness. Chills and fever were the order of the day and they came to the conclusion that it was no place for white men to live and that the government had better give it back to the Indians. So they prepared to move once more. This time they landed on Coal creek in the year 1824. They pitched in with a will to subdue the forest and win by the sweat of the brow a living for their families from the rich soil. Scott was a preacher of the Christian or Newlite order and the first of that order in the county.

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Jesse Kester a settler who entered the land in the year 1824 proceeded with Charles McLothalin to erect the first corn cracker, built in these parts. It was a primitive rude affair, consisting of a brush dam, log cabin standing on stilts over the water, clapboard roof and puncheon floor. The rig consisted of an upright shaft with a water wheel beneath and a large wheel above that run the

pinion and sent the stones whizzing at great rate. The stones were picked out of niggerheads and were so small that a man might pick them up and carry them off.

As there was no sawmill in the county yet to saw a plank, the forebay had to be constructed out of puncheon hewn out and nicely fitted together. By the time corn was ready to grind the mill was ready to grind it. This was a great blessing to all of us, as heretofore we had to go some forty miles for all the meal we got, and often had to wait for days to get it ground. Now we not only had corn of our own but we had a mill at our door to grind it, so we took courage. Kester soon bought McLothalin out and he went up on the north fork of Coal creek and entered a good piece of land, part timber and part prairie, and soon had a fine farm, while Kester stayed, run the mill, laid out the town of Hillsboro in 1826, built a sawmill on a small scale and finally completed his usefulness by starting a distillery just West of town. At least many prized this higher than they did any of the rest of his good works. But could all the evil be written caused by this distillery under the hill, it would present a sad picture of poverty, degradation, sighs and tears. It was a very hot bed of hell, where drunkards were manufactured, where the devil got victims to fill his unsatiable maw. Though Kester was a pushing, industrious useful man in the settlement, he was never popular among the neighbors. He was one of those men that wanted everything his own way, and was often at loggerheads and lawing with some one.

December 1925

I will give you a few lines on early happenings and try to tell, as best I can, how we had to live and get along for our first few years. One thing that came to pass, and it was a very sad one- a young wife and the mother of three loving children was called away by the hand of death leaving her husband, ~~and~~ my brother to mourn her loss and fight the battle of life alone here in the wilderness and care for her three orphaned children. This was in December and was the first death that occurred in the settlement. Jerry Washburn got on old Fly and went up on Sugar Creek to a little sawmill that had been erected up there and got the plank for the coffin, carrying it before him on horse. I made the coffin without

nails or screws, dovetailing and pinning it together with wooden pins. Of course it was neither stained, covered or painted, for as yet there is neither nails screws nor paint in the country. Thus was laid to rest the body of Marjory McBroom in the prime of life. The next death was that of a Mrs. Thompson and only two days after the first. It was a sad Christmas for the little children. Martha and I took Marjories three little ones in with us. She was buried on a cold winter day and the snow lay deep on the ground. There was no undertaker or hearse in those days in this part. Such things hadn't come around here yet. The hearse was a slide and the span of fine horses was a yoke of oxen Don't smile at this primitive simplicity or think the people thought less of their departed or mourned them less sincerely than did they in the east who could do better. Their manner of burial was a necessity of the times. Pride and show had not as yet entered the sacred house of mourning.

Thompson was the first blacksmith in this part and of course was a useful man. He made the nails for the first batten door made in the settlement. This was for Mathias Bever, but he soon moved away after his wife passed on and he lost all his livestock by milksick. He abandoned the country and moved back to Ohio.

The first crockery made here was by Mr. Ball. He was also the first Methodist preacher in the township which was named Cain township after the departed Marjory who was the daughter of Abija Cain. He erected his pottery shop just west of Hillsboro, where he made crocks, dishes, bowls, pipes and all such useful things for the natives. They were much needed as they could bring but few things with them.

About the same time a family by the name of Curry came from Kentucky. They were genteel, tasty people and quite an addition to society. Curry was a cooper by trade and supplied a long felt want. He made barrels, tubs, churns, buckets and piggins for people. He and his wife both died soon with milksick, leaving four sons, handsome, genteel and refined and much respected by all, and especially the young ladies who felt themselves honored if they could capture a Curry as a beau.

Hisong was the first wagonmaker in the country and he made the first woodwork for a wagon for me in the township. The iron was ordered at Cincinnati through Joseph Sloan of Covington, and the iron work was done by Charles Harris and thus after much tribulation the wagon came forth. This Harris was a general purpose man, being blacksmith, gunsmith, axesmith and all kinds of smith. As there were no hardware stores here Harris made plows, hoes, harrows, axes and almost every kind of tool the people used. An axe was never thrown away as long as a pole and eye remained, but was taken over to him and he relayed it and made a new axe out of an old one. Another feature of these early times is the tinker, who with his traps on his back, would melt and mould over all the old battered up pewter ware about the house and make them new. This kind of cupboard ware was quite common for awhile as queensware was scarce. All such things came from England or China as we had but few manufacturies in America.

Some day you will like to know how the people got their clothing. There was no such thing as going to a store and buying a suit of clothes or even getting cloth to make one, mainly because there were no stores yet in this wilderness. Everybody had to make their own body cover. This they did out of flax. First the flax had to be sown, and this of course must be done on Good Friday. When grown it had to be pulled, then in the fall it had to be spread out on the ground to rot; then it must be broke and scutched. After this the mother came in to hatchel, spin and weave it. This spinning flax was a slow tedious process. It looked as though a woman could never get enough spun to make a web of cloth, but by patient perseverance the thing was accomplished and clothing, good if not fine, was prepared for the family.

As I said before the first settlers brought no sheep with them as the wolves were so bad they would soon have killed them. But they were a necessity that couldn't long be dispensed with and when the drover came along to these parts every one that had the needful bought a few sheep to get a start. These had to be looked up and penned every night or they would have been killed. The children usually looked after the sheep that were always belled and drove them home for safe keeping when they inclined to stray. The wool was taken by the

backwoods mother and washed and rolled, carded and spun, woven into cloth dressed, cut and made into suits without once leaving the house where it had bee clipped from the animal. Carding on hand cards, spinning on the little wheel was tedious and hard work and took time, still it was accomplished. Thus we got our clothing.

I spoke before of Bever. Joseph Bever started the first tanyard in this part of the county. This was on his farm just south of Hillsboro. It was a great blessing to us all as there were not stores where boots and shoes might be had and if there had been there was no money to buy with. Every dollar that came to this part was invested in land, and was wagoned off to the Ohio river and thence carried to Washington. Before Bever started his tanyard many of us half tanned our hides in a trough, made it up red and wore it thus. It beat nothing and was as good as the Indian had and kept our feet reasonably warm. Bever's labors were not appreciated and no man came in for greater abuse than he. Everybody was hurrying him to get out their leather so they could get their winter shoes for themselves and children and start the children to school.

After almost forcing him to take out their hides half tanned, they would curse him and call his leather Bever jerk, blaming him while it was all their fault. Others, when they couldn't get their leather as soon as they thought they ought, would say he was a liar and a thief; that he had stolen their hides etc. And so it went. It was enough to have tried the patience of Job. They might have called him a liar with some semblance of truth, as often by their importunity he would promise to get out their leather by such a time, when if he had carefully considered, he might have known that he could not fill the promise. But as to his being a thief I do not believe a word of it for I always found him an honorable, upright man, one that aimed to do as he would be done by. He had one weakness and that often let him into trouble. He couldn't look a man in the face and say "No, I can't get your hide as soon as you ask, but will have it out by such and such a time," and then live up to promise. Instead of this, just to get rid of them for the time being, he would make promises that he could not fill, hence his trouble. This was his weakness that often led him into trouble and made him many enemies.

I mentioned our children going to school. In 1824 we built our first school as some of the settlers brought in children of age. The structure was of course logs with a great open fireplace and windows of greased paper and long benches hewed out of split logs. It was near Christmas before the children had shoes as they first had to wait on Bever to get their leather tanned and then either make it up themselves or take it to Mr. Peleg and wait till he in his poke easy way made them.

I was elected the first school master as I could read and write a fair hand and cipher. Back east I had managed to get three months schooling but by dint of hard study became a good scholar in arithmetic, geography English, and grammar and surveying. In exchange for the time lost at my every day duties, the fathers of the children helped with the clearing and the planting and my share of the hunting and fishing and you might say at times it would have been easier to be throwing the axe. The boys and girls with their bright faces and suits of home made linsey, each with a pair of new cow hide boots which must last a year, were a great inspiration and was ample pay for time given. What joy it is to hear the little ones say their ABC's and showing the older ones how to cipher. Occasionally I had to touch up some of the boys or reprimand the girls for whispering. I kept a well seasoned hickory whip but somehow always refrained from using it. There they are standing in a row, my little Harriet with them and the sharpest there, ready to spell- yes, ready to spell every word in the old speller book. How hungry they are at noon and what dinners they have. Johnny cake, venison, and sometimes a big piece of pumpkin pie. Sometimes I sort out each one and wonder what print will that one make in life and what will he contribute to tomorrow. Each morning we thank our Heavenly Father and each afternoon I read them poetry from the Masters. Our children give much to our livelihood.

In winter evenings we are all gathered home around the blazing fireplace. Great heaps of logs have been hauled into the door yard for winter use. Mother is always busy with knitting, the girls make the spinning wheel hum as they spin into yarn the rolls which have been carded by hand, and there are the boys working their sums, cracking hickory nuts or whittling puzzles out of little wooden

blocks while the great fire throws out a gleam, and comfort pervades the whole house.

November

Now it is the fall of the year and the poison of the undrained swamps comes to make all shiver with ague, or lay for weeks burning with fever, without well ones enough to wait on the sick. There comes the old doctor picking his way among the logs and swamps, on horseback, with blazed trees for his guide and an old Indian trail for his road. What doses of medicine he doles out. Calomel, jalep, ipecac, Peruvian bar pink and senna and snake root and pills as big as peas. How the patient is bled and vomited and how, after weeks of shaking and burning fever, if he pulls through is a mere skeleton, a yellow, bilious wreck.

Dr. Reeve was the first doctor to come this way, and as a practioner he lacked much of a proving success. He belonged to the old dispensation whose theory was to deplete the patient so that the fever would have nothing to work on and thus die of starvation. But this treatment often killed the patient then it did the fever. The first thing was to bleed them, then a vomit of tartar emetic, and this was followed by a dose of calomel. By this time the patient is pretty well reduced, and very sick, though he might not have been before. If the fever still continued the course is repeated and at its close death generally came to release the poor victim of their suffering. But if those nostrums failed to kill, the villagers all praised his skill. Notice I am somewhat of a poet.

The foregoing faithfully sets forth not only the practice of Reeve, but many others of that old school of doctors, who instead of trying to assist matters to throw off disease would have nothing to act on. It is doubtful whether they did more good or harm. So far as I am concerned I will take my chances to die a natural death than undergo such treatment. I have endeavored to picture in verse the practices of our early doctors. Perhaps it is a little overdrawn but without calomel the doc would have nothing in his satchel.

SACRIFICE TO CALOMEL

When Mr. A or B is sick, Go fetch the doctor and be quick.
The doctor comes with free, good will but ne'er forgets his calomel.
He takes his patient by the hand and compliments him on his land.
He sets awhile , his pulse has fell- And then takes out his calomel.
Then turning to the patient's wife, "Have you clean paper, spoon or knife?
I think your husband would do well to take a dose of calomel."
He then deals out the precious grains, "This maam, I'm sure will ease his pains;
Once each three hours at sound of bell give him a dose of calomel."
The man grows worse, quite fast indeed. "Go call the doctor, ride with speed."
The doctor comes, like post with mail, doubling the dose of calomel.
The man in death begins to groan, the fatal job brings many a moan.
His soul is winged to heaven or hell, a sacrifice to calomel.

The doctors practice in milksick proved fatal. It was adding poison to poison yet nothing, not even failure, could drive them from the old treadmill practices of medicine. Upon the whole there is little doubt but what they killed in this disease more than they cured. It was something new under the sun that their books gave no account of and they, of course, must go by the books rather than use common sense. Hence the poor sufferer generally died. In course of time some doctors discouraged with the old practice watched the symptoms and took them as an effort of nature to throw off the disease and cooperated with nature, giving such remedies as it dictated and thus, if called in time saved the patient while they who treated the disease as they did ordinary fevers, generally killed or let them die. This disease is a terrible drawback to the settlement. It killed many and drove many away. Families were often broken up by death and farms abandoned and none would venture on to improve them again.

There was no pasture to put a cow on, so she had to run in the woods. This she often did for months with impunity; no sign of anything wrong, so the people thought all was safe, but the first they knew someone of the family was sick. Then another and another till the whole family would be down at once and part of them would die. Thus many a happy home was broken up and driven from the country.

Dave Ferguson recklessly killed a calf that had the trembles. It would shake and fall down when it sucked. They ate one mess of it and the results was they were all dead in less than a week. I was there one night when there

were two dead in the house and one dying. It was a sad affair but Dave was to blame for the whole of it. He ought to have known better.

The neighbor fed some of the meat to his dog and it killed it in less than twenty four hours. Milk sick will not be cleansed out until the land where it exists has been cleared up and the thick spots of woods timbered off. It is caused by some plant that grows in swampy, wooded places- the cows eat the plant and thus through their milk or their meat contaminate the human.

Before I spoke of Kester and his quarrelsome ways. Well he met his match when he bucked against old Dr. Reeve, for Reeve was as bull headed as he dared to be. Kester charged Reeve's boys of swearing to lies and that the Dr. had ever persuaded them to perjure themselves. This he persisted in and talked out so boldly everywhere that Reeve brought suit against him in court for the modest sum of $10,000 damages for slander. The result was that the Reeveses got a "fippenybit" a piece for their injured feelings and Kester fell for $300 court and justice fees. So much for the cats that went to law. Kester's little mill and dam did not last long after, for the creek asserted itself and swept out the whole capoodle – dam, mill and all. Disgruntled at his bad fortune Kester sold the seat to Philip Zumwalt who put in a good dam and erected a substantial mill which I suspect will stand a long year to come.

The restoration of peace with Great Britain and the pacification of the Indiana in 1815 brought a great increase of population in the territory that is now Indiana so in December of that year the general Assembly asked congress to admit Indiana into the Union as a state. On the 11th of December the year following the state was formally admitted to the Union. Vincennes was then the most considerable town in the new State.

The Indian trade there was large; there were usually one or more companies of United States troops there at Fort Knox and the business at the land office and the bank and the French, who inclined to settle in a village rather then on a farm, brought together a population of nearly two thousand. There were very few farms in the state in 1818. It is probable that a single cornfield of from five to twenty acres constituted the largest farms then cultivated in the state.

The range of wild grass, the mast and roots were so abundant in the woods that stock required but little other food and that was in general corn.

In 1826 Fountain and Tippecanoe counties were organized. Absolam Mendenhall was appointed Justice of the Peace by the Governor of the state before the county was organized and after he was duly elected to that office for many years, (then he was elected to represent the county in the state senate according to later records by John Harvey). As justice he settled all the differences among the people, married all the young folks, besides crying all the sales, writing all mortgages, bonds, deeds, etc., and pulling all the old aching teeth, and bleeding all the ailing for the lancet is the great panacea- a cure for all ills. Thus he was a general purpose man and a real help in the community. He was a perfit wit and could keep a crowd in perfect roars of laughter, hence his great success as an auctioneer. He could make things sell higher then any one else. He was called to marry all sorts of people – from the highest to the very lowest.

