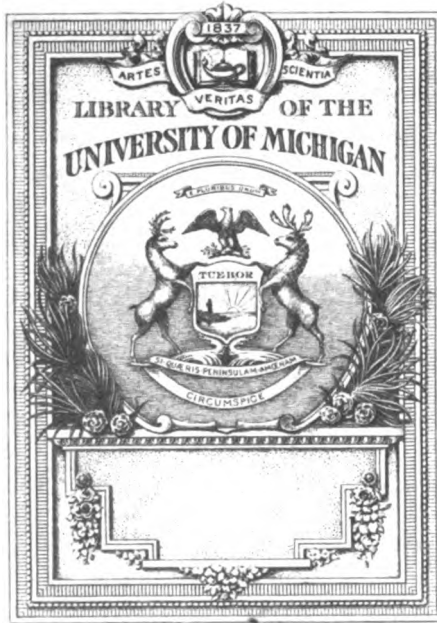


# FORGOTTEN TOWNS



By John T. Faris



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**THE ROMANCE OF  
FORGOTTEN TOWNS**

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AN ABANDONED SOD-HOUSE TOWN IN KANSAS



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# The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

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By JOHN T. FARIS *author of*  
"Historic Shrines of America," "On the Trail  
of the Pioneers," "Real Stories from Our History,"  
"Where Our History Was Made," Etc.

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*Profusely Illustrated*



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**THE ROMANCE OF  
FORGOTTEN TOWNS**

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*First Edition*

**C-Y**



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TO  
THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS  
OF LOCAL AND STATE  
*HISTORICAL SOCIETIES*  
WHO ARE SAVING FROM OBLIVION  
THE RECORDS THAT SOME DAY  
WILL BE PRICELESS

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## PREFACE

THE author has not planned to write an exhaustive book. Probably many readers will feel like asking: "Why was not the town of Blank included? It has a better story than any of those chosen for inclusion in *The Romance of Forgotten Towns.*"

Very likely!

But the effort has been made to tell of typical communities in many states. Thus the forty-two chapters, which have to do with twenty states, tell of early colonial settlements; of struggles with the Indians; of colonies that failed because of selfish attempts at exploitation; of first ventures west of the Alleghanies; of French towns in the Mississippi Valley; of attempts made to settle colonies of foreigners; of examples of independent governments; of pioneer territorial capitals; of towns settled by faddists; of the brave attempts to develop the new West; of the days of the lumberjack, the gold-seeker, the oil-boomer, the missionary.

Whatever else the chapters may lack, surely they do not lack variety!

The author considered long the arrangement of the stories of the towns selected. They might have been arranged artificially—by states, for instance. It would have been possible to classify them in accordance with their content, as given in the preceding paragraph. But it was finally decided that the interest of readers would be better served by a chronological arrangement. This, of course, could not be more than approximate, since the history of many towns overlapped.

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## PREFACE

Some readers will argue that an entirely different classification would have been preferable. But they will probably agree that one merit of the arrangement chosen is that it affords large opportunity to the readers to reclassify, according to their individual tastes.

The author gladly acknowledges his indebtedness to officers of historical societies in many communities and states who have given him all manner of assistance in his fascinating search of old records, as well as to the authors of local histories and papers in historical society records. In one instance a paper carefully prepared by J. H. McManus of Sextonville, Wisconsin, for the *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, has, with his consent, been abridged and adapted for the chapter, "The Tragedy of Richland City, Wisconsin."

It is good to seize this occasion to pay a tribute to the men and women who—often in the face of the indifference and parsimony of communities and legislatures that should second heartily their efforts—persist in supporting the local and state historical societies that are preserving the records of the pioneers, that they may pass on to later generations the story of the historic days of the beginnings of the history of town and state and nation. Fortunately there are other communities and states which not only place no handicap in the way of these preservers of records, but are giving them every encouragement. The time is coming when the people will think with gratitude of their far-sightedness, and, just as surely, the day is not so far off when citizens will regret—in vain—the folly of those whose attitude to the preservation of the precious memorials of the past was one of indifference or positive opposition.

JOHN T. FARIS.

July, 1924.



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**THE ROMANCE OF  
FORGOTTEN TOWNS**

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## CHAPTER I

### THE STORY OF PEMAQUID COLONY, MAINE

**I**T is not easy to tell briefly the wonderfully picturesque story of Pemaquid, Maine, the story of the building of two Maine settlements, of the founding of a little empire, and of developments that made the achievements of the men of might in Maine of tremendous importance in the history of America.

One man tried to secure in a single season the material to write the record. But after ten years of investigation he changed his mind, not only because there is so much difference of opinion among historians as to the details of the record, but because these details are so fascinatingly manifold and so distressingly confusing.

The intricate story begins with the voyage of the English Captain Gosnold, who, on May 14, 1602, discovered "an out point of rising ground; trees on it high and straight from the rock; land somewhat low; certain hummocks or hills lying inland, with a shore full of white sand, but very stony or rocky. Little round green hills above the cliffs appearing east northeast, from the point of observation."

When Gosnold anchored, his vessel was boarded by eight Indian seamen who came to him from a Spanish sloop. One of them "chalked a map of the new discovered country, for the ship's company, and called it Mavro-shan."

[1]

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Two names were chalked on the map—Pemaquid, in the east, and Saga-da-hoc in the west.

This most remarkable point of the unusual coast of Maine is formed by the descent into the ocean of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Rivers. Various channels that make a maze of peninsulas, bays, and islands are called the Sagadahoc, the Sheepscot, the Damariscott, and the Pemaquid. Names that have become famous in that neighborhood are Boothbay, Pemaquid, and Monhegan, and all these were tied up with the settlements that were made in that remarkable century on this northern outpost of the New World.

It was in May, 1603, the year after the voyage of Gosnold, that Captain Weymouth of the *Archangel* descried the island called Pemaquid. Later the name was given to a peninsula that juts out into the sea six or seven miles toward the island. On the peninsula the captain landed, and there he captured five of the natives, whom he took back with him to England. This act has been called "the initial act of New England colonization."

But England prepared to do still more, and promptly. She knew that if her claims were to be made good against those of France and Spain, she must colonize the new land. So, on April 10, 1606, George Popham, brother of Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice of England, and Ranleigh Gilbert, with others, for the Pilgrim Company, were given royal license for the "making of habitations, by leading out and planting colonies, subjects of Great Britain." The "adventurers" were required to "build and fortify" wherever they might set foot. Moreover, it was prescribed that the colonies were to be made up "of such and so many of the subjects of Great Britain as should willingly occupy them." Then it was provided that the

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

duties and privileges granted belonged not only to the receivers of the license, but to "their heirs and successors."

The directions given them were that they were to settle below the parallel of  $45^{\circ}$  north, so they landed at the port of Pemaquid known as Sagadahoc, about forty miles northeast of the present site of Portland. One hundred and twenty subjects of Great Britain were there planted on the rugged coast of Maine.

The facts as to the settlement of Sagadahoc, the building of Fort St. George, and the early death of the colony are not all known.

Rufus K. Sewall, of Wiscasset, Maine, has told how the journal of the voyage described the location of the settlement, "at the mouth or entry of the river (Kennebec), on the west side, a spot, almost an island of good bigness." He says that the chief in council, Popham, in his pinnace, with thirty men, and his subordinate, Gilbert, in his long boat, with eighteen men, first landed and made the choice. They were two days about it. But on the 19th of August all went on shore. The first act of colonial inauguration was the worship of God, in which all joined; and here religious services were first held upon the main in New England, in the English tongue. A sermon was preached. The commission was then opened and read; and a code of laws promulgated. A President, as chief magistrate, was nominated; five assistants were sworn in, and the civil organization was completed.

"So," Sewall adds, "the soil of New England then and there was consecrated to the use of English homes, and set apart to the English race in a civil polity, founded in religion and law. This being done, all returned aboard again. The persons inducted into office were, George

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Popham, president; Robert Davis, sergeant-major; James Davis, captain of the fort; Elias Best, marshal; and George Carden, searcher. One hundred and twenty persons were present to participate in the inaugural service."

Next day all landed and ground was broken for the fort. For four months the work was continued. A storehouse was erected, a shipyard was laid out, and the keel and frame of a thirty-ton vessel were completed. Fifty guns were mounted in the new fort, a church was built, and fifty houses were built within the fortification.

On December 15, 1607, Captain Davis went to England with the *Mary and John*, carrying the first state paper written in America, a message to James I in which President Popham told of the successful beginning of the colony.

But the beginning was almost the end. For on February 5, 1608, President Popham died. Then a few others died. When Captain Davis returned from England he found that, although everything was in good condition, "many furs stored, the new vessel finished, launched, and called the *Virginia*," Popham's successor, as well as the people under him, had their minds made up to go home to England. The *Mary and John* brought them ample supplies of provisions, arms, and tools; but not even this fact turned them from their determination to abandon the town. They took passage in the *Mary and John*, and in the *Virginia* of their own building, and set sail for England. The latter vessel was destined to return many times to America; for years it traded with the Jamestown Colony.

Many reasons have been given for the decay of the Sagadahoc experiment. Some have laid it to a bad winter.



**"TREES ON IT HIGH AND STRAIGHT FROM THE ROCK"**



WHERE MAINE'S ORIGINAL OWNERS FOUND DELIGHT

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Others have agreed with insinuations made at the time that disappointment as to mines the colonists hoped to find was at the bottom of the defection; according to one writer of the day, "there were no mynes discovered, nor hope thereof, being the mayne intended benefit expected to uphold the charge of the plantacion."

Then charges were also made that Judge Popham "first set up the discovery of New England to maintain and employ them that could not live honestly in the Old." Evidently, then, the passage in the essay, "On Plantations," written by a member of the Virginia Company, had this charge in mind:

"It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people, and wicked and condemned ones, to be the people with whom you plant; and not only so, but it spoileth the plantation, for they will ever live like rogues, and not fall to work, but be lazy, and do mischief, and spoil victuals, and be quickly weary, and then certify over to their country to the discredit of the plantation. The people wherewith you plant ought to be ploughmen . . . but more gardners, . . . not too much underground, for the hope of mines is very uncertain, and useth to make the planters lazy in other things."

But whatever the cause, the first part of the Popham experiment ended in failure. Now for a second chapter.

Not all the Sagadahoc colonists returned home; forty-five remained, and scattered here and there. Among them was Sir Francis, heir and successor to Judge Popham, "He would not so give it over, but taking the remaining ships and provisions of the company, continued voyage to the coast for trade and fishing." So, as Sir Ferdinando Gorges wrote, "notwithstanding the discouragement of



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the first planter, Sir Francis Popham, son of Sir John, . . . having the ships and provisions which remained of the abandoned colony, sent divers times to the coast for trade and fishing."

The exact time of the settlement made by Sir Francis is not known, but it is certain that not long after the abandonment of Sagadahoc he planted himself at New Harbor, on the peninsula that juts out towards Monhegan. There he had a fort, from which he traded to other settlements on the islands and on the mainland—settlements that were at first called the kingdom of Pemaquid. One of the settlements was at Monhegan, where, in 1616, Captain John Smith, envious of the growing prosperity of New Harbor, and desirous of receiving a share of the Indian trade, had set up a rival to the port of Pemaquid. After making an alliance with the chief Nahanada, he went to England and arranged with Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Doctor Sutcliff to fit out two vessels and go with him to Monhegan. Smith's vessel was compelled to put back to port; the commander never returned to the island. But the captain of the other vessel succeeded in reaching the scene of the rival port, where he planted the colony. But instead of becoming a rival of Pemaquid, it became another dependency, ministering to its success.

Between the years 1607 and 1622 "109 ships entered and cleared from the harbor of Pemaquid and its dependencies, where they did more or less business in the discharge and receipt of cargoes and commerce with Europe." Many ships, on their return from Virginia, went to the Maine coast for fish and furs.

Hubbard's *Indian Wars* gave a quaint sketch of New Harbor: "Pemaquid is a very commodious haven . . .

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and hath been found very advantageous for ships such as use the coast for fishing voyages. There hath been for a long time, seven or eight considerable dwellings at Pemaquid, a place well suited to pasturage about the harbor, for cattle and fields for tillage. All such lands are already taken up by such number of inhabitants."

The extent of the trade of the Popham colony, and its ease of access to the Indians who came with the furs and to the men who found in the adjacent waters fishing that was 50 per cent better than that of Newfoundland, made it prosperous when the Plymouth Colony was suffering from hunger and discouragement. But it is recorded that Popham colony encouraged them, first, by the hand of Samoset, whose friendship to the Popham colonists had been proved on many occasions. The records of the Massachusetts Colony tell how, when hunger, disease and the threats of the Indians were at their worst, there appeared "a tall straight man; the hair of his head black; long behind only short before, none on his face at all, starke naked only a leather about his waist with a fringe about a span long, or little more; having a bow and 2 arrowes, the one headed and the other unheaded; free in speech, and of a seemely carriage. This man boldly walking among the Plymouth cabins, called out, 'Much welcome, Englishmen!'"

Before he left them he had told them how to get along with the Indians about them, and had brought in Massasoit, with sixty braves, for a conference that brought peace for half a century.

The service of Samoset was only the beginning of the cordial and helpful relations of Pemaquid in the "eastern parts of Plymouth. It probably saved the quenching of

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Plymouth's kindlings among the sand hills of Cape Cod, when its flickerings were menaced with extinction, by the terrible surroundings of savage wilds."

But before the planting of the Plymouth Colony Pemaquid had been recognized in England. Sewall records that in March, 1619, "the heirs and successors to the original adventurers of the Popham Colony petitioned the Crown for a grant in accord with a conditional promise of the land interest that colony had acquired by its enterprise, under the contract of April 10, 1606. The Attorney General investigated the claim of the petitioners, survivors and successors of the grantees of the charter agreements of April 10, 1606, and on his report, the privy council issued to them the charter of November 3, 1620, known as the first New England charter. The recitals of the public document declare that, prior to 1619, the parties of the Popham Colonial transactions had been at great expense in seeking and discovering of a place "fit and convenient to found a hopeful plantation; . . . and in divers years before the issue had taken actual possession of the continent and already settled English people in places agreeable to their desires in these parts."

A curious document that received its initial authority from the action of the Crown in 1620 is one of the treasures of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Massachusetts. The document began:

"This Indenture made the Nine and twentieth day of February Anno D'm 1631, and the Seaventh yeere of the Raigne of our Sovraigne Lord Charles by the grace of God King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the ffaith," etc.

The deed conveyed twelve thousand acres of land at

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Pemaquid to two men of Bristol, England. The provisions of the instrument are curious:

“They go wonderfully into details conveying to the grantees everything above and below, around and beneath, real and imaginary, pertaining to the place. The grantors engage to save and keep harmless and indemnify, as well the said Paul White, his heirs undertakers and assigns, and every of them, and all and singular. . . .”

There was trouble over the deed. Shem Droune, the Boston man who constructed the famous grasshopper vane on Faneuil Hall, was agent for the heirs at law who claimed the territory promised them by the deed.

With this deed of 1631 should be read that given some years earlier by the Pemaquid Indians:

“Know ye that I Captain John Samoset and Unongoit, Indian sagamores, they being the proper heirs to all the lands on both sides of Muscongus River, have bargained and sold to John Brown of New Harbour the certain tract or parcell of land as followeth, that is to say, beginning at Pemaquid Falls and so running a direct course to the head of New Harbour, from there to the south end of Muscongus Island, taking in the island, and so running five and twenty miles into the country north and by east and then eight miles northwest and by west to Pemaquid where first begun. To all which lands above bounded, the said Captain John Samoset and Unongoit, Indian Sagamores, have granted and made over to the above said John Brown, of New Harbour, in and for consideration of fifty skins, to and in hand paid, to a full satisfaction, for the above mentioned lands, and we the above said sagamores do bind ourselves and our heirs forever to defend the above said John Brown and his

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heirs in the quiet and peaceable possession of the above said lands.”

One of the strangest occurrences in connection with the early history of Pemaquid was the great storm of August 15, 1635—probably one of the worst ever known on the New England coast—in which the ship *Angel Gabriel* was wrecked. The story of her loss was told by Rev. Richard Mather, who was a passenger on her consort, the *Jarvis*:

“The night before the steamer . . . the *Angel Gabriel* lay at anchor at Pemaquid; but probably not in the main harbor, for if she had been there, even if her anchor could not hold her, she could not have been dashed to pieces, as actually happened. One seaman and three or four passengers were lost, and most of the animals and goods. Of the latter, a bit was recovered in a damaged state.”

The son of Mr. Mather, the celebrated Increase Mather, later wrote that this was “the first vessel which miscarried with passengers from Old England to New, so signally did the Lord in his providence watch over the plantations of New England.”

The wreck passed into history also because of the presence on board of Mr. John Cogswell, a London merchant, who had with him three sons and several servants and much valuable household furniture. Later his sons quarreled and appealed to the courts for settlement. In preparation for the trial the deposition of William Forbes, one of the servants of Cogswell, was taken:

“This Deponent testifyeth and saith that in the year of our Lord 1635 the said Deponent did come over in the ship (called the *Angel Gabriel*) along with Mr. John Cogswell, Senr, from Old England, and was even cast ashore at Pemnayquid, and I doe remember that there

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were saved several casks both of Dry Goods and provisions which were Marked with Mr. Cogswell Senr Marks, and that there saved a tent of Mr. Cogswell Snr. which he had set up at Pemnaquid, and Lived in it (with the goods that he saved from the wracke) and afterwards Mr. Cogswell removed to Ipswich; and in November after that was cast away I the said Deponent came to Ipswich and found Mr. Cogswell Senr. living there, and hired myself to him for one year; I the said Deponent doe well remember that there were several feather beds and I together with Deacon Haines as servants lay upon one of them, and there were saved dozen pewter platters. . . . I the said Deponent doe further testify that there were two maires and two cows brought over in another ship which were landed safe ashoare and were kept at Mysticke till Mr. Cogswell had yin. I doe further testify that my Maister, John Cogswell Senr. had three sons which came over along with us on the ship (called the *Angel Gabriel*) the Eldest sonnes name was William, and he was about fourteen years of age, and the second sonne was called John and he was about twelve years of age, and the third sonnes name was Edward which was about six years of age at that time. . . .”

The next milestone in the history of Pemaquid was 1664, when the Duke of York received from his brother, King Charles, a grant of New York, and also the territory of Maine, extending from St. Croix to the Kennebec. Little attention was paid to the northern possession, which was called Cornwall, and the people of Pemaquid were troubled. They wanted to be noticed; they did not want to be bled, and they wanted to be given more prominence than the Massachusetts settlements. This was shown by

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a petition sent to Col. Thomas Dongan, who succeeded Andros in 1682:

“To the Right honorable Governor and Council of Assembly of New York. The humble petition of New Harbor humbly sheweth: That, whereas your petitioners have been at great charge in building their habitations, and as yet have noe assurance of either house lots or the bounds of our place, which is a hindrance to our Conveniencies of planting or making our improvement, etc. We humbly (pray) that there may be surveyors appointed for that purpose to lay out lands; likewise (that) . . . the customs may be taken off, because it never used to be paid by any fishermen in the world as we know of, and it hinders the coasters Coming to us to bring our supplies, and when they do come, the very name of these customs makes them sell their goods almost as dear again as formerly they used, so that we find it to be to all the Countrye a greivous burden and to all the people called fishermen an utter ruin.

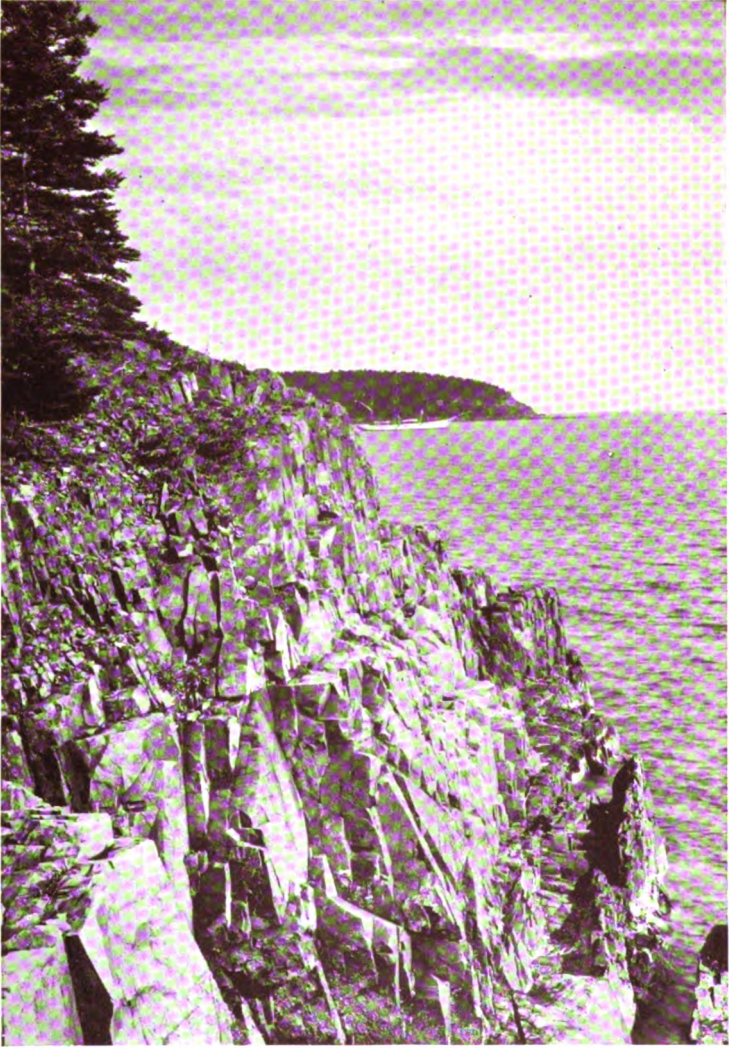
“And that Pemaquid may still remain the Metropolitan of these parts, because it ever has been so before Boston was settled. Wherefore your honors poor petitioners hereby desire that the Honorable Governor and Council would please to take the premises into your pious consideration; to order and Confirm the lots, bounds and limits of this place to be laid out, and that we may enjoy the labor of our hands, and have it for our children after us, and also that the customs may be taken of, and raised some other way, and that Pemaquid may be the Metropolitan place, and your honors petitioners as in duty bound shall ever pray.”

The petition was not destined to have the hoped-for result. Within several years a royal order from King



**MOUNT KATAHDIN FROM THE PENOBSCOT RIVER**





ON THE RUGGED COAST OF MAINE

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James dashed the hopes of the Maine colonists; not only were they removed from the jurisdiction of New York, but they were given over to that of Massachusetts:

“Trusting and well beloved wee Greet you well. Whereas wee have thought fitt to direct that our pport and country of Pemaquid in regard to the distance from New Yorke bee for the future annexed to and Continued under the Government of our territory and dominion of New England, Our will and pleasure is that you forthwith Deliver or Cause to be delivered our said pport and Country of Pemaquid with the Greate Guns, ammunicion and stores of warr together with all other utensils & appurtennces belonging to the said pport into the hands of our trusty and well beloved Sir Edmund Andross Knight our Captaine General and Governor in Chiefe of our territory and dominion of New England or to the Governor or Commander in Chiefe there for the time being. . . .”

It is the boast of modern dwellers at Popham Beach, the village that followed New Harbor, though after a long interval, that this locality was the site of four successive forts—a greater number than have been on any other spot in America. The Old Fort Rock, on which a tablet bearing the magic date “1607” had been placed, was the site first of Pemaquid, built, some say, in 1624, which stood until King Philip’s War in 1676. Then came Fort Charles, built in 1677, for defense against the Indians. This fell in 1689, when the French at Castine joined with the Indians against it, not because France and England were at war, but because Castine wished to be avenged on Andross for a private grievance. Then came Fort William Henry, built of stone in 1692, and in 1696 destroyed by the French, whose assertion that the bounds of Acadia had been beyond Pamaquid was persisted

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in. The fourth fort, Fort Frederick, was not built until 1729, when the British government felt that the position must be defended. Its guns were taken to Boston in 1762, and the walls slowly decayed, but the destruction was not completed until 1775, when the people of the neighborhood voted, on May 24. "1. That we go down to Pemaquid and tear down the old fort; 2. That next Friday be the day to do it."

Not even the destruction of the last of the forts saw the end of armed combat in the vicinity of New Harbor. The duel between the United States brig *Enterprise* and the British brig *Boxer* took place about halfway between Pemaquid Point and Monhegan Island. Before the battle the British brig was at anchor in Johns Bay, near the west shore of the Point, when the *Enterprise* was seen approaching among the Damariscope Islands. At first the advantage was with the American boat, since her crew were able to begin at once preparations for the inevitable clash. But the crew of the *Boxer* were scattered; a boat's crew were farther up Pemaquid Harbor, where they had gone to secure milk from the Old Fort House. The surgeon and his assistants had gone to Monhegan Island, to set a boy's broken leg. The boat's crew returned in season, but the surgeon was compelled to be absent. The sharp conflict that ended in the death of both captains and the capture of the *Boxer* was preceded by the nailing of the British colors to the masthead, from which they could not be lowered at the time of surrender.

Fortunately the residents of the modern towns clustering about the waters where the fight was staged—one of which can claim descent from the New Harbor of early days—organized the Pemaquid Improvement Association, whose contributors hailed from Pemaquid Beach, New

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Harbor, South Bristol, Round Pond, Bremen, Bristol Mills, Pemaquid Falls, West Bristol, Damariscotta, and Pemaquid Harbor. The old names persist and the residents take pride in the history of more than three hundred years that is back of them. They have cleared Old Fort Rock of debris, have excavated the ruins, identifying relics of the successive forts, and then constructed—largely of material from the forts—two towers before the rock, connected by a small building which is used for a museum. Not far away is the Old Fort House, which tradition in the neighborhood says was built by Colonel Dunbar, who in 1729 was sent from England to rebuild Fort Frederick on the ruins of Fort William Henry. It has been almost entirely reconstructed, so that it presents none of the original appearance.

At a meeting of the Maine Historical Society near the old house in 1871, the secretary, in alluding to the mysteries of the ancient settlement, said that one reason it is so difficult to piece together accounts of it is that the chain of tradition was broken by the entire depopulation of the place; more than twenty years elapsed before it was resettled.

Among the surprising relics discovered on the site of the old settlement is a series of cobblestone pavements, which were uncovered, first by farmers who were plowing deep, then by determined excavation. The official report to the Maine Historical Society said of these pavements:

“The regular arrangement of the beach-stones, the depression for the water course to the shore, the curbstones, the adjoining foundation stones still in place, articles of household furniture and implements of the artisan, all these and other concurring facts proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that a European community had dwelt

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on the spot, and had made the long street in imitation of what they had left in the mother land."

Along the line of the buried pavements, as elsewhere, have been found depressions, evidently the indications of cellarways of the old houses. More than forty of these cellars have been traced. Many of the cellars contained, among other debris, charred remains of wood, seeming to indicate that the houses had been burned, perhaps at the time of the destruction of a fort.

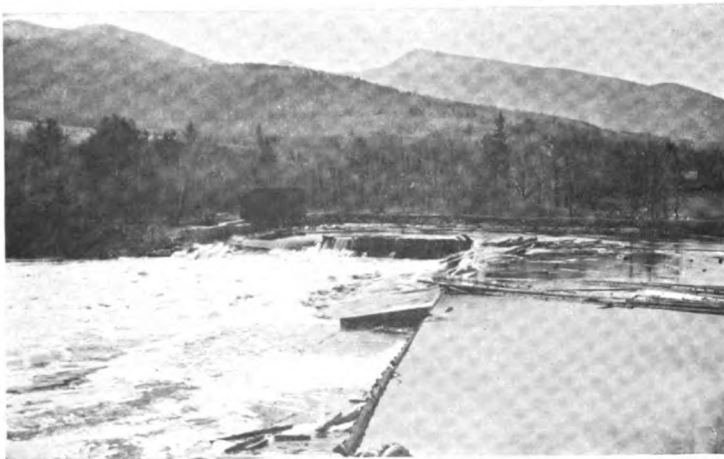
One of the excavations uncovered was walled with brick. This, which stood near the site of the fort, was thought to have been a cache, where food could be stored in time of danger, in anticipation of a possible day when dependence must be placed on hidden supplies, until aid could come from without.

Other relics uncovered include the remains of two blacksmith shops, of two pipe factories which used the blue clay of the neighborhood, and of a wharf and a shipyard.

Not all historians are ready to agree with J. Wingate Thornton of Massachusetts, who said, "To Pemaquid we must look for the initiation of civilization into New England," but no student of history can fail to be impressed by the records and traditions that tell of the forgotten settlements on the coast of Maine.



**"A MAZE OF PENINSULAS, BAYS, AND ISLANDS"**



**ON THE ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER**



SHIRLEY, A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HOME ON THE JAMES RIVER



THE GARDEN AT WESTOVER, ON THE JAMES RIVER

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## II

### THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA

**O**N May 13, 1607, James Town, Virginia, was born —the first permanent settlement on the American continent. The 105 persons sent out by the London Virginia Company soon wished that they were anywhere but on the low-lying, tide-washed little island which had been fixed on as the scene for the venture.

All the courage of Captain John Smith was required to make them willing to stay until other colonists should come. Unfortunately, the new recruits were not any better fitted than earlier comers for the arduous life in a new land. That the leader managed to make anything out of them is as remarkable as anything that took place at "James Fort" or "James Towne," as the settlement was known until it was officially designated "James Citty." Even the official documents continued to speak of it as James Towne.

Smith's own account of events in the new settlement tells how, by June 15, 1607, "wee had built and finished our Fort, which was triangle wise, having three Bulwarks at every corner, like a halfe Moone, and four or five pieces of Artillerie mounted on them. We had made ourselves sufficiently strong for the Savages. We had sounce most of our Corne, on two mountains [the highest spot on Jamestown Peninsula is but ten feet above sea level!] It sprang a man's height from the ground. The Country

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## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

is a fruitful soile, bearing many good and fruitful trees." In January, 1608, "by a mischaunce the Fort was burned, and the most of our apparell, lodging, and private provisions." The fire spread to the reed-thatched houses. "Good Mr. Hunt, our preacher, lost all his library, and all that he had but the cloathes on his back."

The fire was another excuse for the lazy colonists to find fault and to say that it was useless to make further effort. It also gave further opportunity to Captain Smith to exhibit his capacity for leadership. Somehow he inspired his men so that he was able to write:

"James towne being burnt, wee rebuilt it and three Forts More: besides the Church and Store house, we had about fourteen or fifteen severall houses to keepe us warm and dry, invironed with a palizade of fourteen or fifteen foot, and each as much as three or four men could carrie. We digged a faire well of fresh water, in the Fort, where we had three Bulwarks, four and twentie pieces of ordnance . . . and most well mounted in convenient plat-formes; planted one hundred acres of Corne. We had but six ships to transport and supply us, and but two hundred seventy seven men, boies and women."

But some of the disaffected settlers, disturbed because they had to work too hard, and because of the heavy mortality of every year, sent home to England word that it would be unwise for any to go to Virginia, because it would be impossible to sustain life, and because the climate was unwholesome.

One of the charges made by these disloyal colonists was that the people were meanly housed. To this Smith made reply:

"The houses were most built for use, and not for ornament, and are soe farr from being soe meane as they have

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reported that throughout his Majesty's Dominions here all labouring mens houses (which wee chiefly profess ourselves to be) are in no wise generally for goodness to be Compared unto them. And for the houses of men of better Rank and quallety without blushing can make excepcion against them; Againe for the Creeks and Swamps every Man there that cannot go by Land hath either a Boat or a conoa for the Conveyance and speedy passage to his neighbor's house."

Again he stated that James Towne was built "upon a fertile peninsula, which although formerly scandalled for an unhealthful air, wee find it as healthful as any other part of the Countrie; it hath two rowes of houses of framed timber, and some of them two stories and a garret higher . . . The Ile, and much ground about it, is much inhabited."

In 1610 a curious pamphlet was printed in London, by the authority of the Council of Virginia, in answer to the false charges made as to the healthfulness and the ability to sustain life. This was entitled "A True Declaration of the estate of the Colonies in Virginia, with a Confutation of such scandalous reports as have tended to the disgrace of so worthy an enterprise."

Among the strangely worded paragraphs in the pamphlet is this:

"They are to put this wheat into the ground, five cornes in one spit of earth, and two beanes with them; which wheat comes multiplying into divers stalks, grow up twelve, or fourteene foote high; yielding some foure, five, or six eares, on every stalke; and in every eare, some five hundred, some six hundred, some seaven hundred cornes; the two beanes, runne upon the stalks of the wheat as our garden pease upon sticks, which multiply to a wondrous in-

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crease. I cannot let slip a great secret, whereof I will avouch no more, than with my hands and eyes I have handled and seene, and whereof to my great comfort I have often tasted; the wheate being sowan thicke, some stalkes beare eares of corne, and some beare none; but in those barren stalks there is as much guice as in some sugar cane, of so delicate a taste, as no fruit in England is comparable to it; out of which Sir Ralph Lane conceived, that wee may extract sugar in great quantity. But Sir Thomas Gates affirmeth that our men doe meak cordiall drinke thereof, to their great Comfort."

Attention was called to the fact that "the natural Pease of the Countrie" return "an increase inumerable"; that "all things committed to the earth do multiply with an incredible usurie," and that "the Beasts of the Countrie, as Deere, red, and fallow, do answere in multitude (people for people considered) to our proportion of oxen." In proof of this assercion it was stated that the people of the country dressed in "the skinnes of these beasts," that herds of two hundred deer had been seen near the fort, and that Powhatan had at least four thousand skins "pyled up in one wardrobe."

After mentioning the "Apossounz (opossums) in shape like to pigges, shrowed in hollow roots of trees," the "Turkeys, great, fat, and exceeding in plentie," and the abundant wild fowl, the author went on: "The Fruits: as apples, running on the ground, in bignesse and shape of a small lemmon, in color and tast like a preserved apri-cock; grapes and walnuts innumerable; the vines being as common as bramble, the walnut trees as the elmes in England. What should I speake of cucumbers, muske melons, pompions, potatoes, parsneps, carrots, turnups, which our gardens yeilded with little art and labour. God

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in this place is ever concurring with his gracious influence, if man strangle not his blessings, with carelesse negligence."

The author argued that, simply because the site of Jamestown had proven unhealthful the entire colony could not be condemned out of hand, "except we will condemn all England, for the Wilds of Kent and Essex." That later comers, on landing, might not make their first home in "the fennes and marshes," the Lord governour "hath built two new Forts (the one called Fort Henry, and the other Fort Charles, in honor of our most noble Prince and his hopefull brother) upon a pleasant hill, and neere a little rivulet which we call Southampton river. They stand in a wholesome ayre, having plenty of springs of sweete water; they command a great circuit of ground, containing wood, pasture and meadow; with apt places for vines, corne and gardens. In which Forts it is resolved, that all those that come out of England shall be at their first landing quartered; that the wearisomeness of the sea may bee refreshed in this pleasing part of the countrye."

For the further encouragement of possible colonists the statement was made that "there are incredible variety of sweet woods, especially of the Balsamum tree, which distilleth a pretious gum; that there are innumerable White Mulberry trees, which in so warm a climate may cherish and feede millions of silk wormes, and return us in a very short time as great a plenty of silk as vented into the whole world from all the ports of Itally; that there are divers sorts of Minerals, especially of Iron oare, lying upon the ground for ten miles circuite; that a kinde of hemp or flax, and like grasse doe grow there naturally,

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which will afford stuffe for all Manner of excellent Cordage."

Captain Smith had returned to England before the publication of what was the first real-estate boomer's pamphlet in America, but other leaders took his place, and learned for themselves what difficulties he had to contend with. The five hundred colonists left by Smith soon decreased to fifty. Recruits came, however, and in 1610 there were more than three hundred. Six years later the number was but fifty, while in 1623 there were but one hundred and thirty in the town. The mortality among the residents was still heavy; in 1622 there were eighty-one deaths.

By this time, however, the inhabitants were becoming more contented, and there were many evidences of progress. In 1618 the first Legislative Assembly met in James Town—the ancestor of all state legislatures in America, as well as of the United States Congress. The keynote of the American spirit was struck when the first assembly declared that no taxes should be imposed except by the people through their representatives. This was more than a century and a half before insistence on this principle led to the War of the Revolution.

But long before that time James Town had ceased to exist. In 1676 the place was destroyed during Bacon's Rebellion, a protest against tyranny, and it never recovered from the blow, in spite of various attempts to revive it. In 1682 the counsel came to build, but the order was disregarded, because the people felt that there were "other places in the country more proper for a metropolis."

In 1698, when there were but thirty houses standing, the counsel to rebuild was renewed, but when many of the

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remaining structures were destroyed by fire, it was felt that the direction should be disregarded.

The very next year the General Assembly decided to build the city of Williamsburg, eight miles northeast. There a State House was to be built, funds being raised by an import tax on slaves, as well as on servants brought to the colony who had not been born in England or Wales.

Thus the General Assembly sounded the death sentence of James Town. Not a new house was built. Twenty-three years later it was recorded that there was "nothing but abundance of Brick Rubbish, and three or four good inhabited Houses." In 1807 two dwellings remained, while in 1861 there was but one. This was burned during the Civil War, but was restored later. Again it burned in 1896, and since then Jamestown has been without a vestige of life.

To-day the visitor who steps from the James River steamer on the sea wall built to stop the hungry river's appetite for the historic shore, and wanders over the acres of the old town, finds nothing but the old church tower, with a simple memorial church built by the Colonial Dames on the old foundations and attached to the tower. Then there are the tombs of some of the ancient worthies. The ruins of a single house, and of the Confederate fort that dates from 1861, are about all else that can be seen, until the imagination is permitted to conjure up the picture of the streets, the houses, the men, the women, and the children of the days before Bacon's Rebellion, when James Town was in its glory.

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### III

#### THE SIMPLE ANNALS OF UPTON, NEW JERSEY

**O**NCE there was a town named Upton in New Jersey. The town is not there to-day—and has not been there for a century or more. The name is found only in court records or in the deeds of the olden time.

Upton is of no importance because it was large, or because it had a remarkable story, or for any other reason. But it is worth while to know of Upton simply because it was a typical town of the pioneers who lived together as other pioneers did; then let their town die for reasons that were common to pioneer habitations in many of the colonies.

Upton, which had its beginning when Philadelphia was young, was not far from the city of Penn, in old Gloucester County, West New Jersey, on the south branch of Gloucester River, which is now known as Timber Creek. The name was given to the little settlement because Thomas Staunton, an early owner of the land where the village was located, came from Upton in Berkshire, England.

The first house was built by James Whitall, who bought his bit of land in 1688, and kept it for twelve years; in 1700 he sold it and moved to Red Bank. It is evident that he had been active in developing the land, for his deed of sale conveyed "all my farm, farm house, and tenements at Upton aforesaid."

From 1675 to 1701 other emigrants settled at Upton.

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Their first houses were built of logs, stick chimneys, and clay floors. In these houses, built in a cluster for fear of Indian attacks, they remained for some time, at a distance from their lands, to which they went daily to work.

Perhaps a year or two passed before the timid settlers learned that their fears were groundless; that they could with easy minds take their families from the log houses to new dwellings on their lands. They still had an interest in Upton, for there was the acre of ground which had been set apart for a cemetery. There, one after another, the pioneers of the countryside were buried, and that burial ground is the one survival of Upton.

About 1750 a church was organized at the head of Timber Creek, and in 1751 a building was erected. The church prospered until the beginning of the Revolution. The departure for the front of the chief supporters of the organization led to the ruin of the primitive building, though the organization was revived after the war, and a new building was constructed.

But houses, a cemetery, and a church were not enough for Upton; they needed to grind wheat and corn and prepare the products of their fields for the spinner. That their needs were supplied at any early date is evident from a deed dated July 16, 1715, which conveyed more than the land described in it: "together with one half of the Grist Mill and Fulling mill also one half of the stream bank race and material belonging to said mill, the houses, buildings, press, coffer, and other utensils proper and necessary to be used for carrying on the said worke of grinding, fulling, dyeing, and pressing."

Thus it is apparent that the waters of Timber Creek had been harnessed for the use of the residents of the



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neighborhood, and that simple machinery had been made—probably by the owner of the land himself, and largely from materials secured on his own land. The pioneers were resourceful—they could accomplish a multitude of things that their successors, in what is spoken of as a more civilized day, would despair of doing.

It may be that there was also an inn in the little center where the farmers about Upton came together. For the settlement was on the public highway, the King's Road, that led from Philadelphia to Salem. They would desire to stop for the night. Probably they were sometimes detained by high water, or they wished to wait until the storm was past. It may be, however, that there was no inn—its place being supplied by the homes of the Upton people who, with true pioneer hospitality, would be ready to receive the traveler, rejoicing not only in the opportunity to minister to him, but in listening to the news of the world he could bring them. They were close to Philadelphia, but they did not often find their way to Penn's Red Town between the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers. Sometimes a traveler would come just after a ship had arrived at Philadelphia, bearing more colonists from across the sea, or news from the homeland that could be made known only by means of such wayfarers.

On occasion, of course, the Upton people did go to Philadelphia; there was the market for the lumber and cordwood, the hop poles and laths, the staves and shingles on which the city dwellers depended. And when the farmer returned with primitive dry goods for the family there would be great excitement.

The stream—whose waters were influenced by the tide in the Delaware—made easy communication with neighbors, as well as transportation of goods to Philadelphia.

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This was the chief reason why the canny first settlers of Upton fixed on the site.

Another reason was the ford. Streams must be crossed, and when crossing was simple, travelers were sure to come. And those who lived in the country in the days when contacts with the world were few and far between would think of this as an asset of value.

But the very choice of such a location by a ford, which was thought to assure the life of a settlement, sometimes caused its decay. For the time came when travelers were no longer willing to choose a roundabout way to seek fords; they demanded the shortening of the roads and the crossing of streams by means of ferries when fords could not be located. Many times there was a contest for the retention of the old, inconvenient road, but the inevitable change was made, though it caused the decay of the village at the ford.

Came the day when it was found possible to straighten the road between Philadelphia and Salem. And Upton paid part of the penalty—just as in the days of railroad building many a thriving town was astonished to find itself far from the track.

But the efforts of the obscure pioneers who built the thousands of Uptons have helped mightily to make the significant foundations on which American triumphs have been built.

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## IV

### THE STORY OF EBENEZER, GEORGIA

**I**T is the boast of Georgia that from early days the Colony was the refuge of oppressed people. Among those who were welcomed there were thirty thousand Salzburgers, Protestants who came from Germany. The trustees of the Colony of Georgia not only invited them to go there, but promised to furnish transportation to the first party of immigrants and to give to each fifty acres of land.

Fortunately, we have the story of the adventurous journey of the first party, in the ship *Parrysburg*, from Dover, England, in search of a new home in the promised land. This was written by the man who provided food for the travelers, and by Mr. Bolzius, one of their ministers. This book was published in London in 1734.

On January 28, 1733, twenty days after the beginning of the voyage, an alarm of fire caused great anxiety, but the danger was averted. Two days later the Journal says: "This day we felt a great deal of effect, and for Refreshment washed between the Decks, where the People lay, with Vinegar."

On February 18th the weather, which had been favorable, became violent. "I was very much surprised to see the Sea run so high," the commissary wrote. "A Tempest darkened the Sky; the Waves swelled and foamed; and every thing threatened to overwhelm us in the deep. All

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the Sails were furled; the Volume of the Wind was so Great, that it tore the Main Sail in pieces. Besides which, the Mate cried out, that the Water rose in the Hold: but though he spoke Truth, the Ship received no Danger. We sighed, we cried unto God, and prayed him to help us."

On March 4th the record was, "We sounded this morning, at six, and drew up some sand and Soil of Carolina."

A passing ship told the captain of the vessel carrying the Salzburgers that they were ten leagues from land. At Charleston the party landed, and met General Oglethorpe from Georgia. The commissary of the company said in his account of the trip:

"Mr. Oglethorpe showed me a plan of *Georgia*, and gave me the Liberty to choose a Settlement for the Saltz-burgers, either near the sea, or further in the Continent. I accordingly accepted his Favour, and chose a place 21 Miles from the Town of Savannah, and 30 miles from the Sea, where there were Rivers, little Hills, clear Brooks, cool Springs, a fertile Soil, and plenty of Grass."

March 10th saw the ship enter the Savannah River. The Salzburgers were much impressed by the fact that the Scripture lesson arranged for use that day, Sunday, told how Jesus, after suffering persecution in his own country, came to the land of the Samaritans. And they were delighted with their first view of Georgia, for they were, to use the words of Bolzius, "lying in fine and calm weather, under the shore of our beloved Georgia, where we heard the birds sing melodiously."

The Commissary wrote: "The River is in some Places broader than the *Rhine*, and from 16 to 25 Foot deep; and abounds with Oysters, Sturgeon, and other Fish. Its Banks were cloathed with fresh Grass; and a little beyond were seen Woods, old as the Creation, resounding with

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the Musick of Birds, who sing the Praise of their Creator."

The welcome given at Savannah by the Magistrates, the Citizens and the Indians "was hearty"; they were "received with all possible Demonstrations of Joy, Friendship, and Civility."

The Commissary went to the site of the new settlement with General Oglethorpe, the Speaker of the Assembly, and two Indian hunters, supplied by King Tomo-cha-chi, as well as the King's War Captain. In his Journal he says:

"If you ask, how a Country that is covered with Wood, and cut with Rivers and Morasses, is passable, I must acquaint you that, once the Colony was settled, the Ways were marked by Barking of the Trees, to shew where the Roads should go, and where the Rivers were passable. After passing through a Morass covered with Caine, we came to an unfordable River, through which the Indians swam on Horses, and we crossed upon a great Tree, cut down for that Purpose; the Tree was cut down so as to lie across the River, and serve for a Bridge."

When the party reached the site of Ebenezer—named "in Remembrance that God has brought us hither"—it was found that the soil was rather sterile and unattractive. Yet so glad was the Commissary to reach the new home that he was eloquent in speaking of the land inclosed between two Rivers, tributaries of the Savannah; of "the Sweet Zephyrs" that preserved "a delicious Coolness"; of the "fine Meadows, in which a great Quantity of Hay might be made with very little Pains"; of the woods, the herbs, the fertile soil, and the game.

A day after the return to Savannah General Oglethorpe sailed for Europe. The Journal says:

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“And then he went away. All the people were so concerned at it, that they could not refrain from Tears, when they saw Him go, Who was their Benefactor and their Father; . . . they were the more afflicted, that the Fatigues and Difficulties of so long a Voyage, left them very small Hopes of Seeing Him again.”

A company of eight Salzburgers was sent from Savannah to prepare the way for the others. When the Commissary went to see about their work, he commended them because “they had erected two good Tents, made of the Barke of Trees, one of which was 40 feet long, and had cut down abundance of Trees, in order to breathe a Free air, and besides all that, they obliged in the greatest Heate, almost every Day, to walk to Abercorn, which is 12 miles; and to carry Provision, upon their Backs.”

When the remainder of the Company arrived, bridge making and road building were begun. They also made sledges. “I caused Horses to be put to them, and we brought Provisions to Ebenezer,” wrote the Commissary. And on April 19th, two weeks after the beginning of the road, he said: “This day the Salzburgers finished the Way for Carriages which surprised the English mightily, to see they had composed it in so short a Time; having built seven Bridges on several Rivers, besides cutting the Thickets and Trees that were in the Way; and this for the Length of 12 Miles, from Abercorn to Ebenezer.”

A visitor to Ebenezer in 1738 told how it impressed him. He spoke of the neat houses, regularly set out in streets. “For the benefit of their Milch Cattle, a Herdsman is appointed to attend them in the Woods all the Day, and bring them Home in the Evening. Their Stock of outlying Cattle is also under the care of two other Herdsmen, who attended them in their Feeding in the Day,

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and drive them into Cow-Pens at night. This secures the owners from any loss, and the Herdsmen are paid by a small Contribution among the People. They are very industrious, and subsist comfortably by their Labour. Though there is no regular Court of Justice, as they live in Sobriety, they maintain great Order and Decency. . . . They have built a large and Convenient House for the reception of Orphans and other poor Children."

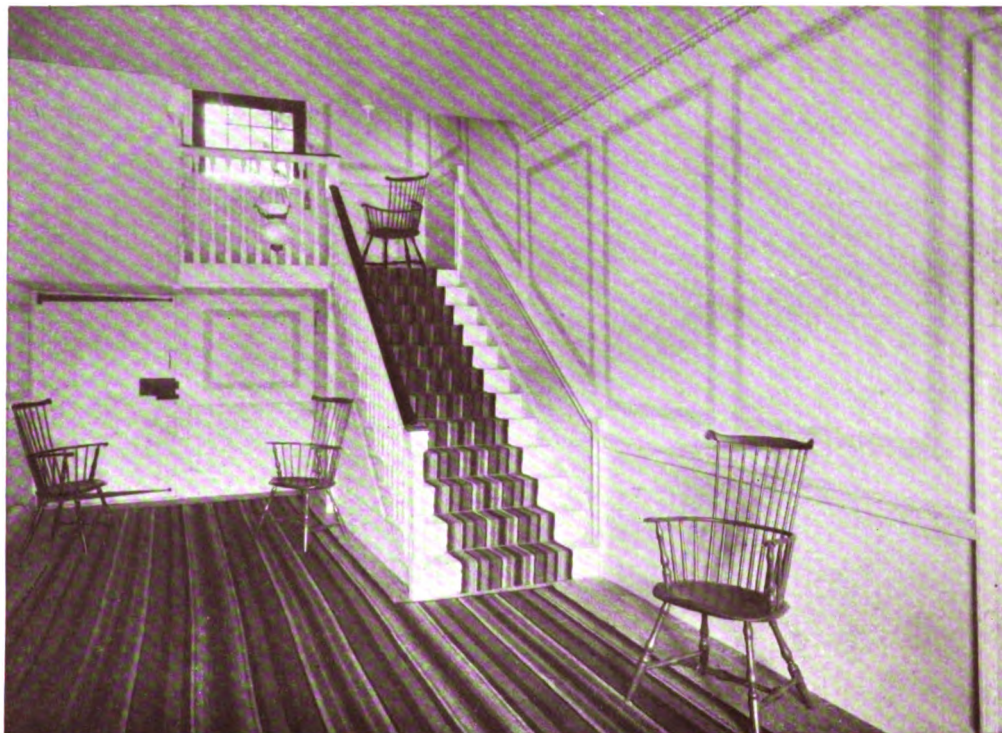
The coming of other emigrants so increased the population of the town that it was felt that a more desirable location, both for health and for crops, should be found. So all their improvements were sacrificed, and the inhabitants moved to a high ridge, near the Savannah River. The location of Old Ebenezer was in Effingham County; the location of New Ebenezer was twenty-five miles above Savannah. There, in 1736, they began to build New Ebenezer. Laboriously they tore down their houses and carried the logs to the new location. By 1738 comfortable homes surrounded the wooden church, which some called "the Lutheran Meeting House," though others spoke of it as "the Salzburger church, or "the German church." The Salzburgers themselves knew it as the Jerusalem church, for they thought of it as successor of the Church of the Apostles at Jerusalem. In it worshiped the majority of the twelve hundred Protestants in Georgia. Later a substantial brick church was built on the same site.

When General Oglethorpe proposed that silk be grown in Georgia, and secured silkworm eggs from Italy and the services of several Italians as instructors, the people of Ebenezer were glad to help him. The new industry prospered so well that in 1735 Queen Caroline of England wore a robe of Georgia silk. Encouraged by this prog-



**"THE VISITOR FINDS NOTHING BUT THE OLD CHURCH TOWER"**





IN THE HOSPITABLE HOME OF A PIONEER

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

ress, each inhabitant of Ebenezer was given a mulberry tree, on the leaves of which the silkworm fed. In 1747 Ebenezer provided half of all the silk made in Georgia.

Until a few years before the Revolution, the production was continued, and was abandoned only because the return for the labor was too small. But for the Salzburgers the experiment would have been given up long before.

During the Revolution, when the British captured Savannah, they went on to Ebenezer, fortified the town, and used the church, first as a hospital, then as a stable. Some of the people took the oath of loyalty to Great Britain, but many others remained loyal to the Colonies. The latter lost all their property.

After the Revolution the town gradually lost its importance. In 1855 only two houses were standing. Soon these also were gone; nothing was left but the Jerusalem church, which stands alone.

On April 21, 1911, a bronze tablet was placed on the walls of the church:

"To the Glory of God. In memory of the Salzburger Lutherans who landed at Savannah, Georgia, March 12, 1734, and built the Jerusalem Church in 1767-1769. Erected by the Georgia Society of Colonial Dames in America."

The man who compiled the State Records of Georgia, in telling of the dedication of the tablet, wrote the epitaph of the old town:

"Twenty-five miles above Savannah, on an eminence which at this point overlooks the historic stream, there is still to be seen a quaint little house of worship, from the belfry of which glistens a swan, copied from the coat of arms of Martin Luther. It stands alone in the midst of

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a silent waste; for the sturdy Germans who once peopled the surrounding area have long since disappeared from the region. Near the church is the ancient burial ground. The inscription upon the yellow tombstones can hardly be deciphered, so busily have the destructive forces of time been at work. But some of the graves are almost, if not quite, as old as the Colony of Georgia, and, with naught to disturb them in this quaint spot, save the pitiless elements, most of the inmates have slept for the better part of two centuries. It is the old deserted settlement of the pious Salzburgers: Ebenezer."

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V

FREDERICA, GEORGIA, WHERE THE POWER OF SPAIN WAS  
CHECKED

**T**HE oldest ruin in Georgia is a fortification that was long a thriving center of population, but is to-day in a wilderness that is not so different from that cleared away by the builders who dreamed of a permanent settlement.

Less than three years after the Colony of Georgia was chartered, General Oglethorpe; the leader of the colony, took workmen from Savannah to St. Simon's island, one of the fertile islands off the coast, which is famous to-day chiefly because it is one of the Sea Islands, the home of the long-staple Sea Island cotton, the finest cotton grown.

The purpose of the company was to lay out the town of Frederica, in preparation for the landing of colonists who had just arrived from England, and to build a fort which was to protect Georgia from enemies to the south. A book published in London in 1744 tells of the work done.

After burning the tall grass on the bluff which was to be the site of the town, preparations were begun by "digging the ground three Foot deep, and throwing up the earth on each Side by way of Bank—and a roof raised upon Crutches with Ridge-pole and Rafters, nailing small Poles across, and thatching the whole with Palmettoe-leaves. Mr. Oglethorpe afterwards laid out several Booths without digging under Ground, which were also

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covered with Palmetto Leaves, to lodge the Families of the Colony in when they should come up; each of these Booths was between thirty and forty Foot long, and upward of twenty Foot wide. . . .”

Next day Mr. Oglethorpe “began to mark out a Fort with four Bastions, and taught the Men how to Dig the Ditch, and raise and turf the Rampart. This Day and the following Day were spent in finishing the Houses and tracing out the Fort.”

Near the town General Oglethorpe built the only house he ever owned in Georgia.

On March 8th the colonists came to the place partly prepared for them. The men worked so diligently after their arrival that, by March 23d, the fort was almost finished, and a battery of cannon commanded the river. The streets of the town were laid out. “The Main Street . . . was 25 yards wide. Each Free-holder had 60 Foot in Front by 90 Foot in Depth, upon the high Street, for their House and Garden; but those which fronted the River had but 30 Foot in Front, by 60 Foot in Depth. Each Family had a Bower of Palmetto Leaves. . . . These Palmetto Bowers were very convenient Shelters, being tight in the hardest Rains; they were about 20 Foot long and 14 Foot wide, and, in regular Rows, looked very pretty. . . . The whole appeared something like a Camp.”

The location was beautiful. The town was in the midst of an Indian field, of thirty or forty acres of cleared land. The bluff on which the fort was built was about ten feet above high water. Beautiful forests of live oak, water oak, laurel, bay, cedar, sweet fern, sassafras, and vines were near. Deer, rabbits, raccoon, squirrels, wild turkeys, turtle-doves, redbirds, mocking birds, and ricebirds



**WHERE THE SALZBURGERS WORSHIPED GOD**



IN EBENEZER CHURCHYARD

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were everywhere. In later years, the planters who lived on the island, as well as the people who came from the mainland to enjoy the summers, rejoiced in the healthful, pleasant surroundings.

The fortifications of the town were strengthened from time to time, for it was to be the chief defense against the Spaniards who held Florida. Trouble from their neighbors was expected during many years, for the Spaniards wished to destroy the English colonies near their possessions.

After the declaration of war between England and Spain in October, 1739, Oglethorpe made up his mind to lead an expedition against the enemy at St. Augustine. He captured two forts near the Spanish capital. The assault on the fort at St. Augustine failed, as well as the siege which followed, because of the coming to the enemy of reinforcements from Havana.

Then Oglethorpe returned to Georgia with his men, and decided to trouble the enemy in every way possible, and to be on guard against attack. Soon it became evident that a Spanish invasion was to be attempted.

But on July 30, 1742, Oglethorpe wrote a report from Frontenac, in which he said, triumphantly, "The Spanish invasion, which has a long time threatened the Colony, Carolina, and all North America, has at last fallen upon us, and God hath been our deliverance." Then he told how a great fleet—of fifty-six vessels, with seven or eight thousand men—had sailed from Havana. After stopping at St. Augustine, the fleet came on to Georgia. The story of their attempts to pass the defense, of the damage they did, and of the final victory of the Georgians, is thrilling. An armed force of between six and seven hundred men, assisted by a few small vessels, put to flight an



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army of nearly five thousand Spanish troops, supported by a powerful fleet. The battle, which took place between the lighthouse and the old citadel, became known as the battle of Bloody Marsh. Most Americans have forgotten it, though Thomas Carlyle wrote of it, "Half the world was hidden in embryo under it. . . . The Yankee nation itself was involved, the greatest phenomenon of these days."

