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My Childhood and Youth in the Early Days of Indiana

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I was born in Richland township, Rush county, Indiana, December 16, 1839. I was the tenth child in a family of eleven children, four sons and seven daughters. A daughter and a son died in their youth. My parents removed from Garrard county, Kentucky, to Rush county, in October, 1834. Eight children of the family were born in Kentucky and three in Indiana. Seven children came with my parents to this state, and one, a sister, was left in a churchyard at the former home.

If, by any means, I could have been given a choice of time and place for my birth, I would now have no reason to change either. I have lived in a wonderful period of the world's history. The memory of my past life is very dear to me.

My father was an ardent Whig, and named me for General William Harrison. The nickname "Tip," clung to me nearly as long as it did to the distinguished President.

I distinctly remember that in 1844, when a Democratic delegation passed our home going to Rushville, that my father stationed me on a large gate post near the roadside with a flag which I was instructed to wave as I shouted for Henry Clay. I often wondered why my father named me for Harrison, who was not a candidate for a second time until 1840, but it is a fact that Harrison was nominated at Harrisburg,

Pa., in December, 1839, the only instance when a candidate for president was nominated the year preceding the election. Since the telegraph at that time was not in successful operation, my father must have learned by the newspapers of his selection, in time to name me for him.

The country boy is to be congratulated. He is in touch with nature, and removed from the temptations and artificial life of the city. Eighty-three years ago the average Indiana country home was a quiet and charming retreat and its primitive surroundings were calculated to impress and mould the minds of the children who were reared amid such simple and inspiring influences. Nervous prostration was unknown in those homes.

It was the good fortune of the author first to see the light in one of these homes. The house was a plain frame building by the side of a country road, about half a mile from the junction of Rush and Decatur counties, and one mile north of Clarksburg in Decatur county. At the date indicated, and for some years afterward the present village of Richland was known as Palmyra. In time this ancient name gave place to the present modern name. Generally, those who passed our home were on horseback or in farm wagons, rarely in buggies. Around this home I saw the green grass, meadows, cornfields, wheatfields, and other crops common to farm life. I saw shade trees in the dooryard, a nearby orchard, and in every direction large forest trees, in fact, among my early associates were giant forest trees. Much of the land was "cleared" and yet the standing timber was so abundant that only one or two homes of neighbors were visible.

An open well supplied an abundance of cool water drawn in a "moss covered bucket" with the aid of an old time well sweep. Near the house were flower beds decorated with roses, marigolds, hollyhocks, pinks, black-eyed Susans, and other varieties of old-fashioned flowers. Along the highways the dogfennel grew without the least encouragement, and some pessimistic farmers even predicted that this wretched weed would eventually "take the country."

Inside the house were beds, bureaus, chests, and other articles of primitive furniture. Beneath the bed occupied by

my parents was the usual trundle-bed. During the day this was pushed to its place, and at night it was drawn from its retreat, and upon it in early infancy I passed my sleeping hours. If I chanced to roll out of bed I sustained but trifling injuries. A garret so low that adult persons must stoop at the highest point, and rafters like hands in prayer, "or the lifting up of hands at the evening sacrifice," were slanting upward on either side from floor to the cone, the full length of the house.

This home cathedral was a favorite resort for play in the day time, and as I grew in years for slumber at night. Often have I been lulled to sleep by the rain pattering upon the shingles only a few inches above my head. In later life, when cares and responsibilities have banished repose, how often have I longed for the quiet sleep of that old garret.

Donald G. Mitchell, in his beautiful word pictures in "Dream Life" speaking of the protecting power of the garret roof says:

Under the rooftree of his home the boy feels safe,

and then he propounds the question without giving an answer:

Where in the whole realm of life with its bitter toil and its bitterer temptations, will he feel safe again?

To supper at last the farmer goes,
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories told, then all to bed.
Without the crickets ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long.

The rooms of our home were ceiled without any plastering. The walls were nearly bare; the era of chromos had not appeared. There were three cheap pictures, (they cost one dollar a-piece in those days; could be purchased now for ten cents,) George Washington, Andrew Jackson, and Henry Clay hung in conspicuous places. So rare were pictures in those days that I can recall my childish delight when I became the possessor of a small colored picture showing the face of a woman. It was wrapped around a cake of shaving soap that my father had purchased. There were three large fireplaces in the home, sitting room, parlor, and kitchen.

A facetious statement appeared recently in a country paper, that we now rise with alarm clocks, when we used to waken when we heard mother pounding the beefsteak with a saucer. My father was an early riser, and soon the entire family was astir. In the winter season, when I awoke in the early morning, I saw an immense wood fire roaring and crackling like a huge bonfire. I would seize my clothes and hurry to this cheerful fireside, that seemed to say "good morning," in order to complete my toilet, and while dressing was compelled to keep turning around like a Mohammedan dervish in order to distribute over my body the excessive heat.

Sit with me by the homestead hearth
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!
WHITTIER

At this early day, the cooking stove was a stranger to our home. The cooking was done on the hearth of the kitchen fireplace. I have seen my mother and older sisters bake bread before a bright "reflector," a large curved surface of bright tin placed before a hot fire. Usually bread was baked in ovens on the hearth while coals of fire were placed beneath and heaped upon the top of it. I never saw baker's bread until after I was twelve years of age. Meats, vegetables, and other articles of food were cooked in skillets and pots arranged over the fire. I have no remembrance of a meal in my father's home when cornbread was not served. Oh, the memory of those delicious corn pone loaves! Hot from the oven, they were toothsome. At "butchering time" these pones were given an extra touch of flavor by interspersing a few "cracklings" among them, much like the government scatters red and blue threads through its bright paper currency. In the course of a few years a cooking stove was duly installed in our kitchen and soon became one of the home delights.