I must tell of the marrying of Bill Cavin. Bill was one of those long, gaunt one-galloused, lazy, doless creatures that wouldn't work if he could help it; loved his draw and was never nearer heaven than when with a crowd half-shot, with the fiddle going and he engaged in a stag dance. You would think that such a creature never would feel the soft emotion of love, but he did. He fell desperately in love with Hess Ridgeway, and it is thought she reciprocated his love. At last they were engaged, and as kindred drops flow together, it seemed but natural that Hess should be united with Bill in the bonds of matrimony. In fact it would have been a pit to spoil two innocent houses with them. But how the thing was to be done they could not see, as Bill had no money to get the license. But where there is a will, there is a way; and such love as Bill's could be thwarted at no difficulties. As he was an expert hunter and had as good a "koon dorg" as ever run the woods, the coons were soon caught, the skins sold, the license obtained and the squire summoned to tie the knot. He found Billy and Hess all smiles, dressed in their very best. Bill had added another gallus to his wardrobe, was shaved up, had washed his face and donned a fresh "b'iled" shirt,

and on the whole looked quite passable. Hess had put on her bib and tucker and looked, in Bill's eyes, the very embodiment of human perfection.

Cleopatra never looked so lovely in the eyes of Mark Anthony as Hess did in Bill's. The squire tied the knot and they are made one - if they were not before. The squire looks around but sees no sign of supper, nor even the inevitable pumpkin pie put in appearance, and seeing that he has caught a tartar, he picks up his hat and starts for home. Bill follows him out and says, "Squire, I'm sorry I can't pay you for your trouble as I'm strapped. I have nothing but my jack knife and I can't spare that, as it's all I have to skin my coons with, and cut my 'backer', (long green of course). "Hand it out," said old AB. I asked him, "Well squire, did you take his knife?" "Of course I did; I couldn't be cheated out of my pay and pie too, for I was always fond of pumpkin pie, never had as much as I could eat but once, then I didn't have half enough."

For fear sometimes you readers may think this is a fair sample of society and the weddings of those days, I should say that Bill's is an extreme case of the very low- but that in the middle walks of life, the thing was conducted in quite a different way. All the young people and many of the old ones were invited for quite a ways around; a grand wedding dinner was prepared – a very feast of fat things.

The table fairly groaned under the weight of everything good the country offered. There were chickens, geese and turkey, fish and venison, with pies, preserves and jellies and sweet cakes of every variety, with the grand, big wedding cake on the center of the table- never to be touched, this was only for show. Don't think the young folks came there dressed in their homespun, far from it. The young gents were dressed in their broadcloth of British manufacture, made up in the height of fashion. The dress of the young ladies was none the less elaborate. At least one of these good outfits had been brought along in the wagons to be passed down for special occasions.

The young ladies generally wore the most immaculate white, while the bride and bride's maid were usually dressed in silk; quite often their mother's wedding dress but none the less fine. They wore upon their heads a nice leghorn bonnet trimmed out in costly ribbons in the very latest style and I think

them pretty and becoming, and they looked very sweet and lovely. On such occasions the young folks enjoyed themselves muchly, and the foundation of other matches were often laid on these enjoyable occasions.

On the morrow was the groom's day and all attended the infair. You might see a procession a half mile long of gay young ladies and gentlemen, all on horseback; the young ladies riding with all the grace and eloquence of gueens. They prided themselves in horseback riding, and the gayer and wilder a horse was, so much the better; just so they could get on they could ride him. Those infair parties often had to ride quite a ways but it was all the same. The young ladies proved themselves equal to the occasion. A Mr. Minor, from south of Covington, married a sister of our respected neighbor, James Frazier, and though the distance was near eighteen miles and they had the Wabash river to ford, for as yet it had not been bridged, the young ladies never murmured, but enjoyed the ride very much. It gave them the more time to make a mash on their nice partner. This manner of conducting weddings is not only very bothersome but expensive; the old folks expending as much in the two dinners as would have kept the young couple a whole year. I believe these big weddings will grow in disrepute and the company will be smaller and more select- it would save a world of worry and expense and would doubtless be much better. Still there is not much enjoyment and this cultivates a spirit of sociability that is sadly needed among our severe days.

To return to Ab, although his decisions might not always be rendered strictly to Blackstone, he tried to decide according to justice. He is president of the first board of commissioners in the county and at a meeting at the farm of Hetfield, they contracted for the building of the first court house and jail erected in the county. The court house was a small affair, costing some $500.00, while the jail was built of logs. The jail lasted for some time and was as fully efficient to confine as any built.

In the year 1827 I made the trip from whence I came and took with me the $260.00 plus that much more that I had earned for Dr. Warner. I had held and tilled the land for four years and then sold it for double what it cost, and thus

made a nice little thing out of Pitt's station, as it was long called. Needless to say Warner was pleased and divided the profits and I came home with $200.00.

I neglected to mention my oldest brother, William. He had migrated to Fayette county in Illinois and it is with regret and much sadness I learned of his death, leaving a widow with five children. There was no alternative but to bring them here and rear the children with my own and Edward's three, which makes thirteen and a pressing need for a bigger cabin. This one was much improved and amply furnished with beds, tables, benches, cupboards and a bookcase, all of walnut and fastened together with wooden pegs. During this time much of the furniture used by my neighbors was hewn out and pinned by hand.

In this same year Joseph Sloan started the first general store in Covington. It was on a small scale at first, the goods being furnished him by a firm back east and hauled in wagons across the wilderness. Goods thus brought of necessity was dear as well as few and far between, but Sloan prospered in business and was a great help to the town of Covington and the country in general. Money was still scarce and people bartered in order to effect exchanges. A yard of calico was worth so many pounds of butter; a deer skin was worth so much sugar or coffee and an axe was worth so many bushels of potatoes.

In 1828, brother Henry and brother Wesley settled on land in the county and married sisters here, Electra and Penniah Opedyke. It was a wedding in high style. They were fortunate enough to own a horse and both man and girl would mount the horse, the girl on behind, and away they went followed by a shower of old shoes, horseshoes and rice. Wesley McBroom prospered in every undertaking. He brought the first stock of goods to Hillsboro; of course it was on a small scale. This was in the year 1829. His store was built of hewn logs with board roof. He was successful in business and from time to time added to his stock and though times were hard and money was scarce, he managed to sell a great many goods.

Ginseng was plenty in the woods and was in demand. Wesley bought and wagoned off large quantities of it. It was a great help to the settlers for if they were in need of anything out of the store they could repair to the woods with

hoe and basket in hand and soon return with the thing needful to supply their wants. It was the poor man's cash of this time. Wesley dealt in almost everything the farmer had to sell, especially horses and hogs. The horses he would pick up poor, put them in good order and take them with him to Cincinnati when he went to lay goods and sell them there for something - though horses were very low - and invest the proceeds in goods, which he shipped to Covington in boats when the Wabash was up. Often when the river was low he had them sent across country in four horse wagons. The hogs he fattened mostly on still slop for he had bought out Kester's distillery and greatly enlarged it. These he sold to Joseph Sloan, the county's great pork packer. Tis true they brought him but little, from one and one half to two dollars net per hundred pounds. But still he made something, and often in buying them up he made the collection of a hard debt; besides corn was only worth from 12 and one half to 15 cents per bushel, and the whiskey it made was worth little more than the corn cost, so the still-slop on which the hogs were fattened was clear gain. He was thus a great advantage to the country and made money; no man in the township accumulated property as fast as he did. He owned 400 acres of as good land as there was in the township with good farms thereon, besides the distillery and the store.

As a man he was very popular with the people. This was shown by his being elected Major, as in these times the people are required from time to time muster. Here the Major was commander in chief and mustered the natives. I heard Judge Rawles say that he had seen many of the commanders of our armies of 1812, but never saw any officer on parade day make as good appearance or handle men better than Major McBroom. On one occasion he was brought out as candidate for state governor just one week before the election, and notwithstanding the short notice, he only lacked a few votes of being elected. But with all his business tact and prosperity, he had one weakness and that proved his ruin. This was the use of liquor. He ran the distillery and of course whiskey was cheap and plenty as water. He must treat and drink with his friends, and everybody drank and everybody was his friend. The habit grew on him. Often I spoke with him and admonished him and he

would say, "I can drink or I can let it alone, and if it hurts me I will quit." As the habit grew on him the serpent fastened its deadly coils around my brother and led to his ruin. In riding a horse race- a thing he wouldn't have thought of doing when sober- he was thrown from his horse, his head striking a green stump and instantly killing him. Thus fell my brother in his early manhood, a man of great energy and business tact; one that was fitted for almost any society and one that had been a great help to the country. What a warning this should be to young men of this age. Remember young man there is safe ground but in total abstinence. You may think like my brother did that you can drink or let it alone but be warned by this example and thousands of others and touch not, handle not the maddening bowl for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Alas, too many good and useful men have thought so. Can you flatter yourself to believe that you have more firmness, more self control than they? Can you stand secure where so many have slipped and fallen" Examples thicken all around us. Some of the best talent of our time had been clouded and ruined by the use of strong drink.

A case in hand is that of E.A. Hannegan, a man of brilliant attainments. One of whom Fountain county, yes of whom Indiana was proud. He ranks among the finest orators of the nation, and rose fast from place of honor till he filled a seat in the senate of the U.S.A. and stood before kings as our representative in foreign courts. Still this man amid all his greatness fell a victim to deadly habit. In a drunken fit, without provocation, he stabbed his brother-in-law to the heart and thus became not only a drunkard but a murderer. What a fall this was. Satan's fall from an angel of light to the bottomless pit could be but little less sad. Tis true he lived for a time but he was a sad example of fallen greatness. I remember the first time I saw Hannegan. He was in the state legislature for the first time that winter, and the term being out he was trying to get home to Covington in a sled, as there was snow on the ground. But it soon began to thaw, then drizzle rain and the road became bare in places and this soon began to tell heavily on his innocent sled and horse. His progress was slow and to make matters worse he had got a jug of whiskey in Crawfordsville, just to warm him up. Darkness came upon him and he couldn't see to drive.

He had imbibed too freely and was pretty drunk, and in this condition drove too near the hillside, and upset the sled and down he, wife and child rolled to the foot of the hill, covered with mud, slush and snow. He cursed, the woman screamed while the child put its best licks in a general squall. Thus they made the night hideous. Luckily for them Mr. Blair, who represented Fountain and Vermillion county in the Senate was along and caught the horse and hastened on (he was on horseback) to our house and I with lantern in hand came to their relief and soon had them comfortably situated around the wide fireplace, while mother soon got them up a warm supper and did all in her power to make Mrs. Hannegan feel at home.

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I mentioned Joseph Sloan and his pork packing enterprise at Covington. Col. Rawles gave me some account of his first venture in that line. He set posts in the ground for the framework, then planked it up and down and covered it with rough boards. He had no scales to weigh on, so if he didn't balance the hog across the log with a rock then guess at the weight of the rock, as some think he did, he might possibly had a pair of steelyards to weigh with. I would rather think he had, for let him have weighed as he might, the people were satisfied with his weights and counted him an honest man. At least I know he had a pair of steelyards as I caught him using them. I was going to Covington to get some salt on old Fan. Sloan weighed out our salt all O.K. Salt was so dear that a family couldn't afford to buy a whole barrel at once. Anyway, Fly, being small and with my weight we couldn't have carried home a barrel full. We got enough to do for a time--- till hog killing came around again, when a whole barrel could be laid in. The salt we had came from Kenhawa and was black and dirty and added largely to the peck of dirt that it is estimated all have to eat in the run of a year.

But to return to Sloan. The hogs being weighed, the next thing was to pay for them. This he did by advancing enough cash to pay your tax, square your store bill and gave his note for the balance when he sold his cargo and returned; provided always that he escaped Mississippi snags, cholera, yellow

fever and such minor calamities as he was liable to encounter by the way. Next, the hogs must be cut and packed. The heads, backbones and ribs are generally a dead loss, as they can't be saved and there is no sale for them. He gave them out to poor people. The pork was salted down in great troughs dug out for that purpose. Then the flatboat had to be built in time for the June fresh that was sure to come, though by none mishap it might be delayed till July or August. At length the pork arrived at New Orleans and was disposed of to the best advantage and the boat as well; it selling for a mere trifle. Then he makes his way homeward in a steamer to the mouth of the Wabash which is often too low for steamboats at this time of year, so he must foot it the rest of the way home. Before Sloan, there was a man by the name of Keep at Portland who packed the first pork and built the first flatboat in these parts. This must have been in the year 27.

The price of wheat was equally low after we began to raise it. It had no cash value for it couldn't be sold for cash. I hauled my crop one year to Mr. Vance at Crawfordsville for the pitiful sum of 37 and one half cents per bushel, taking it half in goods. Calico was then worth 37 and one half cents a yard. Thus it took a bushel of wheat to pay for a yard of calico. We reaped our wheat with a sickle and reap hook, and paid our hands either 62 cents cash or two bushels of wheat per day. And strange to say, most of the men preferred the money to wheat. That was rating wheat at 31 and one half cents per bushel, and it went begging even at that. Corn was shipped on small scale to New Orleans, but scarcely paid for the expense of the boat it was shipped on. Thus you can see any way we turn it there was no way for money to find lodgement in the county. There was little to sell to bring it here and the land office, like a great maelstrom swallowed up every good dollar that set foot on our sod. This state of things compelled people to live as they did- that is, without money. Trade was all truck and turn over. If you wanted work done it was paid for in hogs, cows, horses, or in short anything the farmer had to spare; and as newcomers were all the time coming in, they had to be fed. This gave a little market for surplus corn and wheat but most of us had to live on our own resources, make our own clothes, eat our own grub, make our own sugar and run no store bills.

I now turn back to other matters of interest of early times that may prove of some interest. At first, I would speak of seasons. The first three or four winters after we first came to this country were mild, warm and open compared to that from whence we came. There was but little snow or freezing all winter, and we thought we had got to a milder climate than the older states. This to us was very favorable as we had not had time to clear much land so as to raise corn. As to hay or straw we had none, for as yet, we had no meadows set nor did we raise wheat, rye or oats. The first ground was devoted to corn, potatoes and vegetables generally. All of which grew and did well whenever we could get the shade off the ground – except cabbage. They in the new land all run to stalk and leaves with but small heads. For roughness we cut up corn and pulled blades. Some farther west in the next county in reach of the prairie cut prairie grass for hay and to fill bed ticks. Though it was a poor substitute for hay, it beat nothing and stock would eat it rather than starve. And as for bedding, it beat the soft side of a board all to hollow or a stack of brush. The winters, being so open, stock made on to pick an honest living; in the woods mainly. And as to hogs, they lived well on the mast. The only trouble about them was, they were sometimes killed by the Indians, or run wild and were killed later by white Indians.