A loyal citizen of Georgia once said of this victory: "The memory of the defense of St. Simon's Island and the southern frontier is one of the proudest in the annals of Georgia. Then was the existence of the colony perpetuated. Had success attended the demonstration against Frederica, the enemy would have advanced upon the more northern settlements."

The governors of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina wrote to General Oglethorpe, thanking him for the service he had rendered to all the British-American provinces.

Some years later the town and fort were abandoned and fell into decay. The last remnants of the place were destroyed by the British in 1778. But its history was already done; it ceased to be of importance when the Spaniards no longer threatened the colonies.

The attempts made to give new life to the town were futile, and were given up after 1814. In 1839, when Fanny Kemble visited St. Simon's Island, she wrote:

"This Frederica is a very strange place, it was once a town—the town, the metropolis of the island. . . . Mr. A.'s and one other house, are the only dwellings that remain in this curious wilderness of dismantled crumbling gray walls compassionately cloaked with a thousand profuse and graceful creepers. These are the only ruins,

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

properly so called, except those of Fort Putnam, that I have ever seen in this land of contemptuous youth. I hailed these picturesque groups and masses with the feeling of a European, to whom ruins are like a sort of relation. In my country ruins are like a minor chord in music; here they are like a discord: they are not the relics of time, but the result of violence; they recall no valuable memories of a remote past, and are mere encumbrances to the busy present. Evidently they are out of place in America, except on St. Simon's Island, between the savage selvage of civilization and the great Atlantic deep."

A bronze tablet set on the wall of the old fort tells of the stronghold that played such a wonderful part in the early history of the colonies:

### "OGLETHORPE

This remnant is all that time has spared of the citadel of the Town of Frederica, built by General Oglethorpe, A. D. 1735, as an outpost against the Spaniards in Florida. Presented by the Georgia Society of Colonial Dames of America, 1904."

The orator who spoke at the dedication service told of Oglethorpe's life on St. Simon's Island:

"Weary of the outcries and intrigues of the settlers at Savannah, stung by their evidences of ingratitude, and discouraged by their protests against his benign supervision, he found rest at Frederica, where he stationed his regiment, and revived a military regime. Here he mounted guard under the spreading oaks and watched the sentinels as they passed the lonely shoals. Now and then he conversed genially with the cadets of the old families

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who had enlisted here, while ever and anon he heard the bugles ring out in the silver moonlight and saw his guard patrol the entrance of the Atlantic."

The president of the Georgia Society of Colonial Dames has told sadly of the destruction of the town and the setting apart of the last vestiges of the past:

"It is a shame to think how the blocks of tabby (the concrete material of lime mixed with shells and stone, of which both fort and houses in Frederica were built) were carted away to build the lighthouse and the negro quarters, so that nothing remains of the old Town of Frederica. I remember when a child seeing a house on the ruins of the old battery, and I recall how I peeped down with awe at the magazine below. . . . We are thankful to have saved even this remnant, which the greedy waves had already overthrown when we determined to preserve it. On these very blocks of tabby the great and good Oglethorpe may have laid his hand. It is preserved in honor of him, the Founder of Georgia, whose energy was boundless, whose watchfulness was unceasing."

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## VI

### SUNBURY, GEORGIA'S LEADER IN THE FIGHT FOR LIBERTY

**J**AMES OGLETHORPE had an eye for the beautiful and for advantageous situations. His choice of the site of Savannah proves this, as does his selection of St. Simon's Island for his home and for a defense against the Spanish. More than once during his journey along the coast, his eyes rested on a high bluff on the Midway River—named, probably, because it was about halfway between the Savannah and the Altamaha River, which formed the northern and southern boundaries of the colony—where the live oaks and the magnolias drank in the sunlight, and where it was possible to see far out over the waters of the sound to the green islands beyond.

But it was not until 1758 that definite plans were made to build a town on the pleasing site. Mark Carr, who in 1757 had received a grant of five hundred of the delectable acres, arranged with five men to develop three hundred acres as a town to be called Sunbury. One hundred acres were to be set apart as a common, while the remainder was to be sold in lots for his benefit. Evidently the name was chosen in honor of Sunbury on the Thames, in England. One of the five men was later chosen to assist Benjamin Franklin in his difficult mission to England for the solution of the difficulties with the mother country which later led to the Revolution.

The district to the north of the Midway was already

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occupied by many settlers, among others the members of the Midway Congregation, a church organized by the descendants of Puritans from Massachusetts who, in 1697, had moved to South Carolina, and in 1752 had gone to the fertile lands of the swamp regions close to the Midway. At the time Sunbury was founded, there were in the Midway about three hundred and fifty whites, and perhaps fifteen hundred negroes.

The faithful trustees of Mark Carr, encouraged by the presence of these pioneers, laid out on the Midway nearly five hundred generous lots and three public squares, which they called King's, Church, and Meeting. Wharves were built, population was attracted, and within three years the governor of Georgia declared Sunbury a port of entry.

A history of Georgia which was published in Savannah in 1811 told how prosperity persisted in spite of the bad name given by a fatal plague that took away many of the people. It added the picturesque fact that seven square-rigged vessels had been known to enter the port of Sunbury in one day. The town was not yet twelve years old when "it was thought by many, in point of commercial importance, to rival Savannah." In 1772 fifty-six vessels were entered and cleared at the customhouse. Although the town was twelve miles from the sea, on a river only twenty-two miles long, the depth at the wharves was fifteen feet.

The extent of the trade and ambition of the town have been told by Charles C. Jones, in a paper prepared for the Georgia Historical Society. It "commanded the rice crop from the adjacent swamp regions. Indigo was planted on the island just below, then called Bermuda, and now known as the Colonel's Island." The trade was not only with the West Indies, but also with the northern colonies.

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“From the former, supplies of rum and sugar were obtained, and from the latter rum, flour, biscuits, and provisions. To the West Indies were shipped rice, corn, peas, indigo, lumber, shingles, live stock, and barreled beef and pork.”

It is related that Governor Wright of Georgia thought this trade with the north was injurious to the Province of Georgia, because “they take but little of our produce, and drain us of every trifle of Gold and Silver that is brought here, by giving a price for Guineas, Moidores, Johannes’s Pistols and Dollars far above their real and intrinsic value, so that we can never keep any amongst us.”

The interior trade proved to be so lucrative that Sunbury even thought of having a canal connection between Midway and North Newport Rivers; it would only have been necessary to dredge a channel between Bermuda Island and the mainland.

Vessels from England preferred Savannah to Sunbury, but they were glad enough to load goods from the Midway town. These were taken in coasting sloops and schooners whose navigators knew how to take full advantage of the network of inland passages along the Georgia coast. Not far from the town there was a landing where staves and shingles were loaded for Savannah. A century after the town was in its glory the site of this landing was known, as well as the location of the old shipyard whose owners were equally skillful in repairing vessels, and in building them from the keel.

A glimpse of Sunbury and its neighborhood has been preserved in the writings of William Bartram, the Philadelphia naturalist who tramped from Pennsylvania to Florida in his search for rare plants for his private garden

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in Philadelphia, and for his friends in England. After stopping in Savannah, he went on horseback to "Sunbury, a sea-port town beautifully situated on the main between Midway and Newport Rivers, about fifteen miles south of the Ogeechee River. The town and harbor are defended from the fury of the seas by the north and south fronts of St. Helena and St. Catherine's islands." He seemed somewhat surprised, on the day of his arrival, to have the opportunity of passing the evening "in a circle of genteel and polite ladies and gentlemen."

The population of the town increased until there were about one thousand inhabitants. During the summer there were, in addition, many visitors from the country; planters learned to take their families there to avoid the malaria in the swamps, surrounding their homes.

Prosperity culminated in the days just before the Revolution, in which, from the beginning, Sunbury had a noble share. The parish of St. John, of which the town was part, possessed one-third of the entire wealth of the province. And one of the well-to-do men was Dr. Lyman Hall, a rice planter, member of the Midway Congregation, whose valiant advocacy of action to secure redress from Great Britain led to his choice, on March 2, 1775, as a delegate from St. John's Parish to the next General Congress. It is recorded that when, in May, he went to Philadelphia, he carried with him, as a gift to the patriots in Massachusetts, one hundred and sixty barrels of rice and fifty pounds sterling.

His election to and seating by the Continental Congress preceded by several weeks the decision by the remainder of Georgia to follow the example of St. John's Parish in opposing King George. When the colony acted as a whole he became a delegate from all of Georgia, and not



SAVANNAH'S MONUMENT TO OGLETHORPE





ON THE OGEECHEE RIVER, NEAR SAVANNAH

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

merely from a single parish, and so felt justified in taking part in the voting as well as in the debates that led up to the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. The independent action of St. John's Parish in sending a delegate to Congress was a protest against the slowness of Savannah and other portions of the colony in taking a stand. Indignation at Sunbury was so great that the town resolved to interrupt trade with Savannah, and even applied to the Committee of Correspondence in Charleston, South Carolina, for permission to trade with that city, "according to the act of nonimportation to which they had already acceded." Although South Carolina refused to allow them to do this, since they were a part of the colony of Georgia, which had not yet taken united action, they persisted in their enmity to Savannah.

When the Declaration of Independence was ready, three delegates from Georgia signed it, and two of the three were from Sunbury, Lyman Hall and Button Gwinnett, who lived in St. Catherine's Island, within sight of the streets where he was a constant visitor.

It is not strange, then, that leaders in Great Britain were told that St. John's Parish was the heart of the rebel movement in Georgia. A proud Georgia orator has paid tribute to her patriotism:

"Alone she stood, a Pharos of Liberty in England's most loyal Province, renouncing every fellowship that savored not of freedom and refusing every luxury which contributed to ministerial coffers. With a halter around her neck and the gallows before her eyes, she severed herself from surrounding associations and cast her lot, while as yet all was gloom and darkness, with the fortunes of her country, to stand upon her rights or to die in defending this proud spot of Georgia's soil!"

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Not content with what their representatives were doing in Philadelphia, the citizens enlisted in the state militia and took measures for local defense. A fort was built. On July 5, 1776, Congress determined to garrison two forts in Georgia—one at Savannah, the other at Sunbury. The Sunbury fort was called Fort Morris; it was a substantial inclosed earthwork, mounting twenty-five cannon, which were so placed as to command both land and water approaches.

The fort remained in the hands of the patriots until 1779. Late in 1778 General Augustine Prevost sent against Fort Morris, by sea from St. Augustine, a detachment of infantry and light artillery, and by land a force of British regulars. Patriot troops who opposed this last expedition succeeded in turning them back, though not until they had burned and pillaged wherever they went. Among other buildings burned was the Midway Meeting House, nine miles from Sunbury.

One of those who disputed the advance of the British was Colonel John Baker, whose son later wrote a poem in which he told of the desolation wrought by the invaders and the Indians who accompanied them:

“Where'er they march, the buildings burn,  
Large stacks of rice to ashes turn:  
And me (Midway) a pile of ruins made,  
Before their hellish malice staid.

“Nor did their boundless fury spare  
The house devote to God and prayer:  
Brick, coal, and ashes shew the place  
Which once that sacred house did grace.

“The churchyard, too, no better sped,  
The rabble so against the dead  
Transported were with direful fumes  
They tore up and uncovered tombs.”

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

But the force sent by sea managed to reach Fort Morris. Then the leader summoned the commander to surrender, telling him that his fate was sure, threatening to destroy all property if the surrender was not made, but promising that all should retain their property if they would agree to "remain neuter until the fate of America is determined."

Like a true patriot, the commander of the fort made answer:

"We have no property compared with the object we contend for that we value a rush, and would rather perish in a vigorous defense than accept of your proposition. We, Sir, are fighting the battle of America, and therefore disdain to remain neutral till its fate is determined. As to surrendering the fort, receive this laconic reply: *'Come and take it!'*"

Furthermore, the intrepid leader of the defenders of Fort Morris told the besieger that if he carried out his threat to fire the town, he would set fire at one end, when the British fired it at the other end. Then he concluded, "And let the flames meet in mutual conflagration."

The arrogant leader of the invaders decided to withdraw, intimidated by the boldness of a Scotchman who had but few more than a hundred men to build earthworks to oppose a large force. But the enemy did not know these facts. And so a promising campaign was brought to naught by the pluck of one patriot. No wonder Georgia was proud of him, or that the legislature gave him a sword with the words engraved on it, "Come and take it."

The besieger decided to put to sea once more. Sunbury was let alone for a few weeks, but in January, 1779, he returned and again demanded surrender. The doughty

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

commander, in spite of the order of General Howell to make no defense, told him that "duty, inclination and means pointed to the propriety of defending the fort, against any force however superior it might be." But his boldness proved to be greater than his ability; before long he was compelled to yield to the British, who, having already taken Savannah, were preparing to reduce all of Georgia.

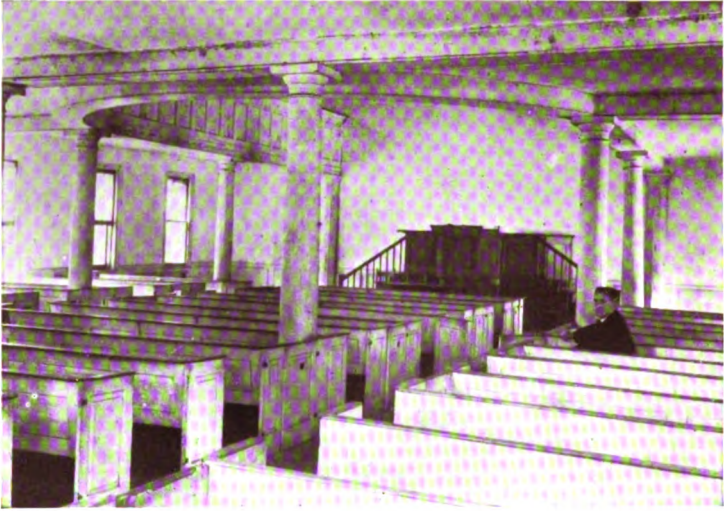
During the period of British control, Sunbury and the surrounding country were all but depopulated. The patriots continued to show their characteristic bravery, but the odds were too great for them, and when the enemy withdrew at the close of the Revolution, the town was a ruin.

For years attempts were made to revive the place. Its chief citizen, Lyman Hall, became governor of Georgia, courts were held there, and commerce grew, to a degree. But in 1798 the county seat of Liberty County—years before the name had been given to three parishes, of which St. John's was one, in recognition of their primacy in patriotic activities before the beginning of the Revolution—was removed to Riceboro.

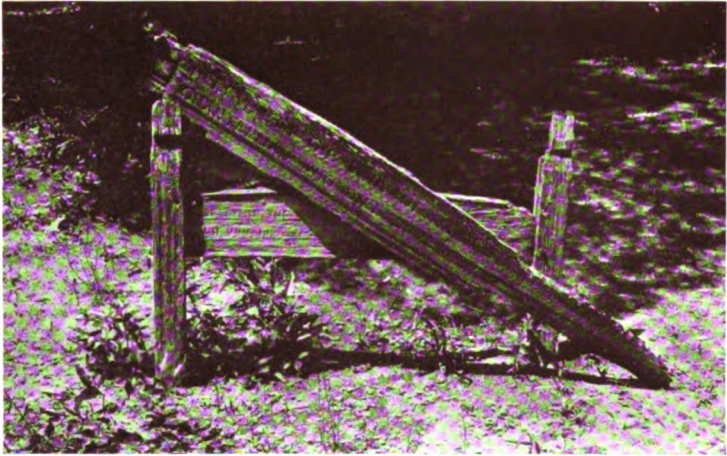
For some years the town was famous as an educational center, because of the presence of Sunbury Academy, established by the State in 1788. But the population steadily declined, and shipping fell off. In 1804 a hurricane wrought fearful havoc and made the residents feel insecure. Disease followed, and in 1824 another hurricane completed the destruction. In 1829 *Sherwood's Gazette of Georgia* told the melancholy tale that there were but twenty houses and one hundred and fifty people left where, fifty years before, there had been such wonderful evidence of prosperity.



**AMONG THE GRAVES IN MIDWAY CEMETERY**



IN OLD MIDWAY CHURCH



"MARKERS OF THE EVERLASTING CYPRESS," IN MIDWAY CEMETERY

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

It is recorded that the last vessel of any moment that visited the town was a Swedish brig, which, in 1814, came in and took away a load of cotton. For nineteen years longer the Liberty Independent Troop went to Sunbury each July 4th, for a celebration. Their coming was the event of the year; then the United States revenue cutters in neighboring waters would enter the river and make the old residents feel that the days of shipping had returned.

It is now seventy-five years since Sunbury ceased to exist. The buildings have disappeared. The streets cannot be told from surrounding cultivated ground. The graves are hidden among the undergrowth. A recent visitor to old Fort Morris, for which Sunbury should ever be remembered, has told how large trees are growing on its parapets. The footpaths are obscured by an undergrowth of weeds and briars. But when the ramparts of the old defense are reached, they can be traced in detail, to the joy of those who wish to see all that is left of the last fort in Georgia to lower the Colonial flag to the ruthless invaders.

And this was "the home of Lyman Hall and Button Gwynnett, signers of the Declaration of Independence; of John Elliott and Alfred Cuthbert, United States Senators from Georgia; of John A. Cuthbert, member of Congress; the birthplace of John E. Ward, Speaker of the House of Representatives, president of the Georgia senate, and United States Minister to China; for some years the residence of Richard Hawley and Nathan Brownson, governors of Georgia; and numbering among its citizens clergymen, teachers, physicians, lawyers, merchants, and planters whose influence was appreciated in their day and generation."

Some of these famous men were buried in the old Mid-



## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

way burial ground, at the side of Midway Church, amid the live oaks that have been growing for two centuries. Few come to the neighborhood, except once a year when a service is held in the historic church, and those who attend walk among the overgrown graves, marked, many of them, by curious stones, or by markers of the everlasting cypress.

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## VII

### THE FIRST RESIDENTS OF NEW SMYRNA, FLORIDA

**O**N the east coast of Florida, some distance south of St. Augustine, down below the remarkable Daytona Beach, five hundred feet wide, where great automobile races are run every winter on the hard-packed sand, is the Mosquito Inlet Bird Reservation. There on spits and islands is an ever-shifting colony of semitropical birds—flamingoes, pelicans, blue herons, egrets, and almost any number of other varieties of the feathered tribe that have accepted the invitation of the United States to bide a wee in safe grounds from which are warned all sportsmen whose weapons are more dangerous than the camera.

Near neighbor to the birds is the Mosquito Inlet lighthouse, which stands, according to the story told in the neighborhood, near the spot where one of the early Spanish explorers landed on the coast of the mainland. There is a question if that story is well founded. But there can be no doubt as to the truth of the coming and going of a strange colony to what was then the jungle country near by.

The story tells of fifteen hundred Minorcans and Greeks whom Doctor Turnbull brought, about 1766, to farm a grant he had received in the vicinity of Mosquito Inlet. The details of his plan have not been discovered, but it is known that, while he had a well-worked-out scheme for self-aggrandizement, he managed to give to his dupes

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

from the sunny lands of the Mediterranean the notion that he was to be their benefactor; that through him was to come happiness such as they could never dream of in the country where their ancestors had lived for generations unnumbered.

Wonderful promises were made to the immigrants from Greece and Italy before they could be lured from their homes. To men and women who had lived always on an acre or two of ground, and so had learned the secret of intensive cultivation that made that bit of land sufficient for their needs, the thought of the vast acres of which Doctor Turnbull told was more than they could grasp. Yet they wanted to grasp it. Many of them who had ruinous rentals had dreamed of becoming the proud possessor of an acre of their own. And here was a man who told them each might have an estate of his own! They would become landed gentry! Each man would be able to found a house which would become powerful in the new country!

Probably the more cautious raised questions among themselves. What sort of farming land was that to which their benefactor proposed to take them? Why should he be so good to them? But they longed for the land. So any doubts that were expressed by the older men were quieted, and they made ready to grasp fortunes.

During the tedious voyage they suffered many privations, and again doubts were given expression. But privations and doubts alike were forgotten when they were landed in the promised land. To be sure, it did not present a promising appearance. But what if it was covered with a matted growth of vines and trees? This seemed proof to them that the soil was rich beyond their wildest dreams.



**FORT MARION, SAINT AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA**  
**(Where the New Smyrna Refugees Found Shelter)**



**"NEAR NEIGHBOR TO THE BIRDS IS THE MOSQUITO INLET LIGHTHOUSE"**



**"AN EVER-SHIFTING COLONY OF SEMITROPICAL BIRDS"**

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

What vines they would raise! What luxuriant olive groves would rise when the jungle was thinned!

The settlement founded for the new comers was called New Smyrna, in honor of the Asiatic birthplace of Mrs. Turnbull. Rude shelters were built and the task was begun of reducing the wilderness until it could be made to provide the immense crops on which the promoter's covetous eyes were fixed.

In return for their work each family was to have, at the end of three years, fifty acres of land and an additional twenty-five acres for each child. In the hope of winning the prize, the colonists toiled early and late, clearing land and cultivating the sugar cane and raising indigo. Hard taskmasters were set over them. Gradually they realized that they were virtually in slavery, and they longed for relief. In 1776 their number had been reduced by sickness and privation to about six hundred.

One day a boy heard a visitor from St. Augustine say that if the poor people knew their rights they would not submit to Doctor Turnbull. The boy told his mother the hopeful words, and as a result a council was called. That night three men were sent to St. Augustine to see the governor.

When they returned they urged the entire company to go north for refuge. At once a strange cavalcade was formed. The historian tells how the women and children, with the old men, were placed in the center, while the stoutest men, armed with wooden spears, took their places in front and rear. They had not gone far when the overseer, having discovered their flight, pursued them, but was unable to persuade them to return. Three days later they reached St. Augustine, where they made their home under the protection of the English governor. It

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

is said that many of the present residents of the city are descendants of the abused Minorcans.

New Smyrna is at the southern end of the bird reservation. Within a few miles are many reminders of the days when the Europeans toiled for Doctor Turnbull. Just outside of town, on Spruce Creek, is the foundation of the old fort, revealed in all its outlines by excavations in a shell mound. Then there are the ruins of the old church, indigo vats, and a number of sugar mills. At one of these mills, which has been exposed to the weather one hundred and fifty years, the rollers, made of some sort of bronze, are intact, untouched by rust, and this in a region where any modern metal, left without protection, corrodes in a brief time.

Long ago the jungle claimed once more the fertile lands of Doctor Turnbull's grant, but these are now being reclaimed, and the day is coming when all the water about Mosquito Inlet will once more be bordered by smiling groves and fruitful fields.

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## VIII

### THE STORY OF BOONESBOROUGH, KENTUCKY

**H**AS Dick Henderson lost his head?" The question was asked by many of the friends and acquaintances of Richard Henderson, the hardy frontiersman of the Watauga Settlement in North Carolina, when he caused it to be known that he desired companions who would go with him to Kentucky, there to settle on land which would be purchased from the Indians. The purchase would be made by the Transylvania Company, and the settlement would be under its direction.

Now it had been understood that the law forbade any settlement on Indian lands beyond the mountains, but when, in 1768, the Fort Stanwix Treaty made available much Indian country that had not been accessible before, Henderson and his associates thought that they could go into the forbidden territory, especially if they should make arrangements with the Indians who held the lands on which they proposed to locate.

One of many difficulties, however, was that the title of the Overhill Cherokees, from whom the purchase was to be made, was questionable. This very land had been ceded by the Six Nations to the English, and had been included in the charter given to Virginia.

A little matter like that was not permitted to stand in the way of the Transylvania Company, nor was the protest of Governor Martin of North Carolina, who, on Febru-



## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

ary 10, 1775, spoke of Henderson's project as "a lawless undertaking" and "an infraction of the Royal prerogative." He declared that persistence in the plan of settlement on the forbidden lands would result not only in the displeasure of His Majesty, but in penalties duly prescribed.

Daniel Boone, who knew the rich lands of Kentucky because of his visit to them in 1769, who also knew the Overhill Cherokees, assisted in the conference with them at Sycamore Shoals, on the Watauga River, near what is now Elizabethtown, Tennessee. Ocanostota, Savanooka, and Dragging Canoe were spokesmen for the twelve hundred Indians present.

On March 17, 1775, after many days of discussion, the Great Grant was signed and the Transylvania Company became the owner of 17,000,000 acres, more than half of Kentucky as it is to-day. The Indians took possession of goods valued at £10,000 which had been brought to Sycamore Shoals in anticipation of the conference.

Even before the treaty was concluded, Daniel Boone—by arrangement with the Transylvania Company—went to Long Island, in the Holston River, where he had left a company of woodmen, equipped with hatchets and axes, who were to hack through the wilderness to Kentucky a way which pioneers were to follow.

The epic story of the making of Boone's famous Wilderness Road has never been better told than by George W. Ranck, member of the Filson Club, the organization devoted to perpetuating the heroic stories of the days when Kentucky was young:

"On the tenth of March, all being ready, this memorable party of thirty mounted men, armed, but merely for hunting, as no trouble was expected from Indians, and

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

followed by negro servants, loaded pack horses, and hunting dogs, started out under the command of Captain Daniel Boone to connect buffalo roads, Indian traces, trails of hunters and Indian traders, and the great Warrior Path, to cut through forests of canebrakes that were trackless, blaze the distances on mile trees, and thus to make the first regular and continuous road through the wilderness to the Kentucky River. Climbing the heavy ridges that loomed up between them and Cumberland Gap, they threaded that sublime defile, forded rivers that for ages had been nameless, and swallowed up in a region vast and solitary, were heard of no more until they had toiled over that depression of the same historic Big Hill of the present county of Madison, Kentucky, known to this day as Boone's Gap. . . . Day after day they toiled, chopping down saplings, cutting away vines and overhanging branches, blazing the way through woods, marking mile trees, removing logs and fallen timber, connecting paths, filling sink holes, burning ways through dead brush, logging streams for future footmen, cutting swathes through almost endless canebrakes, and so pushing that rough, threadlike, but all-important trace deeper and deeper into the silent wilderness, until homes and settlements seemed left behind forever."

At last, in spite of attacks by Indians and the death of several of the party, they stood by the Kentucky River, but not until many of the party had turned back, to the dismay of Henderson, who, as representative of his partners in the Transylvania Company, was following at the head of forty mounted riflemen, a number of negroes, a drove of cows and oxen, forty pack horses, and a train of wagons loaded with things that would be needed in the pioneering days ahead. This second party followed after

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

ten days, making the road broader and better, and reaching, on April 20th, the fort and the huts Boone had built on the banks of the Kentucky.

After reaching Boonesborough, Henderson wrote to the proprietors remaining in North Carolina, telling of anxieties by the way. After speaking of the nearly one hundred fugitives from Boone's party and from other parties met returning, he said:

"Arguments and persuasion were needless; they seemed resolved, and traveled with a precipitation that truly bespoke their fears. Eight or ten were all that we could persuade to proceed with us, or to follow after. Every person, almost, that we met seemed to be at pains to aggravate the danger of proceeding; and had we given them all a fair hearing, I believe they would, in return for the favor, have gotten all our men. Many seemed to be of opinion who had been with Boone that the men assembled at the mouth of Otter Creek would get impatient and leave him before we could possibly get there, if no other accident befell them; and with me, it was beyond a doubt, that our right, in effect, depended on Boone's maintaining his ground—at least until we could get to him."

After telling of three other settlements near by, whose men would make common cause with them, Henderson proceeded:

"We have got a country of good land, with numberless advantages and inducements to a speedy population . . . the country is large enough, and surely will be settled immediately on some principle or other: the great affair on our part is to manage matters so as to have our rights acknowledged, and to continue lords of the soil."

A sentence followed in which was revealed one of the rocks on which Transylvania foundered—the purpose to

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

increase the prices of land as time passed, and to those who came after the first pioneers.

The tale of that month of hardship, hopes and fears, and daily dread of Indians—who really gave little trouble, though Henderson's men were ready for a panic at any moment—is a fitting subject for an intensely dramatic novel. But it has never been told adequately.

Henderson's first act on reaching the site chosen by Boone for the settlement was to arrange for the building of a much larger fort on a better site, close to the lick where elk and buffalo and deer had come for salt from time immemorial, and the sycamore trees which they had polished by rubbing with their backs, after visiting the lick.

Days were spent in clearing the forest, preparing the logs for the walls of the houses, and riving the clapboards of which the roofs were to be made. Then the fort was built, as well as a large supply cabin.

In this cabin was kept the first store in Kentucky. There its first patrons were the men to whom the Transylvania Company was indebted for service as roadmakers and pioneers. One of these was Michael Stoner, who offset his credit of £10 10s, "for work making roads to Cantuckie" with a charge of £7 3s 6d, for "powder, lead, and osna burgs."

A few sturdy cabins, built close to the fort and the store, completed this first draft of Boonesborough Station.

But Judge Henderson and his colleagues of the Transylvania Company had yet more ambitious plans. On May 8th a call was issued to elect members of a "House of Delegates of the Colony of Transylvania," which should organize at Boonesborough on May 23d. Accordingly, elections were held at Boonesborough, where six members were chosen, Harrodsburg (three members), Boiling

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Spring (four members), and St. Asaph (four members) —the four settlements south of the Kentucky River—and on the appointed day delegates met, under an elm tree in Sycamore Hollow, below the fort.

The Journal of the "House of Delegates or Representatives of the Colony of Transylvania," the first independent state attempted west of the Alleghanies, is a document which not only every Kentuckian, but every American as well should be acquainted with. The names of the seventeen present were stated first. The only absentee was charged to Boonesborough. The list of the men who had gathered for their work, with rifle in hand and with ears intent for the sound of attack, was headed by Squire Boone, Daniel Boone, and Samuel Henderson.

After "performing of divers services" and organizing the House, Colonel Richard Henderson, in behalf of himself and the rest of the proprietors, opened the convention with a speech which began.

"You are called and assembled at this time for a noble and an honorable purpose—a purpose, however ridiculous or idle it may appear at first view, to superficial minds, yet is of the most solid consequence, and if prudence, firmness, and wisdom are suffered to influence your councils and direct your conduct, the peace and harmony of thousands may be expected to result from your deliberations; in short, you are about a work of the utmost importance to the well-being of the country in general, in which the interest and security of each and every individual is inseparably connected; for that state is truly sickly, politically speaking, whose laws or edicts are not careful equally of the different members and most distant branches, which constitute the one united whole. . . .

"You, perhaps, are fixing the palladium, or placing the



**FORT BOONESBOROUGH**



**MEETING OF THE TRANSYLVANIA HOUSE OF DELEGATES  
(Boonesborough, May, 1775)**



AN OLD KENTUCKY FORT  
(Built for Defense Against the Indians)

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

first corner stone of an edifice, the height and magnificence of whose superstructure is now in the womb of posterity, and can only become great and glorious in proportion to the excellence of its foundation."

The stirring introduction was followed by the statement of some things the House must do. Of course it would have to provide laws and courts of justice; it must make possible the recovery of debts and the determination of matters in dispute. A militia should be provided for defense against "the savage Indians," and measures taken to prevent the wanton destruction of the game which was the colony's hope.

In concluding the address, Colonel Henderson spoke of "this new-born country." And in a reply to the proprietor's speech, the chairman of the House mentioned "this infant country," which had "absolute right, as a political body, without giving umbrage to Great Britain or any of the colonies, to have rules" for government.

It was ordered that a committee should wait on the proprietors, "to know what name for this colony would be agreeable." The response was, "that it was their pleasure that it should be called Transylvania." Then, in addition to the program laid out for them, they fixed fees for officers, arranged for the signing of a compact between the proprietors and the people of the colony, provided against profane swearing and Sabbath breaking, and arranged for an annual election of delegates.

Before adjournment the House took part in the ancient picturesque feudal ceremony "Livery of Seisin," the dramatic representation of the transfer of the lands to the Transylvania Company. The attorney who represented the Indians gave to Judge Henderson a piece of turf, which they both held; this was the making of livery and



## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

seisin of all the lands in a deed of feoffment then produced.

The day after the adjournment of the body the first public service was held in Kentucky; under the elm where the lawmakers had gathered a sermon was preached by Rev. John Lythe, a clergyman of the Church of England, who had been a member of the House. A feature of the service was the offering of prayers for the king and royal family of England. If news of the battle of Lexington had come a week sooner than it did, the prayers would never have been offered, for the lawmakers of Transylvania at once decided that it was their pleasure and duty to join their fortunes to those of the colonists.

During the summer of 1775 the fort was strengthened until it was completed according to a plan drawn by Judge Henderson. "It consisted of twenty-six one-story log cabins and four block-houses, arranged after the usual pioneer style, in a hollow square estimated at two hundred and sixty feet long and one hundred and eighty feet broad. The block-houses, with their projecting second stories, formed the angles or bastions of the fort, and the roofs of the cabins, which were shed shaped, sloped inwardly. Spaces between the block-houses and the cabins nearest them were intended to be stockaded, but as pickets were the least needed features of the fort in time of peace, it is probable that these were the parts neglected at this time.

. . . All the cabins of the fort were not continuously occupied, for some of the settlers lived in the variously located lands near by, and some even had farms across the river; but the cabins were often filled by newly arrived immigrants, and all were crowded to overflowing whenever an Indian alarm was given."

Other events of the summer were Daniel Boone's departure for his wife and family, the increasing difficulty

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

found by the official hunters in securing game for the households, the salt famine which made difficult the preservation of wild meat, and the departure of Henderson and one of his co-proprietors. These men intended to be absent only a short time, but Henderson was away for years, and his companion never came back.

For already events were shaping which finally meant death to the colony. The idea of a proprietary government did not appeal so much to Boonesborough Pioneers, and they were ready for some other outcome of their experiment.

The Transylvania House had adjourned to meet in September. But no such meeting was held. The proprietors, however, met at Oxford, North Carolina, on September 25th, where they voted a "present of two thousand acres of land to Col. Daniel Boone, with the thanks of the Proprietors, for the signal service he has rendered to the Company." But the chief business transacted was the appointment of James Hogg as Delegate, to represent Transylvania in the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, and to present a memorial asking that Congress "take the infant Colony of Transylvania into their protection." He was told to promise that the colony, in return, would "do everything in their power, and give assistance in the great cause of America."

In Philadelphia John Hogg talked to members of Congress, among them Samuel and John Adams, who expressed themselves as favorable to the Transylvania proprietors, but called attention to a grave difficulty. "We have petitioned and addressed the King," said they, "and have entreated him to point out some mode of accommodation. There seems to be an impropriety in embarrassing our reconciliation with anything now; and the taking

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

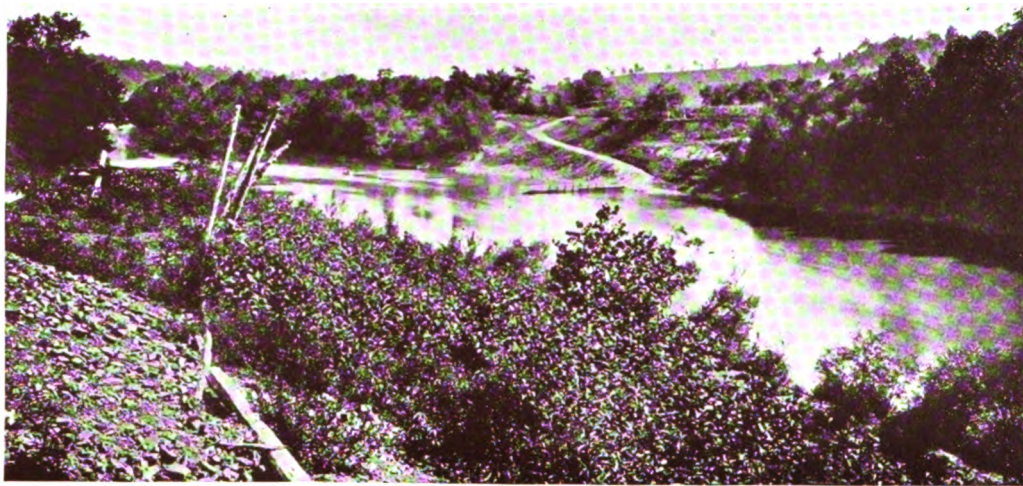
under our protection a body of people who have acted in defiance of the King's proclamation, will be looked on as a confirmation of that independent spirit, with which we are daily reproached."

It was evident, too, that the members of Congress did not look with favor on a proprietary form of government; "they entreat, they pray that we may make it a free government, and beg that no mercenary or ambitious vein in the proprietors may prevent it."

It was noteworthy also that Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson were opposed to recognition of Transylvania; they felt that the rights of Virginia to that colony were not to be passed by. But, at the September meeting, the proprietors had given evidence that they were thinking of their own pockets as well as of the interests of the colony; the price of land was advanced from twenty shillings to fifty shillings per hundred acres. A land office was opened at Boonesborough, but the colonists showed their displeasure to those in charge. In December, 1775, a remonstrance was sent to the agent of the company. The reply was not conciliatory, and dissatisfaction increased.

An attack by Indians, in which several were killed, and by which apprehension of danger was increased, strengthened the purpose to seek some more stable government. In the spring this found expression in a petition to the Virginia Convention "of the inhabitants, and some of the intended settlers of that part of North America, now denominated Transylvania." After reciting their grievances they said:

"We humbly expected in future to be taken under the protection of the honorable Convention of the Colony of Virginia, of which we cannot help thinking ourselves still a part, and request your kind interposition in our behalf,



**BOONESBOROUGH FERRY, ESTABLISHED IN 1779**  
**(Site of Fort Hidden by Foliage on the Left)**



**IN THE MOUNTAINS OF EASTERN TENNESSEE**



**ON THE WAY TO KING'S MOUNTAIN**

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

that we may not suffer under the rigorous demands and impositions of the gentlemen stiling themselves Proprietors, who, the better to effect their oppressive designs, have given them the color of a law, enacted by a score of men, artfully picked from the few adventurers who went to see the country last summer, overawed by the promises of Mr. Henderson."

Eighty-eight men signed their names to this memorial, which was answered by Henderson, who was at Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia.

The delay in making answer, and the threat of attack by Indians of the isolated Transylvania settlements, led to the taking of further steps. In June, 1776, an election at Harrodsburg resulted in choosing George Rogers Clark and John Gabriel Jones as representatives from "West Fincastle" to the Convention of Virginia. Request was made that West Fincastle be made a county of Virginia. To the disappointment of many, the Convention adjourned before the action of the Transylvania settlers could be brought before it.

Followed Indian troubles in earnest. Some were killed, and many were dismayed, though new heart was put into the men by the reading in the fort of the Declaration of Independence, which was printed in a precious copy of the *Virginia Gazette*.

Then came the action of October, 1776, when the Virginia Assembly, in spite of the protests of Colonel Henderson, created the County of Kentucky, including the new settlements, and assumed jurisdiction over it. Later Colonel Henderson and his associates of the Transylvania Company were given 200,000 acres of land, in recognition of the work they had done.

In April, 1777, the fort at Boonesborough was attacked

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

by from fifty to one hundred Indians. The twenty-two riflemen within the fort managed to outwit the Indians, in spite of the fact that once they were cut off from the fort. During the fight the life of Daniel Boone was in danger, and he was rescued by Simon Kenton, the famous Indian fighter, whose name came to be a tower of strength to the pioneers of Kentucky and Ohio.

July 4, 1777, was a busy Independence Day. Two hundred savages then descended on the fort. For forty-eight hours they laid siege to the defenders, whose efforts were seconded by the faithful women, who "loaded the extra rifles, passed the men water from the rain barrels, distributed food, and attended to the horses, cows, and other live stock, that had been hastily gathered in."

During the next two years Boonesborough was never free from fear of attack. Indians appeared, and were driven off; reinforcements came from Virginia; news came of the successes and reverses of the colonists; food grew scarce; and in almost every way the spirits of the brave men and women were tried severely.

One of the glorious events of these days of anxiety and grief came on February 7, 1778. Daniel Boone, who was one of a party that had gone to the salt camp to provide the needed preservative for the wild meat on which the people depended, was captured while alone, several miles from the camp. When he learned that the hundred or more Indians who had surprised him were on their way to Boonesborough, he expressed deep loyalty to Great Britain, said he feared the fort was too strongly garrisoned to be taken, and urged delay until a larger force could gather. To show his friendliness, he surrendered his men at the camp, for whom he secured favorable treatment. Then the party was taken across the Ohio, where

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Boone was adopted by Black Fish, who gave him the name Big Turtle.

For seven months he was kept by the Indians. Then he managed to escape and travel to Boonesborough, after undergoing incredible hardship. When, on October 20th, he reached the fort, where he had been the leading spirit of so many bitter conflicts, joy was unbounded.

The success of George Rogers Clark in his expedition against Kaskaskia, and his first attempts on Vincennes, so enraged Hamilton, the commander of Detroit, that he stirred up his savage allies to renewed attacks on the settlers in Kentucky. A party of four hundred and forty-four Indians and twelve Frenchmen reached Boonesborough on September 7, 1778, when there were but thirty men and twenty boys in the fort, and demanded surrender. A parley was held and a two days' truce arranged.

The time of respite was occupied by the men in the fort in bringing in water, molding bullets, and making other preparations for a siege.

At the end of two days the leader of the besiegers again demanded surrender, but Boone replied that the garrison had determined to defend the fort while a man was living. The Indians, who had counted on the friendliness of the man who had been adopted into their tribe, were amazed and angry, but they could do nothing. They feared to attack, for they thought the fort must be in shape to offer a spirited defense. So they tried strategy. Would the men in the fort confer with reference to a treaty of peace? The frontiersmen pretended to be unsuspecting but they made arrangements to have the powwow held in the hollow commanded by the guns of the defenders of the fort. So, when the Indians, after the signing of the treaty, made an apparently innocent but really most treacherous move,



## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

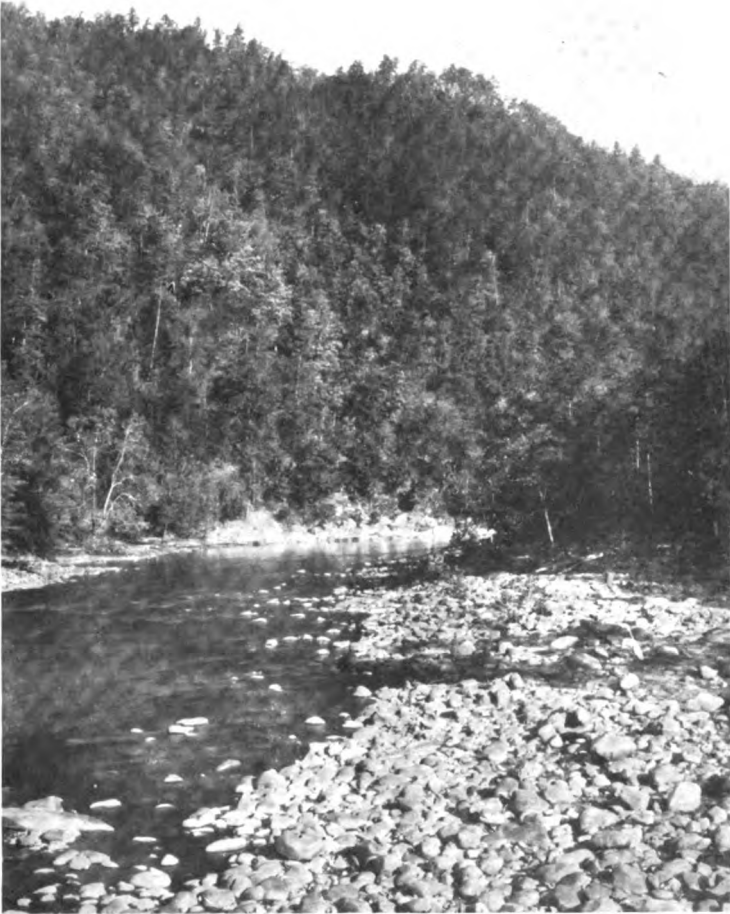
the rifles picked off many of them, the Indians fled, and the settlers rushed to cover.

Then followed pretended retreat, renewed attack, unsuccessful ambush, attempt at digging a tunnel under the walls of the fort, the hurling of lighted torches against the side of the stockade, and the shooting of arrows wrapped in burning flax. These final expedients threatened to be successful, but a rain had drenched the walls and they would not burn.

More showers relieved the thirst of the men, women and children, and the live stock. These heavy rains made the defenders feel utterly discouraged, yet these were their salvation. For on September 16, 1778, after nine days, the Indians retreated, put to rout by the repeated caving in of the tunnel which they thought would surely win for them the victory. At a cost of two killed and four wounded the victory had been won!

“And so ended the last investment that Boonesborough was to experience,” writes Ranck, “one that Boone characterized as ‘a dreadful siege which threatened death in every form,’ one of the longest that the unstable and impatient Indians ever attempted, and one of the most curious of the military epochs of the American Revolution. If De Quindre was in earnest, why were no attempts made by such a force to scale the stockade? Why was the work of many days devoted to a mine, when scaling ladders for a ten-foot wall could have been made of young saplings and deer or cattle thongs in an afternoon? How much were the French-Canadian colleagues of the Indians influenced in the conduct of the siege by that sympathy for the Americans which was then so strong?”

Followed peace and quiet for Boonesborough, and prosperity. Immigrants poured in during 1777, and the settle-



**ON THE NOLICHUCKY RIVER**



CAHOKIA, OR MONK'S, MOUND  
(From an Old Sketch)



CAHOKIA, ILLINOIS  
(From Wild, *Valley of the Mississippi*, owned by Chicago  
Historical Society)

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

ment grew steadily. The town was incorporated and plotted, and many lots were sold. A ferry was established crossing the Kentucky River. Six hundred and fifty acres adjoining were set apart as a common. Daniel Boone was one of the first trustees.

Indian troubles were not over by any means, but Boonesborough survived them all, and when the announcement of the Treaty of Paris came to the inhabitants there was loud shouting for "Washington and the Continental Congress." They thought that their troubles were over.

So they were—some of them. But what the Indians could not accomplish, changes in population wrought effectively. "In 1792, when Kentucky was admitted into the Union, Boonesborough was one of the largest towns in the State, was conspicuous for its shipments of the great tobacco crop that was produced in the region surrounding it, and competed for the location there of the capital of the new Commonwealth. But it was soon left behind in the march of population and events. By 1810 it had declined to an obscure hamlet; a little later on it was reckoned among the towns of Kentucky that once had been."

Or, in the words of R. T. Durritt, president of the Filson Club, "Boonesborough, like a mist of the morning, has vanished, and the place which knew it once will know it no more forever. Not a cabin that formed the parallelogram of the fort, not a picket of the bullet-battered line that encompassed the station, and not a pale of the stockade is left. Not even a chimney, the last of a human habitation to perish, is left standing or shows the little mound of debris at its base as survivor of the fall. Its former site is an unromantic cornfield. Neither fire nor flood nor earthquake nor ruthless time has ever more completely swept a town from the face of the earth."

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## IX

### WHERE TENNESSEE WAS BORN

**I**N northeastern Tennessee, where the mountain ranges stretch from northeast to southwest, and the rivers and creeks rush frantically along through the picturesque valleys, there is a bit of historic country where, a few years before the beginning of the Revolution, settlers from Virginia found their way.

There were three chief centers of these settlers—on the Holston River, on the Nolichucky River, and on the Watauga River. But the settlement on the Watauga became most famous, although its name is, to most people, as unfamiliar as the others.

Those who first came to Watauga were attracted by what became known as the Watauga Old Fields—benches of level land along the stream where mounds and relics gave abundant evidence that there, ages before this, some prehistoric race had made their home, cultivating the fertile fields, hunting in the forests, fighting among themselves, and burying their dead. From the Cherokees they learned that the Indians were ignorant of the identity of these residents of a bygone age, but that they were familiar with the traditions which told of their presence.

Students of natural history have noted the fact that this region is one of the oldest in North America, if the testimony of the forests of fir, pine, and stunted oak, is

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

worth anything; these trees were like those that have their regular habitation much farther north.

It was 1769 when the first settlers fixed on the site of Watauga for a home. This was the year when Daniel Boone went to Kentucky. In 1770 James Robertson, a resident of Orange County, North Carolina, found his way there. Previous settlers had hailed from Virginia, as was natural, since passage from Virginia—owing to the conformation of the country—was much easier than from North Carolina. Robertson, delighted with the appearance of the wonderful lands in the green mountains, watered by pleasant streams, chose a location, put in a crop of corn, and returned to Orange County, where he planned to interest friends in Watauga and take back with him those who would make the venture to a new country, as well as the members of his family.

He found that, when he sought to talk of emigration, the way had been prepared for him by the defeat at the Alamance, by the forces under Governor Tryon, of the Regulators, who had opposed his high-handed methods—so taking their places among the fathers of the Revolution. Having decided that North Carolina under a loyalist governor was no place for those who loved liberty, they were ready to think of making the venture beyond the mountains.

So Robertson led back to Watauga a goodly company of men, women, and children. Fortunately he was able to guide them safely to their destination; probably he had learned caution by a bitter experience during his journey from Watauga to Orange County, when, lost in the forest, he had been rescued just in time by two hunters who stumbled on his tracks.

Thus the settlement on the Watauga grew rapidly.

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Those pioneers were a sturdy lot—manly, energetic, intellectual. They early learned the necessity of clinging to one another for protection against the Indians and against desperadoes who infested the country.

But anxiety of a graver sort soon came. In 1772 Virginia made a treaty with the Cherokees, agreeing that the Holston River should be the southern boundary of Virginia. Soon afterward Alexander Cameron, who lived among the Cherokees, acting in the interests of the British, told the Watauga people they must remove at once from the Indian lands.

But some of the Cherokees encouraged the settlers to remain, provided they did not extend their holdings. So they decided to hold a meeting, at which they agreed that it would be inconvenient to move back to North Carolina and that they were unwilling to lose the labor they had given to their lands.

The result was a lease, for ten years, of the acres they occupied. They felt that by persuading the Indians to give such a lease they were not going contrary to the letter of the law of the king of England, who had warned the colonists against making purchases of lands from the Indians. Later, two days after Colonel Henderson and Daniel Boone and their associates bought the Transylvania lands from their savage claimants, they were encouraged to take title to the section they had leased.

A second result of the historic meeting at Watauga was the formation of the Watauga Association—historic because it was the first banding together of freemen west of the Alleghany Mountains. The purpose was to have the germ of an independent colony, which should be, ultimately, under a royal governor, like the other colonies.

The leaders in the organization, John Sevier and James

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Robertson, continued to shape the destinies of the people of the settlement and its successors for many years; thus their names became inseparably connected with the history of Tennessee.

A written constitution was adopted by the association, and arrangements were made for a court. This was in 1772. Unfortunately, this constitution has been lost, but some of the details of the plan are known. The desire to put down wrong-doing and to make provision for equitable living was evident in all that they did. Magistrates were appointed, and other arrangements were made to execute the simple laws they framed.

The Watauga Association was able to solve its problems alone for three years, but when—in 1775—Virginia and North Carolina each appointed a committee of safety, to co-operate with George Washington, who had been appointed commander-in-chief of colonial forces, Watauga followed suit, and a committee of thirteen was named.

Then came the anxious days in 1776 when the settlements about Watauga, and finally the fort at Watauga, was attacked by Indians. Forty men under James Robertson conducted a gallant defense, and succeeded in compelling more than three hundred Indians to raise the siege of the fort, and, at length, to withdraw; the savage cunning of the besiegers had availed them nothing.

Followed the Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776. A few weeks later—on August 22, 1776—the Watauga Association applied for annexation to the Provincial Council of North Carolina, making the promise that they would share with their associates the burden of raising money and men for the struggle with Great Britain.

The petition was granted and the pledge was nobly kept. From Watauga and its vicinity many men went to



## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

battle for freedom. Some of them won undying fame by heroic conduct at the battle of King's Mountain.

Washington District—as North Carolina named the Watauga settlement—remained a part of North Carolina until January, 1784, when the legislature of that state, disconcerted by the fact that the 42,000 square miles of the District would make North Carolina share in the costs of the Revolution out of all proportion to what they thought should be borne by that state, ceded it to the United States.

The result was unexpected, but prompt. Indignant because they had been turned out of North Carolina, the District was formed into an independent state—the State of Franklin, it was called. On August 23, 1784, a state constitution was adopted and John Sevier was named as the first governor. Application was made for admission to the Union.

Then North Carolina thought the best way to repair damages was to annul the previous action and claim the District once more. Such provisions—of a separate court, a militia of its own, and other benefits—were promised that Governor Sevier advised acceptance of the proposal. But when the people demurred he promised to lead them in their separate existence. The first step in the carrying out of the new plan was his inauguration as governor, at Watauga, on March 1, 1785.

The story of the State of Franklin covers two years, when much creditable constructive work was done. The first interruption came when Governor Cromwell of North Carolina proclaimed the government of Franklin unlawful, and posted as rebels those who supported it and those who were its officers. Unless they abandoned their government and returned to their allegiance to North Carolina,

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

militia would be sent to bring them to terms. They refused to obey until the soldiers forced them to do so.

Washington District, the successor, first, of the Watauga Association, and, second, of the State of Franklin, remained a part of North Carolina until, in 1790, that State ceded its western lands to the United States. For six years it was a part of the unorganized and unnamed territory south of the Ohio River; then it found its final destiny as the State of Tennessee.

The Watauga Settlement on the banks of the Watauga River, in what is now Carter County, Tennessee, long ago fulfilled its mission and disappeared. There is in the county a place named Watauga, and another called Watauga Valley, but these villages are successors only in name of the original Watauga, whose residents were the sturdy ancestors of Tennessee, and their association forecast the free institutions of which Tennesseans are so proud.

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## X

### THE ANCIENT VILLAGE OF CAHOKIA, ILLINOIS

**T**HE oldest village at Cahokia, Illinois, dates back too far for history to give any account of it. For there was a favorite gathering place for the Indians on their way to and from the Mississippi River, and there they built great mounds, possibly to mark the resting place of their dead. These mounds mark the site of what has been called the greatest prehistoric city in the United States. Students of archæological lore say that the great Cahokia mound, the largest of some eighty in the group, is the largest Indian mound in the country.

Some of the smaller mounds have disappeared, but the Cahokia mound still resists those whose desire to destroy it for business reasons is greater than their appreciation of the wonderful work done by the mound builders.

There are those who think that the great heap of earth was not raised up by men; that all the mound builders did was to trim it and shape it as it was when the first explorers saw it. They say that to build it would have been impossible for men unacquainted with modern methods of handling great weights, since it is located eight miles from the Mississippi bluffs, the source of the supplies of earth they would have had to use. But most authorities seem to think that this mound was raised to a height of more than one hundred feet on a base more than half a mile around.



**CAHOKIA MOUND**



**OLD CAHOKIA COURT HOUSE**



"THE MISSISSIPPI CUT ACROSS THE NECK"



"THE HOUSES SLIPPED INTO THE STREAM"

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

An explorer who, in 1811, visited the region of the mounds, stood in awe before them. He said he felt much as a man does who looks for the first time on the great pyramids of Egypt. He said the smaller mounds looked like "enormous haystacks scattered through a meadow."

It is thought that the mound was built as a temple, and that on the summit was kept burning a fire to the sun god; that it was the central feature of a village of the builders and worshipers; that if it should be explored there would be found remains of the civilization of that day, similar to those found in other mounds of like character. Fortunately the University of Illinois has made a careful excavation in it, and has told of valuable discoveries. One objection to the theory that Indians built the mound is the fact that the Indians as they have been known since America was discovered do not seem to have the mental ability to make and carry out such an ambitious plan. Then how could their ancestors have been responsible?

One theory, not only interesting, but possible, is that the buffalo was the cause of the deterioration of the Indians. Once, so it is said, they were extremely intellectual; in a hundred ways they were a vast improvement on their present-day successors. They lived simply, cultivated the soil, and had permanent villages. Their wants were few, and these they were able to satisfy by hard toil. Sometimes they hunted; rude pictures of deer and foxes and other game have been discovered on the pottery found in some of the mounds. Yet there are no pictures representing the buffalo. But surely the buffalo would have been pictured if the animal had been known to the makers of the pottery.

The time came when the buffalo, which wandered far across the Mississippi, invaded Illinois. Naturally the

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Indians soon learned to hunt him. As time passed the fever of the hunt took possession of them. The care of the crops was left to the women, while the men went on hunting expeditions. Their character was brutalized, peaceful employments were forgotten, and it became an easy matter to move from place to place, whenever the beasts were exhausted near home, and it seemed advisable to travel far to find them. Then, gradually, the buffalo lured the mound builders from their sedentary habits, and made them like the Indians who were found by the discoverers and explorers.

It has been found by scientists and historians that the Cahokia mound—the Monk's mound, as some call it, because a company of Trappist monks lived and tilled the ground there from 1810 to 1813—is doomed to destruction. Efforts have been made to save it for the people. Some day Illinois may be persuaded to make it a state park. The mound would then be the property of the public. No one would dare lift a hand against this venerable relic, all that is left to tell of the first village of Cahokia and its people.

The first Cahokia village of which history tells was begun probably very soon after La Salle descended the Mississippi River in 1683. Probably its builders were some of the company of the great explorers who, attracted by the peaceful and easy life of the Indians living on the lowlands some distance below the mouth of the Missouri, decided to remain on the spot. La Salle would not oppose this; it was part of his policy to encourage the building of settlements by those who would be in friendly relations with the Indians.

Many of the settlers married women of the Cahokia tribe; others brought wives from Canada. Fur trading

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

was the chief interest of the early residents of Cahokia—or Saint Famille de Kaiouqua, as it was called by the French. But about 1700, priests came and founded a mission and the village thus took on a more permanent character.

A traveler who stopped at the village in 1770 said it was long and straggling, being three fourths of a mile from one end to the other. There were forty-five dwellings. In the center of the village was a building called a fort, which differed from the other houses only in being one of the best and in being surrounded by a high palisade. Most of the houses were built of pickets and were one story high. They had piazzas on every side "and, being whitewashed on the outside, have a lively appearance."