We never patronized a city meat shop; our "smokehouse" was an ample larder and supplied bacon, lard, beef, etc., from the farm. Chickens and turkeys, like Topsy "just grewed," and were abundant. High price of living was not then a fanciful conception, and had anyone ventured an opinion that per-

sons were then living who would see chickens sell at two dollars a-piece, he would have been laughed to scorn.

Hominy was home-made, the corn was crushed in a large improvised wooden mortar.

The rooms were lighted by the aid of the open fire, and tallow dips, a rag immersed in melted lard or tallow in a small open dish. Later, my mother would use candle wick; fastening the two ends to a stretcher she would pour melted tallow over the wick. From time to time the melted tallow was poured over the growing candle until it grew to the desired size. Finally a new revelation appeared in the neighborhood, a candle mold that would make three candles at one filling! A little later a mold that would produce six candles, and then twelve, appeared, when it seemed that the high tide in lighting had come to our home. The candles were lit as darkness supervened. The assembling of public gatherings was announced or advertised at early or late candle lighting. "At early candle lighting" was a stereotyped phrase for the beginning of church services. A pair of snuffers was a complement to the candlestick.

At the period named, it was proper to carry food to the mouth upon the knife, if the cutting edge was turned from the lips. We innocently ate pie with knife and fork, like Henry Ward Beecher, "were no more afraid of cutting our throats with a knife than we were of poking out our eyes with a fork." Tea and coffee were poured from the cup into the saucer and drank from that dish. The cup rested in a little "tea plate" same as the dish of the present day in some families for serving butter.

Oh, the pleasures of memory! More than three-quarters of a century have elapsed since I first saw the light in that old home. All the buildings have been razed, and new ones erected in their places, but I still make occasional pilgrimages to the farm now owned by strangers, where once every object was so familiar and dear to my boyish gaze.

O, I love the world I have entered in,
For the world is passing sweet,
But I miss the world I used to know,
The world that is under my feet.

JAMES G. GABLE

The pioneer people took time for the common amenities of every-day life. People drove slowly and cautiously, and neighbors had time to stop and chat when they met on the highways; strangers were saluted. Few carried watches, and sun time was fast enough; men could look at the sun and approximate the time for all necessary purposes. Standard time was a long way off. It was when

The woods were lit up by great burning logs,
And acorns rained down to fatten the hogs,
When log-rollings, raisings and quiltings were rife,
When many a Jehu courted his wife.
When folks 'went to meetin' in a wagon or cart,
And log school houses were miles apart;
When boys went to mill on the old gray mare
And waited for hours for their 'grinding' there.

JOHN S. ELLIS

If sickness came into the neighborhood, the sick were not neglected and by turns the farmers or their wives served as nurse night after night. Nor, were the sick alone remembered; visits were interchanged between the well. Often my father and mother, mounted on horses would ride to a neighbor's home two or three miles distant, and spend the entire day. It was generally my privilege to accompany them, riding behind my mother. These were genuine social visits, and not fashionable calls, and were returned in the same manner. Sometimes the horses were hitched to the farm wagon, and this supplied with chairs furnished a conveyance for other members of the family. In this manner we often went to church, or on a more pretentious visit.

There were no regular undertakers in our neighborhood. When a person died, a messenger was immediately dispatched, with measurments, to a cabinet-maker who proceeded to make a coffin from walnut lumber. At the funeral the neighbors came with wagons, carriages, and on horseback to accompany the bereaved friends to the cemetery. The corpse was conveyed in a farm wagon. Some person who was handy on such occasions conducted the burial movements. All tarried until the grave was filled, and a clergyman pronounced the benediction. Little acts of kindness did not terminate when the body was laid away, but the family was remembered.

My father died August 31, 1849, and he was buried two days later in a village cemetery one mile distant. His coffin was made of walnut lumber, without covering or handles. It was conveyed to the cemetery in our farm wagon, driven by a neighbor, Mr. John Lowry. I rode to the cemetery in this wagon sitting by the side of my father's coffin. Friends dug the grave, as there was no regular sexton. I presume the funeral expenses all told, were much less than twenty dollars.

It was the first open grave I had ever seen. The coffin containing the body of my father was lowered into the earth, and I heard the hollow sound as the clods covered it from my sight. We had been inseparable companions, and I was to see his form no more. I was to go through life deprived even of a picture of his face, as he never had one taken.

The daguerreotype had just appeared, and ambrotypes and photographs were unknown in our neighborhood. So clear is my memory of his features that if he were to rise from the dead before me, after nearly seventy-five years, I believe I would recognize him. The sorrows of childhood do not heal by the first intention, but time closes the wounds, and the scars gradually grow dim!

I found new companions in the company of my mother and a younger sister. My mother was a priestess in her family. She was a devoted parent and every one of her children found a home in the church.

My father, being a Kentuckian, "was given to hospitality." No person came to our home near a meal hour that was not invited and urged to take a place at our table. It was a stopping place for ministers of every denomination. He, as well as his horse, was fed. If the evening shades were gathering, the prophet's "little chamber, bed, table, stool and candlestick" were provided. I remember the visits of Rev. James Havens, and other pioneer ministers at our home.