But the season soon began to change, getting colder every year till it reached its climax in winters of 1830, 31 and 32. About the 20th of November, 1830 there fell a snow that was near three feet deep at first, but the snow turned to rain that settled the snow down to about two feet. Then all of a sudden it turned as cold as whiz and froze a crust on the snow hard enough to bear a man up. The children went to school all winter through the woods on the crust and never made a track. This lay on the ground till the 20th of March following before it all got away. The weather meantime being intensely cold. For thirty days in succession though the sun might shine, there wasn't the least sign of thaw even on the south doorstep where the sun struck fair. It was so intensely cold that men could scarcely get their wood and gather enough corn to feed. Very few had their corn gathered and as the snow was so deep and the crust so hard, they had to carry it out of the fields in baskets as the horses would break through and

cut their legs. The winter was so hard and so long it almost exterminated the game in the country, such as deer, partridge, turkeys etc. As to possums, and we could spare them, not one of them was seen to survive. Squirrels became almost extinct for a time. But it was hardest on the deer, as they would plunge through the crust at every bound and the dogs and wolves would run on top and easily catch them. Starvation drove some of the timid creatures into the very stableyards. They were never so plenty after that winter. As for turkeys, hunger drove them up into the cleared fields where they were killed by the wholesale. Uncle Henry Bever, already mentioned in these reminiscences, built a pen and captured a while flock, thirty in number, at one haul. I thought of telling how he constructed his pen and how with heads down picking up the corn the turkeys walked right in, but once in the pen they never looked down to find the way out; but as the boys are not liable to turn out turkey trappers now that they have become extinct, I forbear.

During the long, cold and dreary winter, Kester kept his distillery going to furnish ""suthen" to keep their spirits up and warm them internally. While prosecuting this very necessary avocation, he made the discovery that corn wouldn't brew. He couldn't malt it because the severe cold had killed the germ. As but few had laid up seed, the farmers were in great strait when spring came for seed corn. They picked and picked to find corn they thought would grow; then planted it to find that not the hundredth grain would grow. They scoured the country, far and near, for seed, getting corn out of the warm sandy bottoms of the river that was earlier and better matured. This they planted, many of them as high as the third time. Still they got scarcely a half stand.

Uncle Henry Bever came over to my field one day and said, "John, I have something over a half bushel of corn that I shelled the nub ends of my seed corn that will grow, and you are welcome to it." You see he was one of the few that had laid up seed corn on the loft to dry, and thus he was blessed with a good crop while others failed. I gladly accepted his offer, planted six acres with his nubs and thus had that much corn. Six acres were, by planting three times, had enough corn to be worth tending, which being well cultivated and thin on the ground made good ears and turned out considerable corn. A third field, after

planting twice, I sowed in oats. But being sowed so late and being quite dry, they made nothing. The consequences, that the corn crop, for want of seed was very light in the year 1831; and as there was but little wheat or rye raised in the country and emigrants still pouring in, bread became very scarce and grain high.

The spring and summer of '32 was a time of great destitution. Men were hard put to get bread for their families. These times tried men's souls and showed what their souls were made of. Many divided what they had, taking promises to pay in work, for money was out of the question, as long as they had grain to spare; while others hoarded their grain and wouldn't sell for anything but cash- and that at a high price.

There was one preacher who was forehanded and had a lot of corn on hand, and when the poor came to buy from him, he asked 75 cts. per bushel for it; and as they had no money, he sent them away empty. I withhold his name. In strong contrast was the course of another preacher and I am glad to record his name – John Hibbs. When his neighbors came to him with money to buy corn, he would say, "No, I cannot sell my corn to you for you have money and you can get it elsewhere. I must save my corn for our poor neighbors that have not money." Thus he divided his corn among the poor, taking promises to pay in work; and I have heard it said he never lost a dollar by his generosity as his poor neighbors paid in work or otherwise.

We have seen that the winter of 31 and 32 was very severe and that the corn wouldn't grow. But as spring advanced it was discovered the peach trees were killed as well. This distressed and discouraged people very much, as they had planted a great many trees that had commenced to bear. Poor Martha grieved over her loss as she had nurtured her orchard from the seed and cared for the young trees as for a child. The young apple trees she brought from Ohio bore first fruit the fourth year. The winter following was, if any difference, colder then before. There was not so much snow, it is true, but it was intensely cold and held on till way into the spring. What makes me think it was colder than the previous winter was that it not only killed the young peach trees that started up but all of the apple trees as well. The apple trees had began to bear and the people were more discouraged than ever, and came to the conclusion that this

was never to be a fruit country and they might as well give up. For several years after they neglected to set new trees, but as time went on and the winters became less severe they began to think of trying again. By this time a man by Ludlow, near Stonebluff had started a nursery of improved fruit, so when they set out new trees they got good grafted trees. Thus when they bore fruit it was better than they would have had if their first trees had lived. So this, like many other calamities, proved to be a blessing in disguise.

The summer of 32 as already stated was one of great scarcity and destitution. The spring was cold and backward and it seemed the grass would never come to save the poor mans cattle. Many of the cattle had died through the winter with hollow-horn or hollow belly. When spring finally came it brought with it rumors of war. Black Hawk had invaded Illinois and was carrying everything before him, sweeping eastward murdering and torturing the whites without limit or discrimination. Rumors of blood, fire and sword were rife in the land so the first thing a fellow did on waking in the morning was to feel whether his scalp was all there.

About this time some of the neighbors who had moved out on the Kankakee moved back into the neighborhood bringing dreadful accounts of Indian massacres. They reported that fifteen persons had been cruelly murdered at Hickory Creek settlement in Illinois. Another report spread like wildfire down the eastern side of the Wabash that a large body of hostile Indians had killed two men within fifteen miles of LaFayette. People were listening every day to hear of Black Hawk with his host of red warriors swooping down across Illinois and appearing on the banks of the Wabash.

Many settlers in Warren county hurriedly packed their handiest valuables and fled across the river, where rude forts and block houses were quickly prepared and guarded. Companies of men were quickly organized to scour the country for signs of danger or to check the advance of the Indians upon the villages where the women, children, helpless and cowards had assembled. One group went as far as the Hickory Creek settlement on a scouting expedition northwestward. While the alarm was highest a man- I won't mention his name- saw two Indians skulking through the brush off some distance and surmising they

aimed to cut him off and murder him, put the whip to his horse in a paroxysm of fear and fled as if pursued by the Furies. The animal that bore him was a splendid one and soon had him far beyond the clutches of the savages, though he still continued to whip and spur. The faithful animal was nearly ruined. He told all he met that Indians had chased him some distance, but his own skill and fleetness of his horse and baffled them, but that they would soon be down scalping and murdering. The few men remaining gathered together to defend themselves and their property. Some men mounted their horses to go on a reconnoitering expedition. In short time they discovered the Indians in a small grove where they had killed and dressed a deer and were resting and eating after their chase. Upon being questioned, it became clear they had been following the wounded deer when seen by the man who had roused the neighborhood with his fears and were perfectly friendly to the whites.

Although this proved an errant rumor people were listening every day to hear of Black Hawk invading their village. As these events throw their shadow before them, so there were omens that portended dire coming woes. Pete Westwood found written on the oats blades the letters W.B. so plainly written that anyone who knew his letters and wasn't hopelessly blind, could see and read them. And did it need any Daniel to tell what those letters meant? Could they stand for anything else than "War and Bloodshed"? Certainly not.

And then as the season advanced that terrible scourge, Asiatic cholera made it's first appearance in the land, spreading from New York city westward to Buffalo, Cincinnati and Chicago, where General Scott had army stationed. The army quickly dispersed, and it looked for a time that if the Indians were cholera proof they might have things their own way. But in due time Gen. Gaines drove the Indians back across the Mississippi river, and thus the war was ended.

But the troubles of that troublesome year were not yet ended, for that terrible Jackson had usurped kingly authority, and like a second Caesar had crossed the Rubicon in, not only vetoing the U.S.A. Bank, but without a shade of law had removed the deposits from that safe depot and placed them in the hands of certain State banks. All of this he did, not only without the law but over the law. What a self willed tyrant he was. He thus had united the sword and purse

and what can we look for but the tyranny of a second Nero? Then Calhoun puts in an appearance with his terrible nullification machine, with which he is to break down the Nation in Civil war, anarchy and confusion, and I don't know what all else. But surely it would be enough to turn the world upside down and our country in particular.

But the country outlived it all and 1833 came in pretty good shape and found most of us alive, especially those who had not fretted themselves to death for fear of evils that never came. That summer was very hot and dry. It was the first real dry season come to us. Corn withered and looked as though it would die while vegetation fared no better. As for poor little Coal Creek, she met her first back set and went almost dry. The mills came to a dead stop- not enough water to turn a wheel only as it is let down from the mills above. Running to mill is the order of the day and coming back with but a part of your grist, just enough to last the family a day or so, then run again. In this crisis, the enterprising Kester, already spoken of in these notes, comes forward to the countys relief. It came around this way. He was yet running the little distillery under the hill, 'all for the good of the dear people', and you know it would not do for it to stop though the poor might cry for bread. He erected a little corn cracker to run by horse power to grind grain for the neighbors and so supplied them with bread till the rain finally came and started the creek again and everything else as well. It came just in the nick of time to save the corn and crops generally. Sloan didn't get his pork off until late August but the natives were made glad on his return by paying them their balance in pork.

Another hard winter began in January of 1836. The great ice and sleet put in its appearance. It came about in this wise. The ground was hard frozen and deep covered with snow. On this it poured down rain all day till the whole face of the earth was covered with a sheet of water, snow and slush. In the evening the wind, all of a sudden, wheeled around to the north and came down cold as Greenland. It felt like wrapping up in a sheet of very cold ice. In fact, in a short time everything was wrapped up and bound in chains of ice. There was ice, hard and slick everywhere and so very cold. No colder weather has been experienced since we settled here. Stock couldn't even get about and it was

dangerous to take horses out of the stable. Travel was suspended only on foot, and even that was dangerous. Some that hadn't a supply of flour and meal on hand had to go to the mill in hand sleds and when they got to the mill it was fast frozen and couldn't turn a wheel. They had to go back home, lay down by the fire and like the bear, suck their paws and live on hog and hominy till thaw came, which was not for sometime. The grass had been killed in the ground when the ice had been so thick and hard frozen on it; some had escaped, but only on the ridges where the water could run off. The consequence was that the harvest of 36 was the lightest ever known since the people began to raise wheat. It if had not been for the old wheat in this country they would have been hard up for seed the coming fall. Still we got along somehow.

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It was on the night of Nov. 13th, 1834 (1833) that the stars fell. I wish I could carry you with me back to that night of terror to so many and let you see and enter into the spirit and feeling of time, but I fear I will not be able to. Let me try, at least, to live over again that eventful night and go again with the men and boys to Uncle Joe McAllisters to a corn husking. As on all such occasions a good time was had generally. The corn lay out of doors by the side of the crib and was so exposed to the weather, rain, snow and sleet; of course it must be all husked before we quit, let it be early or late. So we all set in with a will making the corn fly. Everyone felt an interest in getting the corn husked and safely cribbed, especially as it was Uncle Joe's, one of the best hearted souls that ever lived. One that never failed to do neighborly kindness, and would get up at the midnight hour to aid one in distress. Too, the jug came around quite often to warm and cheer us up, for the night was quite frosty and cold; and we knew that aunt Hannah always got up a good meal. She would have pork and pumpkin pies; hot cakes and coffee, roast chicken and lost of other good things to eat when we were done. So we pitched in and kept in the best of spirits. It was getting late and we were far from being done by any means. Something must be done to 'rouse the boys to their best licks as it would never do to have part of uncle Joe's corn exposed to the weather; so we divided the pile of corn

and the hands and had a race. This done and the jug refilled and passed around, all hands pitched in on the double quick. We made the husk fly and let many an ear I suspect fly with most of the husks on it. For a time all were noisy and "husk, husk, husk boys' sounded all along the line. We are almost done and both sides will come out almost even; all is quiet and not a word is uttered and everyone with his down is working as if for life. A few minutes more and we will lift our captain and march toward the pole in triumph.

But see there – there is Ab Mendenhall, not so young anymore, more excited if possible than any of us. He took time to look up and see that the boys on the other side are about as done as we. It won't do to be beat; no- never; so he heaves the corn in great armfuls back into the husks. All at once the shout is raised and with it we raised our captain in triumph and start around the pole only to meet our competitors starting with like shouts of triumph. We meet- our captains seize each other for a scuffle, cheered on by their respective sides. It is soon contagious and very soon most of the crowd are engaged in general scuffle. They make the husk fly and each others heels as well and as they fly they often light on the other fellows nose and face; and the consequence is, they soon tire each other out and quit. Most of them have bloody noses, black eyes and shirts worse for the wear.

But in telling the fun of corn husking I am neglecting the more serious part of my story. All evening as we husked we could see an unusual number of stars shooting till the old men spoke of it as something remarkable and unseen before in their time. As the night advanced they flew thicker and faster, till by the time we got home- which was after midnight- the sky was fairly ablaze with them. It increased toward morning till the air was filled with shooting stars like snowflakes and night became as light as day. To say that the people were terribly affrighted is stating it tame. The natives of little Hillsboro were aroused – they thought the day of judgment had come. Many gathered at our house to hear me read the words of the Lord as very few could read. I read from the apostle John passage referring to the opening of the sixth seal, "And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind." They wept, they groaned and they prayed. Men prayed that had

never been heard utter a word pious other than a profane oath; they all prayed and cried aloud unless it was Paul and Enoch Reeve.

I guess they were exceptions for the Reeves were a peculiar people and had to be classed to themselves. It was with them as a down-easter said of the Beechers. He said the world was divided into three races, the Jews, Gentiles and the Beecher family. So it was here, the early settlers were divided into Ohioans, Kentuckians, and the Reeve family. Of course they didn't act like anybody else. Paul, being aroused, rubbed his eyes open and remarked, "You are a great set of fools to be taking on at such rate. Do you think the day of judgment is going to come in the night?" While Enoch, with equal coolness but more of the epicure called, "Mother! Mother! Wake up the children and lets eat up the pies so they won't be wasted." Suffice it to say that the scare soon wore off and with it the prayers and piety of most as well. For as time moved on in the old groove and 1835 came in to keep the world alive, they gained courage, forgot the falling stars and the coming of judgment and could soon swear as loud and drink as big a dram as ever. I will give you the words of an article appearing in the Christian Advocate and Journal.

"No language indeed, can come up to the splendor of that magnificent display; and hesitate not to say that no one who did not witness it can form an adequate conception of its glory. It seemed as if the whole starry heavens had congregated at one point near the zenith, and were simultaneously shooting forth, with the velocity of lightening, to every point of the horizon; and yet they were not exhausted; thousands swiftly followed thousands in their track, as if created for the occasion."

The celebrated astronomer and meteorologist, Prof Olmstead says: "Those who were so fortunate as to witness the exhibition of shooting stars on the morning of Nov. 13, 1833 saw the greatest display of celestial fire works that has ever been since the creation of the world, or at least within the annals covered by the pages of history. The extent of the shower was such as to cover no inconsiderable part of the earth's surface. This is no longer to be regarded as a terrestial, but as a celestial, phenomenon."

I believe the day of falling stars as we witnessed is another fullfillment of the latter days. It is the sign in my generation like the day of darkness was in my father's day. Often I heard him tell of the day of darkness. It was just two years after he came to the colonies on the 19th. Day of May, 1780. The sun was darkened; such a darkness as probably was never known before since the crucifixion of our Lord. People left their work in the house and in the field. Travelers stopped, people lighted candles at noonday. The birds were silent and disappeared. The fowls retired to roost. It was the general opinion that the day of judgement was at hand. He told how he sat up all night as did many others and how during the latter part of the night the darkness disappeared and the sky seemed as usual, but the moon which was at its full, had the appearance of blood. The astronomer Hershel said of the blackness, "the dark day in Northern America was one of those wonderful phenomenon of nature which will always be read with interest, but which philosophy is at a loss to explain."

In my opinion every generation to come will witness a prophecy come true until all are fulfilled. Before the end men are to have much knowledge and fly as birds and live under the sea as the fish and so far the farthest up a man gets is on a horses back; the Jews are to again find a home and be a nation in Jerusalem which is most unlikely at this time, and many others too far fetched to come for several generations.