On January 2, 1774, Cahokia became, by order of Parliament, part of the Province of Quebec, which was extended to the Mississippi River. It continued under the control of the English until the July day in 1778 when George Rogers Clark took possession in the name of the American colonies, some days after his surprise visit to Kaskaskia. The quaint narrative of the sturdy Virginian which tells of the conquest of Cohos (his name for Cahokia), sixty miles north of Kaskaskia, should be given in his own words:

"The Inhabitants (of Kaskaskies) told me that one of their Townsmen was enough to put me in possession of that place, by carrying the good news that the People would rejoice. However, I did not altogether Chuse to trust this, but dispatched the Captain, attended by a considerable number of the Inhabitants, who got into the middle of the Town before they were discovered; the French Gentlemen calling aloud to the People to submit to their happy fate, which they did with very little hesi-



## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

tation. A number of Indians being in Town on hearing of the Big Knives, immediately made their Escape."

Later, when the Indians returned as if seeking for peace, General Clark wrote:

"It was with Astonishment that (*we*) viewed the Amazeing Number of Savages that soon flocked into the Town of Cohos to treat for peace, and to hear what the Big Knives had to say, Many of them 500 miles distant, Chipoways, Ottoways, Petawatomies, Missesipis, Puans, Sacks, Foxes, Maumies, and a number of other natives, all living east of the Missicippi, and many of them that were against us. I must confess that I was under some apprehension among such a number of Devils, and it proved to be just for the second or third night, a party of Puans and others endeavored to force by the Guards into my Lodgings to Bear me off, but were happily Detected and made Prisoners. The Town took the Alarm, and was immediately under Arms, which convinced the Savages that the French were in our interest."

By wise conduct General Clark won the friendship of the Indians, and they gave him invaluable assistance in his work.

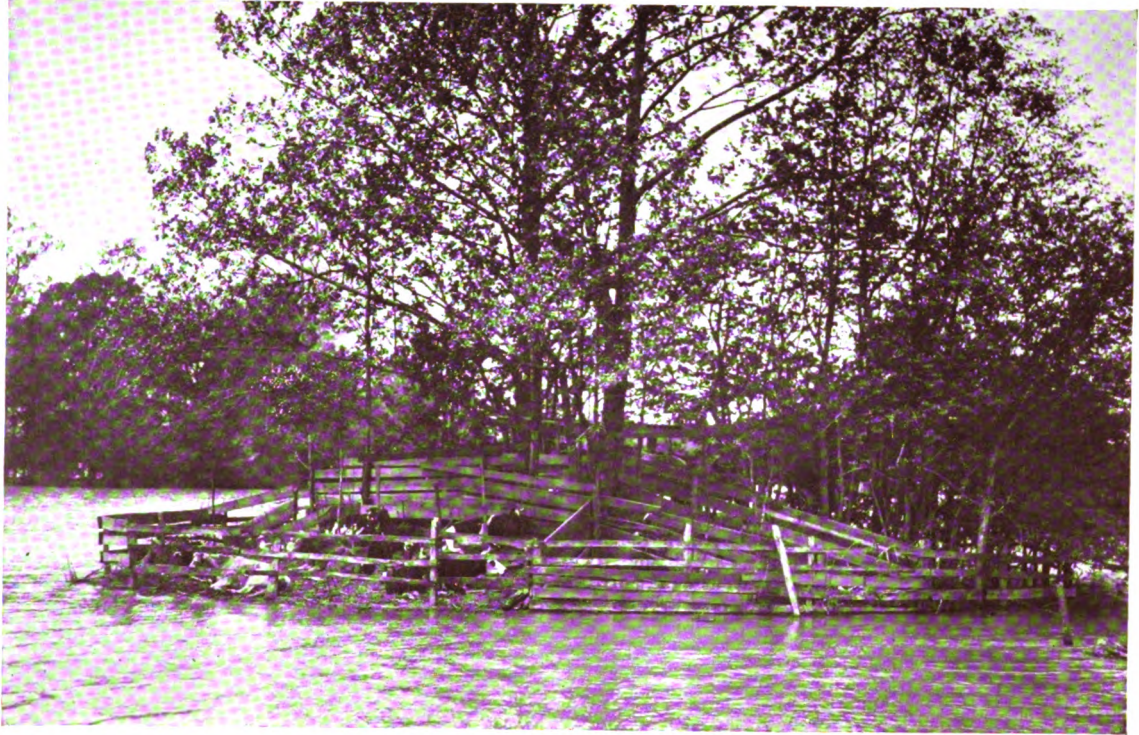
The second village of Cahokia, with its quaint houses and people, has passed away. A modern village has taken its place. But in a few years the busy city across the river may reach out resistlessly and cover up all the country of Saint Famille de Kaiouquia.



**KASKASKIA, ILLINOIS**  
(From Wild, *Valley of the Mississippi*, owned by Chicago  
Historical Society)



**KASKASKIA IN 1893**



IN FLOOD TIME ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

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## XI

### KASKASKIA, THE ILLINOIS TOWN THAT RESTS BENEATH THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

**W**HEN the French missionaries and traders found their way to the rich American Bottom, some of them located on a choice site on the neck of land between the Kaskaskia River and the Mississippi River. There they built a town that for more than a century was the chief settlement for hundreds of miles. From about the year 1700 until well into the nineteenth century it was famous socially, commercially, and politically. Its name was heard in Richmond, when the Illinois country was a county of Virginia, and its problems sometimes were considered by government officials at Washington. Early travelers were eager to visit it and were proud to write of it. Pioneer surveyors gave it prominent place on their maps of the Illinois country. But for many years most travelers to the region where Kaskaskia long ruled alone have been unconscious of their nearness to the site of the old town, and those who would find it named on a map must go to an old atlas, or to the records of the historian.

The early years of Kaskaskia were like those of other pioneer settlements. The surrounding Indians were on friendly terms with the peaceable French cottagers, though there were times of anxiety and danger when the savages were threatening. Adventurers toiled past the town on their way to the Missouri or to the upper Mississippi, or

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

floated down toward the mouth of the Ohio and New Orleans. Scores of those whose names are written large in the history of the Mississippi Valley paused there, or lived there for a season.

But usually life was very tranquil there, even when the French gave way to the English, and the English to the Americans. For Kaskaskia, like so many settlements of the Mississippi Valley, was a town of three flags.

The earliest authentic picture of the frontier community was drawn by Captain Philip Pittman, whose book telling of travels in America was printed in London in 1770:

“The village of Notre Dame de Cascasquias is by far the most considerable settlement in the Country of the Illinois, as well from its number of inhabitants, as from its advantageous situation. It stands on the side of a small river, which is about eighty yards wide, and empties itself into the Mississippi more than two leagues below the village. The river is a secure port for the large bateaux which lie so close to the banks, to load and unload without the least trouble, and at all seasons of the year there is water enough for them to come up. . . . Another great advantage that Cascasquia receives from the river is the facility with which mills for corn and plank may be erected on it. Moses Paget was the first who introduced water-mills in this country, and he constructed a very fine one on the river Cascasquia, which was both for grinding corn and sawing board.

“The principal buildings here are the church, and the Jesuits’ House, which has a small chapel adjoining it; these, as well as some of the other houses in the village, are built of stone, and considering the part of the world,

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

make a very good appearance. The Jesuits' plantation consists of two hundred and forty arpents [an arpent is a little less than an acre] of cultivated land, a very good stock of cattle and a brewery,—which were sold by the French Commandant, after the country was ceded to the English, for the Crown, in consequence of the suppression of the order. Mons. Jean Baptiste Beauvais was the purchaser, who is the richest of the English subjects in the country. He keeps eighty slaves; he furnishes 86,000 weight of flour to the King's Magazine, which was only part of the harvest he reaped in one year.

“The fort, which was torn down in October, 1766, stood on the summit of a high rock opposite the village, and on the opposite side of the river.”

At the time of Pittman's visit there were about sixty-five families in the village, whose customary dress was coarse blue cotton, with deer-skin moccasins. In winter, of course, the cotton clothing gave way to skins and furs. Each head of a family owned his house, and had a right also to the use of the common field outside of the village. Most of this was open pasture, though some was cultivated. It was the law of the community that occupancy gave title to the land, but no one could alienate it; when occupancy ceased, the land revertēd to the community.

The most exciting day in the history of the sleepy village came in 1778, when, according to one account, there were two hundred and fifty houses there. If this figure is correct, the growth in the twelve years since the visit of Pittman had been large.

The story of that day of excitement really began with December 10, 1777, when George Rogers Clark told Governor Patrick Henry in far-away Virginia how easy

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

it would be to take the northwest country from the British. He outlined his plan for capturing the villages on the Mississippi River, Vincennes on the Wabash, and perhaps Detroit. With a vision that classes him with Thomas Jefferson—to whose far-seeing wisdom the purchase of the Louisiana country was due, less than a generation later—he gave Clark the authority he sought. The governor was not troubled by the fact that some might question his authority to send an expedition to what was then the far West; he resolved to take advantage of a rather vague provision on the statute book of Virginia that made it possible for him to undertake projects for the defense of the commonwealth.

So he told Clark (he was only a colonel then, though his exploits were to make a general of him) that he might enlist seven companies of militia. To these men he was to announce that he was going to the defense of the Kentucky settlements against the Indians; but on the same day he was given private instructions which led him—after grave difficulties in securing men and supplies—down the Ohio, then overland from Fort Massac (where Metropolis now stands) to Kaskaskia.

But the leader of that expedition should tell of the events that followed. He was writing to Hon. George Mason of Gunston Hall, Virginia, on the Potomac, the intimate friend of George Washington:

“On the Evening of the 4th of July we got within three miles of the Town Kaskaskias, having a River of the same name to cross to the Town. After making ourselves ready for anything that might happen, we marched after night to a Farm that was on the same side of the River about a mile above the Town, took the family Prisoners, and

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

found plenty of Boats to cross in; and in two hours transported ourselves to the other shore with the greatest silence. I learned that they had some suspicion of being attacked, and had some preparations, keeping out spies, but they making no discoveries had got off their Guard. I immediately divided my little Army into two Divisions, ordered one to surround the town, with the other I broke into the Fort, secured the Governor, M. Rocheblave [who had transferred allegiance from the French to the English] in 13 minutes had every street secured, sent Runners through the Town ordering the People on Pain of Death to keep close to their Houses, which they observ'd, and before daylight had the whole town disarmed; nothing could excell the Confusion the people seemed to be in, being taught to expect nothing but Savage treatment from the Americans. Giving all for lost, their lives were all they could dare beg for, which they did with the greatest fervancy, they were willing to be Slaves to save their Families. I told them it did not suit me to give them an answer at that time, they repaired to their homes, trembling as if they were led to Execution; my principals would not suffer me to distress such a number of People, except through policy it was necessary. A little reflection convinced me that it was my Interest to attach them to me, according to my first plan. . . . I sent for all the Principal men of the Town, who came in as if to a Tribunal that was to determine their fate forever. Cursing their fortunes that they were not apprised of us time enough to have defended themselves; I told them that I was sorry to find that they had been taught to harbour so false an opinion of the Americans and their Cause; Explained the nature of the dispute to them in as clear a light as I was capable of, it was Certain that they were a Conquered



## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

People, and by the fate of War was at my mercy, and that our Principal was to make them Redeemed from insted of enslaving them as they immagined, that if I could have surety of their Zeal and Attachment to the American Cause, they should immediately enjoy all the privileges of our Government, and their property secured to them, and that it was only to stop the further effusion of Innocent Blood by the Savages and the influence of the Governor, that made them an object of our attention, &c.

“No sooner had they heard this their Joy sparkled in their Eyes and (*they*) fell into Transports of Joy that really surprised me . . . that they should . . . think themselves the happiest People in the World if they were united with the Americans. . . .

“They returned to their families, and in a few minutes the scean of mourning and distress was turned into an excess of Joy, nothing else seen or heard. Adorning the Streets with flowers and Pavilians of different colours, compleating their happiness by singing, &c.”

Thus, without firing a gun, Clark's force of a little more than a hundred men—the Kaskaskians thought he had at least ten times as many—succeeded in winning Kaskaskia, and so the entire Mississippi country, for the colonies.

Clark made many friends in the village who were of wonderful assistance to him in the further performance of the task he had set himself. Easily first among them was Francis Vigo, a Spaniard who had gone from Sardinia to New Orleans, and from there to St. Louis. He was in business there when he learned of Clark's presence in Kaskaskia. Attracted by him, he offered to do anything he could to help him. So Clark sent him to Vincennes to learn how fared Captain Helm, whom Clark had sent to

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take the fort on the Wabash. When he reached there he was taken prisoner by the British, who had surprised Captain Helm, but he was released on the promise that he would not "do anything injurious to the British interests on his way to St. Louis." He kept his promise, first going to St. Louis. He then turned to Kaskaskia and told Clark all that had happened at Vincennes.

The news was timely. Clark was able to plan to go at once to the relief of Vincennes. But he was in difficulty for supplies, since he had nothing but Continental currency, of which the French traders at Kaskaskia knew nothing. Their suspicion continued until Vigo was seen to accept this at his branch store at Kaskaskia; they thought that what such a good business man did they also could do.

Not only did Vigo accept twenty thousand dollars in Continental currency, but he advanced more than eleven thousand dollars in addition, for the expense of the all-important expedition.

Unfortunately Vigo, the friend of the Colonies in their time of need, died in poverty in 1836. He had presented his claim to Virginia, but it had not been honored. His heirs received fifty thousand dollars in 1870—nearly a century after the loan was made!

After the Revolution Kaskaskia prospered for many years. Settlers crowded in. Many of Clark's men, on their return to Kentucky and Virginia, told of the beauties of the American Bottom, and some of their neighbors returned with them to Kaskaskia. In 1800 there were three hundred and fifty families in the town.

A single reference to Kaskaskia—in the correspondence of William Henry Harrison, governor of Indiana Territory, of which Illinois was part at that time—shows some-

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thing of the remoteness of the community and the manner of life there. This letter, dated at Fort Washington (Cincinnati), 13th April, 1795, was addressed to "His Excellency the Commander in Chief." It reads:

"Just as I arrived at this place Capt. Pierce was sending forward dispatches for Your Excellency from the War Office, which no doubt contained the intelligence & arrangements that have been so long expected. There is nothing new here worth Your Excellency's attention but some information I got from Mr. I. Ludlow who is just arrived (through the woods) from Kaskaskies. He says, that the two Indians mentioned in the Extract enclosed in Captain Pastner's letter to you were murdered when under the protection of a magistrate of Kaskaskies by Whitesides, between Kaskaskies and Cohokia as they were going to the latter place, where they were to be confined. Whitesides is at the head of a small settlement between Kaskaskies & Cohokia. Thinking that designing men may endeavour to prevent Your Excellency's Proclamation from reaching these remote parts, I shall have a few copies of it printed in Lexington . . . and shall enclose them to Capt. Pastner to be distributed in Vincennes and the settlements on the Mississippi, that those lawless Rascals may have no excuse for violating the laws and treaties of the country. . . ."

When Illinois became a territory, the pioneer legislature met at Kaskaskia on November 25, 1812. Both houses met in a large building of uncut limestone, which had a steep roof and a gable of unpainted boards. There were also dormer windows. The building, after the flood that caused the abandonment of Fort Chartres, had been used by the French as headquarters for the military commandant. This building remained the Capitol until the re-

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

moval to Vandalia in 1818, when all the records were transferred in a single small wagon!

Forsaken by the legislature, Kaskaskia was not forsaken by the rivers between which its founders had located it. Gradually these encroached upon the site. Finally floods threatened to make Kaskaskia an island, the Mississippi reaching across the neck above the town to the Kaskaskia (or Okaw, as the river came to be called, because of the French way of saying that they were going *aux Kau*, to Kaskaskia).

In vain the government strove to protect the Kaskaskia, but, following the heavy winter snows of 1880-81, the ice and floods swept down the river and carried away the protecting works. Then the Mississippi cut across the four-hundred-yard neck that separated the rivers. At first the water fell into the Kaskaskia with a six-foot fall, but soon the alluvial soil was swept away and a far wider channel for the river was made. The people stood by and watched the awful force of the flood waters as they tore across to the Kaskaskia, which was but six hundred feet wide at the point of the junction. The flood was flung against the farther bank of the Kaskaskia, where great trees were uprooted and carried downstream. Sometimes a half acre of ground would fall into the river at one time.

The relentless river then began to wear away the island on which Kaskaskia stood. One by one the houses slipped into the stream, and year after year there were less people in the town. Some lingered until 1898, but by that time there was little left. In 1906 a single chimney was standing on the bank of the stream—all that was left of old Kaskaskia!

It is easy to enter into the feelings of an Illinois historian who, in the course of an address, said:

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“The very river upon whose placid waters the French settlers paddled their light canoes, has become the bed of the wild currents of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, and that beautiful and rocky peninsula, whereon the old town was located, has become a desert island. The history of the world affords no parallel to the rapid and absolute demolition of old Kaskaskia Town. Cities have gone down to ruin, but yet have left some traces of their former greatness; not so with old Kaskaskia. The very earth on which she stood has become a desert and a desolation. It is scarcely beyond the life of those now living when she was the most important place in our western territories—the center of trade in Illinois, the capital of our territory, the capital of our state, and, with a population of some three thousand people, embraced a large proportion of the wisdom, learning, wealth, and eloquence of Illinois.”

For many years it was thought that even the old records of Kaskaskia had perished. But in 1905 a member of the Chicago Historical Society discovered them, stored on top of the bookcase in one of the county offices at Chester, the successor of Kaskaskia as county seat of Randolph County. These records go back to 1737, when a clerk of the French court lived at Kaskaskia, and when a judge came from Fort Chartres to mete out justice there. Thus the patient student is able to piece out the history of the heroic days when Indian met Frenchman, when Spaniard dealt with fur trader, when rich river towns were pawns in the game of nations.

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## XII

### OLD FORT CHARTRES ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

**M**ORE than two centuries ago there was an astonishing bit of feudal France on the banks of the Mississippi River. It was called Fort Chartres by those who chose the location near the southern extremity of the fertile American Bottom, which extends from a point nearly opposite the mouth of the Mississippi River nearly to Chester.

On the Bottom there were a number of French villages noted both for the military prowess of the residents and for the sleepy, Old World life of these residents among the Indians, with whom they were on friendly terms.

The present Fort Chartres was occupied in 1720 by Philippe François de Renault, the French director-general of mining operations, who brought with him up the river for the purpose two hundred white men and five hundred Santo Domingo negroes, thus introducing slavery in what became Illinois. The purpose of the fort was to protect against the Spaniards the servants of John Law's famous Company of the Indies, whose startling scheme for curing the financial ills of France was later known as the Mississippi Bubble. Law's plan was to set up a bank to manage the royal revenue and to issue notes backed by landed security. In selling shares in his Company of the Indies, which was to accomplish financial wonders, "large engravings were distributed in France, representing the arrival

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of the French at the Mississippi river, and savages with their squaws rushing to meet the new arrivals with evident respect and admiration."

Promises of great dividends from mountains of gold and silver, lead, copper, and quicksilver were made. Shares rose rapidly and soon were selling for 20,000 francs. For three months the French people believed in Law. Then the Mississippi Bubble burst and there was sorrow in the homeland.

In the meantime the work at Fort Chartres was continued. Within the stockade of wood, which had earth between the palisades for purposes of strength, were received many wandering savages who brought their furs for barter. The French residents felt secure in the presence of their protection.

Various expeditions were sent out against the Indians. One of these went out against the Chickasaw Indians, on the Arkansas River. Disaster overtook the company of French soldiers, and fifteen were captured and put to death with savage barbarity.

In 1753 the fort was in such bad condition that it was decided to build anew, this time of stone, brought from the bluff. When completed, the new structure was one of the strongest forts ever built in America.

An English traveler who visited the new fort in 1765, when the British were in control, told of finding walls two feet two inches thick, pierced with loopholes at regular distances, and with two portholes for cannon in the faces, and two in the flanks of each bastion. There was a ditch, but this had not been completed. The entrance was a handsome rustic gate. Within the fort he found the houses of the commander and of the commissary, the

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magazine for stores, and the quarters of the soldiers. There were also a powder magazine, a bunk house, and a prison.

The visitor told how the bank of the Mississippi was continually falling in, and so was threatening the fort. In the effort to control the destructive current a sand bank had been built to turn it from its course; the sand bank had become an island, covered by willows. Yet it was realized that the destruction of the fort was sure.

"When the fort was begun, in the year 1756," he wrote, "it was a good half mile from the water side; in the year 1766 it was but eighty paces; eight years ago the river was fordable to the island; the channel is now forty feet deep."

In the year 1764 there were about forty families in the village near the fort and a parish church served by a Franciscan friar. In the following year, when the English took possession of the country, they abandoned their houses, except three or four poor families, and settled at the village on the west side of the Mississippi, choosing to continue under the French government.

An English visitor who saw Fort Chartres in 1766, when it was still in its prime, wrote of his impressions:

"The headquarters of the English commanding officer is now here, who in fact is the arbitrary governor of the country. The fort is an irregular quadrangle; the side of the exterior polygon is 490 feet. It is built of stone plastered, and is only designed as a defense against the Indians, the wall being two feet two inches thick, and pierced with loopholes at regular distances, and with two port-holes for cannon in the face and two in the flank of each bastion.



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"It is generally agreed that this is the most commodious and best built fort in America."

In 1772 a flood washed away part of the fort, on which a million dollars had been spent—a large amount for that day. The garrison fled north to Kaskaskia, where another fortress was built.

More than sixty years later the *Illinois Gazetteer* said: "The prodigious military work is now a heap of ruins. Many of the stones have been removed by the people of Kaskaskia. On the whole fort is a considerable growth of trees."

But the Mississippi relented in its approach to Fort Chartres. A bit of the old fort still stands—the powder magazine and bits of the old wall.

Fortunately, in 1778, Congress withdrew from entry or sale a tract of land a mile square, including the site of the fort. Thus the way was opened for the acquirement of the property by Illinois, which has made of it a state park. The fort is to be rebuilt in accordance with the original plans, which have been discovered in France.

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## XIII

### WITH THE MORAVIANS AT HOPE, NEW JERSEY

**I**N Warren County, New Jersey, not far from the point where the Delaware River makes its forcible passage through the mountains by the famous Water Gap, automobile tourists pause in wonder before substantial remainders of a settlement that was thriving during the Revolution, and for a few years afterward, but passed into other hands in the early years of the nineteenth century.

Hope was one of the most promising of the colonies of the Moravians, who had made their American headquarters at Bethlehem. In 1768 scouts sent out from the parent settlement to discover a likely spot for some of the farmers who needed to swarm from the Pennsylvania house, reported finding, eight miles from the Delaware, a garden spot, well watered by streams which had their beginning in attractive little lakes close by.

Arrangements were made with a farmer who owned much of the coveted land to sell fifteen hundred acres for the Moravians' use. The price paid was ridiculously low—less than three dollars an acre.

The town was built on Beaver Brook, whose waters promised to provide the power for one of the mills which pioneer settlers found one of their first necessities. The country was much like that to which the newcomers had become accustomed in Pennsylvania; even if the hills

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

were not so abrupt, there were hills, and plenty of them—foothills of the Jenny Jump Mountain that belongs to the chain through which the Delaware fights its way down from the north.

The town was in two parts—the upper town, two hundred feet above the brook, and the lower town, by the waterside. In the upper town the church was built—a plain stone structure that looks as if it would stand for ages. Its walls are thick and its interior is as sturdy and plain as were the men and women who gathered there for a generation. It was not completed until 1781, though it had been in use for a long time before the glad word was passed through the village that the house for God's worship was ready.

Close to the church was built the parsonage and the school, as well as many of the houses of the villagers, who, during the trying days of the Revolution, lived in peace, though not far from the path of the invaders.

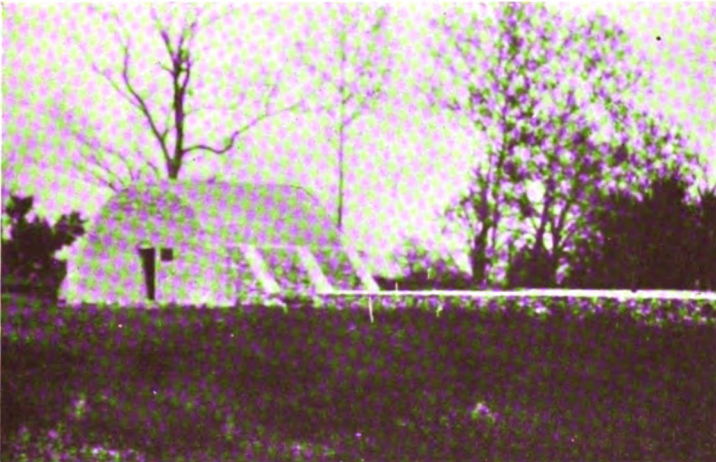
The street of the upper town dips rapidly down to the lower town, crossing the little valley by a bridge that dates from 1770, one of those solid highway bridges that are the wonder of modern stonemasons, who go over some of the old thoroughfares of the East or the National Road that was among the East's first attempts to make easy the way to the West.

The community, one of the first buildings completed, still lifts its mighty walls by the Beaver; its machinery is turned by a great wheel to which water is conducted through a sluiceway cut, in places, through slate rock until it looks like a little canyon in some mountain stream.

Until 1787 the mill ground the corn for the Moravians without threat of a rival. But in that year Joseph Swayze, a settler who did not owe allegiance to the Moravian



RUINS OF FORT CHARTRES  
(From Wild, *Valley of the Mississippi*, owned by Chicago  
Historical Society)



THE MAGAZINE, FORT CHARTRES, RESTORED



**A RURAL LANDSCAPE NEAR HOPE, NEW JERSEY**



**"ONE OF THOSE SOLID HIGHWAY BRIDGES"**

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church, thought he saw a good opportunity to win some of its trade by building a mill for the trade of those outside of the community. When the news came to the leaders of the church, a meeting was held, and a dignified letter of protest was sent to Swayze, which closed in the following effective manner :

“We, therefore, dear friend, would earnestly ask and beg you to consider the affair in its inner light and if you show that sincerely and with compassionate mind, you will find—first, At what a great expense we have been in bringing our mill, in order to serve the neighborhood, as commodious as can be; and second, What great benefit the neighborhood derived these 17 years past of this mill; and here we must needs inform you that all of the income of the mill as well as all the rest of our trading, after the homeward expenses are discharged, are wholly and solely accounted to the benefit of the Gospel, to promote the same among Christians and Heathens, and especially for the support of our Missionaries amongst the Heathens; and whosoever get acquainted with and knows it, what an Ocean of expense the Brethren are at to maintain these missionaries and to discharge all its immense expenses occurring by that undertaking. Now dear neighbor, these our minds which we have communicated to you, flow not out of hearts of hatred against you, but more out of grievous foresight, that our Mill will be out of its recourse and in future contribute but little to the above mentioned expenses, and we beg your pardon, and hope you will not take it amiss of us, as shall still remain your well-wishing friends and neighbors.”

But the soil was not as kind and ready as the neighbors to listen to appeals in behalf of the Moravians. Disappointed because the crops they could raise were not so

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abundant as those to which they had been accustomed in Pennsylvania, and, finally, despairing because of an exceptionally hard winter, they resolved to abandon the fruits of forty years of toil and go back to Bethlehem. They sold their property, though the price they received was not always adequate to pay the cost of the buildings, and made ready to cross the Delaware.

Their final service in the church was that of Easter, 1808. And on the following day the wagons were loaded and the cavalcade of the Moravians turned westward, leaving behind in the cemetery near the church the graves of those who had given their lives to the building of Hope.

The town is still there. Others live in the houses left by the Moravians; strange hands grind in the mill; worshipers who speak another language gather in the church. But the sleepy New Jersey village speaks eloquently of those who erected it when New Jersey was still a colony, who left it when the new nation was in its infancy.

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## XIV

### GNADENHÜTTEN, OHIO, WHERE THE MORAVIANS BUILT A TOWN THAT PASSED AWAY

**A**MONG the most persistent builders of towns in the early history of America were humble men who had no thought of winning fame for themselves or of the permanency of the settlements they made; their sole desire was to lead the Indians out of savagery into a life of service.

Opinions of these missionaries—Moravians, they were called—may differ, but there can be no difference of opinion as to their devotion, their heroism, and their readiness to efface themselves for the good of those to whom they were sent.

Some of the most tragic incidents of pioneer days have to do with these devoted Moravians, the settlements they made, and the losses they endured without complaint.

For instance, there is the story of New Gnadenhütten, Ohio—a story that goes back to Pennsylvania, long before homeseekers sought what is now Tuscarawas County, in eastern Ohio. A few Moravian missionaries and their families went there to live among the Indians. They founded three villages, Shoenbrun, Gnadenhütten, and Salem, where they were surrounded with peaceable Christian Indians.

The location was difficult for those who wished to remain at peace, for the villages were about halfway be-



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tween the white settlements on the Ohio and the Wyandots and Delawares on the Sandusky, Indians who were always on the lookout for trouble. They found their excuse to molest the colonists by their alliance with Great Britain during the Revolution.

Trouble began in 1781, when an English officer from Detroit, accompanied by two Delaware chiefs and three hundred warriors, visited Gnadenhütten and urged the Christian Indians to move farther west if they valued their lives. But the Indians were not willing to go. So force was used and they were taken away, though their corn, potatoes, and other crops had not been gathered. They were led to the Sandusky country, and the missionaries were carried as prisoners to Detroit.

That winter proved a hard season, because of hunger and cold. Their necessities were so great that in the spring one hundred and fifty of them were allowed to return to the Tuscarawas River and gather the corn.

The returned exiles divided into parties, each of which went to one of the three towns where their homes had been. They felt secure because their enemies had given them permission to return. What trouble could they expect?

They did not know that the settlers of western Pennsylvania, having suffered many things from hostile Indians, were even then on the way to their villages, prepared to punish those who had done injury to them. For some reason they thought that the guilty people were the Indians of the Christian settlements.

Some of the Indians at Gnadenhütten were surprised and killed. Others were tricked into surrender and were confined in two prison houses. There were more than ninety in the party.



THE MONUMENT AT GNADENHÜTTEN, OHIO



THE HOME OF A PIONEER

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A council of war was held, and it was decided to put the prisoners to death, in spite of the promise previously made to take them to safety at Fort Pitt.

The Indians protested their innocence of the charge of murdering the settlers, but no attention was paid to them. They were terrified, but, without resistance, they allowed their captors to take them into two houses. In one of these the men were put, and in the second the women and children.

The doomed Indians asked to have a few hours to prepare for death. The time was granted and they spent it in song and prayer.

In the morning the slaughter began. All were killed except two Indian boys, who escaped. More than ninety were destroyed by those who should have been their friends.

After burning the houses, and with them the bodies of the dead, the invaders passed off to Shoenbrun, another of the Indian towns. Fortunately the Indians there had heard of events in Gnadenhütten, and had escaped. Their town was burned, however.

When word of the massacre was carried to the people of the East, there was great sorrow and indignation. Congress expressed sympathy to the Moravians and encouraged them to go on with their work. This they did, though never with much success; it was difficult to build on the ruins of their former efforts.

The coming of the soldiers corrupted the Indians, and it was proposed to remove them. In 1823 they signed a grant to sell their lands, and most of them left for the valley of the Thames River, in Canada.

David Zeisberger, a leader in the work of the mission,

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died fifteen years before the removal, and was buried at New Goshen, on the Tuscarawas.

At Gnadenhütten, where a few Moravians still live, a monument commemorating the massacre was erected in 1872. This is located in the center of the street of the original town. On the south side is the inscription:

HERE TRIUMPHED IN DEATH  
NINETY CHRISTIAN INDIANS  
MARCH 8, 1782

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## XV

### WARWICK, VIRGINIA, ONCE THE RIVAL OF RICHMOND

**V**IRGINIA was a colony of planters. Most of its people lived in the country and shunned the towns. So towns were few; they were, most of them, mere places for transacting court business or taking care of other necessary evils.

Williamsburg, Jamestown's successor as capital, was an exception. So was Richmond—though it is surprising to note that Richmond, which was founded in 1742, was still a rather insignificant town at the close of the Revolution. Skelton Jones, in his pleasing old *History of Virginia*, which he dedicated to Thomas Jefferson, wrote of the city in 1781:

“Many persons still live who recollect the size of Richmond at that time. In the course of the following year, the fiat of the Legislature fastened upon it the magnificent name of city, but it was yet a city in embryo. It scarcely afforded sufficient accommodation for the officers of Government, of which it had but recently (1779) been made the seat. The public buildings were temporary and modest. In short, everything there, except the sublime features of natural beauty, impressed by the Creator himself on the picturesque site, was in a state of infancy.”

A few years earlier Richmond had a serious rival a few miles up the James River. The name of the town was Warwick. Howe's *Historical Collections of Virginia*

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says that before the Revolution it was larger than Richmond and was one of the principal shipping ports on the river. At that time large vessels came up there, for it was the shipping port for the coal mined in Chesterfield County.

Unfortunately, the historical records of Virginia give little information as to the rise, progress, and decay of the town which labored under the serious handicap of bearing the name of the Earl of Warwick, whose unsavory connection with the Virginia Company historians are tempted to pass by, though one fearless man spoke of him as "the unprincipled patron of a number of unscrupulous men, one of the principal promoters of the slave trade, and the owner of piratical ships, which were equally at home in the waters of the West Indies and the Red Sea." Clarendon quaintly said that he was a man "than whom no one with less virtue could scarcely be found out."

In spite of its name Warwick had a proud position. During the Revolution it was for a time an important outfitting place for the Virginia troops, as is shown by a state record telling of a message, sent on January 3, 1781, to Colonel Davies, informing him that Governor Thomas Jefferson desired him to order the "Taylors and Shoe-Makers at Warwick" to repair to Chesterfield Court House, at the same time suggesting, however, that "they may desert unless officers are sent for them." Evidently the soldiers whose skill as artisans had led to their assignment to duty at the bench were not entirely trustworthy!

Three days later Major-General Baron Steuben wrote from Warwick to the governor, giving information as to the progress of the British invasion of Virginia:

"I have the pleasure to acquaint your Excellency that

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the Enemy left Richmond this afternoon about one o'clock, and proceeded towards their vessells; in consequence of which I immediately ordered a Battalion of Continental Troop and a Battalion of militia to march to the place, & came myself as well to oppose any attempts to land here as to be so far on the way to Petersburg, where it is supposed they may intend to proceed."

On January 24th Colonel George Mixter wrote to Governor Jefferson, telling him of the building of the important public works at Westham, between Richmond and Warwick, and urging that the negroes at the latter place be hired for work there; "the Women should be hired to cook, wash, &c., so that the time of the men be not consumed in these occupations."

The prosperity of Westham probably had something to do with the decay of Warwick, for on February 2, 1782, Colonel Davies wrote to Governor Jefferson, drawing attention to the public works at Warwick. "Little or nothing is done there at present, and yet there are ten hands kept there belonging to the State, who could be hired out to advantage; most of them are Rope-Makers, but as the Public rope-walk is burnt, the proprietors of the private rope-walks near Richmond are very anxious to have these negroes and will give high wages for them." Then he spoke of several houses in town, belonging to the Public, either unoccupied or used by persons who had no right to them. He said these houses might be rented out to advantage. The historian who printed the note gave in connection with it the laconic word that "the town is no longer of any public use."

In the same year, 1782, the Marquis de Chastellux visited Warwick during his tour of America. He told of a group of handsome houses that "form a sort of village."



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And he was more impressed by superb houses in the neighborhood—typical planters' homes, like that of Colonel Carey, or, especially, that of Thomas Mann Randolph, Tuckahoe, on the opposite side of the river.

Warwick has passed away entirely; maps no longer give the name. But Tuckahoe still stands, one of the series of noble houses on the banks of the James that tell of the grandeur of other days. It was probably built in 1710, and was placed in the midst of forest trees, was approached by an avenue of cedars, and was famous for the old garden, or "maze," where box hedges and old-fashioned flowers still border paths that weave in and out in astonishing fashion.

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## XVI

### THE PASSING OF OLD GALLIPOLIS, OHIO

**W**HEN the country north of the Ohio River and west of Pittsburgh was opened for settlement, millions of acres of land adjoining the lands of the Ohio Company, which settled Marietta, were taken over as a private speculation by Dr. Manasseh Cutler and his associates.

While Doctor Cutler gave his attention to the affairs of the Ohio Company, and to Marietta, a half interest in the private lands was assigned to Colonel Duer, a wealthy resident of New York, who agreed to find purchasers and settlers. Europe seemed to Doctor Duer and his associates to afford the best field of operation; their eyes were fixed on France because it was felt that the long years of discord there would make thousands eager to leave that land for free America. Joel Barlow, poet of the Revolution, agreed to cross the Atlantic to see if his forensic powers would be effective.

In May, 1788, he set out from America, bearing a power of attorney to sell the lands to purchasers. For a year he seemed to make no impression on the French people, but in 1789 he succeeded in organizing in Paris the Society of the Scioto, to which he disposed of three million acres of land in the Ohio Country. The price was \$1.14 per acre and payments were to be made during four years.

The Society of the Scioto proceeded to open offices

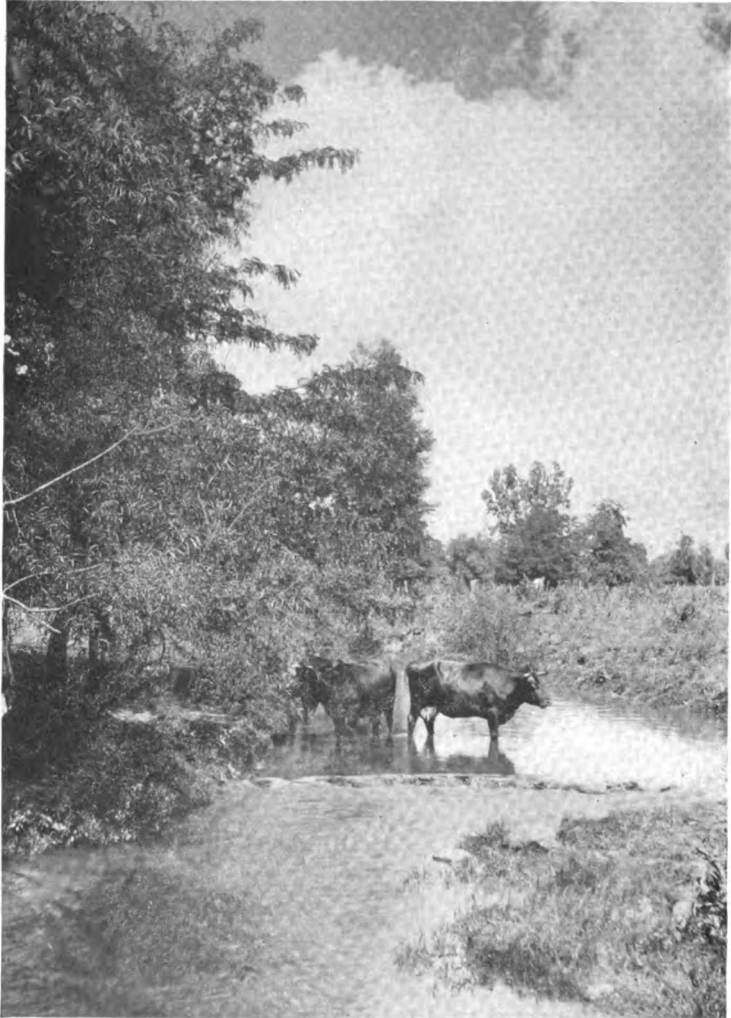
## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

and to offer the lands for sale to prospective settlers. An attractive map, handsomely colored, was shown at headquarters. On this was marked the site of the "Fort Town," opposite the mouth of the Great Kanawha River. The prospective purchaser was told of "a climate wholesome and delightful, frost even in winter almost entirely unknown, a river called, by way of eminence, the beautiful, and abounding in fish of a vast size, noble forests, consisting of trees that spontaneously produce sugar, and a plant that yields candles; venison in plenty, the pursuit of which is uninterrupted by wolves, foxes, lions, or tigers; no taxes to pay; no military service to be performed."

Unfortunately, Barlow exceeded his instructions and so sowed the seeds for later trouble. More, he was ignorant of the exact boundaries of the land; he did not know that he had located his "Fort Town" on land belonging to the Ohio Company, rather than on the property of the Scioto Company. Many sales were made in this way, some for cash, others on time. One of the deeds given, which is still on file at Gallipolis, the "Fort Town," is a curious document; so curious, in fact, that it is well worth reading, or part of it, in spite of its legal verbiage. The deed began by telling of the appearance of two men before the King's Councillor, "both covenanting by these presents by virtue of the authority of the Society organized under the name of the Scioto Company, according to a deed executed before M. Rameau and his colleagues, Notaries of Paris, August 3, 1789, for the purchase made and evidenced by that deed by the said Society of three millions of English acres of land situated in North America, between the Ohio and Scioto Rivers, and more particularly designated by their boundaries, indicated in blue colors, by an engraved plat of the said three-million-acre tract of



TUCKAHOE, ACROSS THE JAMES RIVER FROM WARWICK, VIRGINIA



**WHERE PIONEERS PAVED THE WAY**

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

land, and which was annexed to a memorandum of the purchase, received by M. Farmain, one of the undersigned Notaries, and his colleagues, November 3, 1789, containing the power aforesaid; who by virtue of the said power have by these presents sold, and promised to guaranty from every kind of eviction and molestation, to M. Jean Baptiste Parmantier, citizen of Paris, residing at number 339 St. Martin Street, Parish of St. Laurent, purchaser, the entire depth and surface of one hundred contiguous acres of land, to be taken in a square formed by straight lines from the above mentioned three million acres, in the fourth municipality of the eighteenth rank of the said municipalities or (at the choice of the said purchaser) in the fifth municipality of the same rank of the municipalities; the survey for which one hundred acre tract shall be made at the expense of the said Scioto Company and along whichever shore it shall please the said purchaser to select the said one hundred acres, saving, however, such portions as may have been taken by virtue of anterior sales of said Scioto Company, and also saving such portions as may be required by the American Congress for public buildings or public highways."

The price agreed upon for the one hundred acres was six thousand francs, of which half was paid down.

The rest of the story of Barlow's acts in Paris, his failure to make payments as promised to Colonel Duer, and his associates, and the resulting embarrassments, may well be omitted from the story of the ill-fated colony that came to America.

It is enough to say that in February, 1790, six hundred emigrants set sail from Havre, in five ships chartered to take them to Alexandria, Virginia. The voyage was long and trying. They landed at Alexandria, where they were

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

greeted cordially. But soon they learned that the Scioto Company had forfeited the title to the lands they had contracted for. More, they had bought from the Scioto Company lands belonging to the Ohio Company. And, worst of all, the lands were far away in a wilderness where savage Indians were all about.

When President Washington learned of their plight, he took steps to compel the Scioto Company to reimburse them for the money involved. At length Colonel Duer agreed to transport them to Ohio, to build houses for them, and to deed to them lots in proportion to the amount of cash they had invested.

During the long delay many had grown discouraged and had settled in the East. But finally the remainder were gathered in wagons, and they were taken overland through the Valley of Virginia, then to Brownsville, Pennsylvania, and then down the Ohio.

While they were on their way, General Rufus Putnam of Marietta, who has been employed by the Scioto Company to clear the land and erect cabins for the approaching emigrants, was completing the work. He had brought fifty young men from Massachusetts, expert woodsmen, who were employed for six months to build the huts on the site selected, to assist in clearing the lands adjacent, to act as hunters when required, and to keep such guard as might be necessary. These young men were under the leadership of John Burnham, an officer who served in nearly every important battle of the Revolution from Bunker Hill to Yorktown.

There is in existence a curious "Subsistence Roll for a Company of Men Engaged in the Service of the Scioto Company to Make a New Settlement on the Banks of Ohio from the Time they Left their Several Homes Till

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They Arrived at Youhiogy." On this list are the names of forty-six men; four had deserted. They were entered at twenty-six cents per day.

On June 4, 1790, General Putnam wrote from Marietta definite instructions to the leader of the woodsmen. After telling how to proceed to the spot chosen for the town, he continued:

"The object is to erect four block (houses) and a number of low huts, agreeably to the plan which you will have with you, and clear the lands. Your own knowledge of hut building, the block-house of sawed logs, which you will have an opportunity to observe at Bellepric, together with the plan so clearly explained, render it unnecessary to be very particular; however, you will remember that I don't expect you will lay any floors except for your own convenience, nor put in any sleepers or joice for the lower floor; planks for the doors must be split and hewed, and the doors hung with wooden hinges; as I don't expect you will obtain any stone for the backs of your chimneys, they must be made of clay first, moulded into tile, and dried. . . ."

The party reached the site of the town on June 8, 1790. "Trees, brush and other debris made way for the houses," said a speaker at the Centennial Celebration of the founding of the town. "On what is now the Public Square were erected eighty log cabins, twenty in a row. At each of the corners were block-houses two stories in height. In front of the cabin, close by the river bank was a small log-breastwork. Above the cabins, on the square, were two other parallel rows of cabins, which, with a high stockade fence, and block-house at each of the upper corners, formed a sufficient fortification in time of danger. These upper cabins were a story and a half in height, built of hewn



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logs, and finished in better style than those below, being intended for the wealthier class, and those appointed to manage and superintend the interests of the colony."

The name Gallipolis (city of the Gauls) was chosen by the emigrants, after their arrival, in public assembly. They were dismayed when they saw the primitive conditions to be faced, but they were game, and they set to work with a will. In a remarkable manner—considering the fact that the life was new to them—they equipped their homes and cleared the forest. Many were wounded and some were killed before they learned how to fell trees, but even in this novel employment they succeeded.

One of the most interesting documents that tell of the early story of Gallipolis is the original roster of the purchasers of lots in "the First Town." Two hundred and thirty-four names are given—some of them names that are recognized in Ohio to-day where, here and there, live the descendants of the brave men and women from France.

Fortunately there has been preserved a letter from a colonist who arrived in a later company; this appeared in the *American Pioneer*, of Cincinnati, in 1843. He wrote:

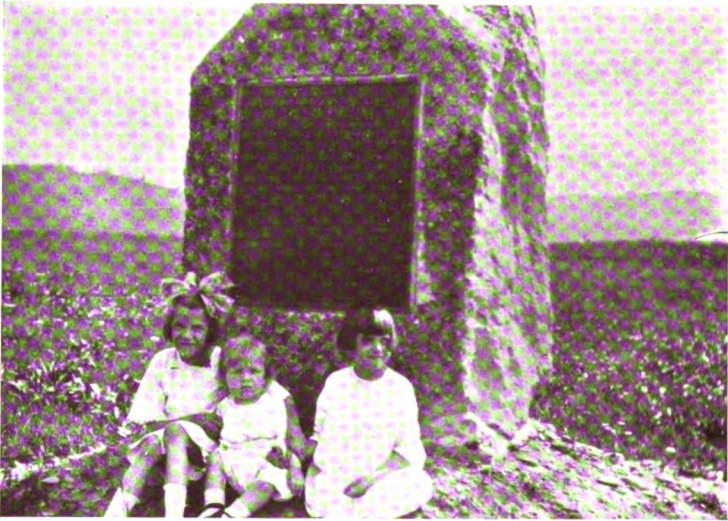
"I descended the river in flat boats loaded with troops, commanded by General St. Clair, destined for an expedition against the Indians. . . . Notwithstanding the great difficulties, the differences of temper, education and profession, the inhabitants lived in harmony. The Americans and hunters employed by the Company performed the first labors of clearing the township which was divided into lots. Although the French were willing to work, yet the clearing of the American wilderness and its heavy timber was far more than they could perform. To migrate from the Eastern States to the 'far west' is fearful enough now-a-days, but how much more so must it be for a citizen of a



ON THE OHIO RIVER



ON THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER



AT THE ASYLUM MONUMENT  
(The Children are Descendants of Original French Settlers)

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large European town! Even the farmers of the old countries would find it very hard, if not impossible, to clear lands in the wilderness."

The writer told how the hunters, who supplied the colonists with fresh meat "were paid by the colonists to prepare their garden ground, which was to receive seeds brought from France; few of the colonists knew how to make a garden, but they were guided by books on that subject, likewise brought from France. The colony began to improve in its appearance and comfort."

After six months the Scioto Company failed to pay the hunters and food supplies fell off. There came an unusually severe winter, when the Ohio froze over, and flat boats could not come down with flour. There was almost a famine. Money and clothing were nearly gone. They had no lands, and they did not own the town. Trouble with the Indians added to their difficulties.

It is not strange that many of the settlers, becoming discouraged, drifted away to other localities. Finally, however, when about three hundred remained, an appeal to Congress was adopted in general assembly, and one of the number, Monsieur Jean G. Gervais, was appointed to present this at Washington. They told of their wrongs and their sufferings, and they appealed to the generosity of Congress.

The result was a grant of twenty-four thousand acres of land, thenceforth known as "the French Grant," located opposite the Little Sandy. The deed of gift was to be made in three years, on condition of settlement and improvement.

Four thousand acres of the new grant became the property of the successful presenter of the petition, and when

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the remainder was divided among the people, each inhabitant had more than two hundred acres. Yet few of them perfected their title.

In 1795, when arrangements had been made with the Ohio Company to perfect their title to the improved town lots of Gallipolis, the French exiles found their condition vastly improved. At least they were more content, though they realized that the dreams which they had when they came to the country would never be fulfilled. One after another they disappeared, and Americans took their place.

During the early years of the French residence two observant visitors made a record of their observations. The first, John Heckewelder, stopped at Gallipolis in 1792, in company with General Putnam, when on his way to the Wabash River. He spent a day in the town, "visiting the skilled workmen and the gardens laid out in European style. The most interesting shops of the workmen were those of goldsmiths and watchmakers. They showed us work on a watch, compasses and sun-dial finer than any I had ever beheld. Next in interest was the sculptor and stonecutter. This latter had two finished mantels, most artistically carved. General Putnam at once purchased one of them for twelve guineas, the other was intended for a Dutch gentleman who has built a two story house here, fifty feet long. The upper part of a mantel was lying there, ordered by a Spanish gentleman in New Orleans, which, because of the fine workmanship upon it, was to cost twenty or twenty-two guineas. The worker in glass seemed to be a born artist. He made us a thermometer, a barometer, a glass tobacco pipe, a small bottle (which could contain about a thimble full), and a most diminutive stopper. As we were on a journey, and were in daily need of light, he presented us with a glass full of dry

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stuff, which burns as soon as a match is applied. The stuff, he told us, was manufactured from bones.

“Concerning the fine gardens, I must add the following, that in them were to be found the most beautiful flowers, artichokes, and almond trees, and besides many vineyards, and some rice fields. At a distance of about one hundred steps from the Ohio, there is a round hill, which probably dates its origin from the former inhabitants of this land. . . . The hill, about thirty feet high, has been improved as a beautiful pleasure garden, with a pretty summer house on top.”

A second visitor was H. M. Brackenridge; it was probably 1795 when he saw Gallipolis. He wrote of his delight in exchanging the flatboat and the canoe in which he had journeyed up the river from New Orleans for the comfortable quarters in the house of Doctor Saugrain. Then he described the town:

“Gallipolis, with the exception of a few straggling log houses . . . consisted of two big rows of barracks built of logs, and partitioned off into rooms of sixteen or twenty feet wide, with what is called a cabin roof and wooden chimneys. At one end there was a larger room than the rest, which served as a council chamber and ball room. . . . They still assembled at the ball room twice a week; it was evident, however, that they felt disappointment and were no longer happy.”

His host, Doctor Saugrain, interested him. He was thought of by some of the more ignorant people as a magician, because he could do such things as ignite spontaneously phosphoric matches; when the glass tube containing the phosphorus was broken, the flames appeared.

Perhaps the manner of the miraculous escape from the Indians by the doctor had something to do with their awe.

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He had been floating down the Ohio, in company with two countrymen, who believed in the primitive innocence and goodness of the children of the forest. They had no thought of harming the Indians. What had they to fear? So they were not on guard when a canoe bearing warriors approached. They entered the boat of the travelers, on the invitation of the two trusting men, and immediately tomahawked both. But when they turned to Doctor Saugrain they confronted two pistols; after killing two of the savages he plunged into the river and made his way to shore under the surface, though wounded by the guns of the surviving Indians.

The closing months of Mr. Brackenridge's visit were tinged with sadness. His long stay had been due to ague of long standing; careful treatment not only cured him, but made him immune when the half-starved people began to succumb to the malaria rising from the swamps in the rear of the village. Many died, and the wretchedness of those who recovered was almost indescribable. Distress was so great that, on one occasion, "the brother of Madame Saugrain and himself pushed a light canoe to an island above the town where they pulled some corn and took it to a flouring mill, and, excepting some of the raw grain, they had had nothing to eat since the day before, until they carried home the meal and had some bread, but had neither milk nor meat."

Years passed, and the sad decay of the French town continued. In 1807, when F. A. Michaux, traveler from France, passed by Gallipolis, he found but sixty log houses mostly uninhabited and falling to pieces, the remainder occupied by Frenchmen "who breathe out a miserable existence."

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At length the log houses gave way to others of brick and stone. But the builders were not the French. Other hands had taken up the work, building on the foundations of the original settlers. The modern Gallipolis, prosperous and contented, is not the town of the French, but its successor. Only the name remains, and the stirring tale of devoted hardship.



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## XVII

### IN THE DAYS OF THE ASYLUM, PENNSYLVANIA, REFUGE

**P**ROBABLY more people are acquainted with the name of Toussaint L'Overture, the patriot of San Domingo, whose ringing words generations of schoolboys have spoken, than are familiar with the name of Asylum, Pennsylvania. Yet there is a connection between the two names; those who know of one will be interested in the other.

Toussaint L'Overture was the leader of the successful insurrection against the descendants of the French who, in 1630, had colonized the west coast of Hayti, which later became St. Dominique. Fleeing for their lives, many of the planters found refuge in the United States.

There they joined thousands of French people who had fled from France because of the Revolution, glad to take advantage of the friendship to their countrymen which was the natural result of the attitude of France during our own Revolution.

Leaders in America, puzzled by the problem of caring for these refugees, were glad to join with two of the leaders of the refugees—Viscount Louis Marie de Noailles and the Marquis Antoine Omer Talon, in a plan for colonization on wild lands in northeastern Pennsylvania. John Keating, Robert Morris—the man to whose genius was due the successful financing of the Revolution—and John Nicholson, all of Philadelphia, helped them. Mor-

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ris and Nicholson, who owed large lots of wild land in northeastern Pennsylvania, suggested that the settlement be made there. A Frenchman named M. Charles Felix B'ui Boulogne, and an American who knew the country because of service against the Indians there in 1777, went in 1793 to the Susquehanna Valley beyond Wilkes-Barre, to examine the proposed lands and to choose a location.

The site chosen by them was a place called Shewfeldt's Flats, near the junction of Rummerfield Creek with the Susquehanna. They thought that two thousand acres inclosed between the hills and the river that makes a sharp bend there, would answer admirably the needs of the homeseekers.

The title to the lands—as of all lands in that section—was clouded because of the conflicting claims of Connecticut and Pennsylvania. Before the Revolution the Susquehannah Company—of which Robert Morris was one—claimed the land of the entire township of Standing Stone, where the plain was located, but people from New England occupied the chosen land.

Contracts were made to purchase both the Pennsylvania and the Connecticut titles and preparations were soon under way for the reception of the men, women, and children who were to be the first residents of the proposed town. To it the name "Asylum" was given.

But the twenty-five hundred acres of the town site and its surroundings would not, in the opinion of Messrs. Noailles and Talon, be sufficient for the needs of the French. New refugees were coming to the country all the time, and they thought they should make adequate provision for them. At first they planned to secure title to 200,000 acres of wild lands, in addition, but later they

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felt sure that one million acres would be needed. So, on April 22, 1794, they entered into an agreement with Morris, Nicholson, and their associates, to form the Asylum Company, which was to acquire a million acres of uncultivated land, extending southwesterly from the Susquehanna and Standing Stone, through Bradford and Sullivan Counties into Lycoming.

But before the formation of the land company, active building was begun. Five streets were laid out, and nine streets at right angles to them. An open square of about seventy acres was placed near the center. More than five hundred lots of an acre each were set aside, as well as other lots of ten and fifteen acres each.

The houses built for the refugees were, most of them, two stories in height, built of hewed logs, with cellars, and roofed with shingles. Trees were felled, timbers hewed, cellars dug and walled. A large number of masons, carpenters, and day laborers were employed. Many of them were sent for from Wilkes-Barre, while most of the supplies came up the river on Durham boats. The distance is about seventy-five miles, and it required four or five days to make the trip.

Work was interrupted during the winter, but with the reopening of navigation in the spring of 1794 activity was resumed. Building operations were carried on briskly, and before long the advance guard of the colonists arrived. Of these, some were of noble birth, some had been connected with the king's household, a few belonged to the secular clergy, some were soldiers, others were keepers of cafés, merchants, and gentlemen; few, if any, belonged to the laboring class, and none were agriculturists. They were Parisian by birth, had spent their lives in the city, were accustomed to its ease and its luxuries, but

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knew nothing about clearing land, nor the hardships, toil and privation to which the early settlers in a new country are exposed. It must have been a sad sight as these French gentlemen looked for the first time upon their wilderness home. The rude log house with its narrow quarters, half hidden in the woods, the small clearing on which the stumps were still standing, no roads but a log path for oxen and sled, must have presented to these city-bred gentlemen and ladies a strong contrast to the luxurious homes to which they had been accustomed.

"No sooner, however, were they settled in their new home," continues the local historian who tells of their coming, "than they set about to improve their land and make themselves comfortable. They did not stop in simply providing for present necessities, and voluntarily subjecting themselves to some inconvenience; they expended their means lavishly for improvements which more contributed to their welfare, and a style of living which was for them exceedingly expensive; and surrounded themselves with many of the luxuries which they had previously enjoyed."