How quickly are the names of early pioneers forgotten, and yet there were noble men and women who lived in former days and performed acts of courage and mercy that would entitle them to a Carnegie medal at this day. They lived, loved, and suffered hardships in clearing up forests, making highways, building schoolhouses and churches for coming gen-

erations. We cannot praise them too much. Their deeds are unrecorded, their names, often, not mentioned, and they sleep in unmarked graves. A large majority of them might be classified as "unnoticed lives." There have been saints who never were cannonized; and heroes who never were laurel crowned.

There were no daily papers circulating in our region in those days. In fact, I am not sure that a daily paper was seen in our neighborhood in the forties. The first weekly in Indiana, was the *Indiana Gazette*, established at Vincennes in 1804. It subsequently became the *Sun*. As a compensation, it was common for neighbors to spend evenings together and talk over the news and common gossip of the day. Usually there was some one in the neighborhood who could help to enliven the occasion by playing upon the violin. I have heard, many times, the invitation, "Come over some evening soon, and bring your fiddle with you." The music was not rendered by note, but rather by ear, and the commonest ragtime variety. However, it served a purpose. The first melodeon that came into the neighborhood was an object of much interest.

There were good conversationalists in those times. There was no censorship on subjects, and the theme, often, was discussed in a startling manner. I can remember, although I was not quite four years old, how my childish fears were greatly exercised by the great comet of 1843. Many were living at that time who had seen the "stars fall" in 1833, and could tell stories that would make sensations up and down the spine. This was known as the "Comet of 1843" and also the "Great Comet." It appeared suddenly, unheralded, in the northern heavens and occasioned much anxiety throughout the country. It was of immense size, and many feared that it might strike the earth and cause dire calamities. Well, it might with its

Ten millions cubic miles of head,
Ten billions leagues of tail.

Ghosts were discussed pro and con in a most exciting manner, often calculated to make my young blood run cold. While

I never chanced to meet one, the subject was often on my mind, for as Doctor Johnson said:

Nobody believes in ghosts but everybody fears them.

In 1848, the Fox Sisters of Hydesville, New York, suddenly started the agitation concerning "spirit rappings." This opened up a new field for excitement in many homes, and led to a diligent search for "mediums." For a time it seemed that the dead would appear, bringing "Airs from heaven or blasts from hell," as arguments waxed warm in regard to the source from which these mysterious manifestations came. A few believed; more doubted. Dr. Holland said of Longfellow's "Excelsior," that "it sounded like the truth, but it was a lie," and so it was with this transient hoax.

The proper time for planting corn was a practical question for evening debates. It was generally understood that the ground should be properly prepared, and as soon as the oak leaves were as large as squirrel's ears, or dog wood blossoms were fully expanded that corn should be in the ground. Growing crops were watched, and as at the present day the pessimist was abroad in the land.

As weather reports had not been anticipated in those days, men learned to "discern the face of the sky," and so there were weather prophets in every neighborhood, who were supposed with some degree of certainty to foretell the condition of the weather the next day. The advice of these "Wiseacres" was sought, when the sky looked threatening, and the meadow was to be attacked.

The Mexican war came in for its share of military criticism. Whigs were disposed to regard it as an unjustifiable war, while Democrats were sure that it was. These, and many other topics were considered and discussed at the pioneer home firesides during the long winter evenings. Politics, education, books, religion, etc., were practical matters at all times, and often the greatest zeal was manifested. Many of these little things mentioned, are little only in name. They are full of rich meaning. They illustrate classes of men and ages of time.

In those days the churches were wont to attack the doctrines of each other, and public debates were common. Men and women would go miles, and spend days in order to hear champions argue disputed creeds. Persons came back with their opinions unchanged. Modes of baptism was a favorite theme. A few years ago I saw in a second-hand book store an old volume which I purchased as a curiosity; it is the report of a debate on baptism, etc., by Rev. Alexander Campbell, and Rev. N. L. Rice. It was held in Lexington, Kentucky, during eighteen days of November and December, 1843. The book contains 912 pages, octavo, of small type. These good men have been in Heaven many years, and now, doubtless, are as little disturbed about the mode of baptism as they are whether passengers travel to Washington over the Baltimore & Ohio, or the Pennsylvania lines!

It was many years before Christians learned the lesson that spiritual ammunition should be used against the world, and not the church. Such was the prejudice and bias of those days that as a child, I thought the Methodists would certainly have a monopoly in the heavenly kingdom. There were great divines in all churches in those days, men who could by sermons "awaken sinners," and confirm the faithful believers; but too often the churches were seclusive, a marked contrast with the present day when frequently the churches of every denomination are united in one common work, forgetting the non-essentials. I think one of the greatest influences for the unity and good feeling of the churches of the present day is the leavening movement of the work of laymen, men and women, the power of the common people, so different from the clerical bigotry of former days.

The people were temperate and God fearing in my neighborhood. I never saw a saloon until I was sixteen years old, and I seldom saw an intoxicated man. As in the day of the Judges:

Every man did that which was right in his own eyes

in regard to liquor in his home. It takes the American saloon to blight the conscience of any community.

Those were wonderful days in which to live. Folks got religion at the old time camp-meetings and lived godly lives.

Men lived with one wife, and seldom ran away with another woman. When a man and a woman got married it meant that they were husband and wife until death dissolved the union. A divorce was a neighborhood gossip and a family scandal. Persons were content to endure their present ills rather than "fly to those they knew not of" and rarely committed suicide. The simple life was lived with no inclination to risk wild speculation, and one asylum of moderate dimensions was sufficient to hold all the insane in the state. Now we have in Indiana five large public and numerous private institutions, all crowded with lunatics, while doctors and humanitarians are pleading for more room and money. There are crazy people in our jails awaiting their turn to be admitted into a madhouse. And yet, with our present-day turmoil, and a promiscuous and indiscriminate scramble toward hades, we are told that the world is actually growing better!