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People are pretty much as they always were and probable always will be. They are fond of fun and enjoy a joke as well as in my father's day, and cared as little on whom the trick was played, provided that it fell on the other fellow.

I am almost persuaded to relate one of those early Hillsboro jokes, but am most afraid it might put mischief in some of our boys heads and they might be tempted to go and do likewise. However, here goes at a venture. In the beginning there lived, or rather I should say eked out an existence about town – one Jake Cain. He was an idle, drinking creature, of but little account to himself or any one else. Still it seems that he was not entirely void of the finer feelings, for 'tis said he fell terrible in love with Miss Angeline,one of Hillsboro's belles of

the day. It must be admitted that Angie was no beauty, as the frog said of himself, being a two-story girl, with crain neck, hook nose, gander eyes and catfish mouth. Still homely as she was it was generally thought that victuals tasted good to her as well as other folks, and like other, she was capable of those finer feelings of our nature. At least she had all the symptoms of being in love, and it seems her affections were centered on Jake, no account and homely as he was; and as already hinted her affections were reciprocated, as Jake was never happier or he was nearer heaven than when he had his dear Angeline in his arms unless it was when he was half shot drinking bad whiskey over Dan Ferguson's counter.

One night amid their courtship a benevolent thought entered their brain. Coulden't they provide poor Corneel Rynerson with a girl, someone to love, that he might feel some of the sweets that they so much enjoyed. For it seemed that Corneel had been pulled off a little green and none of the girls took well to him; they gave him the mitten – But no, they could not think of any girl that would keep Corneel company. Then a bright idea strikes Jake. He would get Dave Ferguson to dress up in his wife's clothes and he would tell Corneel that Mary Cole Davis' wife had a sister up at Daves on a visit, and he could get Corneel to bite at the bait and thus have some fun at poor Corneel's expense. So next morning while taking his morning bitters with Dave he proposed the thing to that worthy, who took to it as readily as a duck takes to water. In the dusk of the evening Dave dressed up in his wife's bib and tucker and seated himself in a dark corner while Miss Angie, all wreathed in smiles, stood ready to receive and introduce the expected guests. In due time the boys put in appearance and are introduced to Milly Coal and they are seated for an old fashioned Hoosier spark, in the dark of course; only one candle being admissible on this occasion. By and by Corneel growing a little suspicious inquires, "Where is Dave tonight??" "Oh," says Miss Coal, "he's gone down on the mill pond a fish'in." This satisfied him for a time and again he settles down in dead earnest to business, but his task of lovemaking don't pan out worth a cent as his Dulcena don't appear to reciprocate his advances; in fact she won't have any of his proffered kisses or endearing embraces so much enjoyed by most blushing maidens. Some how

he began to smell a mouse and thinks they have been playing some sort of a trick on him. As he and Jake are going home, he says to Jake, "I believe that was that blasted blear eyed, hooknosed Dave Ferguson, you have been playing off on me and If it is so, you had better be preparing for the Kingdom to come for it will be the end of you sure." "No, no," says Jake, "Why makes you think that?" Says Corneel, " Well if it wasn't him that gal is not long for this world—she will die of consumption sure, as she had the flattest chest of any girl I ever laid an arm around."

The joke was too good to keep, so it is soon over town and country, and Corneel is terribly teased and mortified while his father, in high dudgeon, is off to Esq. Mendenhall's to get out a warrant under some head to prosecute the offenders; but as he couldn't tell under what head, Old Ab advised him to go home and tell his son, Corneel, to try to learn wisdom from the thing he suffered. At least to learn, there is certain distinquished features by which a fellow should know a woman from a man. You want to know what became of the lot of them. Well, the boys teased Corneel so cruelly that he could not bear up under it all and his father became so disgusted they moved to parts unknown. Angeline and her father moved away and were not heard from afterward. Jake soon left his country for his country's good and has no doubt found a home in that country where the inhabitants never say, "I am cold." But poor Dave came to a sad end as he unlikely killed a milk-sick cow, one mess of which killed him and his whole family in less than three days. We laid them away—Dave, his wife and three children in two wide graves. Here let the curtain fall. What next.

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Our ways of thinking and living are a necessity of our surrounding, so when we speak of our religion and mode of worship don't for a moment think us rude or heathenish. We at first worshipped from cabin to cabin in our little settlement in the timber. The assembly were seated on long benches specially provided for such occassions. The first preachers in Cain township were of the Methodist and Christian (Newlite order.) They came at any early day - the first preacher of the Methodist order was a Mr. Ball, who was a potter as well. The

first of the Christian was John Scott and he was followed in the same year (1824) by John Hibbs and Daniel Osborne. They were men of piety and zeal and though of limited education were pretty well versed in the scripture. Although uncultured, they invariably were men of great personal magnetism, most earnest Christians and master of a rude backwoods eloquence that found it's way to all hearts. They were just the men to lay the foundation of the Christian religion in the frontiers. At regular intervals we were visited by the circuit rider. He journeyed on horseback. There was nothing about his appearance to inspire anyone with a belief either in his piety or his wisdom. Many of them though rude in manner and unatractive in appearance were men of imposing physical stature. One time one came who had received the most finished education in a college of the east. Education does make the man and I shall strive to die an educated man. We are creatures to a great extent of circumstances but a man who can read, can become educated.

Scott settled on the west side of Scott's prairie—the prairie taking it's name from him. Here he pitched in with a will to subdue the forest. This was in 1824 and by the sweat of his brow he made a living for his family from the rich, new soil. It seemed as if he was a rolling stone—he was of a rambling, roving disposition and before many years he pulled up again and moved into Cass county. He pulled his uncle, Joe Glassock with him for it seemed they were as much attached as twin brothers; but Joe, not liking the country, did not stay long and moved back here, buying out Jas Frazier. Here he spent the remainder of his days and was an industrious and useful citizen. He filled many places of honor and profit in the county. He was elected commissioner and filled that place with credit to himself and profit to the people.

John Hibbs, though very homely--corpulent and uncouth in appearance and awkward in language, was a man of good sense and possessed of a strong mind. He became a forcible preacher and did much to establish churches, not only in western Indiana but in eastern Illinois. Having no established houses of worship, in the summer season we often went to meetings held in the groves (God's first temples).

Camp meetings were quite common in which the people built their huts in some beautiful grove near a spring of pure water and here we assembled, bringing our provisions and cooking utensils and we would stay by the week and engage in worship. Everybody attended these meeting at some time. They might be seen coming on foot, on horseback and in wagons. The wagons were often driven by oxen. No fine rigs or turnouts in these parts and no one too poorly dressed to attend, for they were all poor alike. They went to meeting in their homespun and some even in hunting shirt and buckskin pants. I will tell you of the first meeting I ever attended. Brother Levi Fleming and I spliced, me furnishing the wagon and Fleming furnishing the oxen. Having loaded in the provisions with the families all inside we set out in fine style across country some fourteen miles distant to meeting. It was held on the land of James Graham on Graham's creek, where in due time we arrived safely. A great many natives were already on the ground and the meeting had begun, but they were all tired – being fresh from the labor of the farm – and the spiritual interest seemed to languish. The meeting drew it's slow lengths along with no life, no spirituality, no shout in the camp till Saturday morning, when they engaged in a prayer service – the principal burden of which was -- would the Lord send them a preacher full of the spirit that would shake their dry bones and cause an awakening in the house of Israel. Ere the service had continued long, a man in a long black coat was seen walking down the aisle toward the pulpit, saddlebags in hand and the Book under His arm. He unceremoniously entered the pulpit and broke forth in one of those sweet songs of Zion that cheer and arouse the soul. His voice was musical and clear and seemed to sing with the spirit and understanding. The song ended, he introduced himself as one of the Lord's called and sent; and that he had come through the wilderness specially to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and encourage the brethren to continue in well doing. Ere he was done speaking there was a shout in the camp and the brethren rejoiced in the full conviction that the Lord had in this special way answered their prayers and the meeting proved a great success. Here was organized the first church in the county of the Newlight denomination.

The Methodists were also a zealous lot, a spiritual plain people of the day. There was none of the pride and formality that we seen back east. Then religeon was made up of zeal, feeling and emotion. It often looked like many thought it mattered little what they did and thought during the week just so they could go to meeting on Sunday, have their spiritual strength renewed and feel happy for the day – this set everything allright. They had too much emotion and zeal and too little practice; while we have too much cold formality, too much head and too little heart in our worship. Truth compels me to say they had their faults, among which was a sectarian spirit. There sprang up a spirit of rivalry between the two denominations and like the Jews and Samaritans they had but little love for each other. The Methodist preacher said the Newlights made Christ a mere man – that they had nothing but a human sacrifice – that they denied the atonement and then heating hell up ever so hot, hurtled the Arians (as they called them) headlong into it. While the other replied that if Jesus Christ was the eternal God, then God prayed to Himself to restore Himself to the glory he had Himself before the world was; and as the very and eternal God could not suffer the humanity alone, died on the cross and thus their Methodist friends had nothing but a human sacrifice. And the fight went on and waxed hot.

There was one meeting I recall when a summer storm blasted forth in full bloom and the deep thunder crashed around about the house. Several of the women were timid and fearful of the thunder and became uneasy, which fast was soon noticed by the preacher. Thinking he would calm their fears, he solemnly said, "There is no cause for alarm; it is the voice of God." Ab Mendenhall, who was seated in the amen corner, pondered for instant over the statement and then suddenly said, "Why, I thought it was thunder." This had quite a humerous effect on some of us.

Henry Bever, as already said indulged once in a while, and on such occasions turned preacher. This generally was on public occasions such as musters, elections etc. He was a great funeral preacher and was apt to preach someone's funeral although not yet demised. If there was a poor, lazy, dooless creature in the crowd, he was sure to be warned of the wrath to come and exhorted to reformation before it was everlastingly and eternally too late. This

was great fun for the boys and they would often treat him to the jug just to get him started. I remember on one occasion – it was the day of the August election (the elections were held on the first Monday in August) that he was a little high, just enough to loosen his tongue. Uncle Joe Ristine was up along the boys, as he was a candidate for re-election for clerk. He got at Bever to preach my funeral, as I am a strong Whig while Bever and Ristine were democrats. Bever refused, but as Ristine kept urging him, he finally became piqued because he was my friend and mounted the stump and took for his text, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees and hypocrites, you fasten burdens heavy to be borne on the necks of others, but won't touch them with your finger; ye would not enter the Kingdom yourself and those that would enter, you hinder. How can you escape the damnation of hell? Woe unto you, Joe Ristine you are a scribe for you have long had your nose in the public crib and have grown fat off the sweat and toil of us poor, honest farmers and you have come here asking us for our precious vote to still support you in ease and luxury, and would set us at variance with each other. You would have me take up reproach against my good neighbor, McBroom that I have lived beside ever since the country was settled and have always found him a gentleman and a good neighbor." Then heating up hell full seven times as hot as it is wont to be, he hurled poor Joe headlong therein and set a seal on him that he might come out and trouble the honest settler no more. By this time the laugh was so turned on Ristine that he mounted his horse and struck for home.

But Uncle Henry was finally recalled from the work of the ministry and drink as well. It happened in this wise. He was up preaching the funeral of Josh Ridgeway. For some reason he didn't like Josh. He thought him a lazy, trifling lying critter and if there was any he despised it was one of this sort. While depicting the doom of such dooless souls and exhorting Josh to reform and flee from the wrath to come, it got too hot for Josh to bear all of it – so he slipped around and upset the box where Henry stood, throwing the preacher to the ground and breaking his arm. This sobered Bever and forever stopped his mouth as a preacher of the gospel and henceforth he became a sober man and joined the Methodist church. He was good to the poor and that meant he was

good to everybody, and if he saw a man was honest and industrious, he was ever ready to lend a helping hand. In the dark days that came there was no truer patriot than he. He has respected by all and raised a respectable family of children.

Kentucky sent us many useful citizens, among them may be mentioned Joseph Coats, Stephen Reed, the Furrs, Youngs, Adam Hall, John Thompson, the Rivers and Thomas Gardner and no part of this country could boast of a better class of emigrants. There was one thing very strange about most of these men, they so long voted and acted with the party, that for the sake of power, truckled to and sustained the blighting institutions of slavery, even secession and rebellion later. Although they had fled from this thing to come here, they couldn't shake loose from the corrupt and slave-ridden party. Coats and Young were an exception to this rule. In the time of peril that tried men's souls, when the government was trembling in the balance, when men's hearts were failing and they didn't know what a day would bring forth; whether we would have a government and stability or anarchy, bloodshed and chaos right here among us – these men broke loose from party ties and came out boldly and fearlessly for their country. Their motto was: "For my country, first, last and all the time." Ours was a freedom hard to come by.

As to the others, let us not judge them too harshly but draw a mantle of charity over their failings. Perhaps we can't realize how strong a tie old party associations are over some men who are prone to only follow and how hard it is to cast the political demon out of them. Let us try to think they were as honest and loved their country as well as we but were misled by their political leaders. Let us cherish and revere their virtues while we draw a veil of charity over their errors.

Would we could say Kentucky sent us none but this enterprising class emigrants, but it was as in days past, " when the sons of God assembled to worship, Satan came also." So when the honest and industrious came there came also that either had no manhood about them, or if they had, it had been trodden out of them by the demoralizing influence of slavery. Be this as it may, they were of little use here, either for king or country. They settled in the

southern part of the Township around Scott's prairie and thus intruded on the houses of the frog, gnat and mosquito, that for a time contended for their rights and kept an incessant war on the invaders. The land, though rich, was very level and wet. Drains were clogged up with logs and brush, so the water had but little chance to run off and it had to stand and stagnate till it slowly evaporated. Add to this, the timber that was heavy and hard to clear. Even had industrious and enterprising men settled here it would have been sometime before they could have raised much, as everything planted invariably drowned out. They built their log huts and year by year added some to their clearing and raised a little yellow, strayed out corn. They lived largely by hunting and killing wild hogs. If they could but have a supply of poor whiskey and long green tobacco and enough hog and hominy to keep soul and body together with a few rags and patches to hide their nakedness, they were content. The country at this time had considerable hogs gone wild and some that wasn't so wild that were property of the settlers. But those fellows would get after them with guns and dogs and soon made all equally wild. Thus they often killed their neighbors hogs and were involved in lawsuits and perpetual jangling. Uncle Ab got a large share of his law practice over the fighting over wild hogs. This state of things continued for a long time, and some of them not only took hogs that didn't belong to them, but they handled counterfeit money; and if they didn't actually steal horses themselves, they were in sympathy and harbored those who did. They became closely watched by the better part of the community. And as stealing wasn't easy any more in these parts, they pulled up and moved to Iowa to help civilize and elevate (?) that now state. Bill Gavin went among the rest, and it is said that some of them learned a lesson and went to work and did well. Here a better class of men took their places – cleared out and ditched the land and made good farms where those men starved out. Our respected Neighbor, William Frazier, bought out a precarious existence, went to work, cleared it up and made a fine farm. What a change the hand of man has wrought in this part of the country in ten years. Now you see fine farms where a short time ago was a dense forest, mud and slush, inhabited by wild beasts and men almost as wild as they. The world moves. By speaking of the lawlessness that came with increased

immigration I recall the man from the land office with his wagon with kegs of silver starting across the country alone with no guard, laying out nights or stopping his wagon in front of some settler's cabin where it stool till morning while he took lodging with some host. Could such a thing be accomplished in this day? I fear not. Still this was the way money was sent off in the early days and there is not record of a dollar ever being lost in the transfer or the wagoner every being interrupted on his journey.