The appearance of typical houses in the new community may be judged from a description given in 1777, in an agreement between Sophie de Seybert and Guy de Noailles. The document shows how completely the buildings were equipped and how determined the French settlers were to secure comfort at any cost. Their homes were probably much more ambitious than those of surrounding pioneers:

"On number 416, stands a log house thirty by eighteen feet, covered with nailed shingles. The house is divided into two lower rooms, and two in the upper story; the

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lower ones are papered. On both sides of the house stand two small buildings of the same kind; one is used for a kitchen, the other being papered is commonly called the dining-room; both these buildings have good fireplaces and a half-story. Three rooms in the biggest house have fireplaces, the two side buildings and the other are joined together by a piazza. There is a good cellar under the dining-room. The yard is inclosed by a nailed pale-fence, and there is a good double gate. The garden has a like fence, and a constant stream of water runs through it. Over the spring a spring-house has been erected; it is divided into two rooms, one of which is floored. The garden is decorated by a considerable number of fruit-trees, young Lombardy poplars, and weeping willows, and by a lattice summer-house. Next to the garden is a nursery of about nine hundred apple trees. The lower part of the lot forms a piece of meadow of about eight acres, inclosed by a post-and-rail fence. On the same lot stands a horse grist-mill. The building is forty feet long by thirty-four feet wide. Part of the lower story is contrived into a stable for the mill-horses and a cow-stable. Part of the upper story is used to keep fodder. The mill is double-gearred and in complete order, being furnished with a good pair of stones, good bolting-cloths, and in one corner stands a good fire-place. Above the mill runs a never-failing spring, which waters a great part of the meadow."

The furniture, likewise, was better than that of other pioneers, for much of it was brought from the old châteaux and other homes in France. Then the stores in the village were better equipped than the average country store of the day. The demands of the colonists were so great that the owners saw the necessity of having an unusual

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stock—a stock, in fact, that created enthusiasm among those a long distance away to whom word was taken that Asylum offered remarkable opportunities to the purchaser. How many tedious journeys must have been taken by those who dwelt far from the markets in order to look over and select from the goods at Asylum!

Shoppers were not the only strangers who sought the new town by the Susquehanna. From far and near came visitors. Philadelphia furnished some, while from Europe came others, like the Duke de la Rochefocauld de Liancourt who, in May, 1795, found thirty houses, inhabited by families from St. Domingo and from France, and even by Americans. Then he went on to tell his impressions:

“Some inns and two shops have been established, the business of which is considerable. Several town-shares have been put in very good condition, and the fields and garden begin to be productive. A considerable quantity of ground has been cleared on the Loyal Sock, from ten to twenty acres per share (of 400 acres) having been cleared. The owner can either settle there himself or intrust it to a farmer.

“The sentiments of the colonists are good. Every one follows his business—the cultivator, as well as the inn-keeper or tradesman—with as much zeal and exertion as if he had been brought up in it.”

The duke told of some things that were not quite so favorable:

“Motives arising from French manners and opinions have hitherto prevented even French families from settling here. These are, however, in a great measure removed. Some families of artisans are established at Asylum, and

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such as conduct themselves properly can earn great wages. This cannot be said of the greatest part of them. They are, in general, very indifferent workers, and much addicted to drunkenness. Those who reside here at present are hardly worth keeping."

But there were other colonists who gave more promise.

"The rich farmers who reside at Asylum live, upon the whole, on very good terms with each other, being sensible that harmony is requisite to render their situation comfortable and happy. They possess no considerable property, and their life is very simple. M. Talon lives in a manner somewhat more splendid, as he is obliged to maintain a number of persons to whom his assistance is indispensable."

Hints as to the manner of life followed. "The price of the Company's land at present is \$2.50 per acre; that in the town of Asylum fetches a little more. The bullocks which are consumed are generally brought from the back settlements, but it is generally found necessary to send thither for them. The grain which is not consumed in Asylum finds a market in Wilkesbarre, and is transported thither on the river. In the same manner all kinds of merchandise are transported from Philadelphia to Asylum. They are carried in wagons as far as Harrisburg, and thence by barge up the river. The freight amounts, on the whole, to two dollars per hundredweight. The salt comes from the salt-house at Genessee. Flax is produced in the country about Asylum. Maple-sugar is made in great abundance; each tree is expected to yield, on the average, from two to three pails per year. Molasses and vinegar are prepared here. A considerable quantity of tar is also made, and sold for five dollars per barrel, containing thirty-two gallons. Day laborers

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are paid four shillings a day. The manufacture of potash has been commenced, and it is contemplated the brewing of malt liquor. A corn-mill and saw-mill are building on the Loyal Sock."

There has been preserved a bill of lading which is illuminating because it shows not only the kind of goods used in Asylum, but the mode of carriage :

Effets Delivrée au Chavelier  
Pr Monsieur Tallon  
9 Boittes de vere à Vitre  
2 Malles  
200 lb. d'Acier  
6 Buittes de differentes Grandeurs de Moutarde  
1 Bbl. contenant Poids et Mesures  
2 2 ant de Cordage  
1 Tiercone de Sucre blanc  
4 Sacs de Café  
1 Bbl. de Salt pêtre  
1 Bbl. aniden  
1 Bbl. Epices  
1 Bbl. Thé  
1 Bbl. Quincaillerie  
1 Bbl. Vinègre

Les effets chargés sur les Wagons de M. Parish doivent être rendu à Wilkes-Barré et delivré au Colonel Hollinbach, qui payer à le voiturage à raison de 11 Shillings du cent pesant à compte du quel j'ai payé cinquante gourdes tant pour ces objects que pour ceux chargé chez M. Hollingsworth et par M. Wright.

In 1796, when Weld, the Englishman, visited Asylum, he found fifty log houses. He spoke of the fact that the French settlers seemed to have "no ability or inclination to cultivate the earth, and the greater part of them have let their lands at a small yearly rental to the Americans, and amuse themselves with driving, fowling, and fishing.



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Yet they live entirely to themselves; they hate the Americans, and the Americans in the neighborhood accuse them of being an idle and dissolute set."

Perhaps one reason for the dislike and suspicion of the Americans was the loyalty of the French to the royal family. At one time they thought of bringing to America the unfortunate king and his household, and they actually erected two large houses on the Loyal Sock road, not far from Asylum. Other buildings were planned, but the news of the king's death halted preparations.

The Loyal Sock road was one of the fruits of M. Talon's far-sighted industry. Not only were the roads leading to Asylum improved, but the road leading to the Loyal Sock, which even to-day is known as the old French road, was made very good for a frontier road. In this way he expended several thousand dollars.

Talleyrand was one of the most famous visitors from France to the new home of his countrymen. He was in the town late in 1795, and he remained there for weeks.

And in 1796 came Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, accompanied by Duke Montpensier and Count Beaujolais. It was later a matter of pride to people who had seen the Duke of Orléans at Asylum that he became king of France.

One of the most loyal of the French became a village character, loved by everyone who knew him. This was Aristide Aubert Du-petit-Thouars. He was called "Admiral," though he had been only a captain in the French navy. His stories of fighting, of shipwreck, of conflicts with pirates—in one of which he lost an arm—were a delight to all the people. In spite of his handicap, he went to his four-hundred-acre plot, four miles from the nearest clearing, and began to clear the forest on his

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estate. This was within the limits of the Borough of Durham, on the Lehigh Valley Railroad; the name was given to it as the nearest the Americans could come to pronouncing that of the owner of the land.

One of the stories related of the Admiral told of his encounter, while returning from his farm to Asylum, with a man almost without clothing, who said he had just escaped from the Indians, after a season of captivity. The admiral gave him his shirt. Then, with buttoned coat, he went to the house of M. Talon, with whom he was to take tea. During the evening, the room being quite warm, he perspired profusely. So it was suggested by the guests that he unbutton his coat. With true French politeness, he thanked them for their attention, but observed that he was only comfortable—too proud to expose his poverty, and too modest to tell of his own benevolence. His necessities were soon known, and supplied in a way to save his feelings from mortification. When his clothing was so much worn as not to be respectable, the soiled articles were quietly exchanged, and no remarks were made."

It is related that when the Duke de la Rochefoucauld de Liancourt left Asylum, M. Du-petit-Thouars was his companion as far as Niagara Falls. With the party was M. Blacon, who rode on horseback. But the Admiral walked. He said he preferred walking, but he had no horse and he would not be dependent on others.

Later the Admiral returned to France, was given command of an eighty-gun vessel, and to Abukir, in 1798, he was killed, after nailing his colors to the mast.

In 1801 a change in the affairs of the Asylum Company, which held the lands on which the colony was built, became necessary because of the financial misfortunes that

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

overtook Robert Morris and John Nicholson. The re-organization effected then provided: "The capital stock of the Association consists of all the land conveyed under the former Articles, at that time supposed to consist of a million acres, for the whole of which warrants have been obtained from the State. As the whole of the amount may not be obtained from the interfering claims of others, the managers may, if they think it advantageous to the company, purchase lands to supply any deficiency in the quantity, provided such purchase in addition to the quantity ascertained to belong to the Association should not exceed one million of acres."

But it was soon found that other readjustments of the affairs of the company were necessary. Under Robespierre, France ordered all emigrants to return at once, on pain of confiscation of estates, and expatriation. Later, when the threat became an invitation, the residents of Asylum thought best to return to France, recover their estates, and enjoy in their own country the blessings they could not hope to have on the frontier. When the news reached Asylum there was a celebration, and almost without exception the exiles began to plan for the return. Some families went to other parts of the United States, and three families remained in the vicinity of Asylum.

The life of Asylum was only ten years, but, to quote the history of Bradford County, of which Asylum was a part:

"In the example of better modes of living, the construction of passable roads, the introduction of more polite manners, better buildings, and, what was of much more value, the use of money, several thousand dollars of which were expended by them, they left an influence for good which was felt in all the subsequent history of the county."



**MAKING MAPLE SYRUP WAS A FAVORITE OCCUPATION OF THE ASYLUM REFUGEES**



THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER AT STANDING STONE, PENNSYLVANIA

The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

On June 14, 1916, a monument was unveiled on the site of the settlement. The inscription on the tablet reads:

THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED  
TO COMMEMORATE AND PERPETUATE  
THE MEMORY AND DEEDS OF  
THE FRENCH ROYALIST REFUGEES,  
WHO ESCAPING FROM FRANCE  
AND THE HORRORS OF ITS REVOLUTION,  
AND FROM THE REVOLUTION IN SAN DOMINGO,  
SETTLED HERE IN 1793,  
AND LOCATED AND LAID OUT THE TOWN OF  
ASYLUM,  
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE VISCOUNT DE  
NOAILLES AND MARQUIS ANTOINE OMER TALON.  
IN 1796 LOUIS PHILIPPE, DUKE OF ORLEANS,  
AFTERWARDS KING OF FRANCE, VISITED HERE.  
THE PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND,  
THE DUKE DE MONTPENSIER, COUNT BEAUJOLAIS,  
THE DUKE DE LA ROCHEFOCAULD DE LIANCOURT,  
AND MANY OTHER DISTINGUISHED FRENCHMEN,  
WERE VISITORS OR RESIDENTS FOR A SHORT TIME  
AT ASYLUM.  
ERECTED IN 1916, BY JOHN MIX  
AND CHARLES D'AUTREMONT, JR.,  
DESCENDANTS OF FRENCH REFUGEE SETTLERS,  
LAND DONATED BY GEORGE LAPORTE HEIRS.

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## XVIII

### THE BRIEF STORY OF THE TRANS-OCONEE REPUBLIC

**O**NE of the most picturesque of the heroes of the Revolution was Elijah Clarke, the Georgia commander, whose call was sufficient to bring to his standard, by scores and even by hundreds, men who were willing to give their lives in the fight against oppression. More than once he performed most important service at a critical time, and a grateful state made him major-general.

Loyalty to Georgia made him regret the treaties with the Indians which limited its territory to the region north and east of the Oconee River. He wanted to do something to correct the mistake that he felt had been made. But he did not see the way. Just when he was most unsettled in his mind, overtures were made to him by the French Minister Genêt, who had come to America in 1794 bearing a commission to arouse the people against Spain. General Clarke was persuaded to organize a force for a proposed campaign whose avowed purpose was the seizure of Florida and the recovery of Louisiana.

When it became known among the men of the frontier who had learned to trust General Clarke that he wanted a force, they hurried to enroll for the rather strange and interesting service that would be required of them. Everything seemed favorable for a campaign—until the authorities at Washington, fearing the complications with friendly powers that might result from Minister Genêt's

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

activities, requested his recall. Thus Clarke was left in the wilderness, without backing, and without a program.

But he had men. And he thought the opportunity was too good to miss. Why not set up an independent country on the lands of the Creek Indians, across the Oconee? The Indians were friendly and he could make his way with them. And in time he could transfer the new republic to his beloved Georgia, thus increasing the size of the state to something like what he felt were its deserts.

When the plans were laid before the leaders and the men, they were filled with enthusiasm. They accepted with alacrity the suggestion that a constitution be drafted, and General Clarke was made chief with powers both civil and military.

What was the name of the republic? No one can tell. It is referred to by Georgia historians as the Trans-Oconee Republic. But as to its organization and the adoption of the constitution, there is no uncertainty, because of a letter on file in Washington, written on September 5, 1794, by General Clarke to the Committee of Safety appointed by the little republic.

The headquarters of the republic were at Fort Defiance. There the settlers clustered in a village about the frontier stronghold, and there they offered to stand by their leader when word began to sift in telling of widespread disapproval of his action.

The government at Washington was aware of the organization of the republic on territory that had been guaranteed to the Indians by treaty. But to Governor Matthews of Georgia was left the task of telling the chief of the impossibility of continuing his plans.

So, on July 28, 1794, the Governor issued a proclamation in no uncertain terms:



## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

“Whereas, I have received official information that Elijah Clarke, Esq., late a Major General of the Militia of this State, has gone over the Oconee River, with intent to establish a separate and independent government in lands allotted to the Indians for hunting grounds within the boundaries and jurisdictional rights of the State of Georgia aforesaid, and has induced numbers of good citizens of the said State to join him in the said unlawful enterprise, . . . I have therefore thought fit to issue this, proclamation warning and forbidding the citizens of the said State; . . . and I do hereby strictly command and require all judges, justices, sheriffs and other officers, and all other good citizens of this State to be diligent in aiding and assisting to apprehend said Elijah Clarke and his adherents. . . .”

Of course such a loyal American soldier as Elijah Clarke would not accept the readiness of his adherents to oppose his State. So he left Fort Defiance, returned to his home in Wilkes, and surrendered to the authorities. But when he was put on trial, the jury was unanimous in acquitting him of wrong-doing. Thereupon Clarke returned to his soldiers and settlers across the Oconee.

The next step was taken when President Washington authorized Governor Matthews to call out the militia, and, if need be, to call in Federal troops for assistance, in order to drive out of the Indian country the settlers who had followed Clarke's fortunes. First, however, it was decided to send commissioners, in the hope that a display of force would be unnecessary.

One of the commissioners, General Twigg, said later in his report:

“I proceeded to the unauthorized settlement on the



**LIVE OAKS AND SPANISH MOSS IN GEORGIA**



THE ROAD OVER THE MOUNTAIN

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

southwest side of the Oconee and, on the presentation of Georgia's claim, read the letters from the War Department . . . entered into a friendly conference with him, pointing out the danger of the situation, but without effect. Lastly, I ordered them to move within the temporary line between us and the Creek Indians; but after an interview with the men he asserted that he proposed to maintain his ground."

Troops, therefore, were brought in, and General Clarke promised to vacate the forts. They were soon in possession of the authorities, and on September 28, 1794, were set on fire. Fort Defiance was no more, and the temporary settlements of the men who had followed the fortunes of the new republic were destroyed.

With forts and cabins passed the Trans-Oconee Republic, which, born of mistaken patriotism, died when the errors were pointed out by the government of state and nation.

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## XIX

### THE TOWN OF A RUSSIAN PRINCE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF PENNSYLVANIA

**T**HERE are but two gaps in the Alleghany Mountains between Altoona, Pennsylvania and the Maryland line where a railroad can cross. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has pre-empted one of these. The other belongs to the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Long before engineers found the latter site, it was selected by a strange man from Europe as the site for the settlement of people to whom he was giving his life. The name of the man was Gallitzin, a name familiar to travelers who cross the Pennsylvania mountains, because of the station of that name, though probably there are few who think of the man who owned the name before the town came into being.

Gallitzin was a rich man, a nobleman, who purposed to be a missionary. His life in the Pennsylvania wilderness was a marvel of self-sacrificing endurance. Yet his name is all but forgotten, and the few stories of his life which have been written are difficult of access. When they are asked for at a library, the inquirer is usually informed that they are out of print.

This Pennsylvania missionary of more than a century ago was born a prince. His father, the head of a rich and noble Russian house, once ambassador to France and to Holland, owned landed estates, near Warsaw, which were

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

larger than the state of Pennsylvania. His mother was the daughter of the field marshal of Frederick the Great.

The father was an infidel, while the mother, during the earlier years of her life, was "scarcely better," as one writer says. The training of the young prince can be imagined. However, in 1787, when he was seventeen, "he accidentally picked up in a bookstore a copy of the Bible, which he purchased, and great was his satisfaction in the secret perusal of a volume so rich and wonderful." The reading led to his conversion.

When he was twenty-two years old he was preparing to go to Vienna, where he was to put on the uniform of a colonel in the Austrian army. This was to be the first stage in a splendid military career which his father had mapped out for him. But political considerations made it impossible for him to go as planned. So it was thought best to devote the next few years to foreign travel, without which no gentleman's son was considered educated. He was, therefore, sent to America. The voyage was made in the company of a young minister, whose example and consecration fired the zeal of the young prince. He determined to turn his back on the world and its allurements.

The first step in his new life was to seek admission to a theological seminary at Baltimore. After his ordination, in 1795, he was sent as a traveling missionary to Cone-wago, Pennsylvania, and to "different towns and stations in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania." In 1799, determining to centralize his work, he chose a location on the western solpe of the mountains, where he built a log church. From the home field he made hundreds of journeys to minister to scattered settlers, when "the bare floor

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

was frequently his bed, the saddle his pillow, and the coarsest fare his food."

At Loretto, several miles from Gallitzin, he determined to found a colony. He planned to purchase lands at his own expense, sell them in small farm lots at a nominal price, or give them away. "He erected grist-mills, saw-mills, and other facilities for subsistence, in a region whose settlers had been wont to travel thirty or forty miles to grind their breadstuffs and procure the necessaries of life." Thus he became responsible for a large sum of money.

The devoted missionary was in the midst of his work when his father died, and he was summoned to return to Russia and claim the estates. He would have been glad to do this, but no one could be secured to take his place, even temporarily, and he felt that he could not leave alone the colonists whom he had invited into the wilderness. Accordingly, "he wrote to his mother that whatever he might gain by the voyage from a temporal point of view could not, in his estimation, be compared with the loss of a single soul, that might be occasioned by his absence." He therefore asked that agents be appointed to look after his interests and secure any portion of the estate they could.

The courts, however, declared that the absence of the prince in America, and his religious faith, disqualified him for inheritance, and the estate was given to his sister. The sister promised to make the matter right by a will in his favor. At her death, some years later, a fraudulent document was substituted, and he was given nothing. Although his case could easily have been won, he refused to make a contest, saying, "an investigation must injure some one, and he could endure wrong and hardship, but would inflict none."

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Depending upon the sale of goods left him by his mother, he continued his work, spending about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, all for the benefit of others:

“No portion of this was spent for his own pleasure or comfort, as his personal habits were peculiarly plain and simple. His food generally consisted of coarse bread and garden vegetables, his clothing was of the plainest and simplest homespun, and his house was a rude log cabin, whose door was always hospitably open to the poor and the stranger. To complete his self-abnegation, he dropped the noble name of Gallitzin, and passed among his people as plain Mr. Smith, a name assumed as a safe disguise to shield him from the inquiries which even in that remote corner of the earth pursued the princely missionary.”

The dishonesty of relatives at home kept from him some funds on which he had counted, and he became financially embarrassed. A friend of his boyhood—at the time the king of Holland—learned of his need and sent him a considerable gift, insisting on its acceptance. The Russian minister at Washington sent him five thousand dollars. With such assistance, and by strict self-denial, he was able to keep his head above water.

But nobles and kings were not the only men who helped him. It is related that “when the laborers on the Pennsylvania canal, then building, learned that his house was to be sold by the sheriff, they raised the money and paid the debt.”

In 1837, when a friend urged him to return to Europe and make another fight for his patrimony, he answered, “Being in my sixty-seventh year, burdened moreover with the remnant of my debts, I had better spend my few re-



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maining years, if any, in trying to pay off that balance, and in preparing for a longer journey.”

He died three years later, after forty-five years of self-sacrificing toil for his fellow men.

The towns Loretto and Gallitzin are the Russian's monuments. For while the man is forgotten, the towns still maintain their quiet existence.

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## XX

### THE TRAGIC STORY OF INDIAN SPRINGS, GEORGIA

**D**OUGLAS WATSON was a United States scout who, in 1792, was on duty on the frontier of Georgia—now central Georgia, since at that time the boundaries of the state had not been extended as they are to-day. One day, while on the banks of a branch of the Ocmulgee River, he smelled what he thought was gunpowder. Wondering if enemies were in ambush near him, he stole through a canebrake, but found no one. Instead of an enemy, he discovered a spring, which issued from a fissure in the rocks. To his amazement and dismay—for his superstitious dread of what he could not understand was greater than his fear of an enemy who could be faced in the open—he noted that the smell of brimstone which had attracted his attention was coming from the rock.

The scout hurried away, but others who came to the spot a few years later were not so superstitious. In 1800 General William McIntosh, the Scotch-Indian chieftain of the Cowetas or Lower Creeks—who had won his title by faithful service in the War of 1812, after spurning offers made to him by the British—built a house there, that he might resort to waters that were reported to have healing power. Other pioneers followed, and in time Indian Springs came to be a little settlement, famous among the whites as well as among the Indians.

But Indian Springs is not famous chiefly because of the

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

spring, but because the spot was the scene of Indian treaties of far-reaching importance. The first treaty was signed on January 8, 1821, when the Creeks transferred to Georgia lands between the Flint and the Ocmulgee Rivers, out of which many counties were formed later.

The second treaty was even more important. On February 12, 1825, the Creeks were called together to sign away their remaining lands on the east of the Mississippi River. General McIntosh, who was a cousin of Governor Troup, was using all his influence to persuade the tribe to make the desired concession. But he had spirited opposition. The spokesman of those who cried out against the treaty was Hop-o-eth-le-yo-ho, who represented Big Warrior, chief of the Upper Creeks. Yet his oratory failed to move those who were satisfied that the treaty should be made. General McIntosh said that it was best that the Creeks should exchange the land in Georgia for the same acreage west of the Mississippi River and a large sum of money. His own people, the Lower Creeks, agreed with him, but the Upper Creeks felt that they were being betrayed.

At length the treaty was signed. Instantly the orator of the Upper Creeks, most of whom lived in Alabama, leaped upon a rock and poured out, with true Indian fervor, an impassioned warning that has been handed down thus:

“Brothers—The Great Spirit has met here with his painted children of the woods and with our pale-face brethren. I see his golden locks in the sunbeams. He fans the warriors’ brows with his wings and whispers sweet music in the woods. The beetle joins his hymn and the mocking bird her song. You are charmed. Brothers, you have been deceived. A snake has been coiled in the



**A PENNSYLVANIA MOUNTAIN STREAM**



**ON A TRIBUTARY OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER**



**ON A GEORGIA RIVER**

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

shade, and you are running into his mouth, deceived by the double-tongue of the pale-face chief, McIntosh, and drunk with the fire of the pale-face. Brothers, the hunting-grounds of our fathers have been stolen by our chief and sold to the pale-face, whose gold is in his pouch. Brothers, our grounds are gone, and the plow of the pale-face will soon upturn the bones of our fathers. Brothers, are you tame? Will you submit? Hop-o-eth-le-yo-ho says no!"

Turning to McIntosh, who was standing near by, he said:

"As for you, double-tongued snake, when I see through the window of the pale-face, before many moons have waned, your own blood shall wash out the memory of this treaty. Brothers, I have spoken."

The final warning of the representative of the Upper Creeks was soon fulfilled. In a council of the tribe Chief McIntosh was condemned to death, on the charge of unfaithfulness to his people and transgression of tribal law. And on May 1, 1825, one hundred and seventy warriors stole in the night to the home of General McIntosh, on the west side of the Chattahoochee River, within the present Carroll County. His house was burned and he perished, but not until after he had resisted, in the face of such mighty odds.

When the attempt was made to survey the lands transferred by the treaty, there was so much opposition that President John Quincy Adams sent word that the work should be stopped because of the hostility of the Indians. Governor Troup, backed by the Georgia legislature, determined to go ahead. "Georgia owns the ground, and has a right to survey it!" was their contention. Even when the President threatened to have the surveyors

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

arrested, Governor Troup ordered them to do their work. At length the question at issue was left to Congress.

The matter rested until 1826, when the United States made a treaty with thirteen chiefs of the Creek nation, canceling the treaty of 1825, leaving in possession of the Indians about three hundred thousand acres, postponing the period of giving possession of the remaining lands, and promising twenty-four months for removal of the Indians to their new reservation. This treaty was ratified in spite of the protest of Georgia's representatives in Congress.

Governor Troup gave directions to the surveyors to complete their work, acting under the treaty of 1825, which he said was still in force; he would not recognize the new treaty. When the Indians complained, the Secretary of War told the Governor to warn the surveyors from the Indian lands. Further, he threatened that, in case of disobedience, the military forces of the United States would compel obedience. But Governor Troup, equal to the emergency, replied:

"From the first decisive act of hostility, you will be considered as a public enemy, and with less repugnance, because you to whom we might constitutionally have appealed for protection against invasion, are yourselves the invaders, and, what is more, the unblushing allies of savages whose cause you have adopted."

Then Governor Troup ordered the officers of two divisions of state militia to be ready to repel any invasion.

But an end was put to the unfortunate disagreement by the proposal on the part of the United States to pay the Indians \$27,491 additional for all their lands, as well as a supply of blankets.

Indian Springs is still locally known, and several hun-

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

dred people live there. But the houses of the original pioneers have disappeared, having been burned soon after the treaty. Still standing, however, is the old tavern in which the signatures were affixed to the treaty, the Varnum House, within whose windows the representative of the Upper Creeks saw General McIntosh on the occasion of his speech of bitter denunciation. This tavern was built by General McIntosh in 1823, for the accomodation of those who from time to time visited the Springs.

The counter on which the fateful document was signed may still be seen by those who go to the venerable frame building. Interesting also are the hand carvings on the doors and mantels, the result of General McIntosh's own skill with the pocket knife.

Fortunately the Daughters of the American Revolution have prevailed on the General Assembly of Georgia to make appropriation for the purchase and preservation of the relic, which stands to-day almost as it was when it echoed to the tread of the brave Indian chief and the oratory of his friends and opponents.

On a rock, near the building, a tablet bears the message:

"Here, on February 12, 1825, William McIntosh, a chief of the Creek Nation, signed the Treaty which ceded to the State of Georgia all the Creek lands west of the Flint River. For this act he was savagely murdered by a band of Indians who opposed the Treaty. Placed by the Piedmont Continental Chapter of the D. A. R., A. D. 1911."



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## XXI

### ST. STEPHENS, FIRST CAPITAL OF ALABAMA TERRITORY

**A** LEGEND of the Choctaws that has come down through untold generations speaks of the man Hobuckintopa, who, to escape a lingering death by an incurable disease, leaped from a rocky cliff into the water of the Tombigbee River, one hundred feet below. His name was given to the cliff.

Early in the eighteenth century the French fixed on the bluff thus made famous among the Indians as the site for a temporary fortress. They christened the spot St. Stephens, and the site thus chosen—at the junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee Rivers—was destined to be a landmark in the history of the nation for more than a century.

The French were succeeded by the Spanish, who, in 1791 or 1792, made of St. Stephens a one-company fort. Barracks, officers' quarters, commandant's house, and other structures were placed. Some of them were quite substantial. The blockhouse, the chapel, and the rectory were built of wood, covered with stucco of clay. The roofs of all were of cypress.

The Americans' occupation dated from 1799; then the Spanish withdrew to Mobile, and the American flag, which displaced their own above the fortress, was saluted for the first time on Alabama soil.

General Wilkinson, who was responsible for much of



AN OLD INDIAN TRAIL



**ON ALABAMA RIVERS**

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

the early progress of America in Alabama, conceived the statesmanlike plan of establishing a government warehouse at St. Stephens. His thought was that this would act as a dam shutting off the insidious propaganda of secret enemies at Mobile, who sought to win the Indians to the north of St. Stephens to Spain, and make them unfriendly to America. On the advice of Wilkinson, the government stocked the warehouse with all things dear to the heart of the Indian, as well as with things that were essential to the well-being of settlers who were beginning to find their way to the fertile lands by the Tombigbee and the Alabama. But the chief care was to have goods that would satisfy the Indians that their interests lay with the people to the north of Ellicott's line, the division between the Spanish and the American possessions.

Joseph Chambers was the first factor of the warehouse, while his assistant was George S. Gaines, who arrived at St. Stephens in 1805; in 1807 he became chief factor, and initiated many improvements that won the approval of the Indians. One who has written of the warehouse had told how the Indians—principally Choctaws—and sometimes the American settlers, came bringing "bear's oil, honey in kegs, beeswax, bacon, tobacco in kegs, and all kinds of skins and peltries." These were paid for from the stock of coarse Indian merchandise, in addition to iron tools, plows, arms, and ammunition.

An important member of the staff of the warehouse was the skinsman, who had to keep close watch of the furs if he would keep out the destroying worms. The summer was, of course, the dangerous time; in the fall the skins were packed in bales and sent to Philadelphia.

The difficulties of Chief Factor Gaines were not all at St. Stephens. The Mobile authorities gave him much

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

trouble. His goods were imported through Mobile and he was more than once told that he must pay exorbitant duties. Unfortunately, when the treaty of 1795 was made with Spain, which gave to the United States West Florida above the line of  $31^{\circ}$ , the American agents were so intent on securing free navigation of the Mississippi that they neglected to ask for the free navigation of the bays and rivers on the Gulf Coast. And Gaines was paying the penalty, not only in duties, but in vexatious delays and annoyances. On one occasion he was even threatened with arrest.

Fortunately, a way out was devised. Why not send goods down the Ohio River and up the Tennessee River to Colbert's Ferry? There they could be transported overland to the Tombigbee, and floated down to St. Stephens.

The only thing that promised to hinder the plan was the fact that the Chickasaws owned the land over which the goods were to be transported. They were asked to permit the construction of a road. While they refused to grant the permission sought, they did allow a bridle path to be used. This was sufficient for the passage of heavily laden horses from Colbert's Ferry to Peachlands. Then boats were built, and the long journey of the goods destined for the Indian warehouse could be completed.

Long before this the streets of St. Stephens had been marked off and town lots had been sold. A road was cut to Natchez.

In 1813, when the Creeks, inspired by the British, rose against the Americans, St. Stephens was one of a half dozen posts to which soldiers were sent. Then a company occupied the old Spanish blockhouse.

One of the other posts was Fort Madison, on the Tom-

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

bigbee, not far away. It was well fortified, but in September, 1813, a combined attack of British and French on the post was talked of. The commandant was told to abandon his post, if necessary, and go to St. Stephens, with the settlers and their families who had taken refuge with him. Perhaps he was a little too anxious to go to the stronger fort. At any rate, it seems that he abandoned Fort Madison when there was no real necessity for the move, and started through the forest, with five hundred settlers, men, women and children.

His act made bold the Creeks and disturbed the settlers. Word was taken to General Claiborne, who sent a message urging him "not to abandon the fort unless it was clear that he could not maintain it." Unfortunately, he was close to St. Stephens when the word was received.

An encouraging incident of the Indian conflict was the visit to St. Stephens of Chief Pushmatahaw, the most enlightened leader of the Choctaws. He told Mr. Gaines he would like to enlist several companies to co-operate with the Americans. Taking the chief with him, the chief factor went in haste to Mobile, for what he thought would be a final consultation with his superior, General Flournoy, in Fort Charlotte. To his surprise and dismay, that officer was suspicious and insisted that he would not authorize the assistance Pushmatahaw proposed.

When the two men reached St. Stephens they were met by eager citizens who asked as to the trip. When they learned that the Indian soldiers had been spurned they were most indignant. They were still expressing their feelings when a horseman dashed up at full speed with a message from General Flournoy, who, fortunately, had reconsidered his decision and wished Gaines to know that he was authorized to go into the Indian country with

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Pushmatahaw and enlist companies of the Choctaws for service against the Creeks.

Before long Gaines met five thousand Choctaws, who were quickly assembled for a palaver. Pushmatahaw made an effective address to the assembled braves:

"You know Tecumseh. He is a bad man. He came through our nation, but did not turn our heads. He went among the Muscogeese, and got many of them to join him. You know the Tensaw people. They were our friends. They played ball with us. They sheltered and fed us, whenever we went to Pensacola. Where are they now? Their bodies rot at Sam Mims' place. The people of St. Stephens are our friends. The Muscogeese intend to kill them, too. They want soldiers to defend them. You can all do as you please. You are all free men. I dictate to none of you. But I shall join the St. Stephens people. If you have a mind to follow me, I will lead you to glory and victory!"

A warrior stepped forward, beating his breast. "I am a man! I am a man!" he said. "I will follow you!"

That was enough. In a few moments hundreds had volunteered, and later they went to St. Stephens, ready to aid the Americans.

Several years after the close of the war, in 1817, Congress created the territory east of the Mississippi into Alabama Territory, and St. Stephens was named as the temporary capital. About the old fort had grown up a settlement of some fifteen hundred people, the chief settlement of the English-speaking settlers in the Alabama country. During that year a writer in the *National Intelligencer* said that the town was "advancing with a rapidity beyond that of any place, perhaps, in the western country."

The town was situated half a mile from the river.

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

There were fifty houses, twenty of these being of stone, and all built on lots that cost two hundred dollars or more. "New buildings are erected every day," the writer continued, wonderingly. "A hired man gets two dollars a day. An academy has already eighty scholars, several of whom are from New Orleans. The annual amount of merchandise brought to and vended at this place is not less than \$500,000, and is still increasing."

The first session of the legislature of Alabama met at St. Stephens in 1817, when thirteen members composed the lower house. There was but one member in the upper house, and he formally met each day to consider the action of the lower house, then to adjourn with due formality.

The legislature of 1818 gave to Governor Bibb authority to lay off a site for the seat of government at the confluence of the Cahaba and Alabama Rivers. This, however, did not become the permanent site of the capital. The legislature adjourned to meet at Huntsville, and thus a stage was taken on the journey to Montgomery.

St. Stephens now boasted a bank and an incorporated steamboat company, as well as the St. Stephens Academy, the first institution of learning in Alabama of higher grade than the log schools of the pioneers.

Among the residents of the days of the town's prosperity were characters like Silas Denman, collector for the United States, of whom it is said that he lost his office by injudicious wit. The story is that "when asked by the government authorities at Washington how far the Tombigbee ran up the country, he replied that it did not run up the country at all, but down."

Another character was Tandy Walker, blacksmith at the government warehouse, who liked to wander in the woods better than to do his work at the anvil. Sometimes,



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however, his propensity to wander afield proved helpful. In 1812, when word came to St. Stephens that a woman was held by the Indians at the falls of the Black Warrior River, where she had been taken in Tennessee, by Creeks who were returning from a visit to Tecumseh in the north, the wife of Chief Factor Gaines prevailed on Walker to undertake the dangerous mission of going to her relief. He agreed, and soon returned with the grateful woman.

The next blacksmith, whose name was Glidden, proved to be a better workman than Walker. He was a young Englishman who ran away from home to see the Indians. Landing at Mobile, he went up to St. Stephens in a canoe. There he went to work at his trade, and proceeded to discover extra work. "He found that all the settlers were using wooden hinges for their gates and doors and wooden pegs for nails, so he seized the opportunity to make nails and hinges." Later "he made any number of plows, hoes, fire shovels, and tongs, and everything in the way of iron needed for building houses, wagons, buggies, carriages, now turned out by machinery."

His fame as a horseshoer led settlers from one hundred miles around to visit him. He repaired guns for all the county. So there was sorrow in 1814 when he enlisted in Jackson's cavalry brigade. After fighting at New Orleans, he returned to his post.

St. Stephens did not long survive the departure of the legislature. The location was not conducive to health; the mists rising at the junction of the rivers shrouded Hobuckintopa and brought sorrow to the people. The fear of the Indians was added to the dread of the mist's mysterious influence.

One of the first to go from the doomed town was Glidden, who felt that Mobile—which had been opened

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to the Americans by General Wilkinson—was a better town for him. So he packed his tools in disgust and paddled down the river to the Spanish town. There he opened a machine shop and became a slave owner. Every male slave he trained as a blacksmith, until the graduates of his school of the forge became noted in all Alabama.

One by one the inhabitants of St. Stephens followed Glidden to Mobile. The bank was closed, the houses were burned, and the town was left to be covered over by the luxuriant growth of the live-oaks, the magnolia, and the cypress. Another St. Stephens, farther inland, grew up and became the county seat of Washington County. For many years it was a favorite pastime of visitors, in the evening after court adjourned, to wander down to the ruins of old St. Stephens, there to stand on the crumbling stone walls, to trace the trails, to look in wonder at the trees growing over the ancient walls, or to decipher the inscriptions on the stones in the old cemetery.

Those who go there to-day do not find even the ruins, for the stones have been carted away for more modern uses. One reminder, at least, remains—the St. Stephens meridian, which is the basis of calculation for surveys in all that region. Then the bluff Hobuckintopa is still there, awaiting travelers who approach by river or by the St. Stephens road from Mobile.

But "St. Stephens did not die; she was translated," an Alabama historian proudly wrote. "Her people, her trade, her very houses moved down below Ellicott's store to the new frontier. Mobile did not outstrip her. St. Stephens took possession of Mobile, and Americanized her. That Mobile is not now a stagnant little town she owes to St. Stephens."

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## XXII

### ON THE NATCHEZ TRACE IN MISSISSIPPI

ONE hundred and forty-four extinct towns are named in the archives of the Mississippi Historical Society. Some of these were mere hamlets, but many were at one time important towns. They sprang up on the banks of the Mississippi River, or on the track of the immigrants who came by wagon from territory only less new than Mississippi.

A number of the most interesting of these forgotten towns were located on the first few miles of the Natchez Trace, a pioneer road which reached from the Mississippi River at Natchez, by Bayou Pierre, below Vicksburg, then through the heart of Mississippi, crossing the border below Iuka, near the northeast corner of the territory, and passing beyond the Tennessee River at Colbert's Ferry, below Muscle Shoals. The northern terminus of that five hundred and one miles of road was at Nashville, where connection was made for Lexington, Chillicothe, Zanesville, and Pittsburgh.

One historian says of this road: "Down it passed a steady stream of travelers, often men of wealth journeying to the south in search of land and other profitable investment; up it passed traders, supercargoes, and boatmen from New Orleans, who (after taking their flatboats downstream to New Orleans) would avoid what seemed to them the impossible steamer fare of \$125 from New

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Orleans to Louisville by taking the long journey overland to their homes one thousand miles away, through regions infested by outlaws, close to the site of thriving Jackson, since 1821 Capital of the state, through the Indian lands so reluctantly yielded by the Choctaws to the advancing settlers."

The Natchez Trace is now only a memory; so are many of the towns where the travelers wondered at the evidences of civilization or stopped to eat or sleep.

During the days of Spanish rule in Mississippi, Natchez was the capital, and for four years after the organization of the Mississippi Territory by the United States it continued to have the distinction. But in 1802 the seat of government was moved to Washington, six miles east of Natchez.

The frontier town was for some years a busy place. Not only did it have as citizens many people of means and education, but it was the nearest town to Fort Dearborn, a permanent cantonment for United States troops, whose officers added to the social gayety of the town.

Jefferson College, incorporated by the legislature in 1802, was, after many difficulties, located in Washington, and buildings were erected for it there, under the direction of trustees who took themselves and their responsibilities most seriously, as is evident from a few sentences from their address to the people of the Territory:

"Our situation far remote from foreign schools, where a liberal education may be procured, prevents our young fellow citizens generally from acquiring the advantages which a good school affords. If in a few instances parents send their children far from the inspection of their parental eyes, great sacrifice must be made of parental solicitude, and great hazard of the morals of the youth, and

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when these difficulties shall be overcome, young men having finished their education return among their fellow citizens perhaps with the power and inclination to serve them, but too much strangers for some time to gain their confidence. Having procured a distant education, they will enjoy little advantage over strangers who may emigrate to the territory from foreign countries or from some parts of the United States. Our citizens will not enjoy the advantage of a long personal acquaintance to enable them to choose with judgment those whom they ought to encourage, as teachers of youth and preachers of religion and morality, as physicians, as lawyers, or as law givers.”

An attempt was made to raise money for buildings by a lottery, but this was not successful, in spite of what seems the modest request for a total of ten thousand dollars. It was proposed to have this net return after paying a first prize of two thousand dollars, and more than two hundred prizes amounting to eight thousand dollars more. The legislature later granted aid, while the Secretary of the Navy, by authority of Congress, gave a township of land on the Tombigbee River in Alabama, which for a time promised to be quite lucrative, though later the gift proved valueless.

Perhaps the most famous of the visitors to Washington was Aaron Burr, who, in 1807, after his arrest for treason to the United States, was admitted to bail at the territorial capital. At that time the town was at the height of its prosperity. While out on bail, Burr met a young girl whom history knows only as Madeline. She was described as “a miracle of beauty.” He visited her frequently at her home near Washington, and vainly tried to persuade her to flee with him when he forfeited his bail. She refused to go, but promised to wait for him. For many

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years she was faithful to the exile, until, from England, he wrote to release her from her promise.

When Washington was chosen as capital the town was not too far from the center of the territory as it was then—the lower third of the present state. But in 1804 the boundaries were pushed north to the Tennessee line, in 1817 Mississippi became a state, in 1820 the Choctaws reluctantly yielded their claim to their ancestral lands, and in 1821 the site for a new capital was chosen at Jackson, and named in honor of General Andrew Jackson.

From that time the fortunes of Washington declined. To-day the town exists, but it is lonely and almost deserted.

When Washington was young and prosperous, an inn was opened six miles north, on the Natchez Trace. Travelers who passed that way were greeted by a sign that promised "Intertanment for Man and Baste." A settlement soon grew up about the inn, but both settlement and inn passed away with the pioneer road.

Eighteen miles farther on was Greenville, a town that existed, though with another name, before the United States took possession of the country in 1798. Later it became the most populous town on the Natchez Trace.

After the Battle of New Orleans, the troops from Mississippi Territory who fought there were disbanded at Greenville. And in this town Jefferson Davis spent many of his early years, and attended school.

Possibly the most exciting event in the town's history came in consequence of a reward offered for the apprehension of the leader of the notorious Murrill gang of robbers who had long terrorized travelers on the Trace. One day when court was in session, two strangers rode into town, bearing the head of the leader. They claimed the reward. But, unfortunately for them, they were them-

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selves recognized as members of the gang by men in town whom they had robbed. And they rode horses that had been stolen from others who were attending court. So they were arrested, tried, convicted, and executed. After the law had been satisfied, their heads were exhibited on poles near Greenville, on the Trace, that other robbers and would-be robbers might take warning.

The town received its death blow in consequence of the vain efforts of some of its friends to make permanent its place of power. In 1825 a commission, authorized by the legislature, was to select a permanent seat of government for the county in which Greenville had been temporary county seat. It was decided that the town chosen should be named Fayette, in honor of General Lafayette, who was then, for the second time, the guest of the nation. It was also understood that the choice would fall on Greenville, and that the town would be willing to change its name. But a mob made up of those who favored the selection of a site eight miles farther east, and much nearer the center of Jefferson County, visited Greenville the night before the commission was to decide on the favored town, and destroyed the court house, a stanch building, of hand-sawed poplar timber. So the coveted honor went to the site favored by the mob, which took the name Fayette, and fell heir to Greenville's prosperity.

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## XXIII

### CORYDON, THE TERRITORIAL CAPITAL OF INDIANA

**D**OWN in Southern Indiana, extending many miles north from the Ohio River, is a region of peculiar charm. It is a country of crystal streams, green forests, hills of appealing and varied contour, glens whose shady mysteries are a constant allurement, cliffs that rise superbly, cascades in most unexpected places, and limestone caves with winding passages which beckon to the adventurer who is not dismayed by the necessity sometimes of crawling on hands and knees or squeezing through narrow passages for the joy of coming suddenly upon a spacious vaulted chamber of weird beauty.

To the Indians the wild beauty of the tract made such appeal that they were loth to leave it for regions farther north. Yet this southern section was the first part of Indiana that was opened for settlement. Most of the primitive owners of the soil drifted north, and early in the nineteenth century the way was open for those who were ready to brave the straggling Indians and the wild beasts to build their cabins and begin the arduous task of clearing the forest.

The eyes of many who, after floating down the Ohio River from Pittsburgh, or coming north from Kentucky, turned north into the unbroken wilderness, brightened when they saw the beauty of this section of Indiana. Soon after the arrival of the first of these homeseekers, General



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William Henry Harrison, later President of the United States, at that time Governor of Indiana Territory, which included much more than the present state, entered a tract of land amid some of the most beautiful of the hills, more than one hundred miles south of what became Indianapolis, and eighteen miles east of Wyandotte Cave. Not long afterward he transferred to others much of the land, but he retained for himself a little estate on Blue River, to which he made many visits from his home in Vincennes, the seat of government of the Territory.

He was always welcome in the cabins of the settlers, for wherever he went he chose to be known as "Bill," and he was a good companion. One of his stopping places was the home of Edward Smith, who lived on the property sold by the Governor, where Big and Little Indian Creeks come together.

During the long evenings when the visitor and the host talked by the fire they had three unending topics of conversation: the future of the vast Northwest Territory, particularly the portion of it that lay nearest; the prospects of the town that was to grow by the Creeks amid the hills—for, with the typical optimism of the pioneer settler it was believed that some day a city would stand on the old Harrison place; and the delightful patriarchal family of the host, whose three sons and six daughters were to help in building up the wilderness.

At least once before the early bedtime Jenny Smith, the musical daughter, was asked to sing from the copy of the *Missouri Harmony* which was one of her choicest possessions. And she soon learned that, however many other songs she sang, she must not close the book until she had sung the selection from "The Pastoral Elegy," which included the lament for the death of Corydon, the shepherd.

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The words were sung so often by the forest maiden that they became familiar to all in the house, but the visitor never wearied of them :

What sorrowful sounds do I hear,  
Move slowly along on the gale;  
How solemn they fall on my ear—  
As softly they pass through the vale!  
Sweet Corydon's notes are all o'er,  
Now lonely he sleeps in the clay,  
His cheeks bloom with roses no more,  
Since death called his spirit away.

O Corydon! hear the sad cries  
Of Caroline, plaintive and slow;  
O Spirit, look down from the skies  
And pity the mourner below;  
Till Caroline's voice in the grove  
Which Philomel hears on the plain,  
Then striving the mourner to soothe,  
With sympathy joins in the strain.

One night, after the last note died away, the visitor was silent for a moment. Then he looked up with a smile, and said,

“Ed, the new town must be called Corydon!”

The name appealed to the host, and it was popular with those who, later, saw the town plot and decided to settle there. Sturdy houses, some of logs, some of stone, were built, and Corydon took on an appearance of solidity that is still a source of wonder to those who are privileged to make pilgrimage to the old town.

Of course one of the first things done was to set aside ground for a public square—for what pioneer town was started without the thought that it was destined to be the seat of government for the county? On the square the

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first structure built was a Stray Pen in which animals found at large were to be impounded until redeemed by the owners. Corydon's Pound had a fence seven rails high, duly staked and ridged, according to the most approved pioneer fashion. Under the first rail hog-tight precautions were taken. The sheriff was the builder. Very likely when he reported that the expense was \$33.75, there were some who accused him of extravagant misuse of public funds.

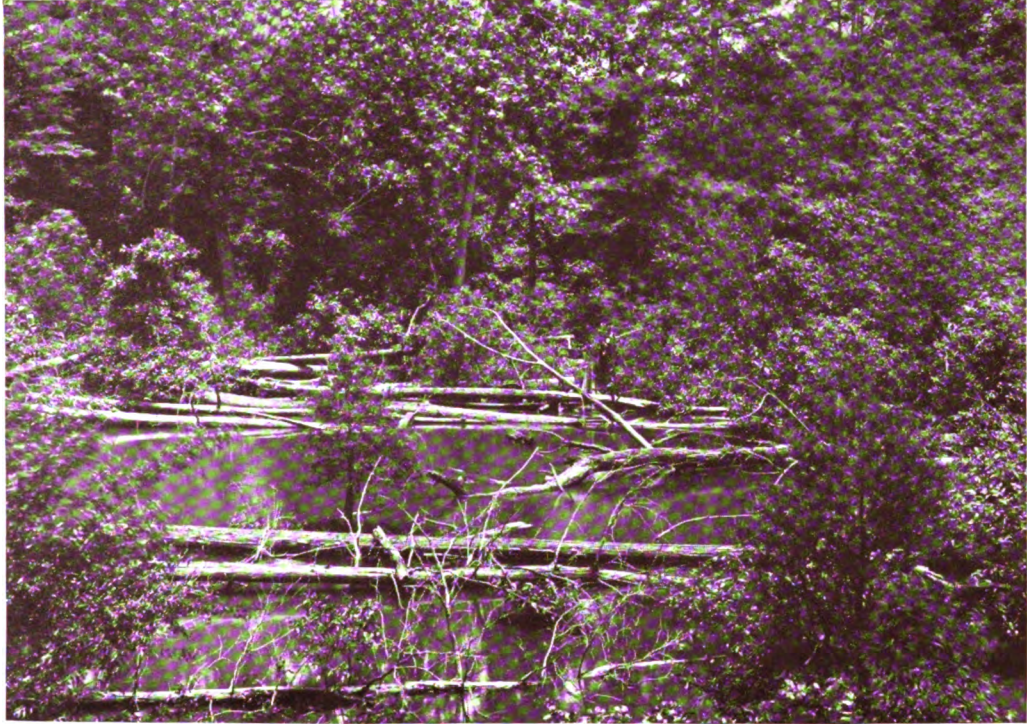
But Corydon's promoters dared to look forward to something better than being the county's seat of government. Why not make the town the Capital of Indiana Territory? Perhaps it was Bill Harrison who first put forth the idea. At any rate, there is evidence that he made careful and specific suggestions as to the manner of building the projected court house. Ostensibly it was to be only a court house. Yet there were knowing people who felt sure—after talking with him—that it was to be the territorial Capitol.

March 9, 1809, was the eventful day when the contract for the new building was let. It was to be of limestone, and was to measure forty feet square. The walls of the first story were to be two and one half feet thick; even the second-story walls were to be two feet thick. The first floor ceiling was to be fifteen feet high above the floor, while on the second floor the height was to be ten feet. On the roof there was to be a large iron balance or scale—for this was to be the house of justice for all that country.

How well the contractor did his work may be judged today, for the building stands almost as it was originally. The stairs have been moved to the outside, and the stone floors have been replaced by wood. Probably these



SWAMP SCENE IN ALABAMA



SWAMP SCENE NEAR THE NATCHEZ TRACE

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changes cost more than the original charge for the building—\$1,500!

The Capitol was ready, but there were difficulties in the way of removal from Vincennes. The legislators voted to go to a more central location, but Governor Harrison vetoed the suggestion. Evidently the thought of the stately mansion he had built in Vincennes made him reluctant to leave that town, unless he could be sure of Corydon's choice. Then Corydon took a hand; the Federal authorities brought to the attention of Washington the situation in the infant territory. As a result, the selection of the location of the new Capitol was left to a committee, which, at different times, threatened to give the coveted honor to Lawrenceburg or Vevay or Jefferson. Once Corydon secured a tie vote, but it was not until March, 1813—four years after the letting of the contract of the building intended for the Capitol—that Corydon was informed of the fulfillment of her promoter's dreams.

At once the county commissioners offered to the Territory the use of the square stone building, to be the Capitol "so long as Corydon should remain the seat of government." There the first session of the General Assembly met in December, 1813. The House of Representatives occupied the first story, while the Senate chose a room in the second story. It was fitting that the Governor who presided in the fifteen-hundred-dollar building should be content with a salary of one thousand dollars. The Secretary of State received four hundred dollars, while the judges of the Supreme Court were paid seven hundred dollars!

The first governor occupied the handsome governor's house, provided for him, but his successor, Governor Posey, sent a message to the legislature, announcing that

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it was impossible for him to live longer in Corydon, on the grounds of health. He did not mean that Corydon was an unhealthy place, but he explained that his physician lived in Louisville, and that he must be in Jeffersonville, to be near him.

The absence of the Governor was not so serious at first, but when the sessions of the legislature were drawing to a close, the lawmakers were much embarrassed because they wished to submit bills to him for his approval, before adjourning. They did not like the idea of remaining in Corydon for a week or two, until a messenger could go to Jeffersonville and return with word from the Governor. So the legislative Council passed a resolution in which they stated that, rather than subject the state to the unnecessary burden of fifty dollars a day, the cost of keeping the legislature in session, the President of the Council and the Speaker of the House were authorized to remain until the bills could be signed, then to insert them in the Journals. So the members of the legislature went home, some on horseback, but many on foot.

The most important chapter in Corydon's history followed the approval by Congress of the legislative appeal to be organized as a state. The Constitutional Convention, authorized in April, 1816, assembled in Corydon on June 10, 1816—prompt action when the difficulty of holding an election and gathering from distant parts of the Territory are taken into account!

The weary travelers found quarters in the new stone hotel, a structure built for the ages, with solid stone walls eighteen inches thick and great timbers fashioned with broad-ax and whip saw. There they paid twenty-five cents for lodging, and half that amount for meals.

The hotel was a mile from the Capitol. But who could

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object to a little thing like that, when many of them had walked one or two hundred miles to Corydon?

No, such a walk would not be distressing, for they would be in the open air, where they were accustomed to spend their days. But they did object to being cooped up within stone walls on days in June when the sun was shining with genial warmth and the shade of the trees was so inviting.

They looked with longing at the shade of a patriarchal elm tree, which stood only a few hundred yards away, on the banks of Big Indian Creek—a tree whose branches spread more than one hundred and twenty feet, with a trunk five feet in diameter.

Somebody proposed that the sessions of the convention be held under the inviting shade of that wonderful elm. The proposal met an enthusiastic reception. Like boys the men hurried to the open air, where, until June 29th, they laid the foundations for Indiana's greatness.

For five years following the convention the lawmakers who acted under the Constitution framed there continued to meet at Corydon. Then the opening of the territory to the north, by treaty with the Indians in 1818, made necessary a more central location for the Capital. After much discussion, the site of Indianapolis was chosen, and the town was laid out on a scale that early visitors thought was altogether too ambitious. Many of them lived to own their mistake.

Forsaken by the Capitol, Corydon settled down to a quiet life in the midst of its beautiful surroundings. It may be unknown to most people outside of Indiana; it may be forgotten, perhaps, except by those who study the history of the old Northwest. But it abides in strength and honor down among the green hills which offer to the traveler superb views of historic ground.



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## XXIV

### THE STORY OF NEW HARMONY, INDIANA

**H**ARMONIE" was the name given to the site chosen, in 1815, for a town to be built by eight hundred picturesquely garbed peasants, originally from Würtemberg, Germany. After floating down the Ohio River they had ascended the Wabash River fifty-one miles until the hills surrounding a pleasant meadow by the riverside made them eager to halt. When they reached the bank they fell on their knees and asked God's blessing on the experiment they planned to make there—a brotherhood built according to the communistic teachings of George Rapp, their leader, with whom they had come from Germany in 1803, determined to live according to the practice of the primitive Christians, "who had all things in common, and to keep always before them Paul's teaching that the celibate state is far better than the married state."

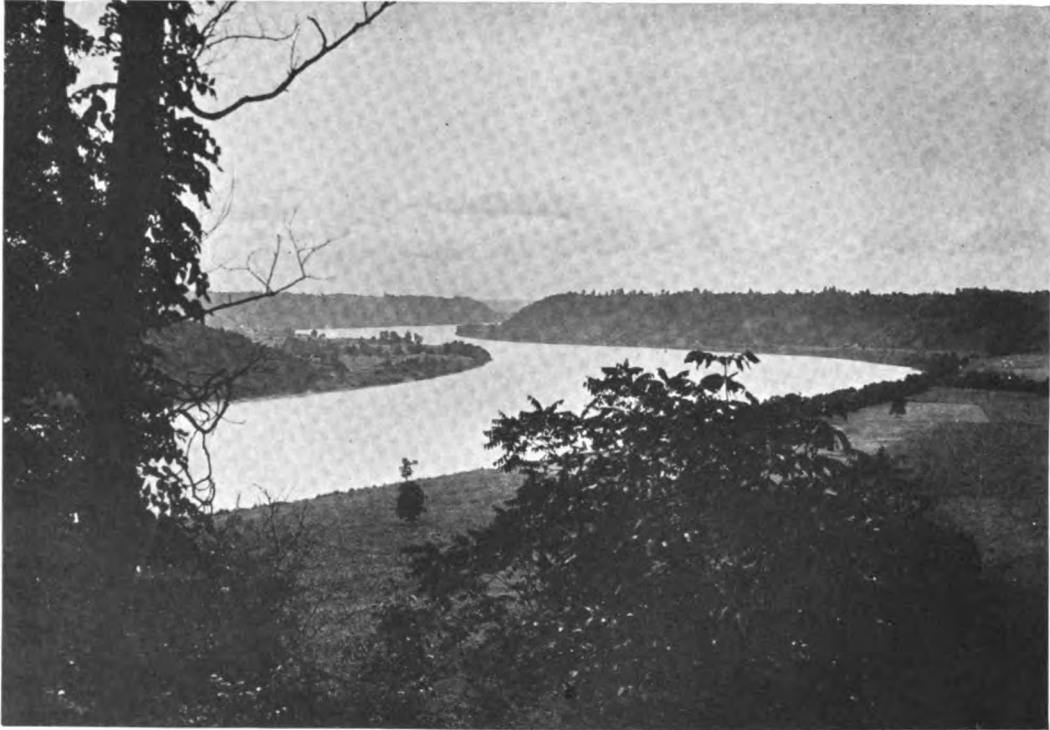
For ten years they had been at Zelienople, Pennsylvania, where, on five thousand acres, they had built a thriving community. This satisfied them for a time, but it was later decided that it was wise to seek a location in the West. So, in 1813, Frederick Rapp, the son of George Rapp, was sent to find a suitable location. He selected the site on the Wabash, and to this George Rapp led his followers in 1815.