The small boy on the farm was a valuable asset. I gathered eggs from the haymows and hidden nests, carried drinking water for those who toiled in the fields, took my turn at the dasher of the upright churn, and watched anxiously for the forming specks of butter, carried in stove wood, helped to carry in sugar water at the camp, where, as our sweet "Hoosier Poetess," Louisa Chitwood said:

When the fire flashed bright
'Neath the kettle at night,
Lighting the woods with a crimson light,
And the circling eddies of golden foam
Were sweet and rich as the honey comb.

I helped to catch the geese for my mother and others to pick, and assisted in washing the wool at the sheep shearing season. However, it was not all work. In the fall season I laid in a full supply of hickory nuts, walnuts, and chinquapin acorns. When quite a small boy, I often went to mill on a sack of shelled corn thrown across the back of an old family mare, and brought back the products, less the toll of corn meal. In time, I enjoyed the exciting sport of coon hunting

with my older brothers. Possibly those who were disturbed in their sleep thought differently, as expressed in Riley's lines:

Neighborhood made some complaints
'Bout them plague-gone hounds at night
Howlin' fit to wake the saints
Clean from dusk tel plum daylight!

It was a great privilege to go barefooted in summer time; the only drawback was the necessary foot washing at bedtime when drowsiness was a hindrance. I believe the feet of children acquire a more natural growth by this training. I have no personal experience with corns. I have gone to the meadow in the early frosty morning to drive the cows home for milking, and find my feet so cold that I would start the cows homeward, and then linger to warm my feet on the warm grass where the animals had lain.

I have often watched my mother in her chemical experiments for manufacturing soft soap. With all our improvements of the present day we have no soaps that clean better than the old time soft soap. In fact, more of the soft soap and religion of our mothers' would go far toward improving the present world!

In the forties, transportation was limited in this state. Really, we were not much in advance of the days of Homer, when they depended upon "hoof and sail." My father hauled his produce to Cincinnati, about one hundred miles, and exchanged it for groceries. The first railroad in the state, from Madison to Indianapolis, was not constructed until the year 1844. When the Whitewater canal was completed as far as Metamora and Laurel, it seemed as though little more in the way of markets would be desired. These towns were only twelve miles from our farm, and at once became trading points. Laurel had a woolen mill and exchanged woolen goods for our raw wool. I remember my astonishment when I saw a canal boat for the first time. But the canal was evanescent, and in due time was supplanted by more rapid transportation.

The Whitewater canal was turned over in 1842 to a company organized to complete it. It was finished to Brookville in 1843, to Connersville in 1845, and to Cambridge City in 1846. The valley was too steep, and it was found impossible to hold the canal. A flood in 1847

did \$100,000 damage, and the repairs for a single flood in the next year cost \$80,000. The Whitewater Valley railroad paralleled it in 1865, and forever put it out of business.—Esarey's *History of Indiana*.

I have a distinct recollection of the visits of Dr. Bell, an old time physician, to my father's home. His saddle-bag and bottles were quite a novelty to me. With a little spatula he would remove from different bottles powders and mix these together, and then divide the mass into as many doses as he desired. Sometimes he gave medicine in pill form, and occasionally in fluids. Sometimes roots and barks were made into infusions and decoctions. Domestic remedies played a prominent part in the early days. I have accompanied by father to the woods in the early fall and helped to collect boneset for use in autumnal fevers. This was cut near the ground, tied in bunches, and these hung to rafters in the garret. When occasion seemed to require, a tea was prepared from this dried plant for the patient who was required to drink more or less of this bitter decoction. Oh, the memories of childhood days when I fairly wrestled with boneset tea, and "pink and senna!" Lobelia was often resorted to by the laity as an emetic. Before the days of anesthetics which were unknown prior to 1846, an emetic of lobelia was occasionally administered to patients who had suffered a dislocation, in order to relax the muscles and aid in reduction.

Venesection, or bleeding from the arm was a common procedure three-quarters of a century ago. Doctors believed in it and the people as well. Possibly no remedy was more popular in its day than "bleeding." So popular was venesection among the masses in those days that had one of the political parties declared in its platform for this remedy it would have served a good purpose in augmenting the vote. Many of the laymen were provided with lancets, and in the absence of the doctor, used them freely when in their judgment occasion seemed to demand. Patients with fever and other diseases were universally bled. Persons were bled for unconsciousness after accidents, and it was the popular remedy for old or young when seized with a fit of any description.

On a Sunday in the early forties, a number of neighbors met incidentally at my father's home. Among these was an

older married sister whose young son had failed to grow normally. Mr. Hite, a justice of the peace, one of the learned men of the community, was present and suggested that the child should be treated by passing it through an artificial opening in a tree. This was a common procedure at that period for a supposed disease known to the laity as the "short growth." As there was no objection "to healing on the Sabbath day," an opening was soon made through one of the locust trees in our door yard, and the child was passed through the fissure. I well remember my astonishment at the sight of this charmed therapeutic agent as I daily passed it for many years afterward. The boy lived to be eleven years old, and died of dysentery during the severe epidemic of this disease, which prevailed in southeastern Indiana, in the fall of 1851.