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I have spoken some of the evils of intemperance and the ruin it brought to my young brother, Major McBroom and the Hon. E.A. Hannegan; and presenting their sad end as a warning to the young men of today. To them I would say, "Young man beware, can you stand where so many haven fallen? Have you more stamina than they? Will your prospects in life be more bright than were theirs? Have you more honor or a brighter name to sacrifice than had they? Are you sure you can drink or let it alone at pleasure?" Alas! They once thought so, but little by little the insidious fiend fastened its deadly coil around them till they found themselves bound, unmanned and led helpless captives at its will. No doubt but they often resolved to break its chains – to be free men, but they figured to taper off gradually. It wouldn't do to quit all at once for there were friends to be treated and out of necessity one must drink with them to be social. And thus on they tapered up instead of down till they were plunged into utter ruin.

There surely is an excuse for the drunkard in these early days. To start on, whiskey was plenty and cheap and everybody drank; it was popular to drink and unpopular to refuse. It was thought to be helpful when men were exposed to so many hardships and all kinds of drinking water. They just couln't live without it. They had it at log-rollings, corn huskings and at the reapings. At the public sale old Ab carried the bottle and his motto was: "A dram to the highest bidder". At the muster it was free as water and was the source of much strife on such occasions; for many would put off their affronts to be settled on that day and could drink freely to arm themselves for the affray. Even the women had to have it at their wool-pickings, quiltings etc. Of course they didn't take it straight but

sweetened the precious stuff so as it would go down all the better. In short, a child couldn't be born but it was called into requisition. The first thing it ever swallowed was a little toddy and the dear creature had to be soaked and washed in water diluted with whiskey; and thus it was made a very whiskey pickle at its birth. Even the preacher had to have his sweetened dram to whet his spirituality before the morning devotions. This picture is not overdrawn, but it is a fair representation of pioneer life. Is it any wonder that many became drunkards? Is it not the greatest wonder that any remained sober? In almost every cellar there was always a barrel of whiskey and all the boys had to do was step down, turn the faucet and help oneself.

What grit and firmness it took to quite drinking. You were met with a sneer, and "you are getting might good that you can't take a dram with a fellow"; " you are turning Methodist"; "going to be an old temperance fellow, are you?" "Mighty pious eh?" I believe there will be a day come when it is unpopular to drink; when society is down on it and the ladies will repudiate it, then if man will drink, it is just because he will; because he wishes to trample on public opinion and pluck down ruin for himself. My children, let your motto be, "touch not, taste not, handle not". This is the only sure way to safety.

Shall we turn again to that little still house under the hill? It is now run by Wm. Curry. He is the distiller and one I spoke of previous as most refined and intelligent young man in all the countryside. He and his brothers were fitted to fill the very best of society. They were of that better class who claimed they could drink or let it alone. So they, and many others thought; but they were mistaken for the habit grew and fastened on them till they could not shake it off. That still house became the center of attraction for all the drinking men in the village for "where the carcass is, the buzzards are assembled together." The still became the place of night rendevous where these fellows met to drink, play cards and carry on their midnight orgies. They would send out some of the boys to rob the neighboring hen roost and they would have a chicken roast. Thus they trained boys not only to drunkenness but to be thieves and were drived from the community. Prominent among these revelers was one Jim Mack. He was a regular soaker and had made the discovery that a gallon of whiskey couldn't go

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far in a family of young children where there was no milk. Before he threw himself he was as good a hearted soul as every lived – he was a good hand to do a days work and was well thought of. Now he was killing himself as fast as the whiskey of the day could kill and he had already killed his wife by dissipation and neglected his children. One night while in the height of their revelry they heard in the further end of the distillery a dreadful, strange and mournful, weird noise, with drumming on the head of a barrel. When they went to look, the light in hand to see whence the noise proceeded, they found nothing, but heard the same sound in the opposite end of the room. Pursuing to that end it was heard out in the yard. They would creep up to it with all eyes and ears open – then it would be heard at some distance in a clump of bushes, When they went there it was off in an open field. Thus they pursued it on but could see nothing.

This became a nightly occurrence. The boys would laugh and curse their hunt and be very brave in daytime, but at night not one would be caught alone in the still house. Finally a regular ghost catcher was brought in, a fellow by the name of Donelson. He interviewed the ghost (so he said) and it told him she was the shade of Jim Mack's dead wife and that she could have no rest until Mack would get good homes for her three little boys, then she would trouble them no more. Of course Jim cursed and was going to kill Donelson, but he didn't. He did the other thing – found homes for the children and the trouble ceased. At the time it created quite a sensation.

While we are on sensational anecdotes we are tempted to tell you of another scare those fellows met with. This happened some years after. It was the 4th of July and those spiritual (of corn) patriots were celebrating that glorious day of freedom with a drunken, general night's revelry, when they saw a great ball of fire rising majestically from the graveyard and move up toward them until it reached main street, then it moved eastward up the state's road. They followed it with palpitating heart as far as Bevers, when all at once it disappeared as mysteriously as it appeared. They were all terrible scared and felt sure something would happen. It was an omen of ill to some of the. Well, something did happen for Joe Wade, one of their number. He was taken sick soon after (they said with milk sick) but I say too much drink. I think if the truth was known

the worm of corn and still bit and poisoned more people about Hillsboro in early times than were ever killed by milksick. Milksick was credited with killing every poor victim that had by persistent drinking burned his stomach up. You see it was great comfort to a dead man and his family and friends as well, to know that he died honorably of milksick than meeting his demise by delirium tremons. There is nothing you know, like dying honorably.

Abijah Cain was one of the important men who lived and helped improve this (then wilderness) country. The Cains on the whole were quite a help to the settlement and should have more said concerning their endeavors. They not only helped to clear the land but some of them were mechanical and could do almost anything that was necessary to be done. One of them was a cabinet maker and did the first turning work done in the county. He threw a low dam across Coal creek just west of Hillsboro and rigged up a water power that turned a lathe. Here he made the first tables and bedsteads with turned legs, besides many other articles of furniture, for we newcomers had brought none of these things with us. He went to the woods, chopped down a nice cherry tree (on Congress land of course) split it up to proper size and took a load of pieces on his shoulder and toted them across the big woods eight miles down to Cains and got them turned, carried the posts back home and made furniture.

You young folks will someday say that this was a slow, hard way to make a little money and so it was; still by industry and perseverance he laid up enough money to enter him quite a piece of land before it was all taken up – where he made a good and happy home and where he will have competence to fall back on in his old age when he is no longer able to work.

The Cains were a roving, migrating sect of people that enjoyed themselves best on the frontier. Hence when the county became pretty well settled they began to pull up and leave. They wanted more room. Some went to Wisconsin, some to Illinois and others to Iowa and Kansas, so there are none now remaining in the county to perpetuate the name. They came in droves and they left in droves. There were all kinds of Cains – good, bad and indifferent and so numerous they ran short of given names and had to attach an adjective to the given name to designate the one they meant. For instance, there was red-

headed John etc for quantity till the vocabulary of adjectives was exhausted, and still there were Cains left. Upon the whole they did much to clear and improve these parts and many of them were good people. Uncle Abijah was a good old Methodist gentleman that brought to the country quite a drove of girls that were highly appreciated by the young men, and though there were not enough of them to go around and supply all the boys; still three of the Bever boys got wives, besides a McBroom, Dill, Spray, McLathalin and others. They were good women and made excellent wives and served their day and generation well.

In the beginning I told you of the death of brother Edward's wife, Marjory. She was the daughter of Abijah Cain. I didn't tell you that later he married the daughter of William Forbes. It occurred in the county before it's organization but had to be finally consummated in the sister county of Montgomery because the liscense was purchased in Crawfordsville. Edward got Joseph Shoemaker, a sprightly, jolly young man – lately from Ohio – to accompany him on his wedding tour. On the appointed day they strike out in gay style on horseback for the home of the bride, some fourteen miles distant. There were no roads – just a blazed out track through thick woods, up and down hill, across deep ravines and slush till they reached the home of the intended bride. In due time they start back with the girls, (intended bride and maid) as they are to be married by Mendenhall at his home. Late in the day they made the connection, landing safely at the squire's cabin. They were standing, hands joined, and the squire, liscense in hand ready to say the words that are to make them husband and wife, when suddenly he calls out: "Sit down, sit down. By jolly, I can't marry you" "Why not? What's up?" Said the groom. "Well you got your liscense in Montgomery county and we are no longer under their jurisdiction since we are organized in a county now, so I can't officiate."

They are taken at a nonplus. The intended almost faints but she did not. What is to be done next: Uncle Ab tells them to cheer up, where there is a will, there is a way; that the nights are as long as the days and it is but eight miles up to Squire Bratton"s and you can make it all right. They rested for awhile, then another difficulty present itself. The bride's horse had completely given out – he can go no further, so there is nothing else for my brother to do but take the girl on

behind him. This done, they strike out once more and away in the night they reach the squire's cabin, arouse him from his slumbers and the knot is at last tied. They start back to the home of the groom where they finally arrive, tired, sleep and hungry. The boys and the brides maid, a Miss Cain, having rode that day forty two miles; the bride thirty miles and the last sixteen of that double behind her husband. You will say that is pretty hard on man and beast and so it was; especially on the latter, as they had no share of the finer feelings of love that inspired the beast of the former. Wasn't that getting married under difficulties? Having arrived at the home of the groom, mother Kester is aroused and sets about getting their wedding supper or rather breakfast, as it is nearer morning than eve. The pound cake is baked, consisting of corn dodger, for as yet no wheat has been raised in the county, and roast turkey and fried pork and venison. This supplemented with vegetables, milk, butter etc. make their wedding feast to which all did ample justice after their long ride and fast. Shoemaker said he had often afterwards partaken of wedding feasts, but he never enjoyed one with better relish than he did this one; and their fine pound cakes and pies of after times never tasted half so good and sweet as did Aunt Kester's corn pone and sweet milk on that occasion.

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The plates we ate off, the knives and forks we used, all our tools – saws, chisels, in short cutlery of every grade bore the English crown. The balance of trade had always been against us. We bought to the tune of ten to twenty million per annum more than we sold, and this was a constant drain on the country – always taking out of the meal tub and never putting back, ere long comes to the bottom. This continually kept our nose to the grindstone and drained the country of gold and silver and left us with an almost worthless paper currency. Under such a state of things, no wonder that money was scarce and times were hard.

Ten years had passed since our migration and during all that time the U.S.A. bank crippled along and afforded to some extent, money that was good and circulated everywhere, but there was no system of banking in vogue that had

a permanent foundation under it. It was always fluctuating. The bills that would go today were dead tomorrow, or badly under par and would only fluctuate about home. The money in one state woulden't go at par in another. Every time you crossed a state line your money had to be shaved. In 1832 President Jackson vetoed the U.S.A. bank where it had always been safe and placed the money in certain state banks. This gave the people confidence in these institutions and banks sprang up as if by magic all over the land. The country was flooded with irredeemable paper any-thing that had pictures on it circulated as money. Everything was swimming. A spirit of speculation and extravagance took hold of the people. Debts were freely contracted. Pay day would never come but if it should most thought there would be no trouble to pay off debts. All a fellow had to do in those good old Jackson times was to stoop down and scoop up those pictured bills and pay his debts and contract greater ones. Everybody run in debt and so great were prices advanced by this inflated currency that though the country was full of grain, yet Russia shipped millions of bushels to New York and took for it millions of our dollars in gold and silver. Thus robbing the country of all good money and leaving us nothing to redeem our rags with. Much of this imported grain was afterward left to rot in the granaries – the consumption of the country not equaling the supply.

Jackson's time was about to expire and VanBuren is nominated by the democracy to fill his place, while the Whigs (I am a Whig as you may have surmised) nominated Gen. W. H. Harrison. The Democracy are jubilant – all they want is another term of good, old, free spending, Jackson rule and they will all be rich enough; Then they can sit down, take their ease and say, "soul, thou hast enough laid up to do these many days – eat, drink and be merry." Such was their shortsitedness. It had all resulted from Jackson's masterly plan of policy. They thought of killing the U.S.A. bank and fathering the pet free bank system. All the time the Whigs reminding them of the collapse of the same and all the misery and hard times that followed. The Whigs predicted that such distress was sure to follow the present craze and that they had better recharter the U.S.A. bank – curtail the wild banking institutions, protect and encourage home industry- live within our income and thus secure slow but sure prosperity.

But people with an extra dollar to spend and a lack of common sense in their head did not listen to these dire warnings and VanBuren floated in on the inflation tide, aided of course by Jackson popularity. What followed I shall tell you later.

In my last writing I treated of the irresponsible mania as the principle cause of the panic and distress that came over the country in '37. While it was the great procuring cause, there were other causes that co-operated to bring about the catastrophe that I may speak of in the future; but for the present I turn to the panic itself and in a feeble and inadequate way, will try to give some account of the distress of those dark and gloomy days that wrecked the fortunes of not only individuals but many of the states as well.

The high protective tariff of 1828, with large sales of public lands, had enabled Jackson to pay off the balance of the national debt that had hung over the country from the days of the Revolution. The good times of inflation had ceased and money, like a river, began to flow copiously into the public treasure. Everybody had money and they must invest in somewhere and much of it went into the land office.

I know well the days of '35 and how the last foot of Congress land was entered. No spot was too hilly or swampy or poor to escape. Swamp land that up to this time had been deemed worthless and that people had hitherto thought would remain vacant forever to serve only as a range for stock or be a perpetual home for frogs, was eagerly taken. Not a forty acre lot was left in the country unentered. Soon the reaction began to approach. Someone was green enough to present his money to the bank for redemption and of course failed, as there was not a dollar in it's vaults to redeem it's paper with. Another after another tried and failed and public confidence began to fail. But the last straw that broke the camel's back was Jackson's specie circular. This noted that nothing but gold and silver would be received in payment of debts due the government. All revenue from duties on foreign imports, with money paid into the land office for land, must be paid in Tom Benton chink. Not even the money of his pet bank where he deposited the surplus revenue was accepted. This measure hastened the panic. A rush was made on the banks only to find their vaults empty- nothing was there to redeem with. Their paper circulated only a great depreciated value,

while most of the banks were dead broke and never redeemed a dollar of its issue. Thus the bill holder had to bear the loss. Every body had more or less of this worthless stuff on their hands, but this loss, though often severe might have been borne had not everybody been in debt. Debts had been freely contracted in the time of inflation that now had to be met and not a dollar to pay with; for the cheap and worthless money had driven every good dollar out of circulation. It had either been shipped abroad to pay for goods that a low tariff and inflated currency had invited here, or it was hoarded by the capitalist.

Depreciated or broken down money was all that was seen, and if you got a bill today, you had no assurance it would be good tomorrow. As money ranged all the way from seventy five cents on the dollar down to nothing, the common farmer and working man never knew what he was getting, whether his money was good, bad or indifferent, or whether it was worth anything at all. To obviate this state of things there was a monthly detector issued, of which friend Coen spoke sometime ago. This was used by every business man but the mass of people had little access to them; and if they had it would have been a poor guide as they were issued only monthly and a bank good at the first of the month might be dead and buried ere the month was half gone, or one whose money was quoted at 50 or 75 cents to the dollar might have depreciated to forty, thirty or twenty cents. So you see there was no safety anywhere or anyway you could turn. To make matters worse there was no valuation or stay law. Property taken under execution for debt had to sell for just what it would bring and as money was scarce it coulden't bring much.