From the first the community prospered, in spite of the strange teachings. It was long the most populous town in

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**THE OLD STATE CAPITOL AT CORYDON, INDIANA**



ON THE BEAUTIFUL OHIO RIVER

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Indiana. The people were busy and happy. A mill was built, thousands of acres on the mainland and on a large fertile island in the river were put under cultivation, vineyards were planted, orchards were set out, houses were built whose stanch appearance was in great contrast to those of the average pioneers. There were four great community houses, several of which still stand, as sturdy as when they were erected. Their surplus wants were supplied by their own silk factory, sawmill, brickyard, woolen mill and oil mill, and they looked for protection during probable attacks by Indians or other renegades to the great granary, which was intended also for a fort, though it was never used for that purpose.

The fame of Harmony spread abroad, even in that day of slow communication and sparse population. More than one visitor from England planned his trip to the Western country so as to include the town in his itinerary. One of these visitors, William Herbert, of London, wrote, after seeing the great community church:

“I can scarcely imagine myself to be in the wilds of Indiana, on the borders of the Wabash, while passing through the long and resounding aisles and surveying the stately colonnade of this church.”

Father Rapp, who was described as “nearly six feet in height, with patriarchal beard and stately walk,” claimed to have received in a dream the plan for the church. George Flower, one of the English founders of Albion, Illinois, who visited Harmony in 1819, told of the four entrances, closed by folding doors, which were about one hundred and twenty feet from one another. There were twenty-eight pillars of walnut, cherry, and sassafras, varying in circumference from five to six feet, and in height from twenty-one to twenty-five feet.

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Father Rapp's remarkable influence over the people was due, not only to his teaching and his example, but probably as much to playing on their superstitions. For instance, he would suddenly appear among the workmen who were building the granary, when they thought he was far away. They did not know then that he used—so it is said—an underground passageway from his house to the great building. But more effective than this was his explanation of a great stone slab in which were impressions of two feet. Father Rapp was accustomed to explain to the people that these footprints were made by the Angel Gabriel when he stopped to give the community leader a message for his people. One authority, however, declares that the rock bearing the mysterious footprints was hewn out of a cliff near St. Louis, and taken to Harmony for the mystification of the people. David Dale Owen, the geologist, declared that the reputed footprints had been carved in the rock by Indians.

The assistant of George Rapp in the oversight of the community was his adopted son Frederick, who became a leader in the state as well as in the town. He was later a member of the Indiana Constitutional Convention at Corydon, a member of the state legislature, and one of the committee that chose the site of Indianapolis to be Corydon's successor as capital of the state.

An amazing picture of the community has been left by Robert Dale Owen, who told of it as it was in 1824:

"The experiment was a marvelous success in a pecuniary point of view; for at the time of their immigration their property did not exceed twenty-five dollars a head, while in twenty-one years a fair estimate gave them two thousand dollars for each person, man, woman and child, probably ten times the average wealth throughout the

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United States; for at that time each person in Indiana averaged but one hundred and fifty dollars of property, and even in Massachusetts the average fell short of three hundred dollars for each adult and child.

“Intellectually and socially, however, it was doubtless a failure; as an ecclesiastical autocracy, especially when it contravenes an important law of nature, must always be. Rapp was absolute ruler, assuming to be such in virtue of a divine call, and it was said, probably with truth, that he desired to sell Harmony because life there was getting to be easy and quiet, with leisure for thought; and because he found it difficult to keep his people in order, except during the bustle and hard work which attended a new settlement. . . .

“When my father first reached the place, he found among the Germans—its sole inhabitants—indications of plenty and material comfort, but with scarcely a touch of fancy or ornament; the only exceptions being a few flowers in the gardens, and what was called ‘The Labyrinth’; a pleasure ground laid out near the village with some taste, and intended—so my father was told—as an emblematic representation of the life these colonists had chosen. It contained small groves and gardens, with numerous circular walks inclosed by high beech hedges and bordered with flowering shrubbery, but arranged with such intricacy that, without some Dædalus to furnish a clew, one might wander for hours and fail to reach a building erected in the center. This was a temple of rude material, but covered with vines of the grape and convolvulus, and the interior neatly fitted up and prettily furnished. There George Rapp had sought to shadow forth to his followers the difficulty of attaining a state of peace and social harmony. The perplexing approach, the rough exterior of the shrine,

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and the elegance displayed within, were to serve as types of toil and suffering, succeeded by happy repose.

“The toil and suffering had left their marks, however, on the grave, stolid, often sad German faces. They looked well fed, well clothed, and seemed free from anxiety. The animal had been sufficiently cared for. A shelter from life’s wearing cares is something; but a temple typifies higher things—more than what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed. Rapp’s disciples had bought these too dearly—at the expense of heart and soul.” They purchased them by unquestioning submission to an autocrat who had been commissioned—perhaps as he really believed, certainly as he alleged—by God himself.

Robert Dale Owen, the writer of the sentences quoted, was the son of Robert Owen, the Welsh reformer and philanthropist, first of New Lanark, Scotland, part proprietor of immense cotton mills there, then originator and advocate of plans for the amelioration of the condition of the mill operatives and of all laborers. His work met serious opposition, but it attracted attention not only in Great Britain but throughout Europe. He advocated a great communistic experiment that would, he felt sure, solve many of the defects in the life of the laboring people.

At this juncture, when the Welsh philanthropist was wondering how to take the next step, Richard Flower, of Albion, Illinois, friend and business associate of George Rapp, went home to England, bearing a commission from the leader of Harmony to sell the entire plant. “The offer tempted my father,” Robert Dale Owen wrote. “Here was a village ready built, a territory capable of supporting tens of thousands in a country where the expression of thought was free, and where the people were un-

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sophisticated. The preliminaries were soon arranged, and early in 1825 Mr. Owen became the possessor, at a cost of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, of the Rapp village and twenty thousand acres of land; and in the course of the summer some eight hundred people had flocked in, in accordance with public invitation given by him to "the industrious and well disposed of all nations and creeds. Every dwelling house was filled. . . . The land around the village, of which three thousand acres were under cultivation, was of the richest quality of alluvial soil, level but above the highest water mark and in good farming order. This valley land was surrounded by a semicircular range of undulating hills, rising sixty to seventy feet above the plain below, and sweeping round about half a mile from the village on the southern side."

Soon after his arrival in America Robert Owen asked and secured leave to hold a meeting in one of the halls of Congress at Washington. There he told of his purpose to use New Harmony—thus he renamed the village—as the preparation for an ideal community he proposed to build in the hills back from the river, that he might do his part in "the redemption of the human race from the evils of the existing state of Society."

The story of his life says: "In his address he proposed greatly to enlarge the liberty of the people, which he considered rather nominal than real; for while in a political sense, as in the choice of rulers, the enactment of laws, etc., they enjoyed great freedom, the 'national mind' was yet under the tyranny of prejudice. He proposed to disenfranchise it, and introduce an order of things under which there should be no restraint save that of mutual love and good will. All sources of discontent, poverty, controversy, crime, and misery, should be dried up, and the inhabitants



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of the land compose one perfectly harmonious brotherhood. One condition, however, was indispensable to this elysian state. The principles usually recognized in the pursuits of trade and commerce must be renounced as degrading and pernicious, and all inequalities of wealth and poverty must be abolished. He assured the people who listened to him that if they would lay aside the crude and erroneous notions in which they had been trained, and adopt his system there would be no more avarice nor ambition to be rich, no more vice and wretchedness among the poor."

In the course of this Washington address the speaker told of his vision:

"In the heart of the United States, and almost in the center of its unequalled internal navigation, that Power which governs and directs the universe and every action of man has arranged circumstances which were far beyond my control, and permits me to commence a new empire of peace and good-will to men, founded on other principles than those of the present or the past. . . .

"The inventor of the Steam Engine might as well have been required to unite his new machinery with the inefficient and clumsy horse engine, which, at that time, was commonly used to obtain mechanical force; or the inventor of the Spinning Machinery, to unite it with the woolen and flax single wheels; or the person who introduced the gaslights, to combine it with the common candle. These things are impracticable, and every one knows that, to attempt to effect any of them would be a loss of time and labor; in like manner, were I to endeavor to unite the system which I advocate, with the present notions and practice of society, my time and labor would be uselessly employed.

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"I have purchased from the Harmonite Society the settlements and property of Harmony, in the states of Indiana and Illinois. The settlement, or town, of Harmony is upon the Wabash in Indiana; it is composed of log, weather boarded, and brick dwelling houses; of infant manufactories of wool, cotton, leather, hats, pottery, brick, machinery, grain, distilleries, breweries, etc., etc., with granaries, and two large churches, and other public buildings, laid out in squares like all the western American towns."

The wild dream of the earnest philanthropist—who proposed to spend all of his fortune in the experiment—was later explained in detail in his book, *The New Moral World*. In this he told how he planned to do away with the family as the basis of life and training, having in place of it scientific associations of from five hundred to two thousand people, which should be magnified families. Each community was to be governed by a general council on which all members between the ages of thirty and forty were to serve. There were to be no officers. Finally, it was provided that "all members must act as rational physical and mental beings or be removed to an asylum."

The advertising given the new community attracted colonists from all parts of the world and from every state in the Union. Some of them were in earnest, but many of them were cranks. There were "so many eccentric and curious people, so many with hobbies to carry out, and others who wished to attain a life where they would not have to labor, that Mr. Owen was deprived of a choice of inhabitants upon whom to try the new social scheme."

On April 27, 1825, in the New Church at New Harmony, the people assembled to bear the plan of the new leader. A yellowed pamphlet, published in Cincinnati in

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1825, gives the address of Robert Owen on that occasion, and contains the proposed constitution of The Preliminary Society and the Proposed Rules and Regulations for the Establishment of a Perfect Community.

The address began: "I am come to this country to introduce an entire new state of society; to change it from the ignorant, selfish system which has heretofore prevailed over the world, to an enlightened, social system, which shall gradually unite all interests into one, and remove all causes for contest between individuals. . . . New Harmony, the future name of the place, is the best halfway house I could procure for those who are going to travel this extraordinary journey with me; and although it is not intended to be our permanent residence, I hope it will be found not a bad traveler's tavern, or temporary resting place, in which we shall remain only until we can change our old garments and fully prepare ourselves for the new state of existence into which we hope to enter."

The constitution was introduced by the statement: "The Society is instituted generally to promote the Happiness of the World."

The constitution was adopted on May 1st. In June the founder was compelled to return to Europe, leaving behind him "a school of a hundred and thirty children, who were boarded, educated and clothed at the public expense. As to the other inhabitants, they received a weekly credit on the public store to the amount which their services were, by the Committee, deemed worth. There was a good band of music; and the inhabitants . . . resolved to meet together three evenings each week; one to discuss all subjects connected with the society; another for a concert of vocal and instrumental music; while the third was given to a public ball."



**THE VENERABLE ELM TREE AT CORYDON, INDIANA**  
**(Under its Branches Indiana's Constitution was Framed)**



**RAPPITE ROOMING HOUSE, NEW HARMONY, INDIANA, LATER THE SCHOOL OF JOSEPH NEEF  
(Built 1822. Exterior Unchanged)**

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In September Mr. Owen, accompanied by his son Robert Dale, again took passage for America. Soon after landing in New York, the father and son were joined by other pilgrims, who were soon to make up the cargo of what became known as "the Boatload of Knowledge."

But let Robert Dale Owen tell the story:

"In the course of two or three weeks several pleasant and intelligent people had joined us, bound for New Harmony; among them Thomas Say, one of the founders of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, who six years before had accompanied Major Long in his expedition to the Rocky Mountains as its naturalist; Charles Lesueur, a French naturalist, who had explored, with Péron, the coasts of Australia; Gerard Troost, a native of Holland, and a distinguished chemist and geologist, who was afterwards professor of chemistry in the Nashville University; also several cultivated ladies, including Miss Sistare (afterwards the wife of Thomas Say) and two of her sisters. Whether William Maclure, president of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, and one of the most munificent patrons of that institution, accompanied us, or came on a few weeks later, I am not quite certain. He afterwards purchased from my father several thousand acres of the Harmony estate.

"At Pittsburg, which we reached early in December, finding the steamboats had ceased to ply on the Ohio, we purchased a keel-boat, and had it comfortably fitted up for the accommodation of our party, then amounting to some thirty or forty persons."

When near Beaver, Pennsylvania, the pilgrims were ice-bound for a month. Not until late in January, 1826, did they reach New Harmony. The senior Owen was so enthusiastic when he learned the progress of the colony that

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he decided not to wait the several years he had planned before arranging the Harmonites into a Committee of Equality, based on the principle of common property. For a time the new organization seemed to succeed, but soon suspicion bred discontent and discontent led to disaster.

At length—only a little more than a year after the beginning of the community experiment—the *New Harmony Gazette* told in an editorial of the failure of the attempt. It said:

“Our opinion is that Robert Owen ascribed too little influence to the early anti-social circumstances that had surrounded many of the quickly collected inhabitants of New Harmony before their arrival there; and too much to those circumstances which his experience might enable them to create around themselves in future. . . . We are too inexperienced to hazard a judgment on the prudence and management of those who directed its execution; and the only opinion we can express with confidence is of the perseverance with which Robert Owen pursued it at great pecuniary loss to himself. One form of government was first adopted, and when that appeared unsuitable another was tried; until it appeared that the members were too various in their feelings and too dissimilar in their habits to govern themselves harmoniously as a Community. . . . New Harmony, therefore, is not now a Community.”

So it became necessary for the people to leave, or to support themselves. Lands were sold to those who desired to possess them, or who planned to make smaller community experiments. All such experiments failed. But many of those who bought land for themselves, and industriously tilled it, remained.

But while New Harmony failed as a community, those who were attracted to the town brought it fame. William

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Maclure, Owen's assistant in educational work, became known as the "Father of American Geology," because of his service of years in describing after personal inspection the geology of every section of the United States. He had visited the school of Pestalozzi in Switzerland, and he brought with him knowledge of that leader's revolutionary scheme of education, and the purpose to make New Harmony the center of American education through the introduction of Pestalozzi's system of instruction.

With Mr. Maclure, and attracted by him soon afterward, came other leaders in education, a remarkable coterie that made New Harmony famous among travelers, so that—although it was many hundreds of miles beyond the ordinary limits of travelers' itineraries—scholars from Europe as well as from America made eager pilgrimage thither. The communistic experiment was doomed to early failure, but the remarkable educational program, and the personality of those who were guiding it, made a visit vastly worth while.

The achievements of New Harmony during its brief career as a community center, and during the later years when it was the scene of activity by men attracted there during the Owen régime and later, have been summarized by George B. Lockwood, in *The New Harmony Movement*:

"The death-bed of Robert Owen's 'social system' became the birthplace of several distinct movements which have assumed great proportions . . . Thus the doctrine of universal elementary education at public expense, without regard to sex or sect, as a duty to the State, was first proclaimed in the Middle West, and through the labors of Robert Dale Owen (the son of Robert Owen) more than any other one man; this conception of the State's duty



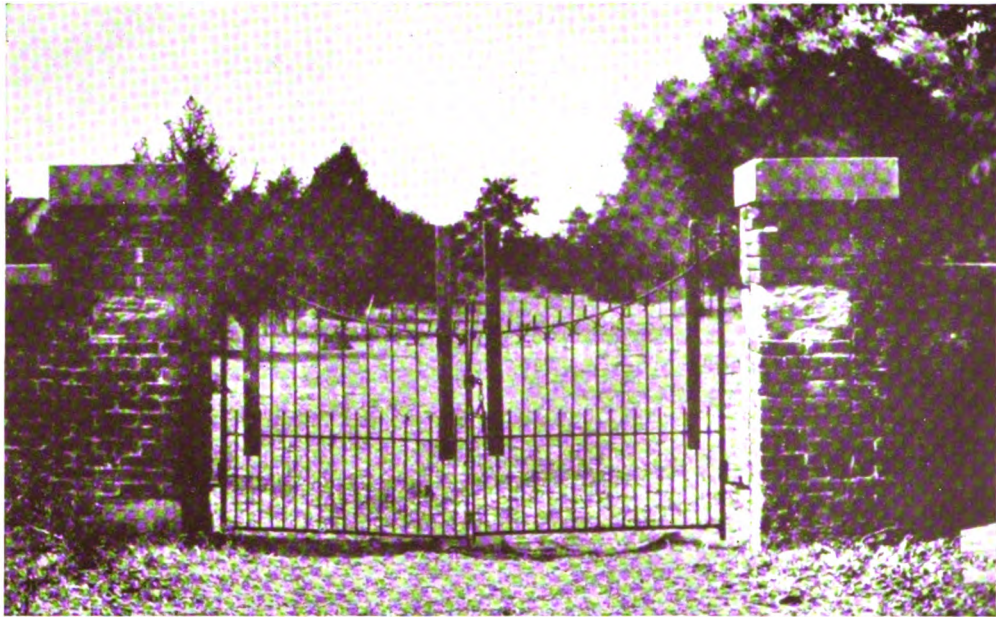
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has found expression in a common school system that is the glory of the Republic.

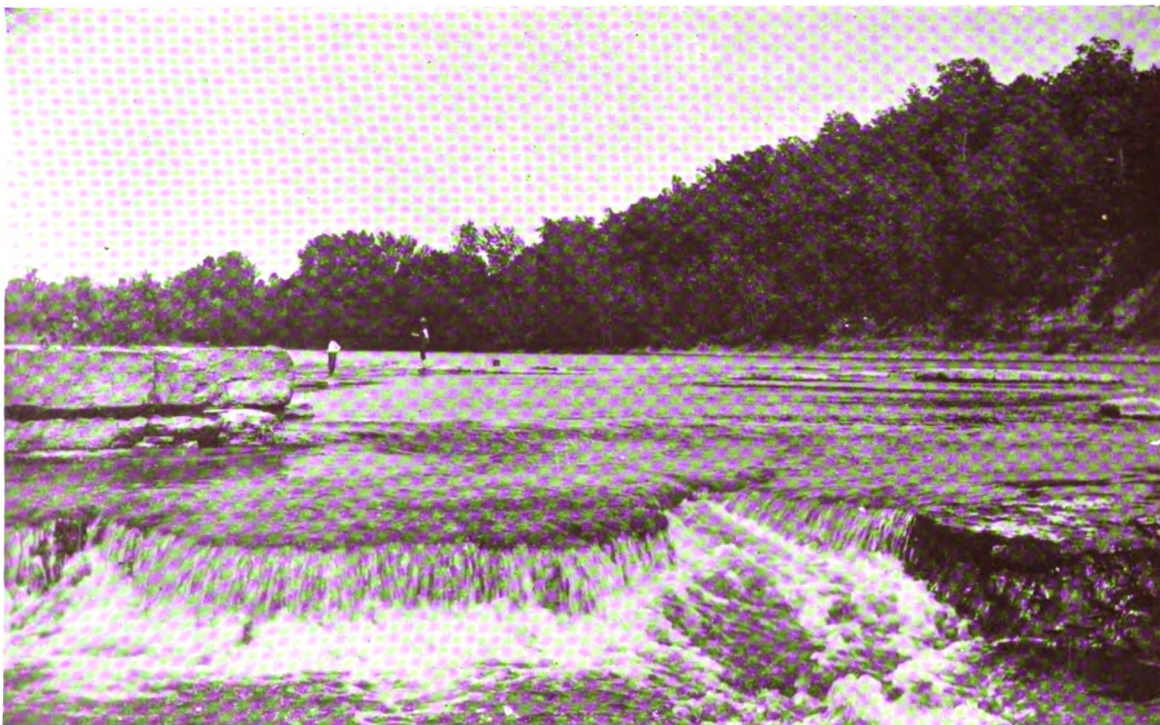
“Through William Maclure, Robert Owen and Joseph Neef . . . the Pestalozzi system of education, now everywhere predominant, was first successfully transplanted to this country. William Maclure’s manual training school at New Harmony was the first of the kind in the United States, and through that institution and its popular publications, the idea of technical training was first widely disseminated in his country.

“The infant schools established at New Harmony by Robert Owen, ‘the father of infant education,’ were the first of the kind in America. It was in the school at New Harmony that the idea of equal educational privileges for the sexes was first put into practice.”

Thus New Harmony was the greatest scientific center in America, and one of the greatest in the world. William Maclure was “the father of American geology,” Thomas Say was “the father of American zoölogy,” Constantin Rafinesque introduced to the west the study of fishes, while Charles Albert Lesueur first classified the fish of the Great Lakes. Gerard Troost was a world-famous mineralogist. David Dale Owen, one of the products of the New Harmony Schools, as the first geologist of Indiana, made detailed studies so accurate that—according to the Indiana Academy of Science—they form the basis of most of the work since done in Indiana geology. As United States Geologist he made New Harmony the headquarters of the survey of a large part of the Northwest Territory, including Wisconsin, Iowa, and part of Illinois. His genius in getting work done by others, and his ability to write inspiringly as well as accurately of the results achieved, make the government documents which told of



**GATE TO RAPPITE CEMETERY**



THE OLD DAM, CUT OFF RIVER, NEW HARMONY, INDIANA

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his surveys notable, because of the beauty and correctness of the illustrations, and the felicity of the descriptions.

But the story of the achievements to be credited to New Harmony and those who lived there is much longer. The town had a marvelous museum exhibition in the granary fortress of George Rapp, and a scientific library which took first place in America. William Maclure became one of the founders of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science, while Robert Dale Owen fathered the legislation that led to the organization of the Smithsonian Institution.

Women had their first voice and vote in local legislative assemblages, and the doctrine of equal political rights for all of whatsoever sex or color was there first preached by Francis Wright.

Surely this is enough for the town on the Wabash, in the midst of the Western wilderness! But not even yet is the tale ended. The first women's literary club, the first American example of the prohibition of the liquor traffic by administrative edict, the first of a system of mechanics' libraries that extended to more than one hundred and fifty towns, and the idea that made a success of Great Britain's co-operative societies which started through Robert Owen, held by many to have been the most successful labor movement of the nineteenth century—all these came from New Harmony.

Fortunately, New Harmony still survives, with many of the buildings that have come down from early days. It is included among the forgotten towns because its significant story is known in any detail to comparatively few. But it is still a Mecca for some of those who find delight in visiting the scene of past glory of which the chief reminder—in addition to the buildings of the beautiful town—is

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the Working Men's Library, with its museum, art gallery, lecture course, and unusual collection of books of more than twenty-five thousand volumes, and its income, from endowment, of six thousand dollars a year. This noble institution was built up from a foundation that dates from early days, by the bequest of Doctor Murphy, long a physician in the village, whose story is as remarkable as that of the town. A homeless boy, he was brought from Ireland to Louisville, Kentucky, by a brutal man from whom he ran away. At length he appeared at New Harmony, barefooted and starving, soon after the beginning of the experiment of Robert Owen. There he was welcomed to the best, received an education, and was taught a trade. When the communistic experiment failed and Robert Owen returned to Great Britain, he remained, won a fortune in the face of great difficulties, and showed his gratitude by leaving it for the benefit of the town that had made possible his successful life.

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## XXV

### THE MISSION OF ALBION, ILLINOIS

**O**NE day in October, 1871, a Chicago man found in the rooms of the Chicago Historical Society the manuscript story of one of the most interesting colonizing experiments in America. Desiring to read it at his leisure, he asked permission to take it home. He was told that such precious property was not suffered to go out of the building, but finally the permission he sought was granted, and he took the document home.

Before he had an opportunity to restore the manuscript, the great fire destroyed, among thousands of other properties, that of the Chicago Historical Society. Its collection was gone, but the precious manuscript that the librarian had desired to retain for safe keeping had been saved by being taken away!

And this is the story of the preservation of George Flower's intimate story of the genesis and progress of the English Settlement in Illinois, a document invaluable to those who study early colonization in America.

George Flower was the son of a neighbor of Morris Birkbeck, a farmer of Quaker descent in England. As a boy Birkbeck had served an apprenticeship to a farmer. Later he began farming for himself, and—although he was without resources—he became a well-to-do agriculturist.

Like so many of his fellows, however, he held his farm

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only on lease, and he looked forward anxiously to the year—in his middle life—when, his lease expiring, he either would have to seek new fortunes or decide to remain on the old farm on terms that might be far from satisfactory.

Though he did not know this, events had already been set in motion which were to prove the determining factor in his decision. It was the period immediately following the Napoleonic Wars, when the farmers were having a most difficult time of readjustment. As a result Birkbeck became restless and was ready to listen to Edward Coles, a gentleman from Virginia, who, in the course of a visit to England, told him very pleasing facts about America. A little later George Flower, the son of a friend, went to America on a tour of investigation, bearing an introduction to Thomas Jefferson. Letters Flower sent home were the final factor in deciding Birkbeck to leave the old farm, and make his new venture in Western America.

April, 1817, saw Morris Birkbeck, in company with his family, on board an America-bound ship. At Richmond Flower met the emigrants, and guided them as they made their plans to go west in search of a fitting location.

The story of the journey overland to Pittsburgh, in a phaeton and a light wagon, then on horseback across southern Ohio to Cincinnati, is one of the finest bits of description of pioneer travel in America.

The journey across Indiana was made on horseback. Each person had an upper and under blanket and saddle bags. There were two pack horses, with extra luggage and bedding. At night the party stopped in roadside taverns, or with farmers, most of whom had a room for travelers. The country traversed was "one vast forest,

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intersected by a few blazed roads, and two or three open roads." There were "a few new towns and some settlements on and near the state roads and the river."

The party crossed the Wabash, and passed from Indiana into Illinois. There they pushed on to Bonpas Creek, crossed it, and searched until they found a broad prairie that suited them.

Mr. Birkbeck went to Shawneetown, on the Ohio River, where was the United States Land Office, taking with him all the cash the party could raise, that he might enter all the wooded land in the neighborhood of the Boltenhouse Prairie.

But the money available would not be sufficient, so it was arranged that Flower should return to England, in quest of further funds, which he was to remit as soon as possible. With him he was to take the manuscript of the book Birkbeck had prepared, telling of his journey, and to see to the publication of this, with the double object of raising money and attracting emigrants who should join the Englishmen in Illinois. On his return, with the family of his father, he was to build and remain on the English Prairie—as the Boltenhouse Prairie came to be known.

Before his departure, Flower wrote to Thomas Jefferson, asking him if Congress would be apt to grant a township for settlement. The reply was not encouraging. Jefferson's letter read, in part:

"The general law prescribes an open sale, when all citizens may compete on equal footing for any lot of land which attracts their choice. To dispense with this in any particular case requires a special law of Congress, and to special legislation we are generally averse, lest a principle of favoritism should creep in and prevent that of equal



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rights. It has, however, been done on some occasions, when special national advantage has been expected to outweigh that of adherence to the general rule. The promised introduction of the culture of the vine procured a special law in favor of the Swiss settlement on the Ohio. That of culture of oil, wine and other Southern productions did the same lately for the French settlement on the Tombigbee. It remains to be tried whether that of an improved system of farming, interesting to so great a proportion of our citizens, may not also be worth a dispensation of the general rule."

A further effort was made by Birkbeck. He asked if it would be possible to secure, not a grant, but an extension of time on the payment for fifty thousand acres. To him a member of Congress wrote that there would be opposition to any departure from the regular custom, because of the fear of speculators in lands; unpleasant experiences in a number of instances had made leaders wary.

In the meantime Flower's mission in England was successful. Money was secured for his friend in America. The book of travel was published; copies of it are to-day treasured possessions of libraries devoted to early American history. And knowledge of the opening for colonists on the English Prairie was scattered about to such an extent that a response came "from the farmers of England, the miners of Cornwall, the drovers of Wales, the mechanics of Scotland, the West Indian planters, the inhabitants of the Channel Isles, and 'the gentlemen of no particular business' of the Emerald Isle."

The fact that the early emigration to Birkbeck's colony was so varied has been assigned as one reason for its success. There were not only men of culture, but men of

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intelligence and men of toil. This was looked on as a happy mixture.

The first party sailed in March, 1818. Flower followed in April with a second group. The difficulty these emigrants experienced may be imagined from the statement of the author of the book from which most of the material for this chapter has been culled:

“To remove all these people and their luggage, and the animals that I had brought, to our Settlement, nearly a thousand miles inland, was no small undertaking, at a time when there was neither turnpike, nor railroad, and steamboats few, and in the infancy of their management. Patience, toil, time, and money were all required, and were freely bestowed.”

Some traveled overland. Some employed flatboats on the river. Others went by horse. A few chose wagon or phaeton.

The party was increased by the accession of English people who had come over independently, and were found, on the Atlantic seaboard, ready to fall in with a good opportunity to go West. It is related that but one who was not an Englishman joined the company, and that he proved an impossible member of the colony, departing soon after reaching Illinois.

So the company left for a place where civilization was behind them. “To the West,” as Flower wrote, there was “one vast uninhabited wilderness of prairie, interspersed with trees, extending two thousand miles to the Pacific Ocean. Excepting St. Louis, on the Mississippi, then a small place, and Kaskaskia, yet smaller, there were no inhabitants west of us. About the same time, one or two small American settlements were forming a few miles

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east of the Mississippi, as we were planting ourselves a few miles west of the Wabash. The first member of Congress had to ride an intervening space of a hundred and fifty miles of wilderness between the little settlements of his constituents lying in the west and east of the state. There were no roads on land, no steamboats on the water. The road, so called, leading to Vandalia (the capital, of about a dozen log houses) was made by a man on horseback, following in the track of another, every rider making the way a little easier to find, until you came to some swampy place, where all trace was lost, and you got through as others had done, by guessing at the direction, after riding at hazard for miles until you stumbled on the track again. And of these blind traces there were but three or four in the south half of the state."

For a time after the emigrants reached their destination, they suffered many hardships. Birkbeck and those who had remained with him were living in their own cabins, but there were none for the newcomers. Some lived in tents, others in wagons; all were exposed, and suffered much from fever and ague, new diseases to them.

When emigrants arrived, as they did every week or two, they were surprised that it was impossible for friends to shelter them, in the whole-hearted English fashion. But how could strangers be sheltered and fed when there was little for the residents? Flower was one of the rich men of the settlement, but he said, "My own family, one day, were so close run for provisions that a dish of the buds and shoots of the hazle was our only resort." But this difficulty was short lived. Before long he had built for his father a great farmyard after the English fashion; a square of one hundred feet was surrounded by log buildings two stories high.

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The need for a town was apparent to all. "A center of useful arts was necessary to agriculture," Flower wrote. Every farmer wanted a carpenter and blacksmith. But every farmer could not build workshops at his own door.

A conference of those interested was held at the home of one of them. As they talked over the proposition, "daylight closed, darkness followed. We had no candles nor any means of making artificial light. On a pallet, mattress, or blanket, each one took to his couch, and carried on the discussion."

And so, in the darkness, the future town was born. Its name—a natural name, considering the nationality of the men—was to be Albion. It was decided that, in the morning, two men should walk from Village Prairie, through the woods, toward Boltenhouse Prairie, until they met two men who had started from the opposite end.

This plan was carried out. The men came together, in October, 1818, on the elevated bit of ground which was the drainage division between the Great Wabash and the Little Wabash River.

"Here shall be the center of our town," they agreed. And it was so. When Elias Pym Fordham laid out the settlement, as agreed on, he made the meeting place the public square, and there, later on, a courthouse, jail, and church were built. As he wrote in the story of his experiences: "I am laying off a town to be called Albion. It will consist of eight streets and a public square. Most likely it will be the County Town, and if so, there will be a Court House, and a gaol, as well as a Market House, and a Chapel, which last will be built whether it is the seat of justice or not."

The first double cabin was made the tavern. A black-

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smith shop followed, the tools for this having been brought from Birmingham, England. The proprietors of the town—of whom there were four at first, and later eight, who paid in five hundred dollars per share—built cabins for newcomers. The builders were the backwoodsmen, who came from twenty or thirty miles around. The price paid was from twenty-five dollars to thirty dollars for a single cabin, sixteen by eighteen feet, and forty dollars to fifty dollars for a double cabin.

There was disappointment when the first well was dug on the public square. It was one hundred feet deep, but it was dry. Later the proprietors allowed a frontiersman with a forked hazel rod to lead them to a spot where they dug down forty-five feet and found a little water. Later much water was provided, but for a time there was scarcity. Flower spoke of the time when there were only two wells, where people stood in line for two hours in the night, waiting for a turn to dip their bucketful.

The next winter, Flower built for his father a wonderful house, the pride of the whole country. It was fifty by forty feet, with a hipped roof, four rooms on the lower floor, and four rooms above, with a wide hall on each floor. Every room was plastered or papered; there was a brick chimney and a stone hearth in each room. One front was stuccoed, while another was weatherboarded. Venetian blinds were at the large windows.

No wonder the beautiful Park Place—it was named because of the thirty acres of park, surrounded by an English hawthorn hedge—became a social center for all the county.

The village grew. There was a large brick kiln, and a market house, seventy-five feet long. In this was a library,

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in which books brought from England for the purpose were placed. The library room was used for public meetings, and also as a place of worship.

Roads and bridges were made, and when there was need the court house was built, and churches followed. A brick tavern was built in a time of drought, when it was necessary to haul all the water used a distance of two miles, in a sled drawn by oxen.

One of the most welcome conveniences in the new town was a mill, operated by treadmill by eight oxen in relays of four. Farmers and backwoodsmen for miles around brought in their grists and took meal back home with them.

The prosperity of Albion was threatened by charges of infidelity and immorality spread broadcast in England and the East. The tide of settlement waned for a season. Flower declared that the stories were invented by land speculators in the East who were jealous because the best arrivals from abroad seemed determined to go to Albion. But that Birkbeck himself gave some cause for the charges is apparent from extracts from his (printed) letters from America which he sent to a friend in England. Once he said:

“What think ye of a Community not only without an established religion, but of whom a large proportion profess no particular religion, and think as little about the meaning of it, as you know was the case with myself?”

Again he told how children were not baptized, nor were there any superstitious rites in connection with naming them. He said further that the end of life was as simple as the beginning; burial was not in consecrated ground, but in the forest, in most simple fashion.

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The charge of immorality was probably due to the action of house builders and others, who, after the day's work was done, caroused at the tavern.

But Albion had a most honorable part in the moral life of Illinois. The town was founded at a time when the question of slavery was securing much attention. The original constitution of Illinois forbade slavery, though it permitted—until 1825—the employment of slaves, from elsewhere, in the saline miles, the government salt monopoly near Shawnestown. But this exception, it was said, was made an excuse for a real extension of slavery. Flower, who, with the residents of Albion, was a bitter opponent of slavery, said:

“To roll a barrel of salt once a year, or put salt in a salt-cellar, was sufficient excuse for any man to have a slave, and raise a field of corn. Slaves not only worked at the saline, but they were waiters in taverns, draymen, and were used in all manner of work on the north side of the Ohio. Black men and women were found in many families, in defiance of law, up to the confines of settlements sixty miles south, and in one instance, in Albion itself.”

There was agitation to force an extension of the right to hold slaves beyond 1825. An insidious campaign was carried on. The legislature asked for a vote on the question of having a constitutional convention. During the contest Albion took a prominent part. Birkbeck and Flower wrote letters to the papers and pamphlets that brought down on their heads the hatred of many of their neighbors. The vote was close. Even Albion rolled up a vote of 135 for the convention, although there were 153 votes opposed to it.

The large vote for the convention was accounted for

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by the fact that the backwoodsmen were appealed to not to vote with the British interlopers.

When it became apparent that the battle was won, the Albion leaders were jubilant. As Flower wrote, modestly: "It may be too much to say that our settlement decided the fate of the State in favor of freedom; when other settlements and small communities were exerting themselves herocially and as well. But when we consider the small majority by which this Free State held to its integrity, it may perhaps be impressed that, if our influence as well as our vote, had been cast the other way, Illinois would probably have been at this day a slave state."

An interesting side light on the contest was the appointment of Morris Birkbeck by Edward Coles, the Governor of Illinois, as his Secretary of State. It will be remembered that Coles had met Birkbeck in England, before he had decided to go to Illinois. And when he needed a good man to help him in his work he turned to the founder of Albion. But Birkbeck's anti-slavery sentiments were too much for his opponents; the legislature refused to confirm him, though he had served three months before the unfavorable action was taken.

Birkbeck died a year after his return from Vandalia, and was buried at New Harmony, Indiana. Richard Flower lost his property, and went to New Harmony with a capital of \$2.50. The son of Richard Flower, Edward Flower, then eighteen years old, was threatened with assassination, because of anti-slavery activity, so he went to England, where he became a reformer. During the Civil War he took the platform in England for the Union cause. His daughter Sarah wrote the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

The community still exists, though it is not the English



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town of a century ago. That town has passed away and is forgotten. Yet the town of to-day contains many of the characteristics given to it by its builders. It is a normal Illinois country town, a quiet county seat of perhaps one thousand people.

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## XXVI

### WITH THE FRENCH REFUGEES AT DEMOPOLIS, ALABAMA

**I**N the fall of 1816 many men, women, and children turned their backs on France and sought a home in America; they wished to live where they would be free to live and think as they chose. They had been adherents of Napoleon, and their partisanship had made Louis XVIII their enemy.

For a time they waited in Philadelphia, while an agent went to Washington to ask Congress for a grant of land on which they could settle. The application was opposed by some who felt that the French refugees should secure land on the same terms as others. But, finally, in March, 1817, the agent was assured that they could have four townships in a section to be chosen by them. The cost would be two dollars an acre, but they would be given fourteen years for payment. These exceptional terms were granted because the would-be colonists had promised to make of the wild land assigned to them a garden where the vine and the olive would flourish.

When the company was ready to leave Philadelphia, it consisted of three hundred and forty people. On the advice of friends who knew them, and who knew the country, they were about to go to the country at the junction of the Warren and Tombigbee Rivers in Alabama Territory.

On the schooner *McDonough* they took passage for the

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southland. The voyage was peaceful until near the close. Then came disaster of which Pickett's History of Alabama tells graphically:

"Late one evening, in the month of May, the vessel, bearing these romantic voyagers, was seen approaching Mobile Point, in the midst of a heavy gale. Governed by an obsolete chart, the captain was fast sending her into danger. Lieutenant Bowyer, perceiving her perilous situation, fired an alarm gun. Night coming on, and overshadowing both sea and land with darkness, he caused lights to be raised along the shore as signals to the distressed vessel. The wind continuing to increase, she was thrown among the breakers, and immediately struck. Signals of distress being made, the noble lieutenant threw himself into a boat, with five resolute men, and with Captain Bourke. Mounting wave after wave, they reached the wreck about one o'clock in the morning. The wind had somewhat abated, and Beal crowded the women and children into his boat and conducted them safely to shore. The larger number of the colonists remained on the schooner, which was ultimately saved by being washed into deeper water."

The next stage in the voyage was from Mobile, in a barge, which was supplied by the collector of the port of Mobile, then a small settlement. From Fort Montgomery the barge cut across to the Tombigbee. At St. Stephens another barge was secured, and the voyage up the river resumed.

On the way they camped on the banks, roamed through the forests, and advised with those who knew the country. Finally, at Fort Tombecke—the old fortress originally built to protect French interests in the interior—they were advised to make their colony in the vicinity of the White

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**HOME OF "THE MINERVA," THE FIRST WOMAN'S LITERARY CLUB, NEW HARMONY, INDIANA  
(Originally a Rappite Dwelling)**



**CHERRY AND STONE DOORWAY FROM THE OLD RAPPITE CHURCH  
(Now in its School Building, on the Site of the Church)**

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Bluff on the Tombigbee, in the midst of a great forest where canes vied with the trees in making difficult the task of clearing. The location chosen was in what is now Marengo County.

At once arrangements were made to lay out the town of Demopolis—the City of the People. The original settlers, who were soon joined by many others who also came up the river, began to clear the land and to make improvements on the allotments made to them from the offices of the association in Philadelphia which controlled the enterprise. Each man had from eighty to four hundred and eighty acres, according to his means and desires, as well as a lot in the town and one in the suburbs.

The difficulties of conquest of the wild by those who had been accustomed to the life of the city, who were without wagons and horses, whose provisions were scanty, was aggravated by the confusion resulting from the coming of definite allotments from Philadelphia, after they had divided the land and had begun to make it habitable.

Some members of the colony, discouraged, abandoned their improvements, and plunged deeper into the forest, prepared to begin again. But one of the leaders, General Lefebvre Desnoittes, who had served with Napoleon, went to Philadelphia to see what could be done to save the situation. Unfortunately, he was unable to secure more than the correction of his own allotment, and so the salvation of his improvements.

The further history of Count Desnoittes was tragic. When his wife attempted to follow him from France to Demopolis, she was shipwrecked on the coast of England, and returned to France. There she succeeded in persuading the French government to allow her husband to return, if he would live in Belgium. So, in 1823, he sailed on the

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

ship *Albion*, but was wrecked on the Irish coast. In sight of watching throngs on the cliff, he was washed overboard and drowned.

Other noblemen among the colonists remained, enduring hardships with their associates. One of them, Colonel Nicholas Rooul, who was with Napoleon when he entered Paris after the return from Elba, lived for several years on his grant, but, finding difficulty in supporting himself and his family, opened a ferry at French Creek, three miles from Demopolis. There many pioneers, trappers, Indians, and soldiers were taken across the stream by one who had been among the proudest soldiers of France. After a time he went to Mexico, where he was a leader in the Revolution of 1824.

General Henry L'Allemand, who married a niece of Stephen Girard, the great Philadelphia merchant and philanthropist, was never happy in Alabama. Once he wrote home to France, "I have more ambitions than can be gratified by the colony upon the Tombigby." It was not strange, then, that he chose to lead a company to Galveston Island, off the coast of Texas, where he was rescued from starvation by the pirate La Fitte.

The records of Demopolis tell of other strange events. Once General Juan Rici, a Spaniard, found himself at the same table with General Desnoittes. During the dinner conversation they compared notes on the siege of Saragossa, where Desnoittes was leader for France, while Rici was the commander for Spain. Their last meeting had been "amid the din of arms, arranging their troops against each other, and pouring out rivers of blood, at the head of the best trained troops of Europe, who had figured in the most eventful time of France and Spain. Each had been expelled from his native country and each

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

had been blasted in his ambitious hopes." Again they were meeting in a little cottage in the Alabama forests, with Indians near and other dangers about them.

Demopolis was abandoned because of the difficulties in allotments. Then the people laid out the town of Agleville. There they built cabins. Unfortunately, they had acted too soon. Word came from Philadelphia that the Agleville lands were not included in the allotments. So they moved once more into the forest.

Attempts were made to keep the contract with the government to promote the cultivation of the olive and the vine. It was not easy to clear the land, but they managed to do this; labor was scarce and the attempts to use German redemptioners were not successful. Yet vines and olive trees were imported, planted, and some of the fruit came to maturity. However, the summer proved too hot for the vines and the frosts killed the olive trees to the ground every winter.

There were, too, Indian troubles, and vexations from American squatters who ordered them from their lands. Sometimes appeal against them was made to the courts, and of course the French were successful. But it was easier to let matters go than to fight, and many of them gave up and moved away.

The descendants of some of the colonists live in Alabama to-day. But there is not a trace of Demopolis on the Tombigbee.



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## XXVII

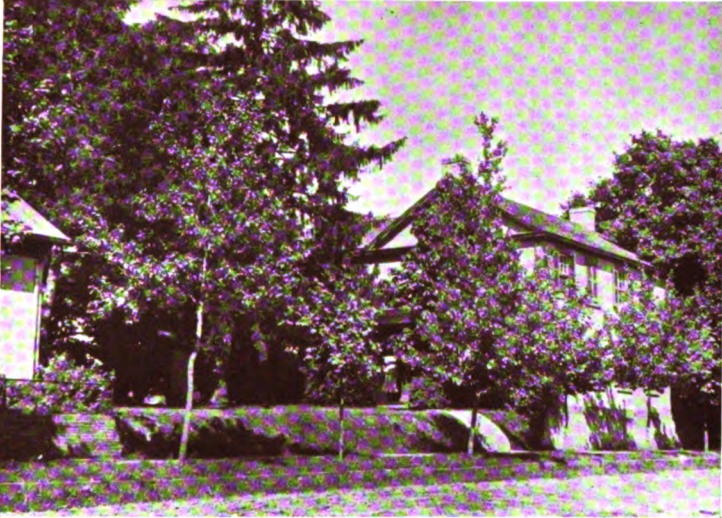
### ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH AND ITS TRIBUTARIES

**I**T was in 1816, when Indiana was a glorious wilderness. A traveler was making his difficult way over the old trail that led across Indiana, from Clarksville on the Ohio River, to Vincennes, on the Wabash. In the story of his journey he told of his first knowledge that he was approaching the east fork of White River, the chief tributary of the Wabash; he heard the noise of the falls, which were a mile or two away, over the hills. Then—blissfully unconscious of the fact that he was thus preparing readers for the description of what would seem to them to be a magnificent torrent—he went on to tell how there burst on his view the place where the water “pitched down four feet over a level sand rock, extending straight across the river.”

The judgment of the pioneer may have been at fault, but he had an ardent appreciation of natural beauty, for he went on to tell of “the thick wood on the opposite shore, the clear sky, the smooth expanse of water, the foam of the cascade, and the unbroken quiet,” forming “one of the sweetest scenes of solitude.”

He passed on to the West, as did many other travelers after him. But one day a man of vision passed; he saw in the falls something more than beauty. There, he decided, was the site for a great city. The falls would afford ample power, the river would provide transpor-

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**THE HARRIS HOUSE, ALBION, ILLINOIS**



**THE HOUSE OF GEORGE FLOWER, ALBION, ILLINOIS**  
**(When Built, 1819-1822, Said to Be the Finest Residence West**  
**of the Alleghenies)**



TYPICAL WOODLAND SCENE IN SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

tation, the lands bordering the stream and back in the hills would support the necessary tributary population.

Others were interested, land was secured from the government, and those who traveled the trail were asked to pause and cast in their fortunes with the new town. Some passed on; they were growing familiar with the phophecies of men who thought they had found "the best town site in all the country." But others, lured by the rosy dreams of coming fortune, paused on the banks of the White, and cast in their lot with builders of the new town in the wilderness.

"We'll have the court house here before long," they were told. "Of course we are in Daviess County. But we'll make a new county, and this will be the thriving county town. We'll call it Hindoostan. Why give it that name? Well, one of the company that is offering you sure wealth once lived in India, and he has a fancy for a name he liked over there."

The pioneers were not critical of small things. And surely it was a small matter that the stately Hindoostan became Hindostan (accented on the second syllable) when the town in the woods was christened!

In 1819, when the first log house was built, there were few Indians in the neighborhood, but the settlers were on their guard, for the story was still told there of the tragic death of the man who, in 1812, kept the ferry over the falls. He was on the west side of the river when an Indian shot him from ambush on the west bank. The ferryman's wife dragged him into the cabin, watched by him until he died, then caught a horse and rode for help to Maysville, twenty miles away.

For a time the ingenuity of the people of Hindostan was taxed to supply their needs. Deer were plentiful, and

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

the maple trees gave them sugar, but when they wanted something the land or the forest could not supply, they had to travel far to secure it. Soon, however, they had a store of their own and they were able to transfer to the proprietor the difficult problem of securing supplies. He had a thriving trade, not only with the people near by, but with the trappers and the scattered settlers for many miles around. The activities of the town were increased by crude mills for grinding corn and wheat, and for carding wool. The preparation for sale of the Hindostan oilstone, famous in the early days, added to the prosperity of the community. The stone was hauled from French Lick over a road constructed for the purpose.

So Hindostan flourished; it became known as the most thriving settlement in southern Indiana. The prophecies of its promoters seemed about to be realized. New settlers were attracted. Within a year there were five hundred residents—though many of them were still living in the flatboats on which they had come down the river.

General William Henry Harrison, Governor of Indiana Territory, became an enthusiastic partisan of the thriving settlement. When on his way to and from Vincennes, he liked to stop at Hindostan, where, in the home of one of the leading men, he ate from a dry-goods box which stood on the bare ground and slept in the spare bed on the platform supported on poles resting, at one end, between the logs of that side of the house, and on the other end on the forks of a stake driven into the ground. Brush, covered with the skins of wild animals, made his mattress.

Another visitor was William Faux, the English traveler, who, when on the way to the English Settlement across the Wabash in Illinois, paused long enough to write:

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## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

“Breakfasted in an important ville, Hindostan, on the Falls of White River, a broad, crystal stream running navigable to the Ohio (Wabash) on a bed of sand and stone, smooth and white as a floor of marble. The baby ville is flourishing, much building is in progress, and promises to become a pleasant, healthy town before I see it again. The land, too, is rich and inviting. I now crossed White River in my chariot.”

The very next week a man from Maryland told of seeing the town, then less than six months old. He spoke of it as a promising little place, and of the industrious appearance given by the saw and grist mills.

One of the residents in the forest near the community by the river was a fiddler who was much in demand at the dances of the pioneers. One night he left his wife and baby at home while he went to town to entertain the men and women. The wife busied herself with the tasks of the house. When she had set the back log in the great fireplace, she went out to fasten the hen house, that the fowls might be protected from any prowling animals. But the animal came sooner than she expected; a hungry wolf approached her. Hurrying into the hen house, she shut the door. The wolf sat back on his haunches. Fearfully the mother waited. Then the babe woke. The startled wolf turned toward the house. The mother was about to follow, when there was a commotion in the house. The stealthy animal, on entering the darkened dwelling, was startled by the sudden turning over of the back log; the sparks and flames sent him from the cabin in a rush that took him into the forest. In an instant the thankful mother was at the cribside of her babe, rejoicing that, though the weather was too warm for fire, the habit of the pioneers,

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

who kept fire alive because of the difficulty of kindling it, had led her to put fuel in the fireplace before leaving the house.

Next morning the mother went about her primitive tasks as usual, the violin player was at work in the field, the women who danced were busy in the homes of the community, and the men went to the store, the farms, or the mills, thinking of the days when the development of water power and navigation on the White River and the Wabash River would bring prosperity and make way for the comforts of eastern civilization. They wanted more mills to produce more business for transportation to communities down the river, and they believed that their dream would be realized.

Gratifying word soon came to them from Corydon, where the Indiana legislature was in session. The lawmakers declared navigable every stream in Indiana that could float a flatboat, and they called on the road supervisors of each district to assemble the men who were liable for road work in lieu of taxes, that they might clear the streams of logs and undergrowth and other hindrances to the free passage of the curious flatboats, that would soon, they felt sure, be floated from the branch streams into the Wabash and the Ohio. The legislators talked eagerly of the day when nearly every farmer would stock his flatboat with the surplus products from his lands, and would take them down to the Wabash, the Ohio, and perhaps the Mississippi!

The construction of the flatboat became a recognized part of winter labor. A local historian has told of the process of construction.

“First two immense gunwhales from sixty to eighty feet in length were hewed from a large poplar tree. They

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## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

were hauled to the river bank and placed on rollers. Strong girders were framed into this every eight or ten feet and securely fastened by heavy wooden pins. Small sleepers which were to receive the bottom of the boat were pinned into the girders every eighteen inches and flush with the bottom of the gunwhales. Upon this foundation a double bottom, securely calked with hemp, was constructed. When the bottom was finished the craft was ready for launching. With a little effort the structure was rolled down the slope on the rollers into the water. Having been built bottom upward, the boat had to be turned. This was accomplished by hitching two or three yoke of oxen to a line attached to the farther edge of the boat and carried on a limb or fork of a tree. The upper framework for the body of the boat was then made secure with braces, and the siding nailed on. Strong joints were placed on the framework from side to side, holding up the decking. By means of these posts the craft could be brought to shore, and fastened to a tree or some other object. When the posts were revolved by spokes thrust through the holes burned into them the rope was gradually wound up and the boat pulled to shore. There were three oars, a steering oar at the back, and two others used as sweeps to propel the craft and keep it out of the eddies."

Such a boat was strong enough to carry the great load of beef, pork, flour, meal, wheat, and corn which was placed on board by those who gathered eagerly in response to the call to give neighborly help, as at a house raising. When the spring floods raised the creeks, it was floated down for the beginning of its long journey of perhaps a month to New Orleans. Neighbors with their flatboats were accustomed to get together both for company and for



## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

protection; sometimes eight or ten boats were in a fleet.

On reaching New Orleans, the cargo was sold, the boat was broken up and disposed of for nearly enough to pay the cost of the structure, and the owner was ready to take passage by steamer to Louisville. Many preferred to walk, however, for the fare was one hundred dollars or more. A few boats were poled up the river, but the labor was usually considered too great and the time required too long.

In a single season 152 of these flatboats—which hailed from just such communities as Hindostan—passed Vincennes, bound down the Wabash. It was estimated that, between 1820 and 1840, "nine-tenths of the surplus products of Indiana went to market on flat-boats."

The prosperity brought to Hindostan by the mills and the river trade encouraged the business men of Hindostan to give freely a square for the court house site—the town had been made the county seat of the new Martin County—as well as 160 acres of land and \$5,000. They also promised to give a \$300 bell for the new court house. They made a condition that was significant: of all real estate given by them that was sold to raise money for the public uses, 10 per cent should be devoted to public library purposes.

At a meeting of the county commissioners a contract was let for the building of the court house. The cost was to be \$4,185. A jail was to be provided for \$1,368.79. The minutes of the session when these contracts were let give further light on the prices of that early day. A pioneer who kept a traveler overnight—no one thought of turning a traveler away without entertainment—was to receive 62½ cents for stabling the horse for the night and providing the necessary feed. A single meal for a horse cost

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

12½ cents. The lodging for the horse's rider cost 12½ cents, while for a meal he was charged 37½ cents.

Just then came the season of Hindostan's tragedy. A mysterious disease attacked the people. Perhaps its coming was due to the fact that the town was built in the valley. It may be that the opening up of much fresh soil had something to do with it. Possibly the scourge was small-pox, brought from New York and Philadelphia by the immigrants. Or was it yellow fever? In every house many were sick, and in nearly every house one or more died. There was no resident physician, and the disease, whatever it was, was allowed to run its course.

In 1824 only half the people remained, and the vitality of many of these was sadly depleted. Ambition flagged. Payments on government land ceased. Tax sales became frequent. The burden of being the county seat became too great to be borne, and the legislators were asked to give relief. Accordingly, in 1828, the county offices were removed to Mt. Pleasant, and contracts for new buildings were let there in place of the contracts at Hindostan that had not been carried out because the pestilence interfered. Mt. Pleasant was on a hill, and it boasted a gin to care for the cotton grown for home use, and a carding machine to help prepare the wool and flax from which the clothing of the men and women was made.

The leading citizen of Mt. Pleasant was a veteran of the Battle of Tippecanoe, who was extremely dignified. For years he was accustomed to write "Gentleman" after his name. He was a slave-owner—that is, he had in his service a colored woman who had bound herself to him for twenty years. But it was held that such servitude was contrary to the provisions of the Corydon Constitution of 1816, and in 1821, after a long and bitterly contested

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battle, she was set free. This case is historic, for it told of the death of slavery in Indiana.

Prosperity came to Mt. Pleasant, the home of the "Gentleman" slave-owner, but death and destruction were the portion of Hindostan. One after another residents left and houses fell into ruins. Fifty years later a pioneer, in writing of the tragic history of the town, told how the sites of the houses had become farm land. "No man can find a street or a lot," he wrote. "Even the Falls have changed. At one time there were several hundred voters; now but one is left, and he has to go many miles to a polling place."

Some years after the demise of Hindostan the rosy vision of the seller of lots in a projected river town not far away was illustrated in an advertisement that told of the prospects of Pittsburgh, which was to be the "Head of Steam Navigation on the Wabash." In telling of the prospects of the town, which was near the county seat of Carroll County, the promoter spoke of the Wabash and Erie Canal. This canal was built to connect the waters of Lake Erie to the Wabash River, and crossed that stream at the chosen site of Pittsburgh. The dam there was to be eleven feet high; it would, "beyond doubt," afford the largest amount of water power in the state, and probably greater than of the western country.

Then he went on to say, in typical promoter's bombast: "To these unrivalled artificial hydraulic advantages, nature has superadded evident indications of extensive and valuable beds of coal and iron ore in the immediate vicinity of the town." He told of a stone quarry and of limestone "scattered over the surrounding country in great profusion." There were fine springs of water "gushing from the bluffs back of the town plat." After telling of nu-



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**THE WHITING HOUSE, ALBION, ILLINOIS**



ON THE BANKS OF THE TOMBIGBEE RIVER, ALABAMA

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

merous other reasons for assured growth, the finishing touch was given to this gem of the boomer's art thus:

"In addition to all this, the commercial advantages of the place assert an equality with its manufacturing facilities; it stands at the head of steamboat navigation on the Wabash River. . . . A view of the map of our country will show that towns situated at the heads and mouths of navigable rivers have 'gone ahead,' and have risen with astonishing celerity to be commercial emporiums, and with commerce extended to all parts of the world."

Like Hindostan, Pittsburgh flourished for a season. But the promises were never realized. The Pittsburgh dam was destroyed long ago. No coal or iron were ever found in that section of the state. And the town silently but steadily dropped from sight.

An amusing episode of pioneer days occurred in connection with the canal on which Pittsburgh depended in vain for prosperity. The towns of Attica and Covington, sixteen miles apart on the east bank of the Wabash River, were the actors in the comedy. There was jealousy between them even before the building of the canal, but that jealousy was intensified when the section of the canal with Attica at its terminus was completed and filled with water. At once Attica began to prosper, by reason of the large business on the artificial waterway.