In eruptive fevers, especially measles, where the eruption was delayed, a tea made of sheep's dung, popularly known as "nanny tea," was a household remedy. Numerous persons could attest the efficacy of this vaunted specific. Apparently, "they had tried it on the dog." There are younger physicians than I, who have been called to see patients where a hand or a foot was poulticed in fresh cow's dung! Possibly, more than one person at the present day had observed a pan of water under the bed of a patient for the purpose of checking night sweats.

Charm doctors were patronized and received fees in the early days, especially if they showed a pedigree of a seventh son; and similar fakes dressed in different uniforms exist at the present day. There are as many quacks, and vaunted remedies at this day as there were in pioneer days. Notwithstanding our public schools and colleges people are just as gullible as formerly. They even buy gold bricks at the present time!

Many persons believe implicitly in the effects of the light, and the dark of the moon. Hogs must be slaughtered at certain times or else the bacon would shrink. Even a worm fence was under the influence of the moon. It was an unfortunate affair with some to see the new moon through an obstructed vision. As a physician, I have often been asked as to the

proper sign of the zodiac in which to wean babies. I believe the knowing ones say when it is in the thighs. There is an English belief that death is more common with the flow of the tide. So Dickens in the popular feeling, makes Mr. Barkis go out with the waves into the great ocean of death.

The madstone, an aluminous shale, or sometimes a small bone from the heart of a wild deer, was deemed valuable as a remedy for hydrophobia, snake-poison, and certain septic affections. Many people formerly set great store by this worthless fraud. Quite recently a man called at my office and offered to sell me a mad-stone at a fabulous price. There were a select few who could "blow the fire" out of persons who had suffered burns, and others who could arrest hemorrhage, even at a distance, by uttering certain cabalistic words. It was not an uncommon circumstance to see persons with a forked peach tree twig, held by both hands, parading over a spot of ground in order to locate the site for a well of water. It was always proper to send some member of the household to make the dog stop its howling, and thus avert a death in the family. Many can remember when it was a common affair to see the horseshoe posted in some conspicuous place about the house. How many people believe that wedding rings rubbed on the eye will cure styas? That a copper wire around the waist, or a buckeye carried in the pocket prevents rheumatism? That red flannel (must be *red*) is good for sore throats! That malaria is due to night air? These, and a hundred other equally as foolish notions are current at the present day.

Education is not always a preventive of superstition, nor does it necessarily result in moral or religious growth. A few years ago, one of the supreme judges of the state of New York made himself ridiculous by reasons of his superstitious credence. Possibly as a survival of the fittest specimen of superstition is the dread of many educated people of the present day as they approach the small sized banquet table, until a careful count shows less or more than thirteen persons!

At the age of six years, I was started to school. This was before the day of our existing public school system. The foundation of our present free school method was established in 1852, based on the provisions of our new constitution of

the state of Indiana. The schools I first attended were known as "Subscription Schools." Patrons of the school would "sign" one or more scholars, the signing being a pledge for the particular number and payment was required, whether the pupil attended or remained at home. In some instances, the patron would sign one scholar, and send others, and in such cases the scholars not pledged, were charged with their total attendance. In order to keep the accounts correctly the roll was called at the close of each days session, and the scholars were marked present or absent.

The nearest schoolhouse was one mile distant. The path to reach it led through fields and a woodland. My companions were an older brother, during the winter, and sisters both winter and summer. We climbed over a number of fences, passed through fields, and crossed one or two brooks. Through the dense woods my father had blazed the trees, in order that we might not stray from the path. The blazing of the trees consisted in chipping off a piece of the bark on two sides of the trees, so that these denudations could be seen going or coming. In time, this footpath became so well known that every object along its way became familiar; morning and evening stumps and trees appeared like old acquaintances.

At the present day when I see school children trudging along the busy, dusty streets of our cities, nervously listening for the tardy bell, I think of the many lessons in nature they fail to read for want of country walks. I sympathize with the boy or girl who never went to a country school; likewise those at the present day who ride to country schools in wagons. What a wonderful variety of object lessons we saw along that little path. It was a living, moving, and growing kindergarten of animals and trees. Froebel never created its equal! The daily walk was a drill for me, a "preparedness." In a few short years from that time I was dressed in a natty blue uniform and marching in the southland.

The schoolhouse, consisting of one room, was about thirty by sixty feet in size. It was constructed of logs hewn on two sides, and the chinks were filled with sticks and mortar; the roof was covered with shingles.

There was no belfry nor bell. A bell was not necessary; the children were always on time unless they remained at

home an hour or two to help mother with the washing. This was a sufficient excuse in those days. In many homes at the present day, clothes-washing is one of the lost arts.

The log schoolhouse has given way to more pretentious buildings. Many persons residing in Indiana never saw a log schoolhouse. In 1863 there were 1350 log schoolhouses in Indiana; in 1902 there were three. Recently, Mr. Sam. Scott, county superintendent of Clark county wrote me:

We have two log schoolhouses in Clark county. However, both have been "weather boarded over" so that the logs do not show. One in Oregon township used by white children, the other in Charlestown township used by the colored children.

I recall distinctly my first day at school, also my amazement at the surroundings of this wonderful schoolroom. I had seen fireplaces of the usual size in my own home, but in the north end of this room, I saw one of immense proportions, possibly seven feet across. In the winter time, here a great fire was fed with wood brought in by the big boys, until it shot forth flames, and roared like a veritable furnace of Moloch in the valley of Tophet! The next object that drew my attention was a large heating stove in the center of the room. It was the first heating stove I had ever seen, and its size impressed me with all the wonder that is recorded of the young frog in the fable, that saw the cow grazing in the meadow.

The seats were rough, and the backs consisted of a single narrow transverse strip, however, ordinarily, we were not crowded. Thoreau said he would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to himself, than to be crowded on a velvet cushion. I had plenty of room on the seat, and still more beneath, for, like Noah's dove, I found "no rest for the sole of my foot."

The usual branches taught at that period were reading, writing, arithmetic, and grammar. The textbooks in use were Webster's spelling book, McGuffey's series of readers, Talbott's arithmetic, and Kirkham's grammar. Recently in reading Miss Tarbell's life of Lincoln, I notice that she gives praise to Kirkham's grammar as the source for Lincoln's training in the English language. Few persons at the present day are acquainted with this standard book. It is many years

since we parted and yet, somewhere in my brain cells I carry one of its lessons:

Language in its most extensive sense implies those signs by which men and brutes communicate to each other their thoughts, affections, and desires.

Considerable attention was given to spelling. When we remember that the schools were not systematically graded, we are surprised that teachers found time to instruct so many pupils.

Finally, my time came and I went to the teacher to "say my lesson." I had been provided with a brand-new book, Noah Webster's Elementary Spelling Book, in blue paper backs. It was a most wonderful book. In examining it some years later, I observed that the title-page boldly asserts that it is: "The cheapest, the best, and the most extensively used spelling book ever published." I presume that statement has never been challenged. Records show that sixty-two millions of copies of this book were issued.

At that early period teachers had not discovered the short cut to an education as at the present day, in teaching pupils to read before they learn their letters, so I began with the a, b, c's. With the blade of a little white handle knife, the teacher, Mr. William Hogue, pointed out each letter from a to z and I repeated the name after him.

On an opposite page of the book, I saw a picture of a teacher directing with her right hand a pupil who timidly holds to her left, to a hill upon which stands the Temple of Knowledge surmounted by a dome styled "Fame." I presume I considered the picture to be emblematical, and with my feet upon the first rung of the ladder, I began ascent. Dear old spelling books; in a few weeks its mysteries were unfolded to me page by page, until I arrived at its longest word: *i n c o m p r e h e n s i b i l i t y*! I had touched the hem of the garment of knowledge, and to a slight extent had felt some of its virtues.

One of the pleasant memories of my early school days, was the commendation of my father upon my return home at the close of the day. It was the gulf stream of love and en-

couragement warming up the latent energies of a youthful mind. Sitting upon his knees, I would recount to him how I had "turned a new leaf" in my day's lesson. His interest in my advancement was a great stimulus to my efforts. There came a day when, upon my return home I found my father was in bed, and I was told that he was sick. It was his final illness. I had made my last report to him concerning my victories, and was soon to learn a new lesson in life, my first bitter sorrow.

I had been in the school room but a short time when I saw several beech rods standing conspicuously in one corner. I confess that was anything but comforting. Like the "Mysterious Stranger" in Jane Taylor's story, who came from one of the celestial planets to reside upon the earth, and was pleased and undisturbed until he saw a cemetery and learned the sad story that death was the doom of all men, so the sight of these rods gave me apprehension for the future.

"The stick," says the Egyptian proverb, "came down from heaven." Had I known this information at that time, I would have inferred that I was "not far from the Kingdom." Finally, I came to the conclusion that whatever other inducements might have been offered in the selection of a site for this schoolhouse, that the greatest bonus presented, was the proximity of a large beech woods.

Both sexes were often punished by standing for a season upon the floor. One day little Miss L. a maiden of about twelve summers was standing upon the floor when her pantallets suddenly fell to her ankles. Did she blush? Not at all. She got mad, disentangled one foot from the wreck, and with the other foot she kicked the garment across the room! Such was the discipline in the school at that time that this little mishap occasioned no ripple of merriment or excitement. If I tell tales out of school, remember it was many, many years ago. For minor offenses boys were compelled to sit among the girls, or the girls were required to sit with the boys.

We were never kept in after school hours. If a scholar transgressed, punishment was meted out at once. The teacher was an autocrat in the school room, and to use a military phrase, he "assumed command." The pupil was punished as

the teacher deemed proper, sometimes, we would say at the present day "severely," nay, I will add most cruelly, and yet, I can recall no instance where the parents attempted in the civil courts to prosecute the teacher. The extreme dislike of pupils and parents to active discipline in schools at this day, is in marked contrast with the prevailing sentiment of sixty, seventy, and eighty years ago.

I have been in perils inside, and outside the schoolroom. I have passed under the rod in times above measure. I have stood upon the floor until my muscles ached. I have been compelled to sit with the girls, and by the side of one whose hair was of the deepest auburn, and whose eyes showed a bad case of double strabismus. At the noon hour I have been chased out of farmer Higgin's orchard by dogs. I have been restricted in my excursions into Linville's meadow, because of the demonstrations of a vicious bull that roamed at will like a living personification of the Monroe Doctrine. As St. Paul says:

None of these things moved me.

Those were the days that antedated Roosevelt, and his enunciation of a "strenuous life," and yet, as I recall the stirring events of that period, I am almost led to believe that I stood upon its threshold.

Each day's work consisted of eight hours in the schoolroom. We had a short recess at the middle of the forenoon, and also the afternoon, and an intermission of one hour at noon. The usual games at these outings were marbles, town ball, bull pen, blind man's buff, pussy wants a corner, etc.

The scholars brought their luncheon, the dinner basket being carefully filled every morning on leaving home, with substantial food prepared by a mother's loving hands. The morning walk, added to the protracted fast from the early morning meal of the farmers' homes, gave us wonderful appetites. In disagreeable weather the schoolroom served as a temporary dining hall. In warm weather we sought the shade of the trees. These picnic occasions were enlivened by stories and country gossip.

I remember how one boy would detail to us portions of letters from an uncle who then was a soldier in Mexico giv-

ing accounts of hair's breadth escapes. How little did we then surmise that in a few more short years many of us would encounter greater conflicts on battle fields than were ever dreamed of by his uncle.

One day an older boy brought to school a round oblong wooden box with sand cemented to one of its ends. Inside this box were a number of small round sticks tipped at one end with sulphur. His father had recently visited Cincinnati and brought home with him this "strange fire." The boy called them "matches," and assured us that if he were to rub the end covered with sulphur against the rough end of the box, it would "take fire." He verified his statements by igniting a couple of them. Signor Blitz never startled an audience with one of his mysterious-slight-of-hand maneuvers more than was this group of school children at the sight of a spontaneous fire. Long since the striking of a match has lost its wonderment. Many a time on a hot summer's day when the fire had gone out on our hearth-stone, I had gone with a couple of boards to Mr. Evick's a neighbor, in order to borrow fire. At once, I realized that the match was an air line route to combustion, and that we were on the eve of a domestic revolution!

Spelling matches were a source of much enjoyment at the log schoolhouse. These were usually held at night, once or twice a month. On such occasions two were selected as captains; these would choose from among the scholars, and then the two classes would take positions on opposite sides of the room. Sometimes words were given out alternately from one side to the other, while all were standing, and those failing to spell the word correctly would sit down. At other times, one from each side would stand upon the floor until one would mis-spell the word and then be seated.

Quite often the parents of the children would attend these spelling bees, and manifest a great deal of interest in the contest. Occasionally a number of good spellers from one school would be pitted against an equal number from a neighboring school. Excitement of a mild character, would run high as the spelling progressed, and the visitors would be cheered. On dark nights the larger boys would provide hickory bark torches, and these would light the path for all.

Our pens were manufactured by the teacher from goose quills. Usually he was quite proficient in this art. The common small pocket-knife is called a penknife from its former use in making and mending quill pens. As the pen became worn, it was referred to the teacher for "mending." Often he would be engaged in making or mending a pen while a class was reciting. The teacher "set" copies for writing classes, and the teachers of that period took a pride in their penmanship.

Mr. John B. Hall, a native of the state of New York, was my second teacher. He was a cultured gentleman of a high order. He was competent to teach all branches taught in the country schools of those days. He wrote a beautiful hand. He was tall, rather spare, and died a few years later, a victim of tuberculosis.

The teachers we are considering, were remarkable men. Generally, they were well qualified to teach the required branches of study. They were strict disciplinarians, and their pupils made rapid progress under their instruction. I know of only one female teacher in the rural district.

For many little acts of kindness shown me, I record her name, Miss Angeline Donnell.

I am not a teacher, nor have I made the subject of teaching a study, consequently, I am unable to express an opinion as to a comparison of the mode of teaching half a century ago with the present day. I have no doubt that we have made great advancement. When I see magnificent schoolhouses at the present day, constructed not of rude logs, but of stone and brick, and know that their rooms are supervised by trained and experienced teachers, supported by our great common school law, I am inclined to exclaim: "What a high standard of education we have a right to expect and even demand."

I want to say a word of praise for the school readers of the early day. We will never know the great debt we owe to the McGuffey's series of readers for their educational and moral training. They combine prose and poetry, history, fiction, orations and biblical extracts of beauty and sublimity. What wonderful inspirations have been implanted in the minds of pupils in studying these selections. The testing

time in life is in the common every-day life, apparently, simple duty, and not in the great crises we may chance to meet.

There stands in the center of our capital city, a stately monument dedicated to the memory of "Indiana's Silent Victors." In its order it is said to be unsurpassed in the world. One of its inscriptions tells us that 4,585 of the sons of Indiana carried our flag to the national capital of Mexico. Another states that 210,497 of her sons followed that same flag for four years in a war to maintain the Union of the States.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

And so, 24,416 of the sons of Indiana laid down their lives for their country. The deeds performed by these men were heroic, and their memory will survive so long as our nation endures. A comparatively small number of Indiana's soldiers were favored with a classical education; and as we revere the memory of our heroes, let us not forget that the rank and file, the men behind the guns, were the boys who came from our country schools of an early day, of log schoolhouses!

The cross-roads school, a rude affair,
Of oaken logs, rough hewed,
Guards with the heart of loyalty
Its rustic solitude.
Nor asks, nor hopes a fairer fate
Than the renown it hears
Sung to the service of its sons
Across eventful years

GEORGE E. BOWEN

In the fall of 1848, I began to attend a school at Clarksburg, Decatur county, one mile from our farm. The building was a plastered, but unpainted frame structure, and yet it seemed to me a promotion. The teacher, was Mr. Nimrod Kerrick, a most excellent man and well qualified to instruct. Here, also discipline prevailed under the reign of the rod. Mr. Kerrick taught for several years, and finally entered the travelling ministry of the M. E. church. After some years he located at Bloomington, Illinois, and died there in December, 1897, at the age of 88 years. He wrote a beautiful hand;

some of his writing in an old copy book in my possession looks like a copper plate print. He trained us in reading classes, and often elaborated on the subjects about which we had read. His kindly talks to the class were very helpful to me. I remember an article in McGuffey's reader by Grimke, where he compares the lives of Lafayette and Robert Raikes, in which reference is incidentally made to the sacrifice of Elijah upon Mount Carmel. His graphic rehearsal of this bible story greatly impressed me. More than sixty years later, as I rode on horseback over the plain of Esdraelon, in Palestine, I saw Mount Carmel a short distance away, and the story told so vividly by my good teacher came up before me like a real object lesson.