Generally the creditor had to bid it in himself and he, of course, bought it low for a mere song. Thus the sale generally did well to liquidate the debt. The most it did was to pay the Esqs, and constable fees, and thus the poor debtor saw his property sacrificed for a song while his debt remained. In these days they could take a man's last hog, horse or cow, the table on which he ate, the bed on which he slept and the coat he wore – provided they could find it off his back – and sell them for debt. He had no recourse, no remedy but the mercy of his creditor, which was often not very tender. These are days of great distress. Along the road on every public tree and gate post, the door of every mill or public

house was pasted the papers that read somewhat like this; "By virtue of an execution to me directed, I will sell at public sale at the resident of Jakey Taylor – Tom, Dick or Harry as the case may be-, the following property taken to satisfy a judgement, etc." Many is this part readily call to mind those ill omened slips of paper. Not a few of them who suffered therefrom have passed on where inflation ceases to trouble and where from constable, they are at rest, for men die early.

These sales were often heart rending scenes. I saw the last cow, upon whose milk the family of small children largely subsisted, taken and sold, while the poor distressed mother wrung her hands; and with tears in her eyes plead for this last support of her hungry children. May the sin of those responsible for this terrible thing weigh heavily where it falls. This was the natural fruit of an irresponsible banking system that was fostered and set on foot by Jackson's short-sighted policy.

These executions had their laughable as well as sad side. I will relate one instance. Among the dooless, lazy fellows already spoken of that settled around Scott's prairie was John Herrin. He and work had parted company when he was born and it seemed they had never made friends. He lived from hand to mouth and got in debt wherever and whenever he could. He managed usually to plant a little patch of corn and never tended it properly, so the weeds invariably took it. This became so noticeable that if any of the neighbors happened to have a weedy field of corn, they called it Herrin corn. By some chance Mr. Wm. Reynolds, his neighbor, came up with a very weedy field of corn which he, with the rest of the neighbors, called Herrin's corn. Finally when the constable came to execute Herrin's property, as he routinely did, he showed the constable this field of Reynolds. "but is it yours?" the officer asked. "Why," said Herrin, "Reynolds says it is." So the corn was executed and duly sold, (Press Curry being the purchaser for his still.) while Reynolds remonstrated all the time and forbid Curry entering the field to take the corn. Curry said nothing, but that night he gathered up a lot of boys about town and armed with their well-filled jugs they made their way out to Reynold's field and at a late hour when the good old man slept, they entered and gathered his corn. Herrin laughed and Reynolds swore,

but Curry carried off the nubbins. It is to be presumed that the old man never raised any more Herrin corn, or if he did, he was very careful to gather it himself.

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More about politics. Not only individuals go wild and catch the spirit of extravagance and speculation in inflation times, but the state as well, so it is equally with individuals, suffered by the panic and reaction that the wise men of our time saw would follow such a state of affairs. All ought to have seen that something can't come of nothing; that it is impossible to make brick without straw, and that man nor government can create wealth by their fist; and that flat money, having nothing to stand on, must sooner or later fall and with it's fall drag down its short-sighted and fanatical projectors. Would that our people of today would learn wisdom from this past experience and keep out of the visionary schemes that, like some evil genius, have from time to time sprung up in all ages to curse and rob the people. There appeared men, apparently wise, that were soon carried away by the wild spirit of speculation that was rife in the land, and conceived the idea of a general system of internal improvement to be carried on by the state that was to make the state and everybody in it rich. The politicians of the day, among whom were the shrewd Jeff Evans and the eloquent E. A. Hannegan on the stump, could make it appear as clear as mud that the state should build a railroad or canal to every man's door and that our mothers with their eggs, chicken and butter could pay for the same and have plenty of pin money to spare.

The state plunged wildly and inconsiderately into a wildcat system of internal improvement. Railroads and canals were projected everywhere for each legislature must do something for his dear constituents. Hands were set to work and ditches were dug in different parts of the state and labeled "Whitewater", "White River", or white something else. Canal and state bonds were freely issued to pay for the work. Some of these ditches after answered the purpose of a mile race, but most of them served no better purpose than the home for tadpole and frog and long stood as a lasting monument of the short-sightedness and folly of our rulers. This work went on swimmingly till it involved the poor, young state

in a debt of near $8, 000,000, which never helped the state of anybody else a nickel's worth of good. The panic came and though it brought general misery and distress with it, some good came; it stopped the state in its wild and fanatical career before she was inevitably ruined. The internal improvement bubble bursted with everything bustable and left Indiana involved in a debt that she had no means or prospect of ever being able to pay. She couldn't pay the interest on it nor even meet the ordinary state expenses. There was no money in circulation – the good was hoarded and the poor woulden't reach far in paying debts. As the people couldn't pay their tax, the state was left flat broke, her wheels stuck in the mire. At this time and juncture the state issued her State Scrip spoken of sometime ago by friend Coen. It was made receivable for tax hereafter paid to the state and bore interest at six percent till thus redeemed. You see it just anticipated the tax to fall due in future years. This measure afforded some relief, both to state and people as it enabled the people to pay their taxes but it gave them a circulating medium that at least looked like money and put them in mind of the glory that was departed (the days when they had lots of those pictured papers that they at least thought was money). This scrip, being slow of redemption and having only a local circulation, soon depreciated in value. It found no home or rest for the soles of its feet outside of Indiana. If a bill by any hap or mishap happened to cross the state line, it soon found its way to its parental home like a scared rabbit where it patiently awaited its day of redemption. This day slowly but finally came, but not till the interest on the last bills redeemed had reached thirty or forty cents on the dollar. It might be of interest to the people of tomorrow to hear what ever became of that state debt and how we got rid of it but a full history of the case is too lengthy to be given. I will say that it hung over our beloved state for a long time like a dark, lowering cloud. In the end a Mr. Butler was appointed, who presented a plan to the legislature that after much delay was accepted. The state gave a grant of land to the bondholders beginning at LaFayette and extending to the Ohio river in exchange for the completion of the Wabash & Erie canal which was to be finished in a given time. The state guaranteeing that she would never charter a railroad to run parallel with said canal.

This was a grand bargain for the state as it lifted a heavy debt off her shoulders. It did not only this, but gave the western part of the state and eastern Illinois an outlet for their produce that brought prosperity and wealth to that part. While in full blast, the canal gave us the best days and cheapest transportation we ever saw. Not only did the towns along the line of the canal flourish but the farmer did as well. He had a market now for his grain and pork and so was encouraged to work and raise more stuff for market. This brought money into the country and used as they were to living frugally and economically they were enabled to pay their debts and comparative prosperity spread over the land. The canal not only gives us a market for our products – it brought us cheaper goods. Salt tumbled from six dollars a barrel to $1.50. Boots and shoes were reduced to one half their former price. It was at this time your humble servant treated himself and the older boys to their first pair of stogies, which we donned like a luxury. Dry goods and clothing took a wonderful fall. Calico fell from thirty seven cents per yard to twenty cents, and most other good in proportion. Farm products continued quite low; so much so that Joby Howard when vexed by his pigs getting into the yard, wished there wasn't a hog in the world, for he could go to LaFayette and buy pork cheaper than he could raise it.

A short account of the digging of the canal may not be out of place. As usual scrip to the amount of the canal land valuation was struck and paid out to the hands for their work – it mainly being done by imported Irish laborers. As is always the case, cheap money drove out the good and nothing was to be seen by "Bluepup", which was the name by which it was called. As bluepup wouln't circulate abroad, it could pay for no goods coming in to the country. The stores ran down till you couldn't get trimmings for an everday coat in the county. They could no longer supply the Irish at any price with goods for their canal scrip. The farmers wouldn't sell them grain and provisions and thus the work was brought to a dead stand still. In this sate of affairs there was meeting called of the farmers at Covington and after much haruanging it was agreed they would feed the hands while they prosecuted the work. One would furnish one hundred bushels of wheat, another so much corn, another so many fat pigs, and so on for quantity till enough was subscribed to feed the hungry hands for a time. Thus slowly the

work went on till it was completed to Covington. Although it had been finished for some time, the water came not. Attica was loading boats and sending off grain while Covington was left out in the cold till finally some of her hotspurs conceived the idea that Attica was purposely holding back the water for her own advantage and to cripple Covington. They didn't stop to consider the work was new, the banks unsettled and in many places composed of sand and gravel, and that water would run through like a riddle; or if let in suddenly would wash them all away. They didn't stop to think at all and in their haste marched off to Attica, well supplied with the oil of corn "that maketh the face to shine", and nerves the arms for great deeds of valor, and well armed with jack-knives, staves and hoop poles they prepare for heroic and bloody work, if necessary, to secure their just rights.

The Attica war was barren of bloodshed but it was attended with other acts equally as worthy of brave and daring soldiery among which may be mentioned the tumbling of several Atticans who came to hinder their work, head over heels into the canal; which resulted in nothing more serious than removing a little of the filth of flesh which they were not used to part with 'all at once', and thus seriously exposing them to take cold. With strong arms and bloodless hands, they raised the felled gate at the lock, thus disturbing the waters, which rushed through at a great rate. The battle over, the victory won and said shouts of triumph, they gather up their dead (drunk) and return to their quiet homes to lay aside the habiliments of war and settle down in peace and quiet to enjoy the fruits of their labor. The canal is a great blessing in its day but it is slow and I fear it must step down and out one of these days in this fast age.

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As formerly said the veto of the U.S.A. bank by Jackson in 1832 was the principal cause of the panic but it was not the only cause. The reduction of the tariff in '32 did much to hasten and intensify that catastrophe. Since 1824 we had a high protective tariff that greatly encouraged manufactories and so replenished the public treasury. Jackson had been able to pay off the balance of the national debt that had hung over us since the days of the Revolution. It was Calhoun who in 1832 raised the standard of rebellion and declared the tariff law

not only oppressive and ruinous, but unconstitutional, and hence null and void. He advised his state to arm and prepare to resist the enforcement of the law. South Carolina was in a blaze, ready to go out of the Union and plunge wildly into war with the U.S.A. (a tempest in a teapot). Jackson came forward in a message and informed them the law must be obeyed; that to resist was treason, and by the eternal, if Calhoun didn't desist from it he would hang him as high as Haman. It might have been a good thing if Clay, with his compromise measure, had not interfered and let old Hickory hang Calhoun and a few others of his co-traiters. It might in the future ward off some late unpleasantness. Clay's compromise didn't bring that prosperity and enhance the price of cotton as the anti-tariff party predicted. On the contrary the south got less for her cotton for the nine years under a low tariff from '33 to '42 than she had under high tariff from '24 to '33. In the meantime our manufactories languished – many shut down not being able to compete with England's, which were of long standing and run by pauper labor. Thus England became our workshop and her people did out manufacturing for us, while our hands were thrown out of employment. Many dollars were shipped abroad to pay the balance of trade that should have been paid to our people; thus draining the country of its gold and silver and leaving nothing to float or redeem our paper. Hence the crash. The nation was brought to bankruptcy – distress and gloom sat brooding over every home.

Van Buren was blamed by his opponents for it all – yet it was the natural outgrowth of Jackson's short-sighted policy. It was obliged to come. Let who would have succeeded Jackson, the same result would have followed. Jackson has sown the wind, and Van Buren, from necessity, reaped the whirlwind.

Time wore on and Van Buren is again nominated by his party for re-election and the Whigs again nominate Gen. Harrison; and the Log Cabin hard-cider campaign is regularly inaugurated. I will tell you how it got that name. In this enlightened age when a man runs for office every mean thing he ever did or thought is sure to come out and lots will be laid to his account which he never did. When we first settled and up to the Presidential campaign of 1828 we had weightier matters to contend with and news of the outer world was hard to come by and when it did come was deficient so there was scarcely any excitement over

the contest. What news came kindled some interest and neighbors met to discuss political events which had transpired several months previously, the news of which had just reached here. The parties opposed to the Democratic organization were known as National Republicans, Whigs or Anti-Masons. It was not until '36 that candidates for political honors were to be seen shaking hands with the "dear" people, and perambulating the county to offer to sacrifice themselves for the public good. The meetings were well attended for the settlers were highly entertained as well as instructed regarding events of which they were very much in the dark.

From Washington down every candidate for President has come in for a fair share of abuse and Harrison was no exception to the rule. He was called everything but a gentleman – an imbecile, coward, a granny and other such wild epithets this English language could supply. He was so repeatedly charged with cowardice that many imaged they could see him crawling out from under the pile of packsaddles where he was supposed to be hid during the battle of Tippecanoe. Uncle Tom Crayton swore that he saw Harrison put Col. Davis on his white horse and thus get him killed, though Crayton was a hundred miles away at the time. All this with a hundred and one more too tedious to mention and too ridiculous to be believed, was charged again him at the time by many. In this style of abuse, an orator can rant and rave while addressing the people and having exhausted his fund of vile epithets, ask "Who is this man Harrison anyhow? He is nothing but a backwoods farmer and should you pay him a visit to his log cabin you will find it covered with coon skins nailed up to dry and with nothing stronger to drink than hard cider; and ten chances to one he would pass it to you in a gourd." This was the starter, the log cabin and hard cider became the slogan of the Whigs. Rally, rally, rally, was the order of the day.

They met everywhere – reared log cabins, drank hard cider and heard orators of the day speak of the blunders of Jackson and his little-kid-gloved successor, Matty Van. They listened and brooded over the wrongs they were suffering till they became almost wild. To hold water before a dog troubled with rabies would not throw him into a fit more heavily than for the orator of the day to hold us one of those ragged, broken bank bills before the people. It made them

mad – it threw them into fits – they felt deeply wronged and their cry was: "He changed for the worse."

A CHANGE IN THE ADMINISTRATION was the only hope of the nation. They wanted to get back to the good old days of the U.S.A. bank and sound money. The highlight of the entire campaign was the Tippecanoe convention held in May on the 28th, 1840 and was destined to eclipse any going before it. People had been collecting at the Tippecanoe battle ground for several days before that. They came from everywhere, and in all kinds of conveyance – they brought their provisions with them and went into regular camp, sleeping as best they could – some in tents, some in wagons, while others for want of better accommodations took the soft side of a board with a rock for a pillow. Thus all were lodged somehow. Many left their corn unplanted for the season had been wet and backward, and went with the crowd. The farmer, merchant, all dropped their work and went, your humble servant among the rest. We were all there and what an immense, enthusiastic crowd we were. There was so much to see and most important of all was to see that you were not run over.

Every state in the union was represented, each person carrying banners of all kinds and inscribed with all sorts of devices and mottos. Every occupation and industry was represented. It is the biggest thing ever seen in these parts. Canoes and log cabins were put on wheels and as the procession moved along you could see the blacksmith at his forge, the carpenter at his bench, the manufacturer at his loom and many, many others. Ours was the pioneer and was represented by my Martha at the wheel with her flax on the distaff, and cousin Jane is making the big wheel fairly buzz spinning rolls, and Aunt Ann is making the shuttle fly weaving linsey woolsey. On another, Uncle Joe is sitting at his cabin door with the latch string out, gourd in hand dispensing the favorite beverage (hard cider) to his neighbors – while they make the welkin ring with "Hurrah! For Tippecanoe and Tyler too. No change for the worse." As the procession passed you read all kinds of mottos and see all kinds of devices printed on their banners. Many of them were very striking and not only calculated to excite mirth – but indignation as well against the administration that

had brought such distress upon the country. On one banner was written – "Says Harrison - Come boys, let's take Malden. It was taken." On the reverse side, "Says little Van – "Come boy, (to the office holders) let's take the Treasury. It was taken." Another had painted on it in pictures as large as life and as vivid as the imagination and skill of man could paint – Van Buren running down hill looking back over his shoulder with eyes ready to pop out of his head and with what little hair he had on his bald pate standing on end, with a cider barrel rolling hard after him and yelling, "Stop! Stop That Barrel."