Enviously Covington watched her rival, and looked forward to the time when the operation of the canal in the section from Attica to Covington would bring them some of the prosperity that would be taken from Attica. The impatience of the town down the river may be imagined, then, when the bed of this section of the canal continued dry; no water was allowed to escape from the Attica section of the canal. Probably this was due to the fact that

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

the season was dry, and Attica felt that it would be impossible to give water to the canal below without imperiling her own commerce.

A committee from Covington, headed by a United States Senator, went to Attica to plead with the citizens there to let prosperity trickle through the lock. Their reception was not encouraging, so they returned and called together the people of the town by the firing of an old cannon. The assembled company decided that the time had come to organize a raid.

The result was the departure for Attica of about fifty men, including the United States Senator, all armed with clubs. Attica citizens, fearing their coming, sent an armed party to meet them. When the two mobs clashed, the Covington men were victors. So they went on to Attica, where all business houses had been closed that the proprietors and clerks might go to defend the canal lock. One of the leaders of the Attica party later became a United States Senator.

The issue of the conflict was not fatal, though many heads were broken. Finally the Covington force worsted the defenders of the lock, the gates were opened, and the coveted water was sent into the lower level.

The result of "the Attica War," as it was called, was disappointing. Covington had water, but the Attica section was robbed until canal boats there rested on the mud on the bottom. So none of them was able to enter the Covington section, and that town was no better off than before.

But when the rain came, both sections were filled, both Attica and Covington were happy, and the heavily laden boats went triumphantly down the stream, passing on their way the site of dead Pittsburgh, as well as of dying Perrys-

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

burg, a town that was the chief town of Vermilion County until the decay of the river and the coming of the railroad a few miles to the west led its live citizens to pull up stakes for a new location. Then on to the mouth of the White River, where they joined flatboats that had come from the neighborhood of lost Hindostan, the graveyard of many ambitious dreams.



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## XXVIII

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS

**A**TALL, awkward young man lived, during the winter of 1830 and 1831, near Decatur, Illinois. After a spell as a farm worker and a rail splitter he was employed to accompany two other men with a flatboat from Beardstown to New Orleans. He was under contract to meet his employer, Denton Offut, at Springfield, in early spring. But the spring rains were heavy and travel by land was therefore impossible. So the young man rowed down the Sangamon River to Springfield. There Offut told him that he had not yet secured a flatboat, and hired him, with his companion, to build the needed craft.

The work was done at Sangamontown, a little community that disappeared long ago. And the most dependable of the boat builders was the tall young man, Abraham Lincoln.

After four weeks of faithful work the boat was ready, and the long voyage was begun—on April 1, 1831. The journey was just begun when the mill dam at New Salem interposed objections to progress. On this the boat stuck for nearly twenty-four hours. During this time the entire village turned out, and jeered and encouraged by turns the men who were trying to get the boat off. Young Lincoln was not disturbed. With perfect unconsciousness of his would-be tormentors on the bank, he worked out an in-

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ON TURKEY RUN, TRIBUTARY OF THE WABASH RIVER



**APPROACHING THE WABASH RIVER**

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

genious plan, and succeeded in getting the boat over the dam.

Offut, who watched the performance, was so taken with Lincoln that, when the voyage was over, he asked him to become his clerk in a store and mill at New Salem, which he proposed to open. The period of employment began in July, 1831.

Ida Tarbell has described vividly the little community in which the future President found himself:

“The village of New Salem was one of the many little towns which, in the pioneer days, sprang up along the Sangamon River, a stream then looked upon as navigable, and as destined to be counted among the highways of commerce. Twenty miles northwest of Springfield, strung along the left bank of the Sangamon, parted by hollows and ravines, is a row of high hills. On one of these, a long, narrow ridge, beginning with a sharp and sloping front near the river, running south, and parallel with the stream a little way, and then, reaching the highest point, making a sudden turn to the west, and gradually widening until lost in the prairies—stood this frontier village. The crooked river for a short distance comes from the east, and, seemingly surprised at meeting the bluffs, abruptly changes its course and flows to the north. Across the river the bottom stretches out half a mile back to the highlands.

“New Salem, founded in 1829 by James Rutledge and John Cameron, and a dozen years later a deserted village, is rescued from oblivion only by the fact that Abraham Lincoln was once one of its inhabitants. The town never contained more than fifteen houses, all of them built of logs, but it had an energetic population of perhaps one hundred persons, among whom was a blacksmith, a tinner,

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

a hatter, a schoolmaster, and a preacher. New Salem boasted a grist mill, a saw-mill, two stores, and a tavern, but the day of hope was short. In 1837 it began to decline, and by 1840 Petersburg, two miles down the river, had absorbed the business and population. Salem Hill is now only a green cow pasture."

Offut's store at New Salem soon became a popular loafing place, largely because the clerk, Lincoln, had such a wonderful fund of stories, which he was always ready to tell. When it was discovered that he was as good a fighter as a story-teller, enthusiasm for him was unbounded. He won his spurs when he was victor in a contest, not of his own seeking, with the chief bully of the notorious gang from Clary's Grove, a settlement near by. The victory was won in spite of the bully's attempt to "foul," and Lincoln's ability to handle himself in spite of the unfair tactics used against him won for him the plaudits of foes as well as friends.

One of Lincoln's biographers has told how he used his prowess for decency and order. Sometimes he found visitors to the store who annoyed women and children. Since they refused to behave when told to do so, the mighty clerk thrashed them well, and so enforced the law. Once he asked a man to stop swearing in the presence of women. When the man persisted, and later abused him, Lincoln said, "Well, if you must be whipped, I suppose I might as well whip you now as any other time." The victory over the foul-mouthed man was as complete as over the bully.

The stay in Offut's store was notable also for the famous stories illustrating Lincoln's honesty and integrity, as well as for the records of his studious habits. He studied grammar and he studied public speaking. The village

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

schoolmaster aided him whenever possible, and the cooper made him free of his shop at night. By the light of a fire of shavings many books were read.

The people were interested in him and his progress, and they were most sympathetic when, in 1832, he announced that he would be a candidate for the General Assembly. In the circular in which he announced his candidacy he proved his ability to understand the people by promising to do all he could to win support for a measure to make the Sangamon River navigable for steamboats. He wrote:

"I think I may say, without the fear of being contradicted, that its navigation may be rendered completely practicable as high as the mouth of the South Fork, or probably higher, to vessels of from twenty-five to thirty tons burden, for at least one half of all common years."

After telling how he knew the stream so well and why he was confident of its future, he made the cautious pledge:

"I believe the improvement of the Sangamon River to be vastly important and highly desirable to the people of the country; and, if elected, any measure in the legislature having this for its object, which may appear judicious, will meet my approbation and receive my support."

Next he touched on two other matters of public policy. Then he closed with a characteristic message:

"Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed by my fellow men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem. How far I shall succeed in gratifying this ambition is yet to be developed. I am young, and unknown to many of you. I was born, and have ever remained, in the most humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or popular rela-

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

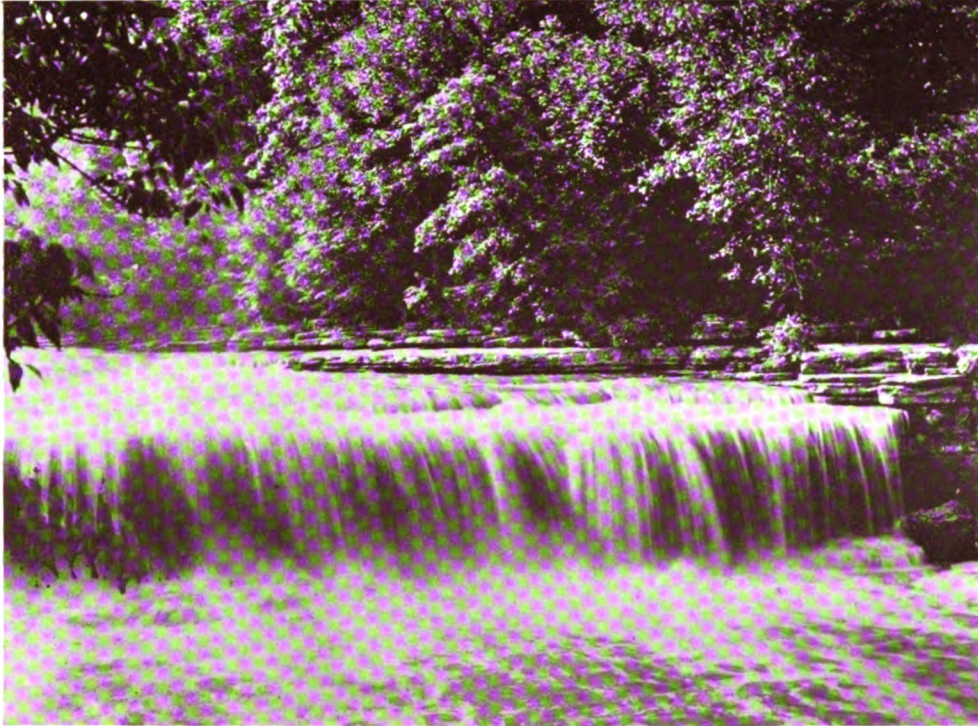
tions or friends to recommend me. My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the country, and, if elected, they will have conferred a favor upon me for which I shall be unremitting in my labors to compensate. But, if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."

The chief event of the campaign was the visit to the Sangamon of the Steamer *Talisman*, from Cincinnati, which ascended the river from Beardstown to Springfield. Lincoln himself was the pilot of the boat, which was thought to be the forerunner of a line of boats that would bring prosperity to all the towns—and many towns to be laid out—along the river.

But in spite of this spectacular proof of the contention of the candidate that the river was navigable, the clerk from Offut's store was defeated, although his own district voted for him almost solidly. This was the only time he was ever defeated by the direct vote of the people, he afterwards proudly said.

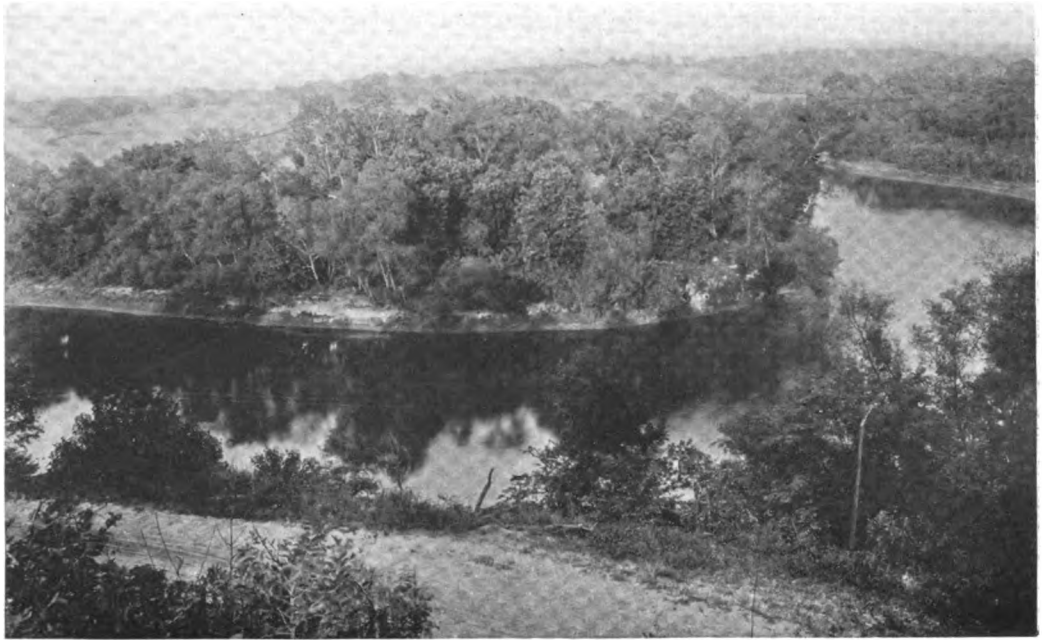
The campaign whose issue was so unsatisfactory to Lincoln was interrupted by the call of the Governor of Illinois for troops to go out on the trail of Black Hawk, the Indian chief, who had repudiated a treaty giving the lands of his tribe to the government. He had taken the war path, was terrorizing the people of Northern Illinois, and was threatening further devastation. Lincoln volunteered for service, and while the company of which he was a member was trailing to the Illinois River he was chosen captain.

Lincoln and his men had no part in the conflict, though they marched to the northern part of the state. When the company was mustered out of service, the captain enlisted



**WHERE SOME WABASH RIVER PIONEERS FOUND THEIR POWER**





**ON THE SANGAMON RIVER  
(The Site of New Salem, Illinois)**

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

as a private and continued on after Black Hawk. Again his company was discharged, but once more he enlisted, and continued on the march until he reached Madison, Wisconsin. Then he was sent home.

Offut's store had failed and Lincoln was out of a job. After a vain search for employment, he bought an interest in a store, giving his note for a half interest. But New Salem was overprovided with stores and the new venture failed. Lincoln was saddled with debt—he called it “the national debt”—which followed him for many years. In fact, he used part of the savings of his first term in Congress to pay off the last of his obligations.

A term as postmaster and a season as surveyor helped to vary the experiences of the ambitious young man. And it was testified of him that whatever he did he did well. His records were kept properly, and his lines did not have to be run over.

The next attempt for the legislature was successful, and in 1834 Lincoln went from New Salem to Vandalia. By this time he was not so much interested in the navigation of the Sangamon as in measures to provide canals for the state. His service was creditable, but not spectacular.

In 1835, when Lincoln returned to New Salem, he resumed his duties as postmaster and deputy surveyor. He also resolved to study law with greater energy. And his interest in life became keener because of his love for Ann, one of the nine children of James Rutledge, keeper of the New Salem tavern—a maiden of remarkable beauty of person and character. She had many suitors, but Lincoln was successful. The future seemed full of promise. But in August, 1835, Ann Rutledge died. The young postmaster was dismayed. For a long time he found it impossible to rouse from his anguish. Frequently he would

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go to the grave of his beloved. "My heart is buried there," he said to one in whom he could confide.

A second term in the Assembly, the completion of his law studies, his admission to the bar, were events of the later residence in New Salem. And at length, in 1836, he moved to Springfield, where the capital of Illinois had been moved from Vandalia, and began the practice of law.

*Peck's Gazetteer* for 1837, the year following Lincoln's removal, spoke of New Salem as having a post office, three or four stores, thirty families, a grist mill and a sawmill. Yet in three years even these advantages perished with the town on the Sangamon, where Lincoln had struggled with adversity, triumphed over difficulty, won his first laurels, and had experienced his first love.

For many years the town was forgotten. But interest in Lincoln following his marvelous years as leader of the nation aroused interest in his early life. Students of history sought out the site of the little town where he kept store, and at length succeeded in prevailing on the Illinois legislature to set apart the site as a state park. This was done, after the organization at Petersburg, Illinois, in January, 1917, of the Old Salem Lincoln League, which agitated the propriety of making a permanent memorial of the spot made famous by the fame of the town's chief citizen.

The Petersburg organization secured title to the ground, and later deeded this to the state, on condition that the work of restoration, which had been begun, should be completed, and the site perpetually maintained for the people, in memory of the great President.

The terms of the gift have been complied with. The sites of the mill, Offut's store, the post office, the tavern, and other buildings have been fixed, and remains of these

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

have been restored until visitors to the park are able to reconstruct the scenes made memorable by Abraham Lincoln, from the time he succeeded in taking the endangered flatboat over the dam until he left the town behind, to the sorrow of the people, who—so biographers say—insisted that some great thing awaited him. But he himself always insisted that in New Salem he found some of the best things in life, and that when he turned his back on the settlement he closed the page on one of its tenderest chapters.

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## XXIX

### SIX STIRRING YEARS AT NAUVOO, ILLINOIS

**O**N one of the most beautiful spots on the Mississippi River is the town of Nauvoo, a sleepy little village, without a railroad. It is a town with a remarkable past, but it does not glory in that past. It played a tremendous part in the early history of Illinois, but the obscure village is more of an asset to the state and the country than was the little city of fifteen thousand people that once looked out on the Mississippi from a site that has been compared to that of Leghorn.

Fortunately, the beauty is there to-day, without the tawdry handicap that spoiled it eighty years ago.

Yet if Nauvoo should be mentioned to the average American, he would be apt to wonder if he had heard the name correctly. Where is Nauvoo?

The story goes back to 1823, when Joseph Smith, a young man of eighteen, claimed to have seen in a vision many gold plates on which were engraved a wonderful revelation of truth. Twenty-two of these plates came into his possession; their message constituted the Book of Mormon, the curious book of a strange new religion.

Seven years after the plates were put in his possession—as he told the story—the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was founded, with Joseph Smith at the head of it. Its first home was in Kirtland, Ohio. There the people, antagonized by the arrogance of the leaders of

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

the Church, let them know that they were not wanted. The next move was to Missouri, but again they were driven out because of their lack of wisdom in dealing with those about them.

When the Saints left Missouri, in 1838, they lost their property and the leaders became fugitives from justice. They were welcomed to Illinois, because many people then thought the accession of such a large body of men, women, and children would be a great thing for the state.

Those who had looked out for a new location reported in favor of Commerce, Illinois, so the site was bought from a Connecticut holder, the price paid being \$53,500. The Illinois legislature was asked to give them a charter providing for unexampled powers. For instance, the town could have its own militia. It would be able to make laws of any sort, the only provision being that they must not be contrary to the laws of the state or the nation. Other features strengthened the fear of far-seeing men that the granting of the charter would set up within Illinois a force that had at least concurrent power with the state—an impossible situation, as can be realized by anyone to-day.

But the legislature rushed ahead. The charter was granted promptly, and the new Mormon town was soon proudly and defiantly under way, and at once it became the largest city in Illinois; not even Chicago surpassed it. Except St. Louis, it was the largest center of population in the Mississippi Valley.

Outwardly the city seemed prosperous. The buildings erected were substantial. A bank was organized. A university was founded—a university that dared to give a degree to James Gordon Bennett, editor of the *New York Herald*. A hotel was built. But the crowning building

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

of the city was the Temple, which provided work for many men for a number of years; it was not completed until 1846. The expense of erecting it was provided from the tithes of the people and the Mormon farmers who lived near the town.

But historians have questioned the appearance of prosperity. Was it actual? How could a town prosper without much tributary agricultural country and without manufactures? Appeals were sent to the East to converts with money to go to Nauvoo and invest it for the good of the Church, and the coming of men who had little money was discouraged. Yet they continued to come, while the moneyed converts were scarce in Nauvoo.

The result was poverty and discontent in Nauvoo, and, but for the fact that Joseph Smith was a strong leader, his followers would, on more than one occasion, have succeeded in depriving him of power. As it was, disputes were frequent; one of the chief burdens of the head of the Church was the necessity of dealing with rebels.

Within two years the state began to rouse to a sense of peril. It was thought by many that the people of Nauvoo were trying to exercise a wider influence in the politics of the state. They did not lack friends who disputed this, saying that the charge was false. Yet it was said that the election of 1842 was carried by the Mormon vote.

One consequence was that the legislature of 1842 was asked to modify the too generous charter of Nauvoo. But the legislature took no action; it seemed to be faced by a dilemma. How could it afford to antagonize the powerful Mormons? And was it wise to affront the anti-Mormons?

The Mormons were not slow to argue that a charter, once given, should not be annulled. And they held in reserve the threat that, if one municipal charter was taken

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

away, all such charters should follow. Thus they argued that chaos would result from any action against them.

The fear of the Mormons, once expressed, grew rapidly and intensified. Soon anxious citizens of the state were calling public meetings to consider the menace of Nauvoo. At Carthage, Illinois—the county seat of Hancock county, in which Nauvoo was located—a meeting of protest was held on August 19, 1843. This meeting condemned the Mormons for defiance of law, and considered the charge that Mormon emissaries had attempted to assassinate Governor Boggs of Missouri, in retaliation for the state's driving them out in 1838. An attempt made by Missouri to extradite those accused of the attempted assassination had been turned down by the Governor of Illinois. So the Carthage meeting assured Missouri, in the name of Hancock and surrounding counties, that, should another attempt be made to bring the fugitives to court, they would give their support to what they felt were the demands of justice.

None of these things seemed to disturb Joseph Smith. As if it was not enough to ask Congress for a separate territorial government, with Nauvoo as the capital, the leader dared to announce that he would be a candidate for the Presidency. Three thousand Mormon missionaries were instructed to boost his claim.

The year 1844 brought trouble within the Mormon camp. Several of the leaders of the Church, in a paper started for the purpose, charged Smith with many crimes. They said he had embezzled Church funds, and that he had enticed emigrants to Nauvoo when his only object was to sell them lands at inflated prices. Further, they said they were against the activity of the Church in the politics of the state, and they said there was danger in the custom



## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

adopted of issuing from the municipal courts writs of *habeas corpus* for the delivery of prisoners into the hands of the United States marshal.

The paper was suppressed, but the opposition was not thereby stopped. The next attack came from Warsaw, a town farther down the Mississippi, which had never looked with favor on the Mormons. Possibly this was due to the growth of Nauvoo, which had left Warsaw far behind in the race for size. At the meeting application was made to the Governor to call out the militia for the execution of warrants issued against Mormons, and they threatened, if this was not done, that the people from that and surrounding counties, as well as from Missouri and Iowa, would rise and compel respect for authority.

When it became evident that the threats would be carried out, Joseph and Hyrum Smith gave themselves up and were confined in the Carthage jail, on the charge of rioting. Later they were charged with treason.

Governor Ford, who came to Carthage with state troops, disbanded companies of the militia who had assembled, left two companies at Carthage, and took a third to Nauvoo. During his absence the mob could not be held in check; they stormed the jail and killed both prisoners.

The death of the leader of the Church was the signal for a mob of men to try to take the town. One of these was James J. Strang, who was driven out and later went to Beaver Island, Michigan, at the head of seceding Mormons. But Brigham Young finally became head of the Mormon hierarchy.

By this time the legislature, convinced that something must be done, repealed the charter. This meant that removal was necessary. Many sites were considered; Wisconsin was thought of, as well as Texas, and Oregon.



THE LINCOLN MUSEUM, NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS



REBUILDING ONE OF THE OLD LOG CABINS, NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS

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Yet departure was delayed, and the anti-Mormons were not ready to brook delay. So they tried to hurry them, by driving the outlying Mormons into Nauvoo, burning their homes and otherwise intimidating them. Because the sheriff sympathized with the Mormons, he was ordered from the county.

Then came much disorder that showed how fully aroused were the people of the state. But the greatest trouble followed a meeting at Quincy, held on October 1, 1845, when eight or nine counties were represented. This meeting resolved that the Mormons must go at once.

When the inhabitants of Nauvoo offered to go in the spring, under certain conditions, the proposition was accepted. On May 15th it was announced that 1,400 teams had crossed the Mississippi and that 12,000 people had already left the state.

It was felt, however, that the promise had not been fully kept, and an armed force of five hundred men appeared before Nauvoo and demanded that all its Mormons leave. This band of besiegers withdrew, but later in the summer there was a real battle before Nauvoo, when some were killed and others were wounded.

Finally, however, all the Mormons left the state, and Nauvoo was deserted.

In 1848 an incendiary burned the Temple. One by one the landmarks of the town were destroyed.

And for seventy-five years Nauvoo has been building up new history—history of those who do not ask a charter opposed to the interests of the state.

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## XXX

### THE KINGDOM OF BEAVER ISLAND, MICHIGAN

**S**IX years a king, and in republican America! It is difficult to believe the truth of such a statement. But history tells the strange story.

In 1844, when Joseph and Hyrum Smith were murdered at Carthage, Illinois, by a mob that was enraged because of their actions as leaders of the Mormon colony of Nauvoo, Illinois, James Jesse Strang claimed that he had been appointed the successor of the dead prophet, Joseph Smith, in a letter written just before the murder.

With his parents Strang had gone from Scipio, New York, to Wisconsin in 1816, when he was three years old. At the age of twenty-eight he was a practicing lawyer at Burlington, Wisconsin, when the Mormon missionaries persuaded him to visit Nauvoo; there he was baptized into the strange faith and won such rapid promotion that, within six months, he was bold enough to seek the leadership of the Mormons.

But the College of the Twelve decided on Brigham Young, and Strang was excommunicated. Returning to Wisconsin with those who chose to acknowledge him as leader, he planted a Mormon colony at Voree—a town now known as Spring Prairie. His people were organized as the Primitive Mormons, and Strang imitated Joseph Smith by discovering eighteen metallic plates, which he said were written long before the Babylonian Captivity.

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These he translated into what was called *The Book of the Law of the Lord*.

At Voree the Mormons lived as one family, holding all things in common. Soon, however, it was thought best to go where conditions were more favorable to autocratic rule. Many locations were considered, but final choice was made of Beaver Island, the largest of the cluster of islands in northeastern Lake Michigan—the Manitou, Fox, and Beaver Islands—which formed Manitou County, Michigan.

Not disturbed by the fact that it was already occupied by Indian fishermen and traders, the party sent out by Strang explored the island wilderness, which they found was fifteen miles long and six miles wide. The thousands of fertile acres and the harbor—said to be one of the finest natural harbors on the Great Lakes—attracted them so much that glowing reports were taken back to Wisconsin.

Forthwith Strang announced to his followers that he had been commanded in a vision to take them to “a land amid wide waters and covered with large timber, with a deep broad bayou one side of it.”

Several years were required to gather the faithful in the new home, where it was felt they would have far better chance to thrive than where they were surrounded by Gentiles.

Further communications showed Strang that it was wise to abandon the communistic principle on which the Voree colony was organized, that every member of the Church might have his own property. Church and State were to be one in the Kingdom of St. James, and Strang, as king, was to be head of both.

Of course Strang was too wise to speak of his kingship

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

to anyone but those who acknowledged his authority. Over them, however, he ruled with iron hand, while he submitted to state, national, and civil authorities. He sent out missionaries whose duty it was to persuade Gentiles to become citizens of the Kingdom of Beaver Island. In doing this they were accustomed to claim that the government there was "the only valid government on earth.

One of the five wives of the king described the regulations of the kingdom:

"The use of tea, coffee, and tobacco, as well as of liquor, was prohibited. The temperance laws of the state were strictly enforced, with especially good effect among the fishermen and Indians. Polygamy was introduced during the winter and spring of 1849. . . . The county and township officers required by law were elected as in other parts of the state, but these positions were not used by members of the Church, except when required by circumstances. Of course, in dealing with those outside of the Church it was necessary to resort to the civil law. By-laws of the Kingdom were adopted and published, and every household possessed a copy. They were very strict in all that regulated society, morals, and religious observances, and absolute obedience was enjoined. The seventh day was set apart as the Sabbath, and every person physically able was commanded to attend church on that day. The saints were required to pay one tenth of all they raised, earned, or received, into the public fund, and the tithing was used for improvements, taking care of the poor, and paying state, county and township taxes. No other taxes were levied. Schools were organized and flourished. A printing office of sufficient capacity to publish all the papers, books, etc., needed for the Church was



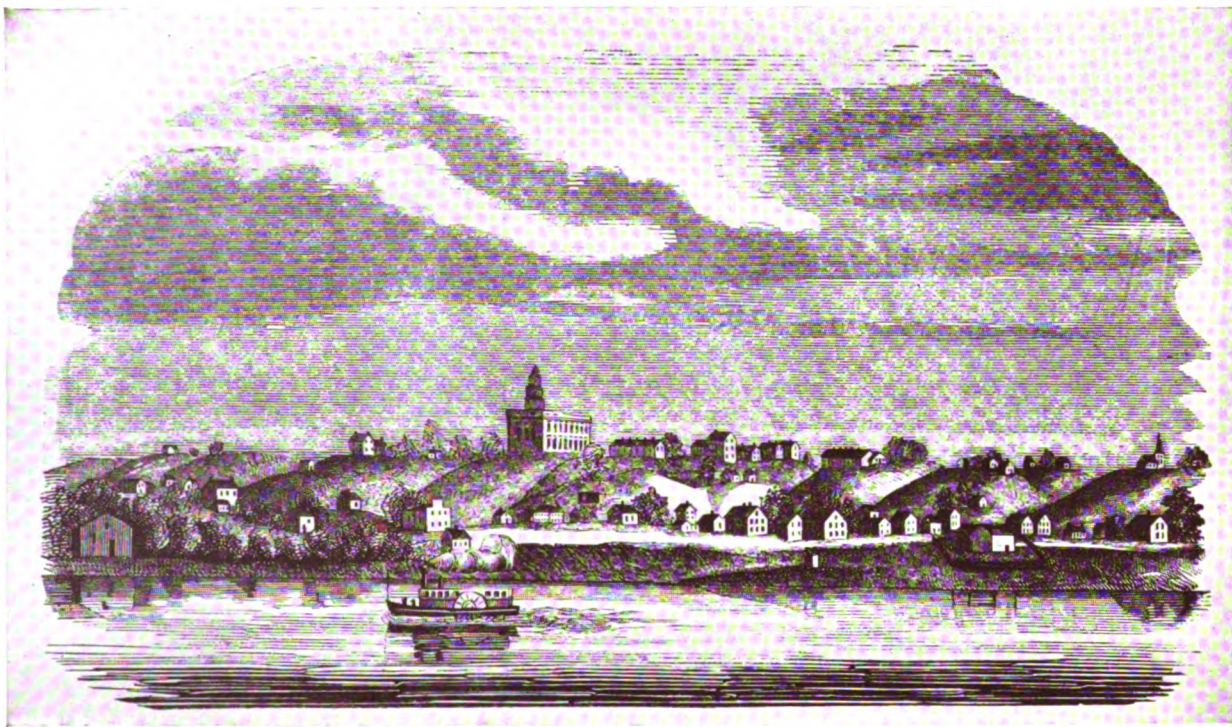
Looking South from the Temple Site



Looking North from the Temple Site

MODERN NAUVOO, ILLINOIS





**OLD NAUVOO, ILLINOIS, WITH THE MORMON TEMPLE ON THE BLUFF  
(From an Old Print)**

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

maintained. No betting or gaming was permitted, but the rules were very liberal in the matter of amusements."

An officer on the United States steamer *Michigan*, the first iron steamer on the Great Lakes, paid many visits to Beaver Island, for the purpose of taking on wood. He told how the kingdom prospered until there were between two thousand and three thousand Mormons living there, besides the Gentiles, who were mostly fishermen and wood-choppers. The women, he reported, lived in comfortable houses of hewn logs, and worshiped in a large temple built of the same material, which they also used for a theater and dance hall. There was a platform across one end, with scenery at the back, and a movable pulpit which was built on trucks. It was a queer affair—a sort of circular platform, with seats around the outside edge for the twelve apostles, and a high seat in the center for the king. When they had a show of any kind the pulpit was rolled behind the scenery, out of sight.

Conflicts between Gentiles and the Mormons were frequent. Both traders and Indians opposed the growth of the kingdom, and fishermen used every means in their power to drive out and discredit the Mormons. It is probable that King Strang and his subjects kept well within the law of the state, while their opponents failed to do so. Then when King Strang and his twelve apostles were arrested and taken to Detroit for trial, in 1851, they were able to prove that they were innocent of the charges made. From that time it was felt that there was justice in the claim of the leader that he and his followers were "persecuted by gangs of drunken desperadoes, and were held responsible for offenses never committed, or for depredations which were, in fact, the work of accusers.

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

How misunderstandings came, so that false charges were made, was illustrated when the Mormons elected a sheriff of the newly organized county of Emmet. In the discharge of his duty he tried to summon jurors from Pine River (now Charlevoix) on the mainland. But the settlers there preferred to think that the Mormons were planning to abduct some of them, attacked the sheriff, wounded six of his posse, and drove them back to Beaver Island.

The power of the Mormons became so great that, in 1852, King Strang was sent to the legislature for the district called Newaygo, composed of the new counties in the southwestern part of the Lower Peninsula. Of the five candidates, Strang received a large plurality. Successfully he avoided the arrest which was planned to keep him from going to Lansing, and there he was victor in the contest for his seat. Two years later he was re-elected. One of his schemes while in the legislature called for the division of the state and the creation of a new Mormon territory. Later he asked President Pierce to appoint him Governor of Utah, making the promise to abolish Brighamite Mormonism there.

More than a year after his first election, King Strang prepared for the Smithsonian Institution in Washington a paper which was printed in 1855 in the Ninth Annual Report under the title, "Some Remarks on the Natural History of Beaver Island, Michigan." After telling briefly of the domestic and wild animals on the island, he told somewhat exhaustively of the various kinds of fish which were so plentiful that those who sought to take them opposed the presence of the Mormons. The description of the method adopted by the Indians in taking the sturgeon through the ice is clear. But of greatest interest to the

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

general reader is the graphic portrayal of the stone spawning grounds of the fish:

“In passing over the lake in the fishing region, when the surface is perfectly unruffled, the man of science is surprised to see the bottom regularly paved with large stones. Careful observation shows that, naturally, the bottom is strewn with large bowlders, varying in weight from such as can be lifted with one hand to mountain masses of detached rock. Selecting some convenient point, with one large bowlder as a nucleus, the others have been rolled together, so as to form a compact pavement, in some instances, of many acres in extent without a single blank space. In doing the work, all the other ground is cleared of rock, except here and there are bowlders of several tons weight. Throughout these pavements a few large bowlders remain scattered as by the hand of nature. But, except these, the smallest rocks are in the center of each pavement, gradually enlarging as you approach the circumference, till the outermost courses are only perceptibly less than the scattered bowlders which remain unmoved. There is an entire absence of all mathematical arrangement, but no work of man can be more perfect.

“The islands of the region are an upheaval, and in several places these pavements are now above water and can be examined to advantage, and there can be no mistake as to their structure. They are found in the greatest depths the eye can penetrate. Some are a few rods, and others many acres in extent.

“Fish, when spawning, are observed to place small stones and pebbles in this same order, and all are agreed that these are spawning grounds. When it is considered that the ponderability of stone in water diminishes as

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

the depth increases, it may not be deemed incredible that the present known species of fish have made these pavements."

In submitting the paper to the Institution, King Strang said:

"A thousand avocations and duties continually pressing upon me prevented my giving the attention to this subject that I would be pleased to." Then he offered to continue work of the same nature, if the communication prepared "in the few hours that the last steamboat of the season lies in the harbor, proves of use."

The year 1856 saw the end of King Strang. Disappointed followers, jealous of his power, attacked him when in the custody of an officer of the *Michigan*, who was about to take him to Detroit for trial on more charges of improper conduct. The assassins took refuge on the steamer, and were later delivered to the authorities at Mackinac, but were soon released.

The king died several weeks later. His kingdom did not survive long. A mob of angry fishermen visited the Mormon settlement, burned the temple, pillaged the palace of the king, and drove the Mormons from the island.

Then the fishermen took up their residence in the abandoned houses. The name St. James was retained for the village, while the Gentiles continued to call the road into the interior the King's Highway, the largest lake on the island Galilee, and a brook the river Jordan.



**WHERE "KING" STRANG MADE OBSERVATIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT**



ON AN ISLAND SHORE, LAKE MICHIGAN

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## XXXI

### HORACE GREELEY'S EXPERIMENT IN PIKE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

**I**N northeastern Pennsylvania are rugged lands where tributary streams rush brawling down to the Delaware. These lands are to-day the Mecca of sportsmen who are lured by the fish in the streams and the call of the game that still may be found in the forests. Mills and manufactures thrive there also.

Special interest attaches to some of these lands, not only because they were the scene of experiments in transportation, by rail, by canal, and by river, but because the banks of one of the rushing streams saw an experiment in town building that is remarkable, even in the story of America.

In 1842, when Horace Greeley was editor of the *New York Tribune*, his eagerness to benefit his fellows led him to the wild lands along the Lackawaxen River, a Pike County stream, which the Indians called Swift Waters. These savage lovers of nature took keen delight in the brief course of the mountain stream, for it leaps over rocks and passes through deep gorges in its passage to the Delaware. Successors of the Indians were the lumbermen, who guided great rafts downstream, and the engineers, who built the Erie Railroad on one bank and the Delaware and Hudson Canal on the other.

But there was neither canal nor railroad when Horace



## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Greeley looked in that direction to make a practical test of his doctrine of community ownership of property which he had been urging editorially. The Sylvanian Society was organized, and the purpose was fixed to establish a settlement on the lands of Mahlon Godley, who owned seven thousand acres in the wildest part of Pike County. He had built a sawmill and a grist mill on a branch of Shohola Creek, a tributary of the Lackawaxen, and had named the little village that clustered about them Godleyville.

The stock in the company totaled ten thousand dollars, and shares cost twenty-five dollars. Every member of the society must own at least one share. Greeley was the largest stockholder, and he had as associates many prominent men and women.

Representatives of the society went among the trout and rattlesnakes, which were said to be the most reliable products of the place. The first comers, acting for the society, improved the mills, and erected an immense pine structure which contained the living apartments of the matron, a common dining hall, a social hall, and work rooms. Then other manufacturing establishments were added, including a wagon-maker's shop, a blacksmith shop and a shoe shop.

Provision was made to govern the colony through a board of directors, selected by the matron. These directors assigned the colonists to the work they were expected to do. One group, it is said, was set to plowing, another to felling trees, a third to laying walls. And there was no appeal from the assignment made. The women did not like the assignments—they were responsible for the domestic affairs of the colony—but they, like the men, were subject to no assignments next day, since this was a

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

recognized principle. Of course skilled mechanics were used for the work with which they were most familiar.

After the day's work was done, amusement was provided. There were weekly lectures, of which Greeley delivered a number, for he was a frequent visitor, in spite of the fact that he had to travel forty miles after leaving the railroad at Middletown, New York. Then there were dances and plays in the social hall. Religious services were held there whenever a clergyman visited the town, though there was no resident minister.

The seeds of trouble were sown almost at the beginning. Among the three hundred residents were some who did not like equality of labor. Then there were the stockholders who seemed to look on the colony as a convenient repository for wayward sons. These young men were not only otherwise difficult to handle, but they did not like work; they rebelled against the idea that they were subject to direction, and that they were not at liberty to wander away in search of a good time.

The inevitable result of the labor difficulties was apparent when the first season's crops were gathered; then it was found that not nearly enough had been grown to provide for the necessities of the colony. The dissatisfaction caused by the short crop of grain was increased by the good crop of rattlesnakes. It is related that a colonist brought in seventeen large rattlers in a single day, and that the foreman of the colony shoe shop was able to make a pair of slippers from the skin of one of them. These slippers were presented to Mr. Greeley when he paid his next visit to the colony.

In 1845 efforts were redoubled. Lands were cleared. The product of the factories was increased. Shoes and wagons especially found a ready market. Many who had

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

remained were encouraged to think that the hardest days were past.

Everything depended on the crops. For weeks the field looked well. But July 4th everything was black and dead; a blighting frost, the worst ever known in that county at that season, had visited the Lackawaxen Valley in the night.

The colonists read the doom of the settlement, and they hastened to leave. In two days not one was left. Each took his goods and went his way. The Greeley Colony had deserted.

It is related that one of the colonists was a farmer who had sold his farm for eighteen hundred dollars and had invested all in the Sylvanian Company's stock; his faith in Greeley was so strong that he thought the project fathered by him could not fail. After the collapse he hurried to New York and found Mr. Greeley in his sanctum. There he proceeded to tell him what he thought of him. But Greeley—who had been deeply grieved by the failure of the experiment—quietly asked him how much he had lost through the colony. When told the amount, he wrote a check and delivered it to the farmer. Naturally the man's faith in Greeley was greater than ever; from that day he declared that, from a Democrat, he had become a Greeley Whig.

The mortgage of three thousand dollars on the colony's property was foreclosed, and a new owner appeared who did much to develop it. But it has since passed through many hands and all trace of the buildings has disappeared. The last to go was the lead pipe by which water was brought from the springs in the hills to care for the needs of the villagers. This was taken up, and, it is said, was made into bullets for the Pike County hunters, who used

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

them in "shooting the deer and bears that have returned to the neighborhood of the overgrown fields, where lie buried some of the fondest hopes that Horace Greeley ever cherished."

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## XXXII

### NEWPORT, WISCONSIN, AND ITS FATE

**O**N the picturesque Wisconsin River there are seven miles of scenery which deserve the name superb, even on that favored stream. The water twists between walls of sandstone from twenty-five to eighty feet high, and from fifty to one hundred feet apart. At one point, near Kilbourn City, the stream narrows suddenly from a width of fourteen hundred feet to about two hundred feet, and later, at times, to forty or fifty feet. In rapids and whirlpools, in eddies and cascades, the water swirls beneath the frowning cliffs whose shadows make the river run black.

These Dalles of the Wisconsin have been set apart by the commonwealth as a state park. Visitors linger in the Upper Dalles, where the surroundings are most striking, but many enjoy most the quieter scenery of the Lower Dalles, below Kilbourn City, where for two or three miles the river is broader, while the rocks are not so high, having been cut out more than the rocks farther north by the glacier that made geological history in central Wisconsin.

This section of the stream, which yields so much pleasure to-day, was a terror to the raftsmen who, when Wisconsin was young, guided their logs from the northern woods.

In the broader reaches of the river they were able to

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

keep their rafts intact, but in the Dalles, they found it impossible to navigate among the rocks and eddies until they broke up their rafts into sections. These sections they reassembled when they were fortunate enough to run the gantlet of the Dalles, past Echo Point and Chimney Rock, within arm's reach of Stultz Rock, which was an especial terror, many a raft having met destruction against its pitiless face; on to Steamboat Rock, the Cave in the Dark Waters, and Grotto Rock.

Near the end of the Dalles—that is, the end for those who go downstream—there was, in the days before the railroad, a picturesque town that attracted many transients who mingled with the two thousand inhabitants which, at one time, it boasted. Newport was the name given to the town, which was located at the head of navigation. Steamers paused there before sailing downstream to unload their varied freight. Travelers came there by stage, and lumbermen visited the town's saloons and dance halls; they thought they had earned such questionable indulgence after their dangerous work on the river.

The projectors of Newport were satisfied at first with a small plot of ground, but when residents came in numbers they became more ambitious and added many blocks to the town. Speculators were attracted, and a fictitious value was placed on the lots.

At Newport, Dell Creek joins the river. A lofty bridge spans the narrow stream, resting on the rocks that pile up insistently at that point. From the bridge, northward, there is an irregular path, which visitors find pleasure in following. Their interest is increased when they learn that this path, which looks so much like an old Indian trail, is the path where the raftsmen "gigged back," in the picturesque language of the day. "They brought their

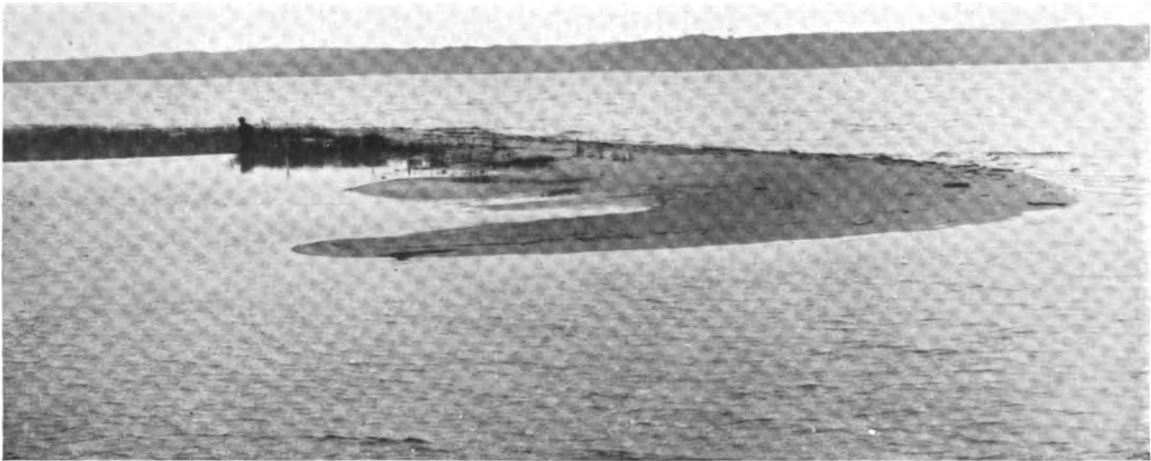
## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

charge through the Dalles," according to an old resident, "a rapids piece usually consisting of seven cribs. Three pieces composed a raft. When the quiet waters of Newport were reached, it was an easy matter to gather the pieces together, and then—after a more or less noisy and lengthy experience in the town—to go on down river. Sometimes they had difficulty in getting by, since at times the stream was crowded from bank to bank with waiting logs."

The doom of Newport was sealed when the railroad, which the inhabitants thought was sure to go to them, went past them up the east bank of the river, without crossing to accommodate the lumber town. It was difficult to believe that such a thing could happen. When at length the town awakened to the fact that it had been ignored, the residents tried to declare that they would prosper in spite of the railroad's exhibition of bad taste. But the inevitable happened. The town gradually deteriorated. The final log raft went down the river in 1880, but long before that date even the pretense of keeping up the place was abandoned. The local historian who has told of the town's fortunes and misfortunes says that it was not long after the disappointment concerning the railroad until "there was a procession of buildings moving like prehistoric monsters across the landscape, to Kilbourn and elsewhere."

Those who to-day wander by the river in the Dalles country find the bridge across Dell Creek; a group of half-filled cellar holes—reminders of the houses that once rose above them; lilac bushes overgrowing the old gardens; and trees which have taken possession of the streets since traffic on them ceased sixty years ago.

The last house in the abandoned town was the Steele



**SOUTH OF BEAVER ISLAND, ON LAKE MICHIGAN**





IN NORTHERN PIKE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

tavern, long a famous place of entertainment for passengers by stage, for lumbermen who came by river, and for steamboaters who sought the upper reaches of the Wisconsin. For years the building stood in solitary grandeur, deserted and decaying. Its last occupants were the hop-pickers who, some years after Newport's obituary had been written, found shelter within its walls. But at length the building was torn down and the materials were hauled away, except for a few of the foundation stones, which are still in place. What a story those stones could tell of the events of all the years since they were quarried; of the pioneers, men and women, who struggled to make homes in the forests; of its steamboatmen on the Wisconsin; of the lumberjacks, rough and gay, who found delight in singing songs like "Come, All You Jolly Shanty Boys," which told of "its Big Eau Claire" that was a tributary of the Wisconsin River, and of the larger stream on which they freighted their unwieldy rafts.

Listen to the song:

"Come, all ye jolly shanty boys, and listen to my song;  
'Tis one I've just invented and it won't detain you long;  
'Tis of a pretty maiden, a damsel young and fair,  
Who dearly loved a shanty boy upon the Big Eau Claire.

"The shanty boy was handsome, a husky lad was he;  
In summer time he labored in the mills at Mosinee,  
But when cold winter came along and blew its blasting breeze,  
He worked upon the Big Eau Claire, a chopping down pine trees.

"He loved a milliner's daughter, he loved her long and well,  
But circumstances happened and this is what befell:  
The milliner swore the shanty boy her daughter ne'er should wed,  
But Sallie did not care a lot for all her mother said.

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

"So when brown autumn came along and ripened all the crops,  
She lighted out for Baraboo and went to picking hops;  
But in this occupation she found but little joy,  
For thoughts came rushing to her mind about her shanty boy.

"She took the scarlet fever, lay sick a week or two  
Within a dreary pest-house, way down in Baraboo,  
And ofttimes in her ravings she tore her auburn hair,  
As she talked about the shanty boy upon the Big Eau Claire.

"When this news reached the shanty boy his vocation he did leave;  
His terrible anxiety was awful to perceive.  
He hid his saw in a hollow log and carried off his ax,  
And hired out to pilot on a fleet of lumberjacks.

"'Twas at the Falls of Mosinee from a precipice fell he,  
And put an end to his career and all his misery.  
The bold Wisconsin River is rolling o'er his brow,  
His friends and his companions are weeping for him now.

"The milliner now is bankrupt, her shop has gone to rack;  
She talks of moving some fine day down to Fond du Lac.  
At night her pillow's haunted by her daughter's auburn hair  
And the ghost of that young shanty boy upon the Big Eau Claire.

"Come, all ye maids with tender hearts, and be advised by me,  
Don't be too fast to fall in love with everyone you see;  
The shanty boys are rowdies, as everybody knows;  
They dwell far in the forest, where the mighty pine tree grows.

"In stealing logs and shingle bolts and telling jokes and lies,  
And playing cards and swearing, they get their exercise;  
But if you will get married for comfort and for joy,  
I'd have you for your husband choose an honest shanty boy."

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## XXXIII

### BELMONT, WISCONSIN'S FIRST CAPITAL

**I**N the early days of Wisconsin Territory—which included a vast country west of the Mississippi River—the chief industry was lead mining, and many of those who made up the 22,218 people in the country in 1836 were supported by the lead mines of what is now southwestern Wisconsin, Galena, Illinois, and Dubuque, Iowa. Naturally, then, when President Jackson urged the bill establishing the territorial government, the capital was fixed in Belmont, in what is now Lafayette County, in the heart of the lead country. The town was only on paper, but it was sponsored enthusiastically by the new chief justice of the territory, Charles Dunn, who spoke glowing words as to the beauty of the region and made eager arguments for the future of that section. However, he was not the owner of the eighty acres on which the town was planned.

The plot set apart for Belmont was on the road between Mineral Point and Galena, used for the transportation of lead to the Mississippi River, for shipment—by way of the Fever River and the Mississippi River—to St. Louis. In most cases the wagons were drawn by oxen, often from four to twelve to a wagon. Naturally the heavy loads wrought dreadful havoc on the unimproved road; but travelers were not disturbed by the fact, since they thought

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

it was an inevitable consequence of what seemed the wonderful prosperity of the frontier community.

The legislature met on October 25, 1836, in a frame building, erected for the purpose, from timbers prepared in Pittsburgh, then shipped by steamer down the Ohio, up the Mississippi, up the Fever or Galena River, and from Galena, thirty miles by wagon to its destination.

The Capitol was one of four buildings prepared for the use of the territorial government and the visitors to the Legislature, in the midst of some of Wisconsin's most beautiful scenery. The other buildings were a residence for the Governor, a building for the supreme court (which met there in December, 1836) and a lodging house for the legislature. As these lawmakers looked from their bedroom windows, they could look forward to Platte and Little Mounds, or back to Belmont. They could also see stumps in the street, as well as the scars left on every hand by lead-miners' shafts and prospectors' holes. But who wished to look down on unpleasant sights, when he could find such pleasure in looking up?

The Capitol, or council house, as it was called, had an ambitious square front, which hid the hip roof, in a manner still popular in frontier towns.

Attached to the building and used as a court house was a one-story extension in the rear, which became the office of the Belmont *Gazette*, the first newspaper in Wisconsin west of Milwaukee, and the fourth newspaper in the state. After a brief life of a single year, the plant was removed to Galena.

A pioneer who visited the town in 1836 wrote of it as "an embryo city, laid out on a magnificent scale, and very handsomely located near the Platte Mounds." He found that its inhabitants were proprietors of lots and specula-



A BIT OF ROCK SCENERY IN WISCONSIN



A LOG JAM ON THE WISCONSIN RIVER

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

tors generally, in a state of the wildest excitement in anticipation of the meeting at that place of the first territorial legislature. As was—and always will be—the case in like communities, “the most extravagant plans and speculations were indulged in, while each individual appeared to feel a happy consciousness that wealth and honors were just within his grasp.

Of course the town was to become wonderfully prosperous. Who could think of anything else? So “immense improvements were projected and displayed in a most attractive manner on paper, in the shape of spacious hotels, boarding houses, princely mansions, and a Capitol, a legislative hall (the latter to be, of course, at the expense of Uncle Sam), in a style intended to eclipse all similar edifices in the country, while it should secure to the favored town, beyond all peradventure, the permanent location of the seat of government, not only of the Territory, but of the future state of Wisconsin.”

It is amusing to those who look back to note how the Belmont people pitied other communities which did not have their wonderful advantages and prospects. They spoke of Plattsville, a town plot then recently laid out a few miles from there, as a project gotten up by a set of mere adventurers and speculators, who, either most grossly deceived themselves as to the probability, or, indeed, possibility of ultimate success, or were little better than a band of swindlers! The comparative merits of Cassville, Prairie du Chien, Mineral Point, the projected city at the Four Lakes (now Madison), and Milwaukee, were discussed at large; and the conclusion arrived at, with hardly a dissenting voice, that “although they might *in time* rise to the dignity of respectable villages, the idea that they could ever rival this our Belmont, particularly



## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

as the seat of government, was utterly preposterous!" Some one, however, who had not so deep a pecuniary interest in the town as the others, ventured to suggest that Mineral Point, being located in the very heart of the mineral region, with a population at once intelligent and enterprising, might possibly at some day, far in the future, presume to set up as a rival to their more favored town.

It is related that an old gentleman, who was one of the most enthusiastic partisans of Belmont, said, when he heard the prophecy: "That is rich! Shake Rag, indeed!" Thus he made fun of the town where bachelor miners were not only cooks, but washermen as well, and where meal time was announced by hanging a rag from a pole. "Shake-Rag-under-the-Hill," was the name given by those who wished to be especially polite.

But the first legislature at Belmont—destined to be the last—pricked the town's bubble most effectively. Milwaukee, Racine, Koshkonoy, City of the Second Lake, City of the Four Lakes, Madison, Fond du Lac, Peru, Wisconsin City, Portage, Helena, Mineral Point, Plattsville, Cassville, Belleview, and Dubuque were all candidates. (Iowa was not set off from Wisconsin until 1839.) But the prize, after a month of contest, went to the site between Third and Fourth Lakes, later called Madison.

Early in 1837 sawmill machinery was bought in the East, and was transported by steamer to Milwaukee, then by a rude trace, cut for the purpose, to the site of the new capital!

The charge was made that a careful distribution of lots in the future home of the legislature won many voters, and so the victory, for Madison. But is not such a charge made in many similar cases, frequently without foundation?

Belmont proceeded promptly to die. Why not? There

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

was nothing else to do. Apart from the Capital, there was no reason for its existence. To-day there is a railroad depot three miles distant which bears the name Belmont Station. But Belmont has disappeared. The name has been changed to Leslie; there a few buildings still stand. But the site of the old town is, most of it, farm land.

Fortunately, the state has preserved the old Capitol building. For many years it was a tenant house. Later it became a barn. Of course during these years of neglect it lost many of its original timbers, but enough remained to serve as a groundwork for the restorer.

The Governor's residence has disappeared, but the court building—which became the residence of Justice Charles Dunn, and, later, a farmhouse—is treasured as a memorial of the early days when Belmont was the capital city of a princely domain.

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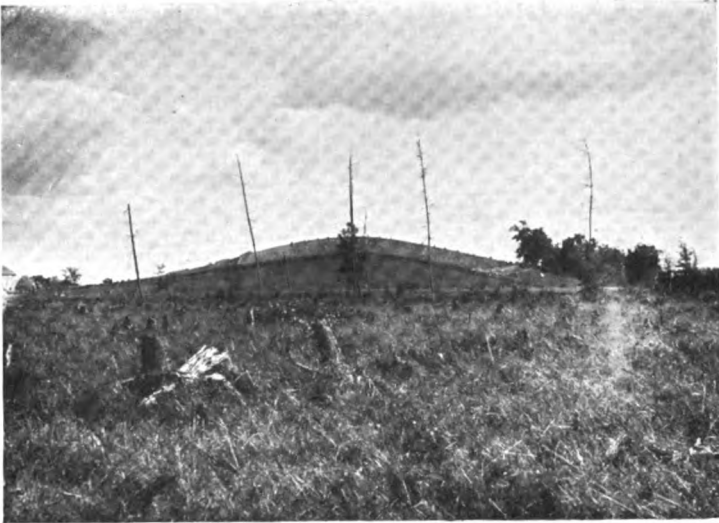
## XXXIV

### THE TRAGEDY OF RICHLAND CITY, WISCONSIN<sup>1</sup>

**T**HOSE who stand at the mouth of Pine River, Wisconsin, facing the Wisconsin River, a little back from the edge of the age-old river terrace, hear at alarmingly frequent intervals the dull thud of a falling earth mass, and then a confused sound as it slides from the perpendicular cliff into the rushing current and is lost forever. During long ages the Pine struggled with the greater stream, gained the mastery, and built the terrace of sand and clay which had been torn by erosive forces from more than half the surface of Richland County, leaving behind high perpendicular cliffs of sandstone, limestone-capped, steep, rugged clay slopes, with deep, broad, intricate, ever winding, and interlocking valleys. Thus, Richland County and the valley of the Pine are among the most picturesque and beautiful regions in the western highlands of the state.

In the southern part of the county, on the bank of the Wisconsin River, once stood the town of Richland City. Most of it is no longer there, and the remnant seems doomed to destruction. The tragedy began when the Pine, diminished in the flow of her waters, ceased to bring down sufficient material to push back the waters of the Wisconsin. At that time the terrace of the Pine extended southward the full width of the present channel

<sup>1</sup> See Preface, p. viii.



**IN THE BELMONT COUNTRY**



**THE CAPITOL AT OLD BELMONT, WISCONSIN, BUILT 1836**



**STEAMBOAT ROCK, NEAR RICHLAND CITY, WISCONSIN**



**ROCKBRIDGE PARK, NEAR PINE RIVER, WISCONSIN**

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

of the Wisconsin River, and the channel of the Wisconsin lay well to the south of where is now a long island, near the left bank of the river.

The War of 1812 brought active military movements into all this region, centering in Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi River, at the mouth of the Wisconsin River. The Black Hawk War once more brought scenes of strife into this peaceful valley. One tradition locates the trail of the fleeing Indians after the battle of Wisconsin Heights around the eastern angle of Pine River Valley.