A few words as to my after life. My future school days were few; and I never even graduated from a high school. However, I would not exchange my training in life which I have received for a diploma from Harvard university. I believe that a person deprived of the privilege of a collegiate course can acquire a fair knowledge of the English language by improving ordinary opportunities.

In September, 1856, when sixteen years of age I accompanied some of my relatives to Montezuma, Iowa. A year later I began and continued to work for two years in a printing office, *The Montezuma Republican*. This work was educational and an inspiration for me. I mastered every department of a country printing office, preserving a copy of every paper upon which I worked. Recently, I transferred these copies to the Historical Department of Iowa at Des Moines. It was in the printing office that I formed a resolution to study medicine.

In November, 1859, I returned to Indiana where I pursued my studies for one year in a common school at Greensburg, Indiana.

A few days after my twenty-first birthday, at Greensburg, Indiana, I entered upon the study of medicine, but soon was interrupted by the beginning of the Civil war. On the 15th day of April, 1861, Abraham Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers. Three days later I volunteered, and was one of that number. I served as a private soldier in

Company B, Seventh regiment, Indiana volunteers in the three months' service, and as such was in the first engagement of the Civil war, at Phillippi, Virginia, (now West Virginia), June 3rd, 1861. I went back to Phillippi, fifty years later to a semi-centennial celebration, June 3, 1911, and with comrades of the Blue and the Gray, celebrated the anniversary of the battle. At the close of this term of service, I re-enlisted in the Seventeenth regiment Indiana volunteers, (Wilder's Brigade) and served seventeen months as a hospital steward, and eighteen months as assistant surgeon of same regiment. My name is carved, with others, in granite on the Wilder monument on the battle field at Chickamauga.

After my army service, I attended a course of medical lectures at the University of Michigan, and a second course at the Long Island College Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., where I graduated M. D. in June, 1865.

I located in Muncie in August, 1865, when at once I began the practice of medicine, and continued to practice more than fifty years. During the first four years my country trips were made on horseback. My practice was an arduous one.

I have been honored by my profession. In 1886, I was elected president of the Indiana State medical society, and presided at the session in 1887.

I have contributed more than fifty articles on medical topics for medical journals and medical societies. I have delivered several courses of lectures on the History of Medicine before classes of medical students, and at this time am Emeritus Professor of the History of Medicine in Indiana University.

In 1897, I wrote a booklet on the subject of *Uses of Suffering*, and in 1905 a small volume entitled the *World's Anatomists*. In 1911, I contributed a volume entitled *A Medical History of Indiana*.

I am historian of the Indiana State medical association. These literary efforts gave me a place in *Who is Who in America*.

In 1905, my wife and I visited Egypt, and Palestine, returning by way of Turkey, Greece and Europe.

I have not neglected the beauties and grandeur of my own native land.

In 1865, I was united in marriage to Miss Harriet Kemper, of Oskaloosa, Iowa. Four children were born to us, two sons and a daughter survive; one son died in babyhood. My wife and I shared together our joys, sorrows, and travels for nearly forty-nine years, when her earthly house of clay she forsook and entered the life everlasting.

I have served my country and my adopted city in several capacities.

I have not neglected my church obligations, serving among other duties as a Sunday School superintendent for twenty years. In 1916 I was a lay member of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, held at Saratoga Springs, New York. I have never allowed outside duties to cause me to forget that I was a physician. I have quitted the banquet table to relieve the suffering.

I have lived in a progressive period; one prolific in events and changes. I have been permitted to see many things and persons. I have seen kings, queens, and princes. I have looked into the faces of dead men and women who walked the earth about four or five thousand years ago. Doubtless, some of them conversed with Moses. I have entered cathedrals, mosques, and palaces, of kings, and seen the paintings of the great master painters.

At the time I was born, people rode in stage coaches. Railroads did not appear until a later date. I never saw a railroad until I was twelve years old, and did not ride on a train until I was sixteen. The telegraph and telephone were unknown.

I saw men and women thrusting the sickle into the ripened grain as was done in the days of the Psalmist, three thousand years ago. I saw the development of the grain cradle, and then the rude reaper, and finally the self-binder with its marvelous achievements.

In every department of science wonderful changes have been wrought in my time. Consider for a moment the advances made in medicine and surgery, anesthesia, the revelation in germ discoveries, the prevention of diseases, Lister's gospel of cleanliness, thwarting the ravages of diphtheria with antitoxins, as well as hundreds of new remedies, and improvements in surgical instruments.

I have seen men, women and children toiling in bondage because their skin was black, and have helped to break their shackles.

I have seen Abraham Lincoln and heard his talk. I have seen nearly all the Presidents from 1860 to 1920.

I have listened to Tom Corwin, the prince of political orators, Wendell Phillips, Anson Burlingame, Henry Wilson, Oliver P. Morton, and many others who thrilled the masses in the fifties and sixties of the last century.

A number of times I have heard Henry Ward Beecher in his own pulpit; and I have lost myself in ecstasy while listening to the heavenly themes of Bishop Simpson.

It is now more than eighty-three years since I first saw the light on the farm house I have described at the beginning of this booklet. My life has been one of industry, toil, and activity; sometimes I have met with hardships and occasional privation, and yet, my journey has mostly been through a sunny land. Surely goodness and mercy have ever been near me. The snows of eighty-three winters have whitened my locks, but my physical frame is fairly good considering my age.