

An amusing sample from the collection is an invitation to a social function sent out by Governor Noah Noble. Typography as an esthetic art seems to have been unknown in the West in those days, and this, set up in big body type, is printed haphazard somewhere near the middle of a generous sheet out of all proportion as to size and margin. It evidently was an established form with the Governor, for his name is affixed in type instead of chirography and the blanks left for date and hour are filled in by his hand. It reads:

“INDIANAPOLIS, December 16, 1834.

“Sir—You are requested to unite with gentlemen of the Legislature and others in a social party at my house on Wednesday evening, 5 o'clock.
N. NOBLE.”

REMINISCENCES OF AMOS HANWAY.

From Paper read before the Indiana Centennial Association, July 4, 1900.

I CAME to Indianapolis with my father's family on the 21st of June, 1821, being then a boy in my fifth year. The family had lived in Vincennes several years before that time. Our voyage here was in an Olean Point flatboat. We went down the Wabash to the mouth of White river and came up to Indianapolis, the boat being poled along up the stream the entire way. I think, from what I have heard, that as much as three weeks were occupied in the journey from Vincennes. My father and Mr. Burke pushed the boat up-stream.

There were eighteen houses here at that time, all cabins. They were built along the bank of White river, extending about from the place of our landing to a point near where the Vandalia railroad bridge is situated. Among these eighteen families I remember John and Michael and David Van Blaricum, Daniel Yandes, Dr. Isaac Coe, John McCormick, Isaac Wilson, a Mr. Concord, Bethuel Dunning, the ferryman, Obadiah Harris, a Mr. Frazier, Jeremiah Collins and a Mr. Keeler.

The White river bridge was built in 1832 and 1833. The fine poplar timbers of this bridge were whip-sawed on the bank

where the bridge was to be, on a frame, reaching out from the bank there. The timber was got up the river eight miles and hewed about square, from a foot to three feet square, in the woods, and I rafted it down to the place where it was whip-sawed into proper shapes.

I saw the Delaware and Miami tribes of Indians pass through, going West. They camped by the river, and in the morning all of them went in swimming. They said they never swam in the evening or at night. There was a large tribe of them, over a thousand, I think, all friendly.

Camp meetings were held by the Methodists every year. The first one was south of town, on the Three-notch Line (now South Meridian street). It was on Kelly's farm, and a great crowd attended. The Methodist preachers were great enthusiasts, men of power, eloquence and earnestness. They did important work in bringing the people to the support of good government, morality and religion. Among the great men who preached there were John Strange, Edwin Ray, James Havens, Edwin Ames and James Armstrong. The next camp meetings were held for years on the Military Park ground, near the canal. Afterward the meeting was on the land occupied by the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and next it was in the grove on the land at the then north end of Illinois street, at old First street.

The National road was graded through Indianapolis in the year 1832, I believe, and some years after the grading the road from East street to Big Eagle creek, west of town, was macadamized. The broken stone was put on in strata of three inches at a time, three times, nine inches in all. Each layer was settled by use for a time, and then the next was put on. After this little patch of macadam stone was put on, Jackson and Van Buren vetoed all the National road bills, so it was a very bad road till the State gave it to a plank-road company, and the people soon rode on a plank floor, which was good till it rotted or wore out.