The men who came and went, from the close of the War of 1812 to the coming of the first actual settlers—their coming became possible only after the relinquishment in 1837 of the Indian title to the lands north and west of Wisconsin River—were not different from those who had come before. Adventurers, traders, hunters, trappers, and others, carrying their lives in their hands, visited the region at will, but on the opening of the lands to settlement the real pioneers came in.

The first pioneers to establish claims in the neighborhood were the McLeod brothers, Robert and William. They came in 1845 and located land some four miles east of Richland City. They did not bring their families until the following spring. The McLeods seem to have had much of those natural qualities that make men leaders of their fellows. This, in the early days, made them local heroes, and there are many legends and stories about them. One of these legends is that Judith McLeod, a sister, while roaming about on the bluff near her brother Robert's home, was attacked by some Indians; rather than be captured by them, she leaped over a high sandstone cliff and was killed. The legend says that this gave the name

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Point Judith to the cliff, and led her brothers to a ceaseless war with the Indians.

There seems to be much better reason to believe the story that at one time, when the McLeods were absent from the settlement, the Indians made an attack and drove the settlers into one house. The settlers then held the Indians back until the return of the McLeods, who came promptly to the rescue, organized the whites, led them in a successful expedition against the enemy, and so severely punished them that they were content to let the settlers alone. However, fearful of a renewal of the attack, a messenger was dispatched to the Governor, calling for help. He responded in person, bringing a considerable force with him. After a careful investigation, the Governor approved of all that had been done in the action, and highly commended the McLeods for their leadership and personal bravery. Thus Richland City had the distinction of being host to Governor Dodge.

With the spring of 1848 the tide of emigration had fully set in, and settlement began in earnest. The pioneers soon found themselves crowded. Farmers from the East seeking cheap lands cleared away the forest; business men of all kinds located and developed towns, laid out and opened roads, built dams and erected mills, cut away the forest and sawed the logs into lumber, with which the settlers built houses in town and country. Soon from every hilltop, in the early dawn, could be seen the rising smoke from the new-made cabins in the clearings. Of these newcomers and the improvements Pine River Valley received its full share, and Richland City quickly rose as the trading center of the valley.

In 1843 Samuel Swinehart crossed the Wisconsin River from Muscoda and made his way up to the mouth of the

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Pine, establishing camp on the east side. He was soon compelled by the Winnebago Indians to remove, for they claimed the place as on their territory. This was the first attempt to settle on the site of Richland City. He spent the months of October and November exploring the valley of the Pine, and in his canoe he passed through the high sandstone ridge. This opening forms the famous natural bridge of Richland County. He established a camp under the overhanging cliff on the east side of the ridge, and spent ten days estimating the large tract of pine timber in that locality, giving the name to the stream flowing through it. His next problem was to determine if it was possible to run the logs down the Pine. The answer required a careful survey of the stream, which could be made only by passage down in a canoe or boat. Then he secured an outfit and supplies, and attempted to make his way up Indian Creek and down Ash Creek to the Pine, then up to Rockbridge; but the lateness of the season and the deep snow made it impossible to get the ox teams through. Next the determined pioneer sent the teams back to Orion and constructed some hand sleds, loaded his equipment and supplies, and, after many hardships and more labors, reached his objective, established his camp, and without teams proceeded to put logs into the river. In 1845 he cut out a road up Indian Creek, down Ash Creek and up to the Pine to Rockbridge. The following winter, under contract, he cleared the Pine, for a space eighteen feet wide from Rockbridge to the mouth, of all logs and brush that were above the ice, thus making it possible during the spring freshets to run logs down to Muscoda.

The claim on which was platted Richland City was not located until 1848. The village was laid out in 1849.



## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Soon a shoe shop, a store, a blacksmith shop, a doctor, a wheelwright, a jeweler, and a tailor were there. The post office was established in 1854.

The first county board authorized the cutting out and building of a road from Richland City up the Pine, to connect with the Swinehart road at the mouth of the Ash. This road later helped to make two-thirds of the county tributary to Richland City. The town wanted the county seat, but in 1852 it was taken to Richland Center.

A considerable commerce was now carried on the river. Steamboats plied more or less regularly, as shifting sand bars and changing channels would permit, between Prairie du Chien and the upper river towns, as far as Portage and, in good stages of water, as far as Kilbourn City. At Richland City, as the most important landing between Portage and Prairie du Chien, the boats stopped on both up and down trips. Thus it was the natural port of the newly created county seat.

The largest flour mill in the West was built there at about this time; it had four runs of stones, and was driven by steam, grinding most of the flour used by the settlers in the whole tributary region, besides much for shipment to other markets. A large steam sawmill was also built at the mouth of the Pine, using many logs from Rock-bridge, but many more that came by the Wisconsin, besides those cut in the neighboring forest. Many rafts of sawed lumber were sent down the river to the Southern and Western markets. The great trek to the West created an undreamed-of demand for lumber, and the business increased by leaps and bounds. All day long, up and down the river, could be seen the rafts of logs and of sawed lumber, floating to the never-satisfied markets. Many of the crews of these rafts came off in boats—that is, if the

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

rafts did not tie up for the night, as they were compelled to do in low stages of water. Throngs of these river men and lumbermen were carried up the river on the boats, and visited Ashland City while the boats were unloading and taking on cargo at the landings.

Of course the people of Richland county were interested in railroads. It was by many thought certain that any road built down the Wisconsin Valley would have to be located on the north side of the river and pass through Richland City. It is said that the people were so sure they would get the road that they refused to give any financial aid to the enterprise, and so caused the road to cross the river at Lone Rock and go down on the south side. At any rate, the decline and fall of Richland City was largely due to the location of this road.

The building of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad through Portage, and the construction of the Chicago and Northwestern through Merrimac and Baraboo, practically drove steamboat traffic from the Wisconsin River and closed the Fox River Canal. Thus these modern steel highways, more than the drifting sand bars and the shifting channel of the river, were the real causes of change from river to land transportation. This change made Lone Rock the shipping point for the whole region once tributary to Richland City. Many of the merchants and mechanics moved their stores and shops to the new emporium. When other local mills sprang up in various places, the flouring mill was found too large for the reduced business, so it was taken down and moved to Milwaukee. The academy was closed and the building was moved away.

The building of the Lone Rock and Richland Center Railroad brought a brief revival of hope. This was a

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

narrow-gauge railroad from Lone Rock up the Pine River Valley, with Richland Center as the first objective, and, as the sequel proved, the last. This road was built and operated with wooden rails, and is said to have been the longest road of the kind in the country. Surely, thought the people of Richland City, the road could not pass them by. But the very natural beauty for which she was famous forced the new road to take a line too far distant to benefit her. A rival village, first called Richland City Post Office, later Gotham, was built. This absorbed Richland City's local trade as Lone Rock had absorbed her distant trade. The charm of her location could not save her when all business had ceased in her streets.

Far more fatal, however, was the destruction of the terrace on which the town stood. It is difficult to tell why streams tend to change their channels and drift in their valleys from one side to the other; but they do, and the drift, once started, seems resistless. Such a movement came to the Wisconsin, off Richland City, from the south side to the north. After long years' passing through low banks covered with dense growths of timber, the strong, swift current set full against the high bank of the terrace, and the loose materials were powerless to resist. The national government, in the interest of navigation, tried by means of wing dams to arrest the process, but traffic on the river had so declined that the government abandoned all efforts to improve the channel, and the dams were soon destroyed and the terrace was at the mercy of the stream. Private capital tried to save the land, but in vain.

Not even a stone marker designates the historic site where once were life and hope, where now are only death and decay. Yet there history was made for centuries.

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

What a panorama it has seen! Passed that way red men, white men, adventurers, explorers, hunters, trappers, traders, pioneers, priests, tillers of the soil, merchant princes, soldiers, military chiefs, and Governors. But they pass no more.

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## XXXV

### WHEN WESTPORT, MISSOURI, WAS MIGHTY

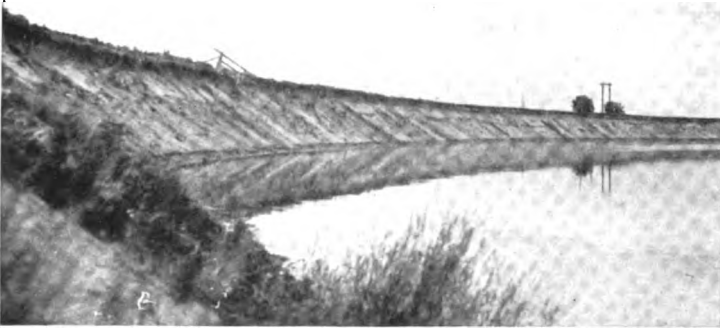
**T**O-DAY there is no town of Westport, Missouri; it has become a part of Kansas City. But seventy-five years ago it was famous among those whose thoughts were turning to the boundless West and its possibilities. And few visitors to Kansas City now realize that they are close to the site of a town that had a wonderful part in the development of the West.

Settlers first found their way to Westport in the 'thirties of the nineteenth century. The town was not directly on the Missouri, so the development of river transportation called for the building up of Westport Landing, at a short distance.

For many years traders and trappers bound for the West and Southwest made their start from Independence or Franklin, Missouri. Independence especially had been built up by the Sante Fé trade, which began in 1822 and increased until, in 1843, two hundred and thirty wagons and three hundred and fifty men were required for the four hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of business done.

While for many years traders to Santa Fé did not seem partial to Westport, many went from there to the Pacific coast.

In 1839 Dr. F. A. Wislizenus went with a caravan of fur traders and emigrants from the Missouri River to



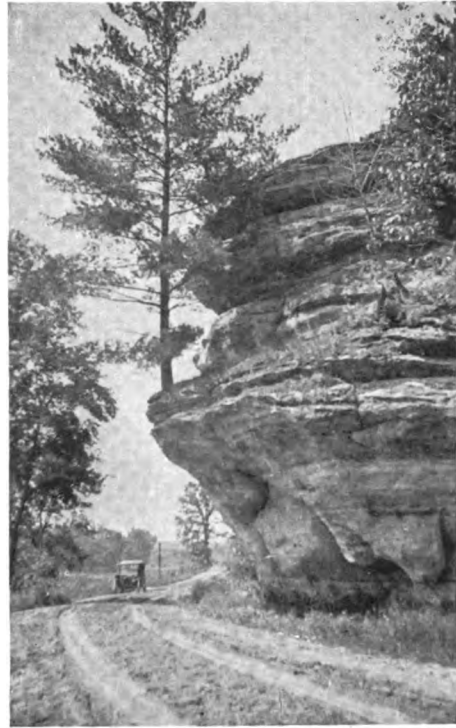
**NEAR THE SITE OF BURIED RICHLAND CITY**



**MAIDEN ROCK IN ROCKBRIDGE PARK**  
(Near this Spot the Pine Timber Was Cut, to be Floated Down to Richland City)



**CURIOUS ROCK FORMATION**  
**(Near the Site of Richland City)**



**NEAR PINE RIVER**

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

the Columbia River. His diary told of his experience at Westport:

"This border village is six miles distant from Chouteau's Landing [where he disembarked, after his trip from St. Louis]. There I intended to wait the departure of this year's caravan. The village has perhaps thirty or forty houses, and is only a mile from the eastern border of the state of Missouri. It is the usual rendezvous for travelers to the Rocky Mountains, as is Independence, twelve miles distant, for those journeying to Santa Fé.

"I bought a horse and a mule, the former to ride, the latter for my baggage, and made other preparations for my journey.

"Our caravan was small. It consisted of only twenty-seven persons. Nine of them were in the service of the Fur Company of St. Louis—Chouteau, Pratte & Company—and were to bring the merchandise to the yearly rendezvous on the Green River. Their leader was Mr. Harris, a mountaineer without special education, but with five sound senses that he well knew how to use. All the rest joined the expedition as individuals. Among them were three missionaries, two of them accompanied by their wives, whom a Christian zeal for converting the heathen urged to the Columbia. Some others spoke of a permanent settlement on the Columbia; again, others intended to go to California, and so on. Almost all, however, were actuated by some commercial motive. The majority of the party were Americans; the rest consisted of French Canadians, a few Germans, and a Dane.

"The Fur Company transported its goods on two-wheeled carts, of which there were four, each drawn by two mules, and loaded with eight hundred to nine hundred



## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

pounds. The rest put their packs on mules or horses, of which there were from fifty to sixty in the caravan."

Captain Bonneville, on his way to the mountains and Utah in 1832, passed through Westport, while Frémont organized and outfitted his first expedition seven miles from Westport; the second expedition, which started in 1842, set out from Westport itself. In 1848, when, having resigned from the government service, he was asked to go to California, he set out from a point close to Westport. And in 1853, when he returned to Missouri because of his interest in the government's plans to construct a transcontinental railway, he organized an expedition at Westport and started on his last tour of exploration.

His was one of the routes surveyed from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. All the expeditions were organized at Westport, and there was much excitement in the town, as trappers and hunters came in to join the parties.

One of the most interested in the railroad from Westport was Senator Thomas H. Benton, who was a frequent visitor in the town, where he liked to visit Colonel A. G. Boone, the grandson of Daniel Boone. On one occasion, when addressing a crowd about the proposed railroad, after listening to him for some time, a man called out, "How will you get through the mountains?" "It is an almost level road from Westport to the Rocky Mountains, a distance of about six hundred miles, and when we get to the mountains we will get through some way," was the reply. But the man was not to be put off; he insisted on knowing how the railroad could be got through the mountains. The speech of the railroad boomer might have ended right there, but he made a humorous reply which, while it did not answer the query, pleased the crowd

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

so much that they let him go on, saying nothing more about the mountains.

Before the days of the railroad pioneers, in 1846, Westport had another famous visitor—Francis Parkman, who was on his way to make the journey to Fort Laramie, the Black Hills, and Pueblo, of which he wrote later in *The Oregon Trail*. His outfitting was done at Westport, which he described thus:

“Westport was full of Indians, whose little, shaggy ponies were tied by the dozen along the houses and fences. Sacs and Foxes with shaved heads and painted faces; Shawnees and Delawares, flaunting in calico frocks and turbans; Wyandottes, dressed like white men; and a few wretched Kansas wrapped in old blankets—were strolling about the streets or lounging in and out of the shops and houses.”

In 1848 some of the Santa Fé traders that had always gone to Independence were attracted to Westport, because of its more advantageous location. From that time many outfits were equipped there for the arduous trip to the southwest. A single consignment of goods called for sixty-three wagons, each of them drawn by six yoke of oxen. Each wagon carried about three tons.

The discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in 1848 brought a great boom to the town by the Missouri. Eager men bound for California trooped in, and paused awhile to equip and organize the trains for the long journey across the plains. Most of them went from St. Louis to Westport Landing by river steamer. Their trade called for a great increase in wagon construction; makers of harness, saddles, bits, wagon covers, and other things needed in the journey, were always busy. The demand for yokes and bows was so great that two firms were kept busy making

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

them. Outfitting houses did a tremendous business. Farmers and traders brought in great droves of horses, mules, and oxen. On open ground near the town there were always tents and wagons, until the country looked as if it was in possession of an army. From day to day the personnel of the camp changed, as trains were organized and started off for California and Oregon. Always there were newcomers to take the place of those who passed on.

The story of the building of the West is a mighty epic. But America should not lose sight of the part of Westport in that epic. With the beginning of the Civil War the Santa Fé trade dwindled. The building of the transcontinental railroad put a period to the great caravans which started from the Missouri River, and the growth of Kansas City led to the disappearance of Westport, which exists to-day only in the fond memory of the last of the pioneers and in the affections of those who find pleasure in reading the story of the growth of the nation.



A MARKER ON THE OLD SANTA FÉ TRAIL, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI



AT THE FORKS OF THE TRAIL

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## XXXVI

### HOW WAI-I-LAT-PU, WASHINGTON, PLAYED ITS PART FOR AMERICA

**I**T was the year 1836. Four people from New York State, Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman and Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Spalding, had started on the long road to the Oregon Country to do Christian work among the Indians.

Doctor Whitman, who had visions of the day when the great Pacific Northwest would be a part of the United States, looked on the trip as an opportunity to prove both that it was possible to travel with a wagon to the country beyond the mountains, and also that the country at the other end of the route was well worth seeking and holding.

When the company joined a party of fur traders several hundred miles beyond the Missouri River, they had with them the spring wagon and two supply wagons which the missionary proposed to take across the plains. The experienced plainsmen shook their heads when they saw them; they said it would be impossible to take them across the mountains. But Doctor Whitman insisted that they must go. When difficulties came along the road and the traders looked at him as if to say that their prophecy was being fulfilled, he steeled himself by remembering that an English editor had once said that American wagons could not go to the Columbia River and that Americans were believing him.

At length it became necessary to abandon two of the

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

wagons, but the other was kept doggedly. Through cañons and creek beds, up rocky precipices, the vehicle was pushed and hauled. Many times it was overturned, but still Whitman would not listen to those who urged him to abandon it. At last, when the way became too rough for four wheels, he made the wagon into a cart, added the extra wheels to the load, and pushed on. He was compelled to leave the cart at Fort Boise, but he had succeeded in getting it to the Pacific slope. Later the cart was patched up and taken the remainder of the way.

An Oregon historian, in commenting on the feat, said: "The work was done substantially. The wagon and the two brides, Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding, had won Oregon. The first wheels had marked the prairie and brushed the river banks all the way from the Missouri to the Columbia. How many ten thousands have since been on the trail with their long lines of white-capped canvas teams! The first white woman had crossed the continent, and not only witnessed, but achieved the victory. . . . Oregon is already practically won. In going through, Whitman's wagon had demonstrated that women and children and household goods—the family—could be carried over the plains and mountains to Oregon."

After many hardships the journey's end was reached. A site for the new home was chosen on the banks of the Walla Walla, in what is now eastern Washington. Doctor Spalding adopted the Cayuse name for the spot, Wai-i-lat-pu. There Doctor Whitman set to work at once to prepare a resting place for his wife, who was visiting at Fort Walla Walla until he could be ready for her.

It was winter when Mrs. Whitman arrived. The wolves in the thickets which fringed the banks of the Walla Walla

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

were howling dismal greetings, but Mrs. Whitman smiled as she saw the snug shelter prepared for her. She was too weary that night to inspect the place where she was to spend a few happy, busy years. She was content to wait for the revelations of the next day. She did not fear these, for she knew that her husband had been busy clearing land of underbrush and building a house. She was content to think that he had done his best.

She had already seen enough of the pioneer life to understand that his task had not been easy, but she did not yet know of his long eight-mile trips to the nearest trees large enough to furnish logs for the house and lumber for the floors and the rough furniture. There was no sawmill then, so all the logs had been trimmed with the ax, and the boards had been sawed by hand from timber dragged to Wai-i-lat-pu by patient horses or floated down streams.

For six weeks the five men had toiled to build a house of one large room whose open fireplace was ready to glow with welcoming heat for the visitor, or, first of all, for the wife, without whom the house would never be anything more than a house. But when Mrs. Whitman entered the door the house became a home.

How good the first breakfast prepared in that place by a woman's hands must have tasted, when next morning the men gathered about the rude table!

After the dishes had been cleared away Mrs. Whitman began to look about her, at the furnishings of her home. There were "chairs rudely made with skins stretched across them; table made of four posts covered with boards sawed by hand; stools made of logs sawed of proper length; pegs along the walls upon which to hang the cloth-



## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

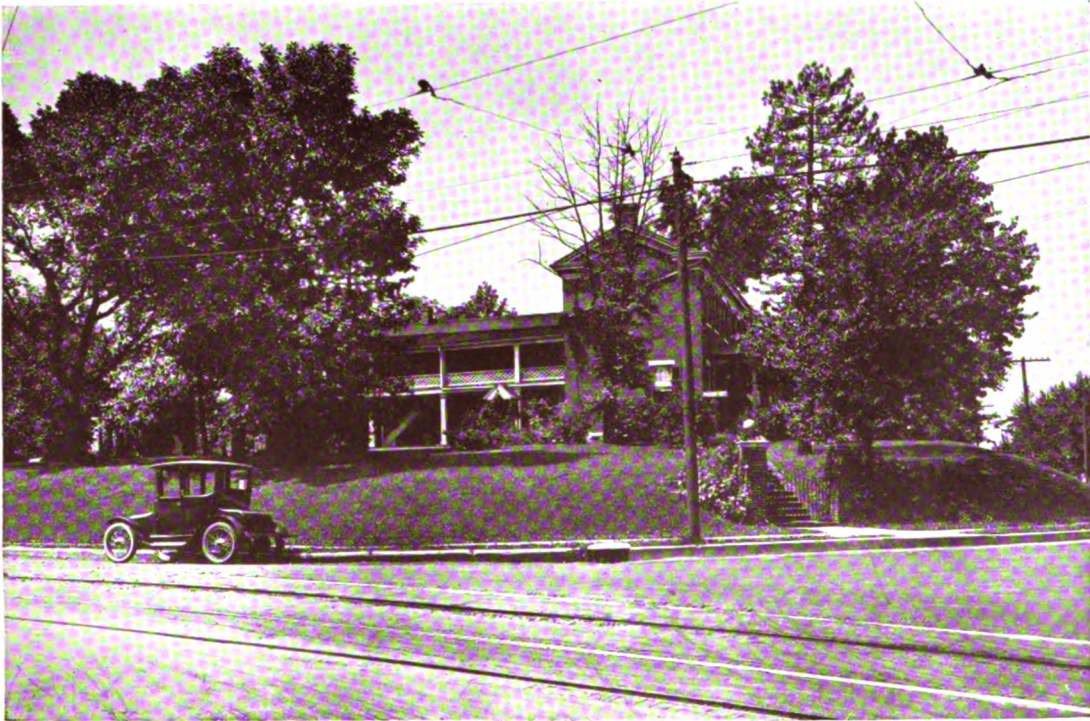
ing, nails being too expensive a luxury; beds fastened to the walls and filled with dried grass and leaves."

Then she went to the door and looked out over the grounds about the cabin, and the river whose waters glistened in the morning sunlight. Her eyes filled with the happy tears of gratitude which found expression at once, as she took up the diary which had been her companion on the journey from New York, and wrote:

"We reached our new home December 10th, found a house reared, and the lean-to inclosed, a good chimney and fireplace, and the floor laid, but no windows or doors, except blankets. My heart truly leaped for joy as I alighted from my horse, entered, and seated myself before a pleasant fire, for it was night, and the air chilly.

"It is a lovely situation. We are on a level peninsula formed by the two branches of the Walla Walla River. Our house stands on the southeast shore of the main river. To run a fence across, from river to river, will inclose three hundred acres of good land, and all under the eye. Just east of the house rises a range of low hills, covered with bunch grass almost as rich as oats for the stock. The Indians have named the place 'Wai-i-lat-pu,' the place of the rye grass."

It was impossible to keep Indian visitors out of the house. They would enter as if this was their right, curiously examining everything that attracted their attention. It never occurred to Mrs. Whitman to put anything under lock and key, and her confidence in her guests was justified—nothing was ever stolen. In later months and years, as additions were made to the cabin, the effort was made to keep the Indians from the bedrooms, but in vain; they insisted on going into all of these. Slowly, however,



**A HOUSE THAT STOOD NEAR THE BEGINNING OF THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL**



ON THE OREGON TRAIL

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

they learned that Mrs. Whitman's private room was sacred.

There was an advantage in these visits to the house of the white man. The Indians saw that the white man's way of living was better than their own. Their lodges looked rough and uninviting as they returned from the missionary's quarters. This was exactly what Mr. and Mrs. Whitman desired. They knew that the Indians would wish to live better when once they had become dissatisfied with what they had. Many of the Indians were comparatively rich; their herds of ponies ranged far and near. One man owned more than two thousand horses. They were able to live more comfortably, but they wandered from place to place, driving the horses to fresh pastures, visiting the salmon fisheries, or following the Hudson's Bay Company's trappers, and they seemed to think that anything was good enough for a shelter for the brief time they remained in one spot.

Whitman set the example of industry, by making fences, plowing the virgin soil, building a house, a school, and a stable, planting an orchard, and doing the thousand and one other things that only a farmer can name. The Indians watched him intently. A few of them consented to follow his example. He agreed to furnish seed to each man who would sow it, and he offered to show him how to prepare the land, care for the growing crops, and gather the harvest. Within a few years a score or more of the Indians were cultivating from one-fourth of an acre to four acres of land, some had as many as seventy head of cattle, and some of them owned a few sheep. As one result, the winter population about the station, which had at first been very small, was nearly as large as the summer population.

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

It would have been strange if the Cayuse had not been devoted to their teachers. Mrs. Whitman was an angel of mercy in their poor lodges, and her husband was never too busy to go among them when they were sick, and heal them or soothe their pain. "Surely," they thought, "the white man's medicine is good! We made no mistake when we asked them to stop with us."

However, the love given to the doctor and his wife was nothing to the affection bestowed upon little Clarissa Whitman, who soon came to make glad the home of the missionaries. "To the Indians she was a wonder and delight. Great, burly savages with their squaws came from miles and miles away to look upon 'the little white squaw baby.' They seemed to think it a great privilege and honor to be permitted to touch the soft white cheek with a finger. The old chief was one of her great admirers; he called her 'the little white Cayuse Queen,' and openly gave notice that he would make her the heir to all his wealth. To the sixty or seventy Indian children in the school the baby was more interesting than their lessons, and the older and more careful Indian girls who were permitted to nurse and care for little Clarissa during school hours were envied by all others."

The delight of the Cayuse was boundless as Clarissa, when only one and a half years old, spoke their own tongue as well as she spoke English. In fact, she was more familiar with Cayuse than with her own language, because she was always with the Indian children. She began to sing almost as soon as she began to speak. At the family altar she learned a number of familiar hymns, and these she sang all day long as she wandered in the fields or by the streams.

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

While Whitman's efforts for the Indians seemed to amount to little, he had some opportunity to help the Americans. There were no settlers living within reach of Wai-i-lat-pu, as there were near Jason Lee's station on the Willamette, but the route of immigrants who were slowly beginning to come in over the mountains passed by the mission oasis in the wilderness of savagery. The travelers were made welcome to the best the missionaries had. They were glad to stop and rest after their long, trying journey. Many of them were sick, but Doctor Whitman ministered to them so carefully and Mrs. Whitman nursed them so tenderly that the sick usually went on their way rejoicing. Once the death of the parents left to their care seven small children, the youngest of these only four months old. The little ones were adopted, and thereafter all their expenses were met out of the doctor's meager funds. Later, four more orphans were taken into the home.

The missionaries were far from neighbors, and from many of the conveniences of civilization which people of to-day call essentials. It was forty miles to a store, but as the wants of the station were few, not much attention was paid to the privation. There were no regular mails, but the pioneers knew how to live without letters. Of course they longed to hear from friends and loved ones in the East, and they eagerly read letters when these came by the annual pack train which could be looked for just about the season of ripening corn. After awhile letters came with some degree of safety by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Once in awhile a letter could be intrusted to a passing trapper or Indian carrier, but there was never any assurance that it would ever reach its destination. Mrs. Whitman's first letter from home reached her exactly

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

two years and six months after she came to Wai-i-lat-pu. It had gone to New York, across the Atlantic to London, around Cape Horn to the Sandwich Islands, then by the yearly sailing vessel sent to the mouth of the Columbia.

The long periods without letters made Doctor Whitman all the more eager to have the country in which he had made his home the center of a little village, become a part of the United States. He knew that for years the rich Oregon Country had belonged to no nation, and that in 1818 an agreement had been made between Great Britain and the United States that this vast region should be open to both. This agreement was to last for ten years. In 1828 it was renewed for ten years longer.

Several years passed without any definite sign that Congress would act in the way he hoped. Finally the missionary patriot thought it was time to make an effort to persuade the authorities to come to the relief of the American settlers in the Oregon country. Canadian settlers were coming to the upper valley of the Columbia, three hundred and fifty miles away. They had been brought over the mountains by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, who knew that the Oregon Country would finally be possessed by the nation that first succeeded in settling it. There were already many Americans in the region, but it was thought that the migration from Canada would give to British citizens so much power that American citizens would be compelled to give up their plan to make the country their own.

When he heard of the coming of one hundred and fifty British subjects he could not rest. It was time to act, and to act decisively. Congress must grasp Oregon, and hold it.

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

How could Congress be persuaded to take action? Who could write a letter that would inspire with the vision of the coming West the men who lived in the East? And how could the letter be taken to Washington in time? Some one should go to Washington and at once. Who would go?

The questions were unanswerable—till Marcus Whitman answered them by saying decisively:

“I will go.”

He consulted his wife. She said, “Go!” He talked with his associates. They, too, after some hesitation, said “Go!” He talked to General Lovejoy, who had come out with the last party of American immigrants, and he said, “Go, and I will go with you!”

The travelers set out on October 3, 1842, taking with them a number of Indians who were to guide them by a new route over the mountains.

As Dr. Marcus Whitman mounted his mule, ready to begin his long ride of nearly four thousand miles, he said:

“My life is of little worth if I can save this country to the American people.”

Those who heard wondered if Whitman would indeed pay for his trip with his life. It was already late in the autumn. He would have to travel over the mountains in the depth of winter. They had tried to persuade him to wait till spring, but his answer had been that he could not wait, for it was only five months till Congress would adjourn. He knew the grave danger of the winter journey, but he would not delay because of danger. If it was in man's power to push through to Washington, he would succeed.

The perils of the winter journey have often been de-



## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

scribed. Many times life was preserved only by the narrowest margin.

When he reached St. Louis he learned that a month after he left Oregon the Senate had confirmed a treaty with England which arranged about a bit of the northeastern portion of the boundary line between Canada and the United States, but said nothing about Oregon. Then he was not too late! With grateful heart he hurried on. General Lovejoy had been left far behind, completely exhausted, but Whitman could not rest, for he must reach Washington before March 4th.

His determination enabled him to force his way through many obstacles, and he did finally reach Washington—on March 3, 1843!

With the directness of a man who knew just what he wanted, Whitman pleaded the cause of Oregon. He urged that at the very first opportunity an end be put to the period of joint occupation with Great Britain and that the laws of the United States be put in force in the territory. He spoke of his regret that Oregon had not been mentioned in the treaty recently ratified, but he said he hoped this error would be corrected at an early date. He told of the smiling, fertile land that was waiting for the settler, of his hope that settlers would come from America, and of his feeling that none would come till there was a stable government.

Before his return to Oregon he put in writing the substance of his arguments, outlined a plan for a territorial government under the United States, and told in detail of a practicable route for immigrant trains across the plains and the mountains. The documents were forwarded to Washington.

At once Whitman began a campaign to induce immi-  
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grants to return with him to Oregon in that very year. He was so successful that a large company was gathered. The plans for the start were made by Whitman, and he was the ever-present helper of the travelers. Doctor Spalding says of Whitman's activity on the trip westward:

"He was the ministering angel to the sick, helping the weary, encouraging the wavering, cheering the tired mothers, setting broken bones, and mending wagons. He was in the front, in the center, and in the rear. He was in the rivers hunting out fords through the quicksand, in the desert places looking for water and grass, among the mountains hunting for passes never before trodden by white men. At noontide and at midnight he was on the alert, as if the whole line was his own family and as if all the flocks and herds were his own. For all this he never asked or expected a dollar from any source, and especially did he feel repaid at the end, when, standing at his mission home, hundreds of his fellow pilgrims took him by the hand and thanked him with tears in their eyes for all he had done."

At Fort Hall, Captain Grant, the servant of the Hudson's Bay Company, tried to discourage the settlers from taking their wagons and farm tools with them. He pointed to a yard full of wagons and tools which other settlers had left behind. The immigrants were ready to do as he asked, till Whitman promised to help them through the mountains, wagons and all!

How he succeeded in the task he set himself may be judged from a single incident of the way, after Fort Hall had been left behind:

"When the immigrants reached the Snake River, Doctor Whitman proceeded to fasten wagons together in

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

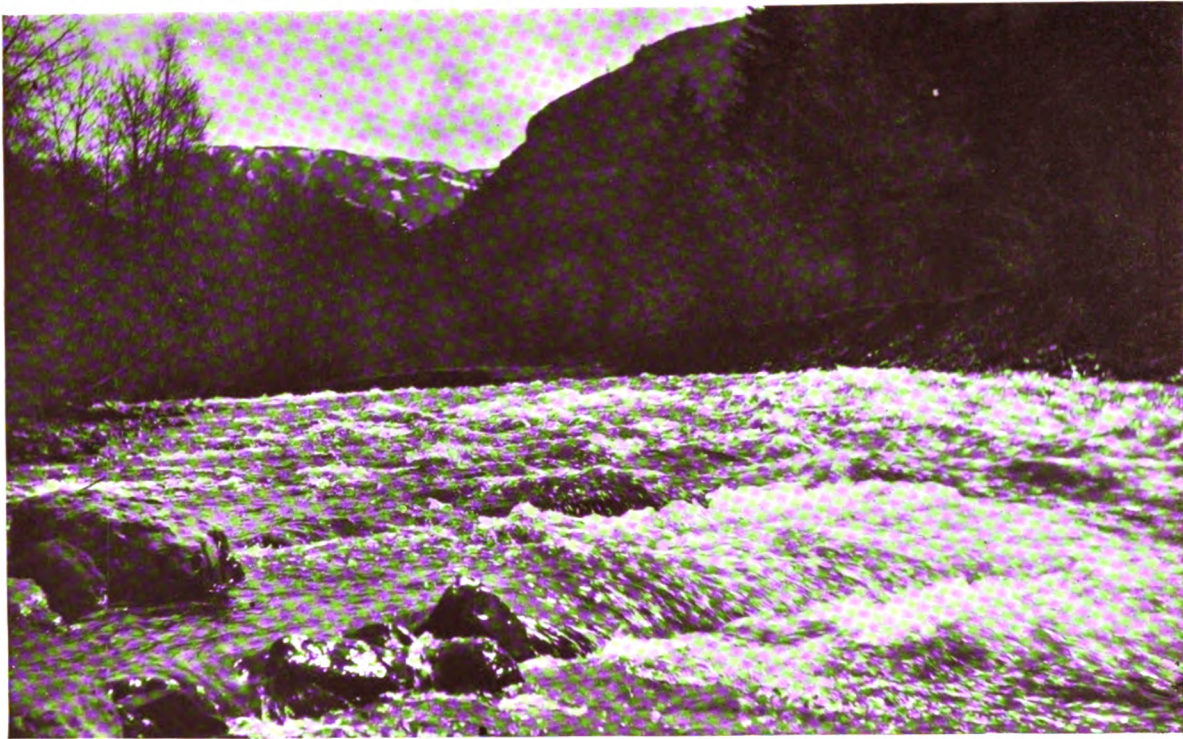
one long string, the strongest in the lead. As soon as the teams were in position, he tied a rope around his waist and, starting his horse into the current, swam over. He called to others to follow him, and when they had force enough to pull at the rope, the lead team was started in, and all were drawn over in safety; as soon as the leading teams were able to get foothold on the bottom, all was safe, as they, guided by the strong arms of the men pulling at the rope, pulled the weaker ones along."

The coming of this company of immigrants finished the work so well begun. Oregon was won for the United States, won by a peaceful invasion. The immigrants, delighted by their new home, wrote home telling of the wonderful country. They wrote to Congressmen and Senators, urging the United States to make Oregon a part of the country. Everywhere there was discussion of the question, "Do we want Oregon?" And at last Congress, bowing to public sentiment, concluded a treaty with Great Britain for the possession of the land already occupied.

Thus, on August 5, 1846, it came to pass that the Oregon Country—including the present states of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho and parts of Montana and Wyoming, more than thirty-four times as much territory as all of Massachusetts—found its way under the American flag!

America could claim the Oregon Country because of the discovery of the Columbia River by Gray, the exploration of Lewis and Clark, and the occupation by settlers and farmers. The account of Whitman's ride to Washington and his return with the immigrant party shows the important part he played in making the country a part of the United States.

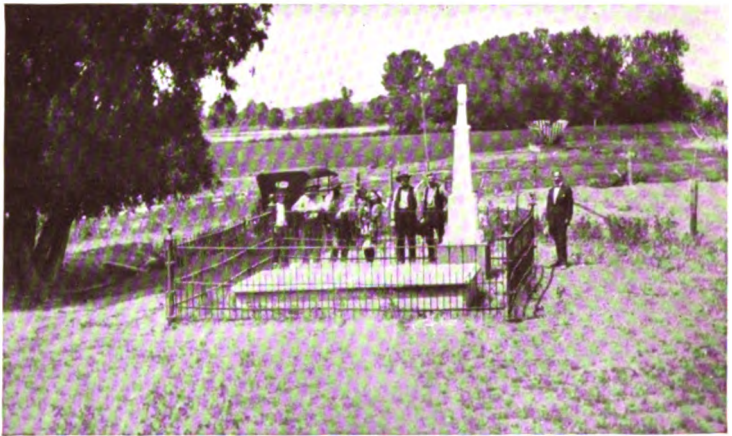
But how nearly it became necessary to fight for the country so peaceably won is shown by a letter from Vice



WALLA WALLA RIVER IN THE SPRING, NEAR WAI-I-LAT-PU, WASHINGTON



**THE SCENE OF THE WHITMAN MASSACRE AS IT IS TO-DAY**



**THE FLAT SLAB COVERS THE GRAVE OF THOSE WHO WERE MASSACRED**

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

President George M. Dallas, dated March 2, 1846, only five months before the settlement of the question:

"The inquiry as to Peace or War has lost none of its intensity. Since reading some French papers sent to me . . . and comparing the measured and meaning phrases of the minister in the House of Commons with those of the minister in the Chamber of Deputies, I have been forced to the opinion, notwithstanding a superficial gloss, that there is a mutual understanding that England is to fight us, rather than accept the offered forty-ninth degree. This opinion is corroborated by the obvious results of intrigue in Mexico, where they seem almost ready to rush *en masse* to the Rio Bravo, in order to get at the accursed Americans. I don't much mind a war in a good cause against any single adversary; but two wars on hand, at the same time, are not quite so attractive. If they come, however, we can weather them out. They may deface what Abbé Corria called the Portico of our national temple, the eastern margin of cities and towns on the Atlantic, but they cannot reach the great building itself, in our interior. . . ."

Only a few months after the United States took possession of Oregon there was evidence of something wrong in the lodges of the Cayuse at Wai-i-lat-pu, where the brave Whitman had again taken up his work. Some sort of plague was taking heavy toll of the Indians. The superstitious savages began to wonder if Doctor Whitman's activity in bringing in so many Americans, and in opening the country, was not responsible for their misfortunes.

They talked over their suspicions until they were almost frantic. Then they turned on their best friends. Warning was given to the residents at the station, in time for them to flee, but they remained.

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Brave Doctor and Mrs. Whitman! Hubert H. Bancroft made a true statement when he said of the doctor: "He was no ordinary man. I do not know which to admire most in him, his coolness or his courage. His nerves were of steel, his patience was excelled only by his fearlessness. In the mighty calm of his nature he was a Cæsar for Christ."

The blow fell on Monday morning, November 29, 1847. Marcus Whitman had been out to the camp, helping to bury an Indian. When he returned to the house he thought nothing of the presence there of several Indians. One of the men attracted his attention by asking for medicine. "Another came behind him with tomahawk concealed under his blanket, and with two blows in the back of the head brought him to the floor, senseless, probably, but not lifeless; soon after Ti-lau-kait, a candidate for admission to the Church, came in and beat and cut Doctor Whitman's face and cut his throat; but he still lingered till near night.

"As soon as the firing commenced at the different places, Mrs. Hayes ran in and assisted Mrs. Whitman in taking the doctor from the kitchen to the sitting-room and placed him upon the settee. This was before his face was cut. His wife bent over him and mingled her tears with his blood. It was all she could do.

"John Sager, who was sitting by the doctor when he received the first blow, drew his pistol, but his arm was seized, the room filling with Indians, and his head was cut to pieces. He lingered till near night. Mr. Rogers, attacked at the water, escaped with a broken arm and wound in the head, and, rushing into the house, shut the door. The Indians seemed to have left the house now to assist

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

in murdering others. Mr. Kimball, with a broken arm, rushed in; both secreted themselves upstairs.

"Mrs. Whitman, in anguish, now bending over her dying husband, and now over the sick, now comforting the flying, screaming children, was passing by the window, when she received the first shot in her right breast, and fell to the floor."

This was the beginning. Mrs. Whitman also was killed, as were other members of the party at the station. Then the Cayuse, assisted by the Walla Wallas, rushed to the houses of the settlers and killed a number of them. In all fourteen were slain, nine the first day, but the fate of those who died then was certainly preferable to that of many of the party, women and children, carried away captive by the murderers. A number of the captives died. The others were ransomed after two awful weeks, through the authority and generosity of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The five men who succeeded in escaping from the station on that day of awful slaughter did not rest till they had stirred up the United States authorities to apprehend the leaders among the murderers. Tam-suk-y was killed at the moment of arrest. Five others arrested with him were executed more than two years after the tragedy.

This was the end of the Wai-i-lat-pu mission. The missionaries were dead or scattered, and the Indians speedily vanished—driven away by the avenging settlers.

So Wai-i-lat-pu disappeared from the banks of the Walla Walla.



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## XXXVII

### ROUGH AND READY'S LEGACY TO CALIFORNIA

**T**HE news of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in California led to one of the most remarkable movements of population in the history of America. "Five years before the famous gold rush of 1849 there were not five hundred Americans in California," one student of the movement has said. Yet "four years after the gold rush the population of the new state was 300,000, and in the interval the argonaut had become one of the heroic figures of history. Within a short period this heroic figure had succeeded in moving the center of population westward more than eighty miles."

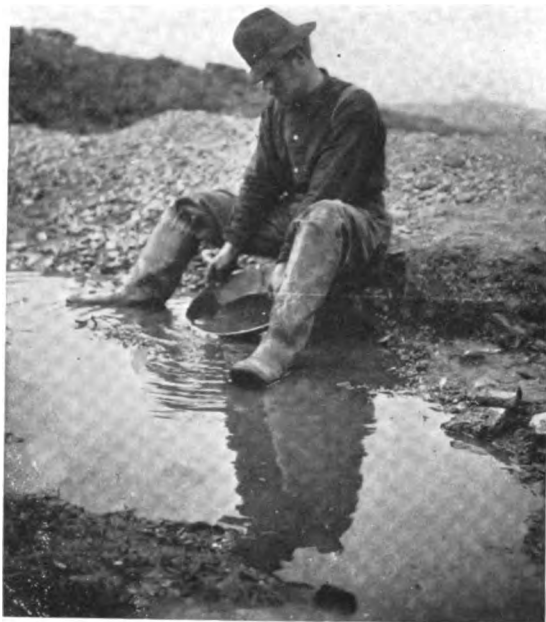
Across the plains, around Cape Horn, over the Isthmus of Panama the treasure-seekers hurried, and they penetrated to "every gulch, ravine, basin, cañon, flat, bar, and bench in the mountain country." Men who, at home, had been sedate leaders, honored by their fellows, who never dreamed of appearing in public in anything but immaculate clothing, suddenly found themselves boon companions of laboring men and men without education. The lust for gold was common to all of them, and this made them ready to endure hardship together, to forego every luxury, and to suffer untold privation in the search for the treasure that sometimes eluded them, but more often, in the early days, rewarded their efforts.

Quickly the gold country, which for centuries had known

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**A MINER'S CABIN IN CALIFORNIA**



**PANNING FOR GOLD IN CALIFORNIA**



**THE MONUMENT TO THE DISCOVERER OF GOLD  
AT COLOMA, CALIFORNIA**

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

only the rare Indian hunter, was dotted thickly with mining camps. Some of these were doomed to failure after a few days or weeks, while others persisted for months or years. Some, like Placerville (the old Hangtown of the pioneers), have become permanent; there both the business streets and some of the residence streets of that attractive town perpetuate the windings of miners' paths among or over the hills.

Of the camps that have disappeared, leaving no mark, one of the most famous was Rough and Ready, begun in 1849 by a company from Shellsburg, Wisconsin, which, after crossing the mountains by the Truckee route, paused on the banks of the Yuba River, in what is now Nevada County, close to the modern town of Grass Valley. The new camp took its name from the company, which from the days of its departure from Wisconsin, had called itself "Rough and Ready," because its captain had served under General Taylor in the Winnebago War.

Later, while hunting grizzlies and deer, a man in the company stooped to drink of the water in the ravine below Randolph Flat. As he stooped he found a piece of gold. Prosperity followed, and the camp was soon removed to its new location and two cabins were built.

The ten men in the original company were followed by a second company from Missouri, whose members—after a time of conflict—agreed with them that the two parties would monopolize the rich diggings in the vicinity of the camp.

The Randolph Company, as the Missourians called themselves, built two cabins at the head of the Flat, and went to work industriously. It soon became apparent that the rich diggings called for more workmen, so the leader of the Rough and Ready Company went East to

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

secure forty men as helpers. These eagerly responded to his offer of a year's work for the same wages they would have received for such work at home, their travel expenses, and their food. But during his absence miners came to Rough and Ready in a rush. Of course they refused to recognize the monopoly, and, by September, 1850, five hundred of them were taking out the gold from the rich sand and quartz of the gulch. When the laborers from the East arrived, it was necessary to hire them out to those who had taken up claims during the summer. The leader of the Rough and Ready Company even had to buy a claim for himself.

There has been preserved the diary of a miner who, in March, 1852, visited Rough and Ready:

"I found a lively camp. The diggings have been very rich all around it, and they have found on the ridge, near Randolph Flat, claims that have paid big. A peculiarity is the number of rich pockets that have been struck. A miner named Axtell uncovered one two weeks ago, from which he has taken out fourteen thousand dollars, and there have been any number that yielded from five hundred to five thousand dollars. There are miners who follow pocket mining exclusively, and there certainly is a fascination about it. They will work for weeks without making grub, and then come across a pocket from which they will take out hundreds or thousands. . . . There is a place below Nevada City that is like Rough and Ready in the way of deposits. I am told that they find the gold there in little clay streaks, and when they discover one it is sure to be rich. It is a peculiar sort of gold, not nuggets or ordinary dust, but flaky and in thin leaves, and so light that a yeast-powder can full will not weigh more than four or five ounces. It has been a puzzle to the mining sharp,

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as it knocks out all theories of gold coming down from the high mountains or out of the quartz veins exclusively."

An editor's note in the diary calls attention to the fact that the geological expert had not invaded the field at that time, and so the early theories, absurd and otherwise, as to the genesis of the gold deposits. The theory generally accepted attributed their origin to a huge vein or deposit high up in the mountains, and this *ignis fatuus* lured many to long, weary, and fruitless search.

Charles Howard Shinn, the veteran Californian who wrote of the mining days, told how Rough and Ready became typical of the camps. The association of the men there "began at once to create new bonds of human fellowship. The most interesting of them was the social and spiritual significance given to the partnership idea. It soon became almost as sacred as the marriage bond. The exigencies of the work required two or three persons to labor together, if they would utilize their strength to the best advantage. The legal contract of partnership, common in settled communities, became, under the circumstances, the brotherlike bond of partnerships, sacred by camp custom, protected by camp law; and its few infringements were treated as crimes against every man."

But before long, or as soon as there were thousands instead of hundreds at Rough and Ready, robberies and deeds of violence increased. Realizing that it was absolutely necessary to have a government of their own, the miners resolved to take action. The nearest alcalde was at Marysville, far up the Yuba. To go to him would be inconvenient—and, they decided, unnecessary.

A mass meeting was therefore held at Rough and Ready, and the miners speedily formed a vigilance com-

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mittee, forerunner of the many similar organizations that soon made California justice famous. The committee was "to assume the reins of government. They were to look after the public order and to administer justice; and from their decisions there was to be no appeal, except, of course, to the people from whom they derived their authority."

The committee did its work perfectly and effectively. Rough and Ready was laid out as a town; a constable was appointed; disputes were heard and settled—that is, except when they had to do merely with debts; it was a point of honor among the miners not to dun a creditor. Sometimes a jury was called to try a case, but usually the commissioners acted themselves. Then it was their duty to punish those found guilty of crime. A common punishment for stealing was the infliction of thirty-nine lashes, followed by drumming out of camp.

As a result of the work of the committee, law and order displaced trying conditions. An example of the new order was the action of two men who saw a Rough and Ready mob dragging away a stranger whom they accused of stealing, proposing to hang him. But the men drew their pistols, insisted on the release of the accused, took him before the committee, and soon secured his release because he was found innocent of the charge. In old days the man would have been hanged first, and his case would have been inquired into later, if at all.

One of the citizens of Rough and Ready, noting the success of the vigilance committee, seriously proposed to their fellows that they organize an independent state, to be called "The State of Rough and Ready." He called a mass meeting. Of course the attendance was large, for, while the other miners saw the folly of the proposition,



**THE RUINS OF OLE BULL'S CASTLE**





**PUBLIC CAMP GROUND IN THE OLE BULL STATE PARK, PENNSYLVANIA**

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

they were ready to participate in what, to them, was a joke, though to the proponent it was a serious matter. At the meeting the men who called it urged that since few of them had voted for the constitution of California, they were not bound by it.

For a long time after the meeting the proposition of an independent state was kept alive by ridicule. "In every cabin, and beside every rock and long-tom, for miles up and down the Yuba, men could be heard talking of Brundage's state of Rough and Ready, though themselves prepared, every one of them, if necessary, to shed the last drop of his blood in support and defense of the state of California."

Rough and Ready's greatest fame came to it, not because of the pioneer vigilance committee, and not by reason of Brundage's ludicrous, though earnest, plan, but through Bret Harte, who gave standing in literature to the mining camps of the Sierras, including Rough and Ready, which he seemed to regard with peculiar affection. As a young man he went from New York to California. When an old man he told an interviewer of his first impressions:

"I was thrown among the strangest social conditions that the latter-day world has, perhaps, seen. The setting was itself heroic. The great mountains of the Sierra Nevada lifted majestic snow-capped peaks against a sky of purest blue, magnificent forests of trees which were themselves enormous, gave to the landscape a sense of largeness and greatness. It was a land of rugged cañons, steep declivities, and magnificent distances. Amid rushing waters and wild-wood freedom, an army of strong men in red shirts and top boots were feverishly in search of the buried gold of earth. Nobody shaves, and hair, mous-

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

tache, and beard were untouched by shears or razor. Weaklings were unknown. It took a stout heart and strong frame to dare the venture and battle for life in the wilds. It was a civilization composed entirely of young men; for on one occasion, I remember, an elderly man—he was fifty, perhaps, but he had a gray beard—was pointed out as a curiosity, and men paused on the street to look at him as they would have looked at any other unfamiliar object.”

Bret Harte spoke of the famous camp as a town where “the ditches were overflowed, the fords of the Fork were impassable, the sluices adrift, and the trails and wagon roads ran deep mud.” In describing the place during the rainy season, he said of it:

“The unpainted wooden buildings of Rough and Ready, soaked and dripping with rain, took upon themselves a sleek and shining ugliness, as of second-hand garments; the absence of cornices and projections to break the monotony of the long, straight lines of downpour made the town appear as if it had been recently submerged, every vestige of ornamentation swept away, and only the bare outlines left. Mud was everywhere; the outer soil seemed to have risen and invaded the houses even to their secret recesses, as if outraged Nature was trying to revenge herself. Mud was brought into the saloons and barrooms on boots, on clothes, on baggage, and sometimes appeared mysteriously in splashes of red color on the walls, without visible conveyance. The dust of six months, closely packed in cornices, yielded under the steady rain, and their yellow paint dropped on the wayfarer, or unexpectedly oozed out of ceilings and walls on the wretched inhabitants within.”

In *A Millionaire of Rough and Ready*, Harte gives

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pictures that were true to life in the camp, as in all camps. First, the discovery of gold:

“There was no mistake this time; he had struck gold at last! It had lain before him a moment ago—a misshapen piece of brown, stained quartz, interspersed with dull yellow metal; yielding enough to have allowed the points of his pick to penetrate the honeycombed recesses, yet heavy enough to drop from the points of his pick as he endeavored to lift it from the red earth.”

Then the rush that followed the lucky find:

“When the news of the discovery of gold in Mulready’s shaft was finally made public, it created an excitement hitherto unknown in the history of the county. Half of Red Dog and all Rough and Ready were wafted up the yellow hills, until the circling camp fires looked like a besieging army that had invested the peaceful pastoral house, preparatory to carrying it by assault. Unfortunately for them, they found the various points of vantage already garnered with notices of preëmption for mining purposes. . . .”

Finally, this is the picture of the heyday and the decay of Rough and Ready, as given graphically in the opening chapter of *The Ancestors of Peter Atherley*:

“It must be admitted that the civilizing processes of Rough and Ready were not marked by any of the ameliorating conditions of other improved camps. After the discovery of the famous ‘Eureka’ lead, there was the usual influx of gamblers and saloon-keepers; but that was accepted as a matter of course. But it was thought hard that, after a church was built and a new school erected, it should suddenly be found necessary to have doors that locked, instead of standing shamelessly open to the criti-

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

cism and temptation of wayfarers, or that portable property could no longer be left out at night. . . . The habit of borrowing was stopped with the introduction of mere money into the camp and the establishment of rates of interest; the poorer people either took what they wanted, or as indiscriminately bought on credit. There were better clothes to be seen in the one long, straggling street, but those who wore them generally lacked the grim virtues of the old pioneers. . . . There was a year or two of this kind of imitation in which the youthful barbarism of Rough and Ready might have been said to struggle with adult civilized wickedness, and then the name itself disappeared."

To-day the site of Rough and Ready, like the sites of so many other gold-mining camps, is almost deserted; instead of the three hundred houses of the early 'fifties, there are a mere dozen; instead of the one thousand voters of 1850, there are only a handful. Drought and fires began the work of decay, and gold exhaustion completed it. But that site is worth a visit. To quote once more Charles Howard Shinn:

"Even to-day the smallest of these decaying camps is worth patient study. In the hollows, grown over with blossoming vines, are acres upon acres of bowlders and debris, piled up by the hands of pioneers; on the hills' sunny slopes are grass-covered mounds where some of them rest after their passionate toil, their fierce and feverish wrestle with hard-hearted fortune. Once this was Red Dog Camp, or Mad Mule Gulch, or Murderer's Bar; now it is only a nameless cañon, the counterpart of hundreds of others, scattered over a region five hundred miles long by fifty miles wide, each one of them all once full to the brim

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and overflowing with noisy, belching, surly, roaring, masculine life."

Rough and Ready is no more. But it has left its mark on the life and the institutions of the California of to-day.

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## XXXVIII

### WHERE OLE BULL FOUNDED A COLONY IN PENNSYLVANIA

**I**N the heart of Pennsylvania's Black Forest country, where—once upon a time, before the days of the devastating timber man—the trees grew tall and thick, there is a post office known as Oleona. Once there was a town there, but the town has disappeared.

The founder of Oleona was Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, and its story is best understood by those who know something of the founder's career.

Ole Bull was born in February, 1810. From the time he was three years old, it was evident he was to be a musician. But his family did not encourage him. Finally, however, a violin was bought for him, but it was delivered too late in the day for trial, the father thought. Reluctantly Ole went to bed. What followed made such a deep impression that, when he told of the occurrence in later life, he was most graphic:

"I could not sleep for thinking of my new violin. When I heard father and mother breathing deep, I rose softly and lighted a candle, and in my nightclothes did go on tiptoe to open the case and take one little peep. The violin was so red, and the pretty pearl screws did smile at me so! I pinched the strings just a little with my fingers. It smiled at me more and more. I took up the bow and looked at it. It said to me it would be pleasant to try it across the strings. So I did try it, just a very, very little;

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and it did sing to me so sweetly! Then I crept further away from the bedrooms. At first I did play very soft. I made very, very little noise. But presently I did begin a capriccio which I did like very much; and it did go ever louder and louder; and I forgot that it was midnight and that everybody was asleep. Presently I heard something go crack! and the next minute I felt my father's whip across my shoulders. My little red violin dropped on the floor and was broken. I wept much for it, but it did no good. They did have a doctor to it next day, but it never recovered its health."

The young violinist became so proficient that when he was nineteen he gave several performances which gave him funds for a trip to Paris. Later he became a favorite with music lovers all over Europe. In 1843 he paid his first visit to the United States, where, from the cities of the East to the towns of the Mississippi Valley, his name soon became a household word. In New York he invited all the inmates of the Asylum for the Blind to attend a concert, saying in his note of invitation: "It would be my greatest desire to be able for the moment to make you forget that you are unable to enjoy the beauty of the flowers." Once, in Lexington, Kentucky, when he learned by a letter from Henry Clay that the statesman had been unable to hear him the night before on account of illness, he went to Mr. Clay's home, and, without being announced, began to play in a room near the bedchamber of the master of the house. "That must be Ole Bull," the listener cried, enraptured.

This first tour in America was remarkably successful. In the United States, Canada, and the West Indies he traveled more than one hundred thousand miles. More



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than two hundred concerts were given, which netted over eighty thousand dollars. In addition he gave twenty thousand dollars' worth of concerts to charitable institutions, and paid fifteen thousand dollars to assisting musicians. These figures were remarkable at the time.

After another series of tours in Europe, Ole Bull returned to America in 1852. While in the South he was touched by the troubles of fellow Norwegians who had settled there. They told him of their privations, hardships, and poor health. The heart of the idealist was touched. Why not make a home for them?

Later he found the ideal site, he thought—on Little Kettle Creek, in Potter County, Pennsylvania. In that beautiful region he would “found a New Norway, consecrated to liberty, baptized with independence, and protected by the Union’s mighty flag.”

A tract of one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres was secured, and some eight hundred settlers took possession of the three hundred houses built. There were also a store and a church. The founder built for himself a castle of feudal proportions, on a bluff overlooking Little Kettle Creek, not far from the village now known as Oleona.

For some months all went well. In February, 1853, Ole Bull wrote to his brother:

“Of my activity as leader and controller of my little state in Pennsylvania, you can have a conception only when you know that I am engaged simultaneously in laying out five villages, and contracting with the government for the casting of cannon, some two thousand in all. . . .

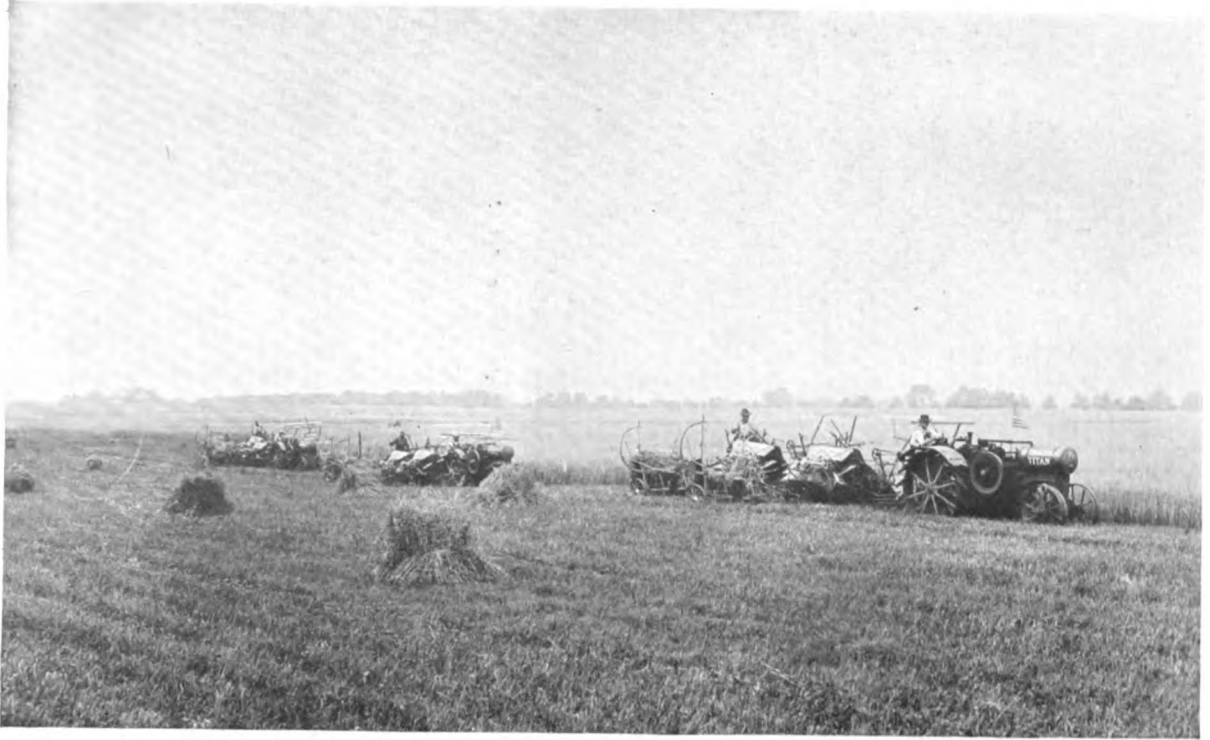
“Philadelphia has subscribed two millions to the Sunbury and Erie road, which goes near the colony to the



**THE FOREST AS OLE BULL FOUND IT**



**THE MELANCHOLY FOREST RUINS IN THE KETTLE CREEK REGION, PENNSYLVANIA**



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south; New York has also given two millions to a branch of the Erie and New York road from Elmira to Oleona, the northern line of the colony.

"So many have applied for land that I have been obliged to look out for more; I have bought 20,000 acres to the west, and in the adjoining county (McKean) I have the refusal of 112,000 acres. In Wyoming County I am contracting for an old deserted foundry with forest, water power, workshop, and dwellings, and am taking out patents in Washington for a new smelting furnace for cannon."

In intervals between concert tours the great violinist liked to go among his people and live in the old castle. It is still a tradition of the neighborhood that he found his greatest delight in playing his violin on the ramparts of the castle or on the banks of Kettle Creek. There he would "reproduce the rush and roar of rapid streams, the frolic of the winds through the rocky glens, and the tempest's crash on the mountain top."

But disaster came. One night when he was entertaining guests at dinner a man brought word from a merchant of Philadelphia that the agents who had sold him the lands on which the colony was built were scoundrels; that the merchant was the real owner of the forest acres whose wildness had attracted the violinist.

Ole Bull hurried that very night to Lock Haven, took stage to the railroad, and was soon in Philadelphia. The owner told him how he had tried in vain to overtake him with legal notice, as soon as recovery from an attack of yellow fever enabled him to learn the facts.

The owner expressed hearty sympathy with Ole Bull and offered to give him a good title to the land for a price that was merely nominal. The artist, however, was un-

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able to do more than protect the residents already on the land. In vain the head of the colony pressed charges against the malefactors. For a long time he was unable to secure justice, and he became the victim of their relentless pursuit and persecution. For five years he fought them, earning the costs of the suit by giving concerts, and at the end of that time he received small damages.

During these years of trial Harriet Beecher Stowe and James Gordon Bennett were among influential friends who came to his help. Once, when his reputation was being assailed, Mr. Bennett offered him the columns of the *New York Herald* to make answer. But Bull replied, "I tink, Mr. Benneett, it is best tey write against me, and I plays against tem."

Most of the colonists found their way to the West. A few remained, among them Ole Bull's secretary, John Andriessen, who was a storekeeper in Oleona for forty years after the collapse of the colony.

In June, 1880, Ole Bull returned to his native land, a stricken man, and there, a few years later, he died.

The body was escorted to Bergen by sixteen steamers. As the fleet came into port, "the harbour and shipping were covered with flags of all nations, at half-mast, the whole world paying its last tribute to a genius which the world had learned to know and love." The shops of the city were closed. The people were mourning in the streets for him of whom Longfellow wrote:

And when he played the atmosphere  
Was filled with magic, and the ear  
Caught echoes of that Harp of God,  
Whose music had so weird a sound,  
The hunted stag forgot to bound,

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## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

The leaping rivulet backward rolled,  
The birds came down from bush and tree,  
The dead came back from beneath the sea,  
The maiden to the harper's knee.

But those who travel through the melancholy remainders of the Black Forest of other days, following the Coudersport and Jersey Shore Turnpike, are reminded of his American experiment when they come to the remnants of the town of Oleona, within sound of the stream whose waters were music for the Norwegian maestro.

Bernard Benson has entered into the spirit of the region in his poem, "Ole Bull's Castle."<sup>1</sup>

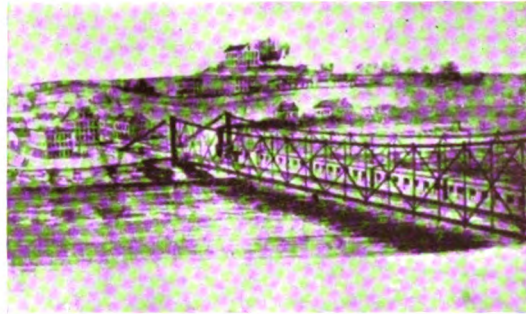
The beauty of these hills the master knew,  
This pensive, quiet vale of green and gold;  
Here, at the twilight hush in days of old,  
The woodland hearkened to his magic bow:  
The trees bent low their eager ears to hear,  
And from the silent shaded groves,  
The creatures of the wood crept near  
In wonder bold to know a charm so new;  
The plaintive brook, grown heedless of its sorrow,  
Stilled here its fretful heart in loving, lingering rest;  
While dreaming birds stirred in the drowsy nest,  
And woke to a new rapture on the morrow.

The Master found this love in Nature's rugged breast  
With new unfading beauty blossom in his soulful art,  
And grew apart with her in all his being craved,—  
As tender as his own he felt her throbbing heart.  
Alas! what means this hallowed place to those  
Who, blindly climbing, feel no presence near,  
No message in the musing day's repose?  
The poet-pilgrim pauses, rapt, to hear  
A strain of music in the darkening hills  
Sound faintly through the listening wood;

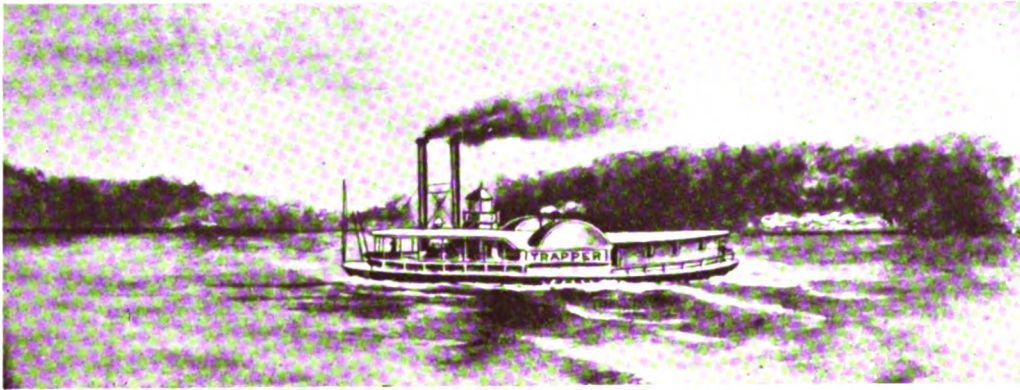
<sup>1</sup> From *Songs of a Kind*, copyright, 1923, by The Four Seas Company.

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And sees in pale forget-me-nots by mossy rills—  
Close-clustering stars of hope in deepening blue—  
The tender tribute of a sorrowing mood,  
Remembrance sweet of him they loved and knew!



A REAL-ESTATE BOOMER'S DREAM OF A KANSAS TOWN IN 1855  
(From an Old Print)



THE PIONEER STEAMBOAT  
(From an Old Print)





**YESTERDAY ON THE KANSAS PLAINS**

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## XXXIX

### IN KANSAS, WHERE OLD TOWNS WERE PLENTIFUL

**H**ORACE GREELEY is credited with the statement, "It takes three log houses to make a city in Kansas, but they begin calling it a city as soon as they have staked out the lots." A writer in the *Kansas City Journal* enlarged on the statement of the veteran journalist by saying:

"The early Kansan was essentially a town builder. The settler who did not dream dreams of a future metropolis on his quarter section was very much the exception. Every county in the state has had from three to ten towns which flourished for a brief spell and then decayed slowly or went quickly before the violent assaults of some successful rival."

A pioneer of the early days in the Sunflower State told how, from five to six years before the beginning of the Civil War, interests in town sites—usually twelve lots to a certificate—were almost a part of the "wild-cat" currency of the day. "Lithographs, showing beautiful parks, with fountains playing, band stands, ornamental trees and shrubbery, surrounding magnificent public buildings, beckoned onward the 'tenderfoot' to fortune who never had 'speculation in his eye' before."

There are three or four reasons for this wealth of new towns, many of which never got past the surveying stage, while others became prosperous for a time, then passed

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

into oblivion: the fact that for the first years of its history Kansas was a battle ground between those who favored the extension of slavery and those who were just as bitterly opposed to that extension; the fact that it was on the route of the immigrants to California; the rivalry of claimants for the county seat in a state that was settled almost overnight; and the coming of the railroads, which doomed more than one promising settlement, while they brought into being other towns that have become important.

In many cases all these causes had an influence on the same town. There was Indianola, founded in 1854, about the same time as Topeka. Topeka was then at a disadvantage, not only because Indianola was on the government road from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Riley—a road used by the through stages—while Topeka was far from the recognized routes of travel; but also because Topeka was founded as a free-state town, while Indianola's people were advocates of slavery—and so were on what was, for the time being, the popular side.

In 1865, when the Kansas Pacific Railroad was surveyed, there was joy in Indianola because the route passed by Topeka, but went through Indianola; to reach Topeka it would have been necessary to follow a bend in the Kansas River, and it would be much cheaper to cut across the bend.

The road seemed more than ever assured to them when a contractor gave to people of the town an order for the ties to be used for the new road. The work was done promptly and zealously. But the ties were never paid for. While Indianola was busy preparing ties, Topeka was making cash arguments which led to a change in route. Indianola was to be passed by and Topeka was

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## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

to have the road. The ties were hauled back home and used for corn cribs. And when the railroad was finally completed, the inhabitants moved their houses and stores to Topeka. One building—the hotel—was too large for removal, and for many years stood, a grim reminder of the departed greatness of Indianola.

Another railroad was responsible for the failure of Moneka, in Linn County, a town incorporated in 1857. Its proprietors felt sure it would be one of the great cities of the West. When, a year later, there were some two hundred people within its limits, they thought they had made a good start. The building of an academy was also a promising sign, while another was the presence of a hotel where a number of territorial governors and many free-state leaders were entertained.

The leading citizens planned a railroad from Jefferson City to Emporia, which was to have Moneka for one of its chief stations. The company was organized, the charter was obtained, while Congress was asked to give the right of way and make a donation of public lands. Even the surveying was done. Ground was broken, and the right of way was duly granted. But the leading promoter died. So did the railroad—and the town. The academy building was removed, and the people stole away to other communities.

A relative of the railroad promoter entertained in his home John Brown and some of his companions. When Brown left Kansas the relative corresponded with him. It is said that the plan to liberate Brown from the jail at Charles Town, West Virginia, was made in the house of the Kansas host of other days, and that only the refusal of Brown stood in the way of attempting to carry it out.

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

Linn County has another forgotten town to its credit—Paris, which, before it passed away, became much larger than Moneka. Its boast was that it was officially located by the legislature, but this legislature was one of the bogus bodies for which Kansas became noted in the troubled days before the Civil War.

Paris was remarkable for the free state views of its people. They even drove out the man who owned the claim on which the town was located, because he was a Southerner who was not always wise in his method of standing up for his pro-slavery convictions. Later—in 1857—the man who expelled him became the leader in the country's first free-state convention, which was held in a sawmill near the town.

Elections were ticklish affairs in Kansas in those days, and care had to be taken to preserve order and protect the freedom of the ballot. The method adopted in Paris on the occasion of the election that followed the free-state convention, was to have the voters stand outside the log courthouse, while they called to the judges and clerks inside the names of those for whom their vote was to be recorded.

In 1859 came a much more fateful election. The question at issue was, should the county seat go to Mound City or remain in Paris? Paris received 471 votes, and Mound City had 508. But the county officials, who owned property at Paris, refused to move the records to the new county seat, "whereupon a number of citizens of Mound City, armed with pistols, shotguns, Sharp's rifles, and a cannon—'Brass Betsy'—appeared early one morning on the public square of the town and made a pressing demand for all the books and records of the various offices. The demand was at first refused, and

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the officers denied all knowledge of the whereabouts of the county records. After some strenuous persuasion, however, they yielded and brought them out from under the puncheon floors of several buildings, delivering them to the hands of the invaders."

And that enforced surrender sealed the doom of Paris. Early in the 'sixties the town was no more.

Old Minneola was the victim of the failure of even more ambitious plans; it was the purpose of many to make it the Capital of Kansas. Lecompton was the Capital, but the free-state legislature did not like the pro-slavery atmosphere of the town, and they frequently adjourned to meet in Lawrence. Yet it was thought better to have a permanent Capital where the sentiments of the people would be free-state, so choice was made of a site in Franklin County. Nine quarter sections of prairie land were bought for \$3,131. Within six weeks a hotel costing \$8,000 was on the ground and a hall for the legislature was ready.

When the legislature, in 1858, made Minneola, thus equipped, the Capital, it provided also for a number of railroads. "Maps and bird's-eye views issued by the company are still in existence," says a Kansas historian, "and made the town appear as a great railroad center. Lots sold quickly, and prices rose rapidly. Many houses were built."

A humorous story of the brief glory of the town was told by a business man of Kansas City, Missouri:

"Even as late as 1858 capitals were scattered promiscuously throughout the state. I started horseback from Leavenworth to find the capital of Kansas. I had a note for \$97.50 for a set of chafing dishes and table appurtenances for the eating department of the new Capitol, which

## The ROMANCE of FORGOTTEN TOWNS

was located on the first floor of the Capitol building. The capital I was looking for was Minneola. I met a farmer and his wife at the crossing of the Nakarusa, and inquired where Minneola was. They said they had never heard of it. I rode about three miles farther, met another couple in a wagon, and they stated that they did not know of any town of that name. Riding three or four miles farther, I met a man coming up horseback who said he had heard some talk about the capital, but did not know where it was. About three miles farther on I met a carpenter riding an old mare, bareback, with blind bridle. I inquired if he knew where the new capital of Kansas was. He said, 'Yes, siree!' He had been working on the Capitol building. 'You go one and one half miles further and you can see it about a mile off to the right.' I found it. The legislature had met there one morning about a week before, and adjourned that afternoon to meet at some future time at Leavenworth. I was on a collecting tour, so I rode to Topeka and then to Manhattan and then back to Leavenworth."

But the dream of Minneola was not to be fulfilled. Acting-Governor Denver vetoed the act making it the Capital. An appeal was taken to the Attorney-General of the United States, who decided that the act creating the new Capital was not in conformity with the act creating the territory of Kansas, and was therefore void.

Minneola had one more chance. In March, 1858, the legislature called a constitutional convention to meet there. It gathered in the big new hall, which had been designed for the legislature. But just when the people of the town thought that fame had come to them, some one moved that the convention adjourn to meet in Leavenworth. This proposition was supported by all who hated

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Minneola because they wished to secure the Capital for some town in which they were interested.

So Minneola was left to its fate—absolute disintegration. The site—far from that of present-day Minneola, in Clark County—is now farming land.

In 1856 it was decided by an ardent abolitionist to have a town for abolitionists. So Sumner, three miles from Atchison, was chosen. The site was promising. It was on the great highway between the Missouri River and the West, and soon the streets “echoed to the tread of thousands of oxen and mules” that were carrying freight to the Rocky Mountains.”

The surroundings were pleasing. Hills and forests were all about, and the name given to the town fitted the rugged surroundings. Yet it was not named for Charles Sumner, as some have said, but for his brother, George Sumner, who was one of the original stockholders. Most of the first settlers came from Massachusetts, the home of the Sumners.

The growth of Sumner is said to have been phenomenal. In a few years twenty-five hundred people lived there. “A lithograph printed in 1857 shows streets of stately buildings, imposing seats of learning, church spires that pierced the clouds, elegant hotels and theaters, the river full of floating palaces. its levees lined with bales and barrels of merchandise and the white smoke from numerous factories hanging over the city like a banner of peace and prosperity. To one who in that day approached Sumner from the east and saw it across the sun, which like a burnished mirror reflected its glories, it did indeed present an inspiring aspect.”

A Boston man, who had been invited to invest in the town, asked a young man named John J. Ingalls to go out



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to investigate. The emissary reached St. Louis October 1, 1858, took passage on the Missouri River steamer *Duncan S. Carter*, and on October 4th landed at Sumner. When he looked out on the town, so it is said, he announced his decision, which was also a prophecy, "Behold the town of the future senator from Kansas." A few days later he realized that Sumner's days were numbered, for Atchison, then a town nearly as large, won the election for the location of the county seat of the new county of Atchison. The president of the Sumner Town Company, a member of the House of Representatives, had "log-rolled" a bill through the House making Sumner the county seat. But the bill died in the Senate, and the election became necessary.

The first blow to Sumner was the coming of the railroad to Atchison. "The smoke from the locomotive engines drifted to Sumner and enveloped it like a pall. Sumner's race to extinction and oblivion was rapid. One day there was an exodus of citizens; the houses were torn down and the timbers thereof carted away, and foundation stones were dug up and carried hence. Successive summer rains and winter snows furrowed streets and alleys beyond recognition and filled foundation excavations to the level, and ere long a tangled mass of trees and brambles hid away the last vestige of the once busy, ambitious city!"

Perhaps the local historian who wrote that epitaph was too loyal to Kansas to tell of the tornado of June, 1860, that helped along the destruction. But the tornado must be given due credit.

In 1867 there was but one town in all the western half of Kansas. That town was Rome. It was born of the railroad, and it died when the railroad passed on. But

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in the meantime its history was glorious. It was a typical pioneer railroad community. The first house was a tent. Soon Buffalo Bill (W. E. Cody) built a handsome stone store, where he did business for a time. Within a week there were five hundred inhabitants, and soon this number quadrupled—business men, soldiers, railroad graders, gamblers, hunters, and cutthroats. The stores did a tremendous business—especially the saloons. Of course there were signs that told of "The Lone Star," "The Dewdrop Inn," "The Occidental," "The Graders' Retreat," and "The Last Chance."

When the railroad built an embankment between Rome and the new town of Hays City, thus cutting off Rome from Fort Hays and throwing the fort's custom to Hays City, the doom of Rome was sealed. A year later came the cholera, which took many of the people who had resisted the appeals of Hays City to move over there. And by 1870 the town was gone. "To-day not even a ruin remains, and the traveler can see but an enormous patch of sunflowers to mark what was once the metropolis of all western Kansas."

The annals of Kansas contain nothing more diverting than the brief story of the bitter fight between Leoti and Coronado, which issued in the extinction of the latter. Leoti had its beginning in 1885, while Coronado—three miles distant—was incorporated a few months later. In little more than a year Coronado contained more than one hundred buildings. "But—and this brought fame to the town—there was a newspaper whose editor waged bitter war with the editor of the Leoti paper. Such country newspaper conflicts were at that period common incidents of the growth of many young towns; that between the rival Kansas towns was thoroughly typical. Each

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town—through its paper—charged the other with lies, forgery, fraud, trickery, bulldozing, and intimidation, and finally with murder.”

The secret of the trouble was that both Leoti and Coronado wished to be named the county seat of the county in which both were located. Leoti managed to get the first advantage by persuading the Governor to take a census of the proposed territorial unit, as a preliminary to organization. Now the census-taker appointed was a citizen of Coronado. Leoti, fearing that something detrimental to her interests would be done, asked leave to send a representative with him, that the town might not be misrepresented. Then Coronado asked a like favor. The request of both was denied. Leoti might not have been troubled, but for the statement made by the editor of the Coronado paper, “As a public official Mr. Brainerd intends to do his work impartially, but, as a citizen of Coronado, he is for this town first, last and all the time.”

On November 12, 1886, the census-taker reported to the Governor that there were 1,095 householders in the proposed county, with 817 voters. Yet a month earlier, in charging Coronado with unfair action in delaying the organization of the county, the Leoti paper had accused Coronado of tricky legal action which deprived “nearly one thousand voters of their right of franchise.” And in November a delegation from Leoti went to Topeka to find the census-taker, intending to charge him with conniving with Coronado to delay the organization of the county, “because they were unable to get enough signers to their memorial to make Coronado the county seat.”

The Governor listened to representatives of both towns, and decided to appoint a disinterested commission who

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should canvass the county for votes for the county seat; he did not feel sure that Coronado's memorial, with its 1,700 signatures, could fairly be contrasted with Leoti's paper and 500 signatures. The town which secured the coveted honor was to have two county commissioners as well.

Both towns again demanded the right to send representatives with the special commission, and this time the demand was agreed to.

When the result announced was 451 votes for Leoti, and 285 for Coronado, the Coronado people explained the success of their rival by saying: "No doubt Leoti has a majority of the votes cast. Four townships were intimidated from voting by the presence of 72 teams loaded with rifles, shotguns, and imported bulldozers from Wallace, Greeley and Hamilton counties, 242 in number, put there by Leoti agents." Whereupon the Leoti paper came back with the charge that Coronado men had said that they would win if it cost them fifty dollars per vote, that they had imported men from other counties, and that they had employed a United States marshal, without authority, to guard the polls, and that the polls in Coronado were "covered by men stationed in stairways and second-story windows, armed with Winchesters, and that in addition to these they had 300 armed men to use in case of an emergency."

The good feeling between the towns was not increased by the trip of a Leoti man to Coronado to argue with the local editor. The argument was carried on with a horse whip. The editor of a paper in a neighboring county was a partisan of Coronado. He told how "Leoti was the scene of a genuine cowboy raid. Anticipating trouble over the county-seat war, Leoti had sent to Wallace after

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a band of fifteen or twenty cowboys, armed to the teeth, to assist in protecting their rights. Not being needed for protection, they proceeded to shoot up the town. The post office was riddled with bullets, every business building fired into, men were compelled to dance at the point of fired revolvers, including the county clerk, and one man was shot through the foot."

Acting on the report of his commission, the Governor, on December 24, 1886, proclaimed the new county, with Leoti as temporary county seat, the permanent location to be chosen later.

In February, 1887, the election was held, but over 400 Coronado boomers refused to vote, claiming that the election was illegal, because of a legislative action which, they declared, postponed the election until March 10.

Then came disorder, and the killing of several Leoti men by Coronado sympathizers, and the calling out of state militia to guard Leoti against Coronado attack. "Leoti was closely guarded to prevent surprise from the enemy, and a large rifle pit was dug near the town well at the center of the town. Pickets were also placed around Coronado to prevent the escape of any of the citizens before the authorities could get action."

Fourteen Coronado men were arrested and taken to the Leoti jail. Later a total of twenty were under arrest, "all prominent business men, including a banker and the president of the town company." Most of these were released later, for lack of evidence, but one man remained in custody, awaiting trial. A Leoti mob tried to take him from custody, intending to lynch him; they were prevented only by a sheriff who fired into the mob. The man was finally acquitted by jury, though it was necessary to take him to another county for a fair trial.

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The next chapter was the visit of a mob from Leoti to Coronado, seeking vengeance. While some Coronado people were hurt, the death of the leader from Leoti was the most tragic result.

Leoti was again victor in the legislature on March 10, 1887, whereupon the Coronado paper came out printed in red, with the picture of a spread-eagle and a crowing cock—claiming the victory because of fraud. It was charged that Leoti had cast 500 illegal votes, and that Coronado had been intimidated from casting a full vote by armed forces intrenched in rifle pits around the polls. But the impartial historian says that "both towns were fortified by earthworks and rifle pits."

The fight was continued until September, 1888, when Leoti offered to give lots to all Coronado citizens who would remove to the county seat. The offer was accepted with alacrity, and within a few months nearly every building in Coronado was moved to Leoti, and in the spring of 1889 the president of the Coronado town company was elected a member of the Leoti City Council.

One house remained in Coronado. This was occupied by an old couple. A tricky lawyer, learning that the title to the land had been lost, took it as a homestead and moved with his family into the building. Ten enraged farmers removed the new occupants and moved the house to a neighboring farm. The sentiment of the neighborhood was apparent when, in response to the lawyer's suit for \$10,000 damages against each of the offending farmers, he was awarded fifty-seven cents.

So Coronado passed into history. But Leoti did not reap the fruits she had hoped for; she has never become more than a little country town.

The story of the conflict is worth telling, because it is

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typical of many county-seat wars in the settlement of the Middle West. It did not last so long as the famous contest in Hamilton County, where two sets of officers issued scrip and attempted to erect county buildings. Coolidge and Kendall entered the lists with Syracuse for the coveted honor. Coolidge disappeared from the map. And it did not have all the spectacular features that characterized the later triangular fight between Cimarron, Ingalls, and Montezuma. An ambitious irrigation scheme, and the building of a railroad that has disappeared, were incidents in the fight, which resulted in the temporary victory of Ingalls, though Cimarron had been county seat since 1892. The legal record of the case that was responsible for the disappearance of Montezuma contained over three thousand pages. To-day there is a Montezuma in Gray County, but it is not on the old site.

The tragedy of the disappearance of towns after county-seat wars is relieved by the pure comedy of the life and death of Runnymede in Harper County.

A writer in the *Kansas City Star*—a survivor of the experiment—has said that Runnymede, which was located two miles north of the present town of that name—“was a combination of British inexperience, credulity, some money, considerable cockneyism, but withal a jolly lot of men and women transplanted to a bold Kansas prairie, where the immigrants expected to grow rich in a day and a night, and then return to England, where they would live forever afterward on champagne and venison. Two years wore off the varnish, broke the bank, and turned out the lights.”

The son of a North-of-Ireland man who had lost much money in the cotton business in the United States bought 1,700 acres of land, at \$1.50 an acre, and advertised in

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England that he was "lord of a western paradise, where golden birds sang in the trees and silver rivers ran tinkling to the sea. For \$500 a year he engaged to teach the sons of English gentlemen the mysteries of successful farming and stock raising, provide for their physical needs, and administer such educational tonics as would enable them to hold the winning hand wherever they might be. After several years' indenture he would help them to buy a farm and establish themselves."

The site chosen for Runnymede was in the middle of a boundless prairie, with only one town in sight. It was to be the great commercial depot of the West.

The writer in the *Star* told of his experience: "It was with glowing hearts that my party of sixteen men and women sailed from England May 29, 1889, for the New World. Flags waved over our departure from Euston Station. So anxious was I to obtain agreeable quarters at the end of my journey, that, with fearful extravagance, I sent a long cablegram to build me a house forthwith and have it ready for me upon my arrival. When I reached Runnymede there was no house in sight, and we were glad, likewise disgusted, to find quarters in the ranch house, where we braved the horrors of corn bread and fat bacon—a new shock to our digestive apparatus—until houses were built."

An honest confession was made: "Some of us had considerable money—enough to be considered poor in England, but comfortable in the United States. None of us had any financial sense. While we waited for a miracle to be performed that would transform our arid home into a blooming garden, and the town of Runnymede into a vast metropolis, we feasted and danced and made merry. We enjoyed all the sports dear to English hearts and we



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dressed in the wonderful garments we had brought from the land where white cliffs look across the Channel to Calais. The men imagined they were in the very heart of the West, where the blood ran thickest and wildest. They wore cowboy outfits, and an arsenal of guns and knives rattled on them as they walked. They would not go outside the house unless armed to the teeth. They were fond of posing for their portraits in Harper and Wichita."

"Runnymede withered like a flower and died," is the final word of the writer, who—before coming to America—had served with the British army in India. "Its citizens are scattered from ocean to ocean. Few returned to England. If anyone should find the 'lost' town of Runnymede, let him mark the spot with a stone bearing the words, 'We had a good time while it lasted.'"



**ON THE ALLEGHENY RIVER, IN THE OLD OIL COUNTRY OF PENNSYLVANIA**



**A RICH FLOW**



**A PENNSYLVANIA OIL WELL THAT PRODUCED FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS**

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## XL

### PITHOLE CITY, PENNSYLVANIA, OIL TOWN OF 1865

**I**N the days of the oil excitement in Pennsylvania, when fortunes were being made—and lost—overnight, and towns were undergoing tremendous booms, the attention of prospectors was drawn to every watercourse in Crawford, Warren, and Venango Counties. Then towns like Oil City and Titusville had booms which proved to be permanent. But there were other towns whose booms came to nothing, in spite of wonderful promise.

The most spectacular boom—followed by the most awful, thumping fall—was experienced by Pithole City, on Pithole Creek, a few miles from its junction with the Allegheny River.

In spite of the fact that Pithole Creek was not far from the rich lands of Oil Creek, and from Oil City, which was located at the mouth of the creek, prospectors were so long in learning of oil there that maps and circulars of the oil country, prepared not only for proper commercial purposes, but also to lure the dollars of the unwary, either gave the creek without a name, or assigned no importance to the name.

But all this was changed by the discovery of a gushing well in May, 1865. Then began a rapid development that led to the growth of Pithole City, the marvelous oil town, the beginning of whose meteoric career was told in a little book printed in Pithole City itself. The writer was en-

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thusiastic, though he was giving his message when the town was on the down grade :

“Two years ago the traveler passing through the township of Cornplanter would have found it a barren and almost uninhabited district. The few backwoodsmen it sustained depended more on their rifles and the products of the forest for a living than their farms. Money existed as a general thing, only in the imagination; greenbacks were unknown, and less than two years since we feel safe in saying that not more than \$100,000 was in circulation in the county contiguous to Oil Creek. The settlers who then inhabited this region little dreamed of the vast treasure lying beneath their farms, but in their peaceful homes cared not for the outside world, and the idea of thriving and populous cities springing up on their farms never entered their heads.

“But upon the discovery of oil by the United States Petroleum Company on the Thomas Holmden farm, an immense business sprang up as if by magic along the entire Pithole Valley. The necessity of a business center soon became apparent. The Holmden farm naturally became the center of trade. Thither thousands daily rushed, bearing with them capital from every state. It was not an uncommon thing, at this time, for a million dollars to change hands in a single day. Fortune seekers from all parts of America and Europe were attracted. On every train they came rushing to ‘the land of derricks.’ From the railway terminus they scattered on rickety horses or rickety coaches over rickety roads, in search of some spot where the ‘grease’ should shower upon them untold millions.

“Buildings were erected rapidly. Solidity and elegance were sacrificed to rapidity of construction. But a people

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who displayed such 'go-ahead-iveness' in the beginning of an enterprise might safely be trusted with its completion, and the Pithole City of to-day is not the offspring of speculative excitement, but the result of Anglo-Saxon energy."

Here is a contemporary description of the city—which soon contained from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants:

"It is a wooden town; not a brick or stone house in it. The streets are narrow, with but a single plank for a sidewalk, and in many instances the plank is so far beneath the surface that more than ordinary length of limb is required to reach it. The buildings on either side are of every size and shape imaginable, from a four-story hotel to the diminutive stand of gingerbread or peanut merchant. The smell of new lumber, fresh paint, and the 'crude' is everywhere discernible. Here may be seen a building which is neither sided, floored, nor finished, but the roof is up. From the peak swings a sign, informing the public that Oil Leases will there be bought and sold (if the building gets finished and the owner gets time)."

Pithole was not on a railroad. It was necessary to transport oil by wagon over roads that, after a rain, were all but bottomless. A pipe line was built down Pithole Creek to the Allegheny River; its fall of three hundred and sixty feet in seven miles made the movement of oil satisfactory. But the people were not content until they had a railroad of their own—the Oil City and Pithole Branch Railroad, sixteen miles long, built at a cost of \$800,000. The line was built and operation of trains was begun within six months—rapid work for those days. Another road—the Reno, Oil Creek, and Pithole Railroad, was begun, the bed was graded, and ties were laid, but it was abandoned after a time.

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Until the Pithole City Water Company began operations, water was retailed on the streets for one dollar a barrel, or ten cents a pail. At times one dollar was paid for a pailful, while ten cents was the price of a cup of the necessary fluid. But when eleven thousand feet of three-inch pipe took water to all parts of Pithole, from the reservoir above the town, prices fell.

Three or four hotels, which cost from \$40,000 to \$100,000, were opened. There was talk of building an expensive structure for the use of the post office, but this was one of the plans destined never to be carried out.

The post office was not opened until there were ten thousand people on the ground. The first mail sent out contained more than one thousand letters, while there were five times as many in the fourth mail. In ten days the office force handled ten thousand letters a day. It was recorded that, when business was at the height in 1865, it was found necessary to throw open every window to accommodate the crowd (evidently doors were not sufficient as exits). At times a late comer, who entered through a window, noting the length of the line before the general delivery window, would buy himself a place near the front, and so save himself what he thought was valuable time.

Official records show that for many months the Pithole post office was third in size in Pennsylvania; only Philadelphia and Pittsburgh did more business.

A visitor to such an oil town left on record his breezy impressions of the life there:

"Whew! What smells so? Nothing but the gaseous wealth of the oily region. But pigs, mud, no sidewalks! Ah, but you are on the river bank yet. Business cannot

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afford to wash the ways down which oil vessels run nor to scrub their leaky sides. Wait until you reach the main thoroughfare, the grand promenade, the fashionable streets of the place. I waited. That is, I walked between wells and oil yards, barns and farms, along the shipping ways, keeping my bearings as I could. I found the main street, the promenade, the leading thoroughfare. It was bare of trotting buggies. It was bare of handsome carriages. It was not at all dusty. Upon one side rose a ledge of shale rocks, crowded on top with the primeval forest. At the immediate foot ran the street. No, it didn't run. It couldn't run; neither could it stand still. It was just too thick for water, and wholly too thin for land. Horses dragging heavy teams with a few barrels of oil sank below the scum and tugged on. Horsemen, booted to the middle, floundered this way and that. The narrowest plank walk, filled with hurrying men, muddy and eager, pushed by. A slip of a team horse, and his effort at recovery, sent the liquid, oily, earthy mixture of the street in showers among the walkers. Everybody was used to it."

The story of speculation has been repeated hundreds of times since, often with far less reason. Oil leases were bought at large prices, and were sold for prices much larger. Farmers found themselves looking at more money than they had ever dreamed of. Bank accounts grew miraculously, and losses and failures came just as suddenly.

Many wells once thought promising proved failures, some which had been bonanza producers soon gave out. The farm on which the original discovery was made sold, at one time, for \$1,600,000; then it became worthless. Word came of prospects elsewhere that were more encouraging, and the inhabitants of Pithole City began to



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steal away. Within a few months the city was all but deserted. It did not even have opportunity to figure in the census of 1870. In fact, the very year that witnessed the birth of Pithole also saw its rapid decline.

In 1891, when Pennsylvania's oil production reached its height, Pithole was but a shadow. And to-day the city that was once famous not only in America, but in other lands, is only a memory of millions earned, of perhaps more millions lost.

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## XLI

### TOWNS THAT WERE MURDERED

**T**HERE may be pure romance in the stories of abandoned mining communities where once thousands of people secured their living from the treasures of the earth. Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California can tell of a number of such towns. Attention was called to one of the latest of these by the announcement, made in 1923, that the sheriff of Nye County, Nevada, offered to sell the railway station at Rhyolite, on the edge of Death Valley, in default of taxes that amounted to \$81. The rather ornate station was built at a cost of \$50,000 when Rhyolite was a booming mining town. But the railroad company has ceased to exist, even the tracks of the road having been torn up. In 1912 there were twelve thousand people in Rhyolite, but when bids for the station were asked in vain, there was not one left.

A famous gold strike brought people to its bounds in a rush—and they disappeared as suddenly when the ore was exhausted.

But scattered here and there in the North, and even in the West, are the relics of towns in whose story there is not so much of romance as of tragedy. For these towns perished, not because natural wealth became exhausted in the course of proper exploitation, but because greed and folly removed the source of wealth, when wisdom would have conserved it for decades, perhaps for all time.

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The story of lumbering in America is a tale of wanton waste. It is easy to sympathize with the pioneer who felt that he must make a clearing in the forest, destroying the timber in the quickest possible manner, that he might make a home for his family, though even among men who thought it a part of the necessary business of life to destroy the trees, there were those who found more delight in sparing the forest than in seeing it vanish. Witness the Pennsylvania pioneer of early days who wrote:

“While I and my son are clearing ground, and go for a while to walk or seat ourselves in the forest among the tall oaks on a summer day, the sight of the heavens and the smell of the air give a pleasure which I cannot tell you how great it is. When I sit down to rest, the breezes of the southwest wind and the whispering noise it makes in the top of the trees, together with the fine smell of the plants and flowers, please us so exceedingly that we are almost enchanted, and unwilling to part with such a pleasure.”

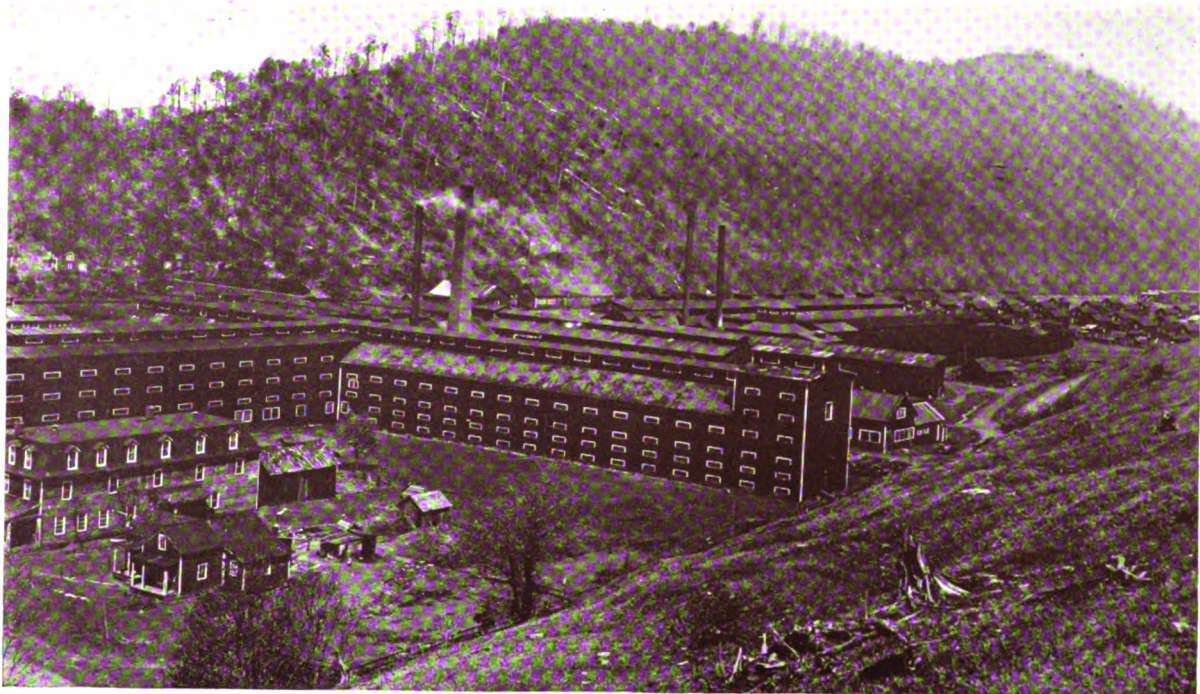
But while it is easy to understand how the pioneer could silence all thoughts of pity for the tree that stood in the way of the development of the country, it is difficult to restrain wrath at thought of the brutal butchery of the forests by those who sought only to get money out of them in the quickest possible manner. Yet when cutting lumber in Maine or Pennsylvania or Michigan a little thought and care would have preserved the mighty forests of these states for the joy and profit of generations yet unborn. But Maine has been denuded of her wonderful forest heritage, Pennsylvania's vast timber resources have disappeared, and Michigan has been robbed of its trees until there is left a mere pitiful reminder of the days of her green glory.



**ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF NORWICH, PENNSYLVANIA, IN 1903**



**THE DEATH OF A LUMBER TOWN**



A POTTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, TANNERY

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Wherever the destroyer of the trees has gone, he has left behind him the graveyard of the hopes of thousands who made their homes by the mills or near the tanneries, in the hope that they were fixed for life. Passed a few months, or at most, a few years—and then man-made desolation drove them afar to seek another home, which they would probably lose in the same manner.

Fortunately there are men and women in America who are fighting valiantly against the destruction of the pitiful remnant of the country's forest resources. Among them one of the most earnest and successful is Gifford Pinchot, once the right-hand man of President Roosevelt in his conservation policies, later Governor of Pennsylvania, where he used all his influence to halt the forces of destruction and to further the rehabilitation of the wealth of woods that gave to Pennsylvania its name. "They have taken the Sylvan out of Pennsylvania," was his lament, as he thought of the pitiful 25,000 acres of original timber left from an endowment of 28,650,000 acres. Then he announced again one of the fixed purposes of his life—to put the Sylvan back where it was, until Pennsylvania should be once again the land of the wide-spreading forests.

Let Gifford Pinchot tell the story of some of the dead lumber towns of Pennsylvania. He writes the facts simply, but the record cuts to the heart of selfishness and greed:

"Fifty years ago a vast and unbroken forest covered the extreme southwestern part of Tioga County, Pennsylvania. As late as 1870 only two families lived on the site that later became the busy lumbering town of Leetonia. Then lumbering was just beginning in the region, and only white pine was cut. Other trees, such as hemlock, birch, beech, and maple, had no market value. As many as 10,000,000

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board feet of white pine were taken out of the region about Leetonia in a single season and floated down Cedar Run. In those days the choicest white pine brought from \$3 to \$3.50 per thousand board feet.

"After most of the white pine about Leetonia had been cut out, a market developed for hemlock bark. The bark supply was so great that in 1879 a tannery, with an annual capacity of 3,000 cords, was established. Almost overnight the settlement of two families grew to a town of two hundred people. In 1882 a railroad came to town, and in 1897 a sawmill with a six-foot band saw was added to the town's business equipment. This mill was operated continuously until 1913, when it was replaced by a larger and a better mill, with a daily capacity of 100,000 board feet.

"Leetonia was at its best from 1913 to 1917. Then the town had a population of 500 people. Many men were at work in the woods preparing logs for the sawmill and peeling bark for the tannery. More men were employed at the sawmill and in the tannery.

"In 1917 it became evident that the town was doomed, for the supply of wood and bark was beginning to give out. Each succeeding year the reserve supply became lower and lower. In the early winter of 1920 the bark supply was completely exhausted, and the tannery, which had been in operation continuously for more than forty years—to be exact, since 1879—was closed down, and in 1921 the last log was cut in the sawmill.

"The closing down of the only two industries of the town was the next to the last chapter in its existence. The last chapter was the sale of the whole town of seventy houses, including the tannery, the sawmill building, and 400 acres of land, for \$6,500, the price of one modest

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city home. There was nothing left for the people to do but pack up and get out. This they did in a hurry, for in the fall of 1922—one year after the sawmill shut down—only four families remained in the town.

“Three of the four families moved out in the spring of 1923. This left only one family—that of the Forest Ranger. Within a circle of six-mile radius only one other family resides. These two families are the only human inhabitants and the sole guardians of 200,000 acres of unbroken forest land that completely surrounds their modest mountain homes.

“Forty years ago Gardeau was a young and promising lumber town in northern Pennsylvania. The only industry the town ever had was a sawmill, which made and kept the town. It had a daily capacity of 200,000 board feet and remained in operation until 1899, when all the lumber was cut out and there was no more work for it to do. For twenty years the town was busy and prosperous. At its height 1,000 people lived there and in near-by camps.

“In 1899, when all the forests around Gardeau were cut out completely, the sawmill had to close down. There was nothing left for the people to do but move. Most of them went about thirty miles northwest to Granere, where they started up another lumber town in the midst of equally fine forests. To-day nothing is left of Granere, and only five people live at Gardeau.

“In 1893 virgin forests practically covered the hillsides overlooking the site that in a few years became the biggest and busiest lumber town that Pennsylvania ever had. It was just thirty years ago that the Lackawanna Lumber Company broke ground for the town of Cross Fork. Then there were only five or six families in the entire valley. In 1895 a sawmill was erected. It burned down



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in 1897. Another one was built, which burned down in 1903. In the autumn of the same year a bigger and better mill was in full swing. Two years of lumber output of this big mill would more than encircle the globe with boards an inch thick and a foot wide.

"The sawmill was the heart of the town. The annual output of rough lumber was valued in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000. In addition to the sawmill, a stave mill, a kindling mill, a shingle mill, and a hub factory helped to bring business to the town. Every part of the town was busy, but back beyond the town the forest was filled with men at work cutting logs and bringing them to the mills. Not less than 5,000 lumberjacks were engaged in the woods. The town itself had no less than seven hotels and its post office was one of the few in Potter County that issued international money orders.

"In the early days few people thought that the forests about Cross Fork would ever be cut out, but in April, 1909, the big sawmill was closed down, and by autumn of the same year the people were leaving the town in large groups. In the winter of 1912-13 the stave mill was closed and in the fall of 1913 the railroad discontinued service.

"Almost overnight Cross Fork became a deserted village. Its decline was even more rapid than its rise. For a number of years the town was dead, but it is being resurrected. Much of the land about the town has been purchased by the state, and forest restoration is now moving ahead. Where the lumber company left almost endless stretches of desolation, the Department of Forestry has developed valuable young forests.

"For a short time the town of Norwich held a commanding place in the lumber industry of Pennsylvania. As

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late as 1909 the entire town site was covered with a dense stand of big hemlock trees. Individual acres were stocked with 50,000 board feet of lumber, and in addition yielded twenty-five cords of bark. Nowhere in the state were better stands of hemlock found. My friend and co-worker, Colonel Henry W. Shoemaker, who since his boyhood days has been studying the people and the forests of northern Pennsylvania, informs me that he saw the site of Norwich before the town was born, at its height, and after its death. He relates that the first chapter of the rise of this unique lumbering town was the erection of a few shacks and shanties, and the building of a general store in a small opening cut out of the dense forest of big hemlocks. Late in the spring of 1910 tree-felling and bark-peeling began. Then followed the lumbering operations, the erection of the sawmill, and the building of houses. By 1912 a busy lumbering town was hard at work.

“At its height the town had a population of 2,000 people. Many more men worked in the woods. They lived in shanties, shacks, and camps scattered throughout the Goodyear Lumber Company’s holdings of 30,000,000 acres. The mainstay of the town was the sawmill, with a daily capacity of 300,000 board feet. It was regarded as the most modern and best-equipped mill that ever operated in the state of Pennsylvania.

“Near the sawmill was a kindling-wood plant, and beyond it was a stave mill and a hard-wood distillation plant. To supply all these industries with raw material was a big job and required an enormous amount of equipment and an efficient organization. Over one hundred miles of logging railroads were maintained to bring the wood into the plants. In those days Norwich was a busy place. It

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turned out 90,000,000 board feet of lumber in a single year.

"When lumbering operations started almost everybody believed that the timber supply was inexhaustible. The most conservative estimates made the timber supply sufficient for not less than twenty-five years. But that all predictions were incorrect became evident as early as 1917. Then it was seen that the town was doomed. Its active life was less than ten years, for the mill that started in the fall of 1912 closed down forever on August 20, 1921.

"The story of Norwich is a forest tragedy. When the timber at Cross Fork was cut out the people went to Betula, and when no forests were left about Gardeau the people went to Granere. When the sawmill equipment was no longer needed at Leetonia it was shipped to Kinzua; but when the supply of timber at Norwich gave out, in 1921, not a single place was left in Pennsylvania where the mill could be reestablished, and the people of the town were left high and dry.

"In the fall of 1922 less than twenty families remained in Norwich. All of the remaining workmen were employed in dismantling the mill, tearing down houses, and lifting railroad tracks. According to present plans, not a single human being will be left in the town after July, 1923. Discouragement and despair are written everywhere in the village—in the faces of the people as well as in the condition of tumbledown houses and grass-covered streets. The story of Norwich is the saddest chapter in the whole history of Pennsylvania lumbering.

"The hillsides about Norwich to-day are bare. No trees of merchantable size remain, and in many places the young growth is sparse and weak. The utilization at

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Norwich was probably more complete than that of any other large lumbering operation in America. To use what is cut up to the last fragment is good business, but it is not enough. No provisions were made for forest renewal. Practically no old growth and only a thin sprinkling of inferior young growth is now present on the cut-over areas. The land is lying idle, although if it were given proper protection and care it is capable of producing crop after crop of valuable timber."

Yes, there is only tragedy in the story of the lumber towns that died—no, that were murdered. And think that the examples cited are but sample jobs of many like them! But there is romance in the uphill fight that is making to bring the dawning of the day when every lumberman will join with Joyce Kilmer in his song:

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree!  
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;  
A tree that looks to God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;  
A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;  
Upon whose bosom snow has lain,  
Who intimately lives with rain.  
Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

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## XLII

### AN ARKANSAS EPIC

**I**T is the popular idea that men who do business in the neighborhood of Wall Street have no thought of anything but the pursuit of the elusive dollar. But such a judgment has so many times been shown to be inaccurate that its persistence seems strange.

One of the multitudes of financiers who have shown that Wall Street does not necessarily turn a man's heart to stone was Austin Corbin, a millionaire whose success did not blind him to the failures about him. He was especially concerned for the Italians, who, during the later years of his activity—more than half a century ago—were flocking to New York and, instead of going on to the rural districts, that were so like the home acres in Venetia and Calabria, were living in the tenements of the East Side, in poverty and ignorance.

The philanthropist conceived what seemed to him and to some of his friends a brilliant idea, while others, of course, made fun of it. Why not send colonies of these Italian immigrants to a congenial climate where they would have opportunity to win a suitable reward for their labor? They lived so herd together; then why not colonize them on some of the vast unoccupied spaces of the Mississippi Valley?

So thousands of acres of land were bought in southern Arkansas. There—so Mr. Corbin told the mayor of



**A TYPICAL OZARK VIEW IN ARKANSAS**



**STARVED ROCK ON THE ILLINOIS RIVER**  
**(Whose Defender Gave His Name to Tontitown, Arkansas)**

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Rome, who was asked to co-operate with him in the selection of the members of successive colonies—the Italians could live in comfort, the farmer cultivating the soil, the tradesman doing the work to which he was accustomed, and all sharing in the life of the community. It was the intention to foster schools, found libraries, and arrange for all those things that bring joy and comfort.

To this colony—the name given to it was Sunnyside—Italians were duly sent, according to plan. Overseers were provided, whose duty it was to ease the way of the strangers to contentment and success.

But the overseers reported difficulties. The Italians did not take to community life. They were accustomed to vines and olives, not to cotton growing. In spite of all that could be done for them, they were always seeking something more—usually simple pleasures that had not been a part of the grand plan.

Then the philanthropist died, and his heirs could not be expected to share his enthusiasm for Sunnyside. Necessary remittances from New York fell off. One after another, the overseers, losing heart, drifted back East.

The Italians, left to their own resources, allowed their broad acres to go uncultivated. Malaria exacted heavy toll of the dissatisfied idlers, who were ready to work under conditions that were more familiar. Suffering for the bare necessities of life, they wrote frantic appeals to Italy and to Italian consuls in American cities. Was there anywhere a man who cared what happened to these people who were ready to become good Americans, if they only knew how?

Yes, there was one man. He was an Italian, living comfortably in New York. And when Father Bandini



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read of the woes of the deserted people of Sunnyside colony in Arkansas, he resolved to go to them.

He had little money, and most of what he had he spent in reaching his countrymen. Once among them, he found that their condition was worse than he had feared. Most of the women and children were dead. The land had been neglected so long that nothing could be made of it without capital which he could not command.

The only resort was to find a new home. And the company of more than one hundred who turned to him as to a father must go to that new home in very primitive fashion. Therefore he said to them:

"My children, I have come to you from a city which, although in America, is pretty nearly as far from here as it is from our dear motherland. I have promised God that I would save you, and save you I will. Where is the coward who would balk at the difficulties? Where is the materialist who will whimper if he must go without food now and then, or sleep, as our ancestors did, under the starry heavens? You are my flock, and I, your God-given shepherd, will lead you into the sheepfold. Follow me at once."

Bruno Roselli, who wrote an animated story of the events for *The Outlook*, told how the Italians responded to the call of the priest. Blindly they followed their leader, away from the malarial lands by the river into the forest of the interior. All was comparatively simple just at first, but soon winter came. They lived by catching rabbits and—when rabbit diet began to pall—more rabbits. "When spring came, berries and herbs were added to their fare. The healthiest of the men found temporary employment in helping build the branch of a minor rail-

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road. They saved every penny of their wages; the community now had some cash."

The leader managed to secure a loan of eight hundred dollars, so that when a pleasing location was found, close to the spot where Arkansas touches Kansas and Oklahoma, for less than one thousand dollars a bargain was struck for an ample acreage for beginning operations. Some of the rare capital was reserved for food, medicines, and farming tools.

Then, in an almost inaccessible forest, the foundations were laid of Tontitown—the name chosen by the priest in commemoration of Tonty, the Italian companion of La Salle, hero of Starved Rock on the Illinois River, the first Italian of whom history tells who visited the country now known as Arkansas. Logs were cut from the forests and comfortable houses were built. And one of the first structures that took form was a stone chapel in which Father Bandini led his people in thanksgiving to God for his care of them.

Years passed. A railroad was built through the country of which Tontitown is a center, then was abandoned for lack of traffic. Now the only approach to the town is by execrable roads, among the hills, and through the forests. Few people go there except those who are compelled to do so. But the Italians had learned to depend on themselves. They raised the food they needed, and were content to lack many things. They lived to themselves; their neighbors did not understand them and let them alone.

The town gradually took on the appearance of a real Italian community. "Right and left of me was Italy," Mr. Roselli wrote, after visiting the village. "The houses were built tight and compact, with green shutters and red

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roofs. A crooked path, a coquettish pergola, a row of old kitchen jars made into flower-pots, proclaimed the italianita of a place where drab and grubby existence was not thought to be an unavoidable element of farming life. The merry festoons of the vine, running from tree to tree and from end to end of the farms, reminded me of happy days of barefooted intimacy with the children of the *contadini*, pursuing a multitude of many-hued butterflies and dreams."

"Is it possible," the visitor asked, "that these trees which support the vines are actually Italian *pioppi*? I have never seen them in America before."

Then his guide explained to him that the man who had led the Italians out of the wilderness, before his death, had imported from Italy seeds, trees, flowers, tools of all kinds. With the trees came eggs of Italian insects, so that the villagers were able to listen to crickets and locusts from the homeland!

The visitor was taken into the church—a beautiful structure, the successor of two buildings that had been burned by lawless men from the neighborhood of the village. Some of the church equipment was shown, the gift of Queen Margherita, made when she was told the wonder story of the rise of Tontitown from the grave of Sunny-side.

The observation made after seeing these things in Tontitown is an illuminating reply to the question, "Are these people Americans, or are they merely foreigners in America?"

"Apparently this was Italy. Actually, a thousand times no. This was a hothouse Italy, formed of patience and love, like certain convent-made embroideries, reproducing famous altar-pieces. As an institution it was perfect, yet

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every inch of it was artificial. I never saw as plainly as I did then and there, in the heart of that apparently most Italian region, what a terrific blow the New World has dealt to the old Roman conception of authority embodied in the *jus sanguinis*—the law which gives to the offspring, no matter where born, the citizenship of the father, as opposed to the Anglo-Saxon conception of the *jus loci*, the law which proclaims the all-powerful influence of residence and environment.”

The judgment formed was stated in other terms:

“This colony was, from the point of view of Italian civilization, an obvious case of arrested development; and yet man grows here, proceeds on the road of civilized improvements and transportation; and every new element here must necessarily be either American or spontaneous, but not Italian, since the Italy of these people is the Italy of almost two generations ago.”

Then the learned student of history, known among scholars in both Europe and America, added:

“I, for one, consider Tontitown neither a strictly American town nor an Italian colony, but the most amazing modern replica of a mediæval republic; of one of those free and proud cities, battlemented and turreted, self-contained and self-sufficient, ceaselessly glorying in their Italian civilization, yet with no visible common bond with other fragments of Italian mentality and culture situated elsewhere in our planet.”

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