And there was one intending to ridicule the manner and extravagance of conducting the Seminole war. Great bloodhounds with their red tongues hanging out are hunting down and tearing poor Lo, while others are stealing and carrying off in their mouths, great purses of gold. And then comes another of Swarthout with his office holders loaded down with the spoils of the Treasury. Next you meet hard times personified in real life; a creature dressed in rags and tatters is driving along in an old, creaky rickety wagon – his horse is a perfect specimen of bare bones, rigged in a husk collar, rope tugs and lines – and as he drives along is all the time making a speech to the people. It went something like this: "I once saw better times, but this miserable administration has brought me to this poverty, rags and misery. It has starved my children, beggared my wife and sunk me to the level of the pauper and would now sell my last horse (pointing to barebones) and buggy from under me to pay tax to support thievish office-holders. Then there was that beautiful ship driven by friend Spence, with every so many fine horses, decorated with flags and filled with veterans of the Battle of Tippecanoe and 1812.

But the half can never be told. Henry Lane was there in the height of his glory. He is in the prime of his life and as he spoke the mighty throng was swayed like the waving grain before the wind. His voice was clear and his words clothed in eloquence. The crowd was moved to tears and then to shouts of laughter. Then to hisses of indignation at the imbecile administration. He is discussing the banking question, contrasting the good money of the U. S. A. bank with the rags of today, "Then if you had a bill it was good, and you could rest secure but now if you have one you dare not give it a night's lodging for fear

you will have a funeral in the morning – bank broke and your money dead." Then taking one of those old, ragged bills from his pocket and holding it up before the crowd, he said as only our Lane could say: "This bill can never adopt the language of the patriarch Job and say, I know that my redeemer liveth." The crowd was electrified and came down with thunders of applause. I cannot really paint a picture of these times. It is beyond the skill of my poor pen.

It must have been seen to be appreciated. It was a great day to be long remembered.The log cabin, hard-cider campaign is ended, the election is past, and the indications are that Harrison is elected – but how slowly the returns come in. Week after week passes and yet no certain returns to show who was elected. November slowly wears away and December puts in her appearance frought with cold, snow and storm, ere we certainly know that Harrison is elected. We Whigs are jubilant – we have visions of the good times coming. A recharter of the U.S.A. bank and a revision of the tariff is the only great panacea – the cure for ill. How slowly time drags. All are anxious for something to be done to relieve the distress under which our country is groaning.

The 4th of March, 1841 finally comes. How well I remember that day – what kind of a day it was, how it snowed, where I was and what I was doing. I almost remember the very thoughts that occupied my mind. They were not wholly fixed on the furnace in which I was boiling sugar water nor yet on the inauguration of Harrison; they turned to one so beautiful, so uprightly and so lovely – my baby sister Nancy who died two days past in her early marriage taking with her a little new born. I wandered back over the past – these days that have fled and took with them two brothers and two sisters.

Harrison was duly inaugurated and chose a wine and patriotic cabinet and called an extra session of Congress to devise means to relieve public distress. But amid the high expectations of his party and hope of all in one short month he is removed by death and John Tyler succeeds him as President. Congress convenes and passes a bill for recharting the national bank. This bill Tyler vetoes. They held a consultation with him and pass another bill after the model he recommends but to the surprise and chagrin of his friends, this too he vetoes

and legislation is brought to a deadlock. Congress can do nothing to relieve the country of its distress.

The President has no party and the party no President. The breach became so wide between the President and party that had elected him to office of Vice-president that his (Harrison's cabinet) resigned. Deeper gloom, if that is possible, sunk over the country. A wise statesman speaking of the year 1842 said, "No darker, depressed time ever broods over us." Still we lived through it from necessity. The people had to use great economy and live with their meager incomes and live as we did in the beginning. Less was bought from abroad and more made at home, until little by little, the commercial tide turned in our favor. Gold and silver, like water ever seeking its level, began slowly to flow into the country and as already stated the Wabash canal was opened and gave us a market for our stuff and that greatly stimulated production. Every bushel of grain off brought so much wealth back into the country. Then the gold mines in California were discovered and poured their wealth to the lap of the nation. Thus slowly and weariedly, the people by industry and economy brought comparative prosperity back. They found no royal road to wealth and very little aid from legislation. Their banking system is still vested on very sand foundation.

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In glancing back of the past my mind rests on the year 1850. It stands out as being a remarkable and very dry summer. In April it quit raining and dried off so that people on dry ground got their oats sowed and corn planted in pretty good order, but many on wet clay land plowed too soon before the ground was sufficiently dry. The consequence was that when the drouth hit, the ground baked almost as hard as brick and as we had nothing to crush the clods little could be done with the single shovel plow but just turn them over and cover up the corn. This they did until the clods were worn off as round as cannon balls and about as hard. The drouth continued with out a sprinkle of rain through May, June and until the 10th of July.

By this time things looked very blue. The farmers were badly discouraged. They couldn't expect to raise anything, as their meadows and

pastures were dead and dried and ready to burn over, if touched by a spark. Early potatoes, peas and most garden stuff had died without producing anything. Oats came to nothing, while corn was poor, little, withered yellow stuff, standing among the clods from shoe mouth to knee high and of course could make nothing. To all appearances famine was staring people in the face. Some of us were assembled on the 10th of July discussing the hot, dry burning when Coal creek started down in a boom, and that meant there must have been a rain up on her head waters.

While we stood there a small cloud arose in the west and as it came up it gathered in blackness. Soon the horizon was covered with dark, hovering clouds and the thunder rolled and the lightnings played and the rain poured down in torrents. Very soon the dry parched earth was flooded with water. The streets became beds for streams that went foaming, rushing by. We just stood and gazed in ecstasy of delight. How thankful everybody was. Man's extremity was God's opportunity and though it was late in the season, it rained very few days and the weather continued very hot. Everything grew as if by magic; late potatoes took a second growth and made a good crop. Grass came to life and corn, where well tended, made a heavy crop. Some who had become discouraged, cursed the Lord and quit plowing, got a real short crop of corn; but they got a whopper of weeds, for weeds never grew better. Wheat had got enough of a start before the drouth set in that it was pretty good.

So taking the season as a whole, it was one of plenty. We can adapt the language of the poet and sing:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for His grace;
Behind a blighting, withering drought
He shows a smiling face.

The famine gaunt with visage wan
Strode o'er our burning land.
He, behind a frowning providence
Strew'd bread on every hand."

The winter of 53 was a severe one, especially the latter part of it. Late Feb. and all through March the wind blew, the frost flew and the sun-dogs or mock suns shown. All the time the sun shed a pale, weird light and apparently was sick, dull and cold as lead. The ground was frozen between two and three feet deep and covered deeply with snow, which did not get off until April. Coal creek was so deeply bound in ice that four horses heavily laden could cross it. Up to the 12th of May logs were so frozen that in rolling them, it was often difficult to pry them up and when they did come loose the brought great chunks of frozen dirt and ice with them.

To add to the distress of that time, there was a comet or a something (I believe it was not determined what it was) that closely followed the sun and after it went down cast it's broad laden light from the western horizon to the zenith. This for want of better name was called the tail of the comet. If there was one, it was in much close proximity to the sun that it could not be seen in the spring and summer. A man by the name of Miller added to this gloom and horror by demonstrating beyond a doubt that Daniel's prophetic and mystical days would end in the year '53 and the sanctuary would be cleansed, the den of sin destroyed, the dead raised, the righteous redeemed and the world with the wicked burned. So fair and plausible was his reasoning and so incomprehensible how these mysterious prophetic numbers should all point to an end in the year 1853, that not only the common people but many of the wise preachers were disturbed in their minds and thought possibly he might have found the long hidden key and unlocked the door of prophesy; as it was said in the scriptures the wise would understand at the time of the end – which time Miller claimed had now arrived. But the year crept slowly on, still cold, and people began to think there was more likelihood of freezing to death than being burnt to death. When that gloomy year had finally come to an end and things still moved on as before, Miller made the discovery of a slight mistake in his calculations and that it was to be in the year '55 instead of '54 and warned the people again to prepare for approaching doom.

The new year came in as other years but when spring came it began to rain and that was the order of the day. Then for a variety it began to pour; the

streams became raging torrents. Coal creek asserted herself and swept every mill dam away. The ground became swampy and springs broke forth on every hillside. Plowing had to be done in the mud while water followed in the furrow. The consequence being there was but little corn raised only on high and rolling land. It was the wettest season ever. A second epistle to Noah's flood, and the people this year began to think there was more danger of being drowned than burned up. But the clock ticked on and the sands of time still run and finally this, another remarkable year was safely landed and stowed away in the eternity of the past and the people breathed more freely when they saw that, "Eighteen hundred and fifty five – Had come in to keep the world alive – While man continued to live and thrive – The old to die the young to survive."

The Wabash river was out over the bottoms most of that year, and was in a good stage of navigation. The steamboats shrill whistle was heard by day and by night. I was overnight in Perrysville in the late spring and I was often aroused from my sleep and my first thought being that Gabriel was sounding his trumpet to wake the sleeping dead. The river covered Joe Hibb's bottom farm from fifteen to twenty feet deep. For months at a time the ferry boat could not make it's way through the bottoms, so all communication was cut off between the east and west banks of the river.

These were the days of Perrysville's greatest prosperity and in fact she put on city airs. She not only had river navigation but she had her side cut and there might be seen steam and canal boats daily laying at her wharf, taking in and putting off merchandise. She had a great pork trade and any amount of hogs were bought and packed in her slaughter house. Not only did she pack many hogs of western Indiana, but much of eastern Illinois. Droves arrived daily from away out in the state, as our canal gave them an advantage of an eastern market, which was always better than a southern. This drew a large trade to Perrysville and she promised to make quite a place.

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Written in December, 1858 by John Harvey McBroom

Having finished reading my father's notes and record of the beginnings of this township I wish to write a small eulogy to his memory. He was laid to rest with his friends after a hard and strenuous life. I thought the text of the sermon used for his funeral most appropriate – "Behold the perfect man and the upright father, for the end of that man is peace."

The time is not far distant when the last pioneer – those who saw this country in its primeval wilderness state – will be gone; and their privations, trials, labors and sacrifices will be forgotten by the busy throngs that come after them. Young America will never know or fully appreciate the debt of gratitude they owe to those heroic men who cleared the forest, cut the roads, built the schools and churches.

As I look back I see changes everywhere. The face of nature has been changed. The forest has slowly disappeared; the giant oak, walnut, poplar and beautiful sugar maple have been cut away and are among the things of the past – even our streams are drying up. The once good mill streams have shrunk away to mere rivulets. The beautiful Wabash, where once floated proudly the steamboat whose shrill whistle was so often heard and on whose bosom bore so many flat broad boats laden with produce from the farm and brought to us merchandise and salt and many necessities of life, is no more a navigable stream.

'Tis true she still lives and moves slowly on but desolate, sad and forsaken. Like a widow dressed in mourning weeds she weeps over the glory that is departed. The log cabin has given place to the more stately mansion. The rude log school house has been superceded by the comfortably frame building and houses of worship have sprung up all over the land. Yes, everything has change, "old things have passed away and behold all things have become new." Chief among these things are the pioneer; our fathers are dead and a new generation has come that neither knew John or his brothers. They are almost a new creation. Their habits, modes of living, thinking and acting are different. The telegraph has revolutionized everything; brought the ends of the earth together and annihilated space – spanned not only the ocean but the world

as well and tied its inhabitants in the bonds of common brotherhood. Yes, the world moves – and what a move.

Fifty years ago Missouri and Iowa was in the far west at the very jumping off place. I remember it in our Old Olney's geography – all west of those states were marked the great American desert, forever to remain the home of the bison, coyote and red man, scarcely less wild than they. Today we have a bank of sister states spanning the wide continent that separates the Atlantic from the Pacific oceans. States that once marked the great American desert land –can now feed and glut the market of the world with beef and wheat, while the forbidding, worthless and impassable Rockies have poured forth her mineral wealth to enrich the nation. I remember well how in the early years of the gold excitement in California we thought her a barren, desert waste that would produce nothing but gold and that we would always have to feed and clothe its people. Instead she has become the wheat growing state of this nation and the fruit garden of the world; while her mountains poured forth their mineral wealth to enhance and greatly add to the wealth of everyone.

Few living know that such a man as Abijah Cain and Ab Mendenhall ~~very~~ EVER existed and helped improve the land and did almost every thing that was necessary to be done. Others now own their farms where they were buried and their unmarked graves are turned out in the stable yard to be trodden over by stock. Mother is still living but I can remember Mrs. Brewer, Mrs. Rivers, Aunt Ann Washburn, with many others I can't now call to mind. Thus one by one they're gathered home and the time is not far distant when the last pioneer who saw this country in its primeval state will be gone and their privations, struggles, labors and sacrifices will be forgotten by the busy throng that come after.

Young America will never know or fully appreciate the debt of gratitude they owe these heroic men who came before.

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Another Christmas has come and gone and with it we have passed another mile stone in human life. This we cannot pass without serious reflection

on the past and noting its many changes – its mishaps, its sorrow, disappointments and successes. On this returning anniversary our thoughts rest on our dear departed with whom we associated in Days of Yore. It may be a brother, sister, wife, father or mother or child once so near and dear to us they were a very part of our being and now gone forever. They are full low in the cold, cold grave and hear our call or witness our sorrow no more.

With this day of remembering I live over again those childhood days beneath parental roof of a log cabin where we children passed happy and thoughtless years. We again roam over the forest wild in search of nuts, berries and plums, our basket and hoe in hand engaged in digging ginseng with which to purchase that much coveted book or Barlow knife; while sister with her share of the spoils laid in a yard or so of that beautiful hair ribbon or pair of side combs so universally worn by the young girls. We tripped through the woods along new blazed trails to the little log school house often stubbing our toes on the snags of the trees in our pathway, which gave us sore toes and feet. This puts me in mind of Billie Coe, a barefoot schoolteacher. People sometimes thought he stretched the truth a bit but he really wouldn't lie. For instance, he would show his little one bladed knife with the point broken off and say, "You wouldn't think this knife of much account but trifling as it looks, I have made more than a cord of pens with it." In those days the teachers made our pens out of goose quills and a cord of them would be quite a stack.

Christmas was a great day with the school boys. They must bar the master out and make him treat. As there were no apples or candy in those days – a treat meant a jug of whiskey fresh from Kester's still. After some half day more or less spent in trying to get in and having knocked out a good part of the chink and dobbing from the house, he agrees to treat and a couple of the boys are sent off port haste for a jug of Kesters best. On its advent the jug is passed joyfully from hand to mouth – the master taking the largest mouthful as his mouth is the biggest and by this time he is very dry. By the time the jug is emptied some of the big mouthed boys are getting a little boozy and although the master dismisses then and request all to go home, they disregard his authority, for "ain't this our day?" So we tarry and engage in a game of ball. All are feeling very

merry and stout and brave as well so it is not long till they get into a general free fight. When they returned to school on the morrow, some had scratched faces and black eyes and clothes considerably worse for the wear. But you may ask, "Didn't the master correct them for their misconduct?" No, for it was done on Christmas when all have the privilege to get drunk and cut up if they want to.

