

## Robert Glenn's Scottish Home in Indiana

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Near Caledonia, a Scotch settlement in Jefferson County, there is a very interesting old farmhouse, a bit of Scotland in Indiana. Situated on a knoll, it is approached between groups of Norwegian and Scotch pines, a picturesque setting for the ivy-covered gables of the old stone mansion which commands a wonderful view across the opposite glen. One of the three gables faces the road, the other two are on the two sides of the house. Purple flowers under the two lower windows at the front of the home remind one of the heather and thistles of the moors and highlands of Scotland. There are a number of stone chimneys, as there are fireplaces in every room on the ground floor. Above each of the deep-set, small-paned windows are smoothly serviced stone entablatures, or lintels, that are said to have been hoisted up in wheelbarrows from below, that being the only feasible way of elevating them at that time.

The house was built about 1857 by Robert Glenn who came over from Scotland in 1816. The stone and timber<sup>1</sup> were all found on the place. The carpenters and masons were men of the neighborhood, John Tait, of a Scotch pioneer family, being the head workman. After the foundation of the house was laid, it was allowed to settle for two years before anything further was done. The farm of three hundred fifty acres was purchased at a government land office, the patent being signed by President Andrew Jackson. Only two families have owned the land, as it passed from Robert Glenn to his son who sold it to David H. Boyle, father of the present owner, in 1904.

The original owner, when a boy, saw a man on the streets of Glasgow eating an apple. He picked up the peelings and tasted them, and was so charmed with the flavor that he made a vow then and there—he would have all the apples he could eat when he grew to be a man. He made his dream come true, and his Indiana apple orchards were a source of great pride to the sturdy Scot. He built a fireplace in his cellar to insure his fruit against freezing and each year sorted and stored his fruit crop carefully. He

<sup>1</sup> The timber grown on the place seems to have been of unusual height as there is a supporting beam in the barn, hewn from a single tree reaching across a space that it was thought it would take two trees to span.

had a wide door leading into the cellar directly below the front gable through which