Most fathers approved too – they were glad their hopefuls had grit enough to take their own part and not be imposed upon. You may believe the picture a little overdrawn. It may be in some localities where southern settlers did not predominate. Teachers are no more barred out, and to treat children in this age with whisky would not be tolerated. Ye old times Christmas is numbered with the things now past. The days of olden times are fled – with all their customs, ways and care – These all are numbered with the dead.

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The Fountain County old settlers was organized and met for the first time in Yeddo. There was a large assembly of old men and women present besides many of their descendants and many more curious spectators. I was the orator of the day, having spent my adulthood as minister as well as merchant and farmer. The meeting was called to order by Hon. A. Marshall who entertained the vast assembly with a stirring welcome address. Osborns Prairie band furnished music for the occasion. After the meeting adjourned there came the renewal of old acquaintances. We met with many friends of other years. Some of our school boys of forty years ago took us by the hand and made themselves known. Some had entirely passed from memory. Once they were young, now they are old grey haired men. One , a Mr. Riley, told me that he had reared a family of eight children and he had a hold of grand children; that he had served three years in the war – had passed through the siege of Vicksburg and ended his service under Burnsides near Richmond.

I met an old gentleman from East Lynn. He said his grandfather and my grandfather, Henry McBroom were cousins. In the afternoon we talked of old times. The meeting was greatly enjoyed by young and old. The great error being made is in not placing on record the stories of the old settlers. Their

experiences, trials and labors in making the county what it is are thoughtlessly permitted to pass into forgetfulness. I have heard mother say she would rather live on the frontier with the family she loved and with all its hardships than to live in a palace amid the pride of today. Many of the old settlers think likewise. Those were active happy times for them – the sunshine in their life, and now when the twilight of age comes swiftly on, it is happiness to recall the old times, even in momentary vision. How nice it was some crisp, bright moonlit night in winter, when the snow lay thick on the ground, to take a brisk walk through the sharp air a mile or two to the house of a neighbor to spend a long evening.

We yet hear the echoing axes and the thunder of falling timber; we see the blazing brush and the sky is filled with the glare of burning heaps of logs, and the sun is darkened with blinding smoke. We hear sturdy men shouting to their oxen as they roll logs or turn the soil for a crop. We hear the sound of mauls as the rails for the little fields are split. We see men and women planting corn with hoes and weeding pumpkins and potatoes among the roots and stumps. Autumn comes and the corn is husked and the potatoes dug. Evening is here and we hear the ding-dong of the cow bells – for they have returned from the woods and are standing waiting to be milked. The chores are done and night has thrown her curtain upon the earth. Now the scene changes. The crops are gathered, the corn is cribbed, the potatoes buried and great yellow pumpkins are covered with hay and vines to protect them from the frost; great heaps of logs have been hauled in to the door yard for winter use. The boys and girls have brand new suits of home made linsey or the faded old ones have been patched and are ready for school. Long winter evenings were a time of story telling.

I used to sit on father's knee in front of the great fire place and hold his gold headed cane that George Washington had given to his father, which I felt was a great honor, and he told me stories of the great war for freedom as his father had told him before.

Grandfather was a great man, brave and firm. He had served directly under the command of Washington during five years of that bloody struggle for freedom, and had twice taken prisoner by the British, but lived to see his country free. He lived to see the passing of his great leader and good friend, a truly sad

day for all the people. Like all his fellow countrymen, grandfather went to Mt. Vernon to pay last respects and join the long line of mourners that marched to the burial place. In the procession was the General's horse with empty saddle, and the Masonic brothers and the soldiers. From the Potomac guns fired a final salute from boats off shore. Men, women and children came from far and near even though it was mid December. They came all ways, mostly horseback; yet many walked great distances to mourn the great loss suffered by the country. Mourners stood everywhere. There was not a dry eye, for who would lead our county now? It was a gray day indeed.

Most times when father talked his hands were busy. I used to watch him make bowls and trays and paddles to "work" butter, from wood pieces. I helped make dippers for drinking or other household by scooping out and cleaning gourds. Never was anything thrown away. When cows were dehorned, the horns were saved to use as powder blanks. Deer antlers were made into handles and hangers for clothing. Tallow was used to make candles. This was a necessity in every cabin.

Father was looked to for most everything; doctor, preacher, advisor and school teacher. He would do the best he could and was in a measure successful. One time I saw him take two pieces of unbleached flax and use for pads and make splints of clapboard, then tie them over the pads and bind a neighbors broken leg securely. In a few weeks the broken extremity was healed.

I remember how frightened I became the first time I saw two men being bled in our cabin. People imagined their blood got too thick in the winter and father having had lances, they came to him before a doctor came to the settlement. Home treatments and remedies were most primitive. Everything in our life was primitive compared to now. Primitive tools for reaping included reaping hooks, cradle, flax brake, flax hackle and a flail to break up the flax stalks and also to separate the grain from the stem. Flax bark became shoe thread. Hog bristles waxed into the end of a piece of thread served as needles. The wax was made out of pine tar, beeswax and tallow.

An occasional evening was passed in an old fashioned backwoods dance. It was a sight to see them whirling around the room of a little log cabin, shaking their feet to some familiar tune on an old fiddle – "As the fiddler touched the string, Some youngsters cut the pigeon wing."

Among the many drawbacks the first settlers had to contend with and the enemies he daily met with, there were none he dreaded more than the copperhead and the rattlesnake. These were the most poisonous of the reptirles and were to be met with daily. Black-snakes, racers and all kind of serpents were seen everywhere—in the field, in the yard and even in the house. I heard mother tell how she stepped out in the yard one day to see her three children squatted in front of a great rattlesnake that was lying out-stretched at full length. They were looking into and talking about its pretty eyes. She was terribly affrighted but she quick got the hoe and dispatched the reptile. People at their work had to constantly be on the lookout for them. But the people finally got rid of most of them by watching their dens in early spring when they began to crawl forth. They would draw them out of the cleft of the rock with long hooked sticks and dispatch them. Some days they would kill so many of them that the poisonous odor of the serpents would make them sick, so others had to take their places at the kill. They would thus kill hundreds in a day, and by yearly watching the dens, in course of time they got them thinned out.

For the good of the many young people, if they will extract good from it, I will tell something about our early schools and how the older folks got what little book learning they did. There was no public money in these early times to sustain schools. It had to be made up by subscription. The teacher going around and the patrons would subscribe thereto the number of scholars they wished to send, or rather what they thought they could pay for. They agreed to pay $2.00 per scholar and board him in proportion to the time they might send, for in those days the master always boarded among the scholars if he was not homesteading in the land. As the people were few and far between and money almost out of the question, it was always hard to make up a school. I would go around with the teacher and solicit subscriptions. One would say, and truthfully too, I can't send my children for they have no shoes or clothing fit for them to

wear, nor can I possibly furnish them. This was a knock down argument, so they passed on to the next. Yes, he would be glad to send his children to school but he was too poor to pay the tuition. This was the most common excuse, and then I would propose, You sign and send your children to school and if at the end of the term you can't pay your tuition, I will pay it for you and you can pay me when you get able, or you can pay me in work. And thus I was instrumental in getting up the school and the children got an education. Others would agree to pay in corn, pork, potatoes, etc. while the good wife would often strike up a dicker with the master, agreeing to knit him so many pairs of socks or furnish him so many yards of linen or woolen, as the case might be. Thus by the skin of the teeth and many hooks and crooks, the school was made up.

The school being inaugurated, let us peep in and take a good look or a glimpse of the books used. Our attention is first attracted by several little chaps with paddles in their hands, and by observing closely we the teacher has printed on them A B C. Thinks I, well that is not so bad after all, as the paddle may not only serve to contain the alphabet but may be very efficient if well applied. You may see most every kind of book, from Sinbad the Sailor, up to the Bible. Scarcely are two alike. Some had their parents schoolbooks, such as they had back in Kentucky. This puts me in mind of father's old Pyke's Arithmetic and mother's American Preceptor, that had served them in the beginning of our country. That old American preceptor, how I would prize it if I had it today. It was a good book for any age. Our spelling book was N. Webster's old speller.

You young people who will live after, how do you like our schools? Do you think if you had been in our places you would have been as good scholars as your fore fathers were? Are you trying to become wiser and better than us? You ought to, for you have greater advantages than they had. And were much is given much will be required. Arouse yourselves then. Be men, be women, be intelligent. Love God and love your country.

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So ends the record of John McBroom, compiled over a lifetime and ended to in a brief way by his first son, John Harvey (McBroom), who made the migration from Prebble county, Ohio, in 1823 with his younger brother and sister, Harriet, and their parents John and Martha. The tall stone that has weathered the erasures of time can still be plainly read.

In memory of our Father and Mother
John McBroom and Martha Snodgrass.
He born in Va, Mar 12 1792
She born in Va. Mar 16 1787
Settled this county 1823
He died Sept 28 1850
She died Mar 6 1866

His Words Do Follow After Him.

More from Lucille McBroom Crumley

If grandfather were living today, he would be one hundred and seventy years old – just seventeen years younger than our country when it began it's historical struggle for freedom. He is speaking to you, sometimes gently, sometimes sadly and sometimes with a refreshing style of dry humor. He speaks loudly and vehemently in the pages of this book. For him and for all who came with him and for those who write the conclusion of the history of freedom in this land - Is it possible that the dream of out fathers may be entering a terminal stage? The signs of the times seem anything but encouraging. Have only we been the lucky ones to have lived during the greatest experiment in freedom ever known to man? Or will it be that we are destined to be the ones to hold out our hands and help all mankind to pick the right stepping stones to a free future?

Under the leadership of the mistaken our heritage is being pushed into the gutter to be trampled upon by those who would destroy our way of life. The time has come to remove our red-tinted glasses that give a rosy glow to the trend of our state department and the United Nations. Let us take a long and hard look into the mirror of truth with unfettered eyes at the blunders of liberalism. Independence still sounds better to most Americans than interdependence.

Over one hundred and fifty years ago we were a contemptuously disregarded political experiment across a wide ocean. Now we are the most prosperous, intellectual country on the face of the earth, and the economic vehicle we rode to the top was American capitalism. It has been the best of servants, yet there are those who want to trade a good servant for a bad master. Don't let the word capitalist frighten you. If you own a farm, a business, own your house, have an insurance policy, a savings account or even a paper route – you are a capitalist. If you save a dollar today to invest tomorrow in a car or a radio or a television set, you are a capitalist. This is the incentive system that has built our cities, our airways, and has provided us with wonder drugs and put cars in four out of five garages. Today the bureaucrats in our government are waging a relentless war on capitalism. We must decide whether the economy which made us great shall continue or, and it amounts to the same thing, be modified beyond all recognition.

Freedom all over the world has taken a terrific beating. It has lasted this long here only because this nation has a remarkable constitution. There are those who have quaint but dangerous ideas concerning our Constitution. They believe it unnecessary to go through all the cumbersome procedure of amending it to get results. They believe in reading out of it whatever a busy and inventive mind thinks up. The bit is in the teeth of the runaway and is headed straight down the road to dictatorship. What a colossal irony of history it would be if the Russian people should achieve their freedom at a time that our American nation succumbs to its dictator.

A top advisor in Washington said recently of Thomas Jefferson, "He is today remote and an irrelevant figure of no present concern except historical curiosity." That is what Communism says of the Son of God and the word of the Scriptures. Beware of those who warn critics to get in step and unite. Complete unanimity of opinion is tyranny. Freedom of the opposition is what gives liberty its pulsing life and its priceless value. A government which asks all the questions – hears only the witnesses it chooses to hear and stops its citizens from talking back is unfair and dangerous. It is the way of the tyrant.

Men of God were shocked and frightened at the Supreme Court decision that strikes at the very heart of the Godly tradition in which America's children have for so long been raised. The framers of the Constitution meant we were to have freedom of religion, not freedom from religion. The arrogance of politicians must be challenged by the intelligence of the people. I would rather see my wonderful country die valiantly and cleanly under an atomic bomb than to rot away under the cancerous form of any godless slave station. I do not want any liberals to liberate me from what my forefathers fought and died for that I might be free. Every liberal approach to America's problems has failed miserably in every sphere of activity.

When the pioneers first turned their eyes toward the west, they did not demand somebody take care of them when they got ill or grew old. They didn't demand maximum pay for minimum work. Come to think of it, they didn't demand much of anything but freedom. They looked at the tall trees and the vast fertile lands and lifted their eyes to the hills and said, "Thank you God. I can take it from here." That spirit has been unsold to our children in our schools, to our workers in the factory and the plowman in the field.

Let us put Old Glory back on the flag poles of America. Let us teach patriotism in our classrooms – plant, instead of subsidize our fertile lands and sell free competitive enterprise to our youth. Unloose the strangling tentacles of federal control in private enterprise; of individual rights and personal freedoms that are choking out the very life line of human dignity.

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I have finished my writing. My five year old grandchild climbed up on my lap. I could see the question coming up in her inquisitive eyes. "Grandma?" "Yes Janie." The firelight reflected all about us in the room. It could be cold now and snow would cover the old burial ground. The brown owl would be watching in the night over the ancient stones.

"What is in your book?" "It is a story," I told her, "about your grandfather who lived a long, long time ago and about freedom."

"What is freedom?" was her next query. As I sought for the right words to express clearly to a little girl's mind, I reached back to my own childhood. The picture that emerged from the distant past painted more eloquently the meaning of freedom than any word definition could do.

I told of a little girl sitting on the porch of a white frame house on a clean Sunday morning forty five years ago. She was dressed in her very best. She was waiting to go to church with her father and her mother. There was a sense of well being as she looked at the green cornfield across the road and listened to the soft music of the long blades as they toughed together in the late summer breeze. She longed to stretch her bare feet in the cool grass as she did on weekdays, and to run in the wind; but this was the Lord's Day and she must behave decorously.

Across the countryside came the beautiful ringing of church bells, calling all the God-loving people from far and near to worship. Going different ways, she saw families enter the church of their choice and not one of them had fear in his heart; fear of any man or any combination of men, nor fear of any foreign nation of whose existence they were scarcely aware. In fact they were scarcely aware of the government that managed their own country. The nearest contact with a vague federal government was when they went to mail a letter or buy a postage stamp. There was no religious or political coercion. On election day each man marked his ballot and argued some current political issue with his neighbor. He wakened the next morning elated or disappointed, but it made little difference in his right to go about his business as he saw fit without molestation. Each man was only restrained in the privilege of conducting his private affairs by the rule of decency and by behaving himself so as not to injure another man.

He opened his bank or his office, his store or his factory on Monday morning and no bureaucratic investigator demanded his business record. When he earned a dollar, it belonged to him. His children went to school where they were taught the fundamentals of knowledge, including patriotism. School opened with a pledge to the flag. They were taught ours was a land of opportunity where any man willing to stand on his toes could reach for the stars.

Freedom, my child, is that sense of well being with which one greets the new morning without fear, and somewhere deep inside knowing there is not a force in existence that can deprive him of the privileges of a well ordered world; he cannot be coerced by possessors of great wealth or by the power of organized labor, or by the evil strength of boss ridden dregs of humanity in our large cities.

My grandchild's eyes were wide with shining wonder and somehow I knew she grasped in her mind and held in her hand the glowing ember of freedom's light. One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh.

Someday I shall take Janie with me when the fires of autumn sweep over the countryside and we shall walk down a path that leads through the elusive veil of time and together we shall find an old owl watching the shifting leaf patterns and we shall read on a tall and enduring monument of stone, "His words do follow after him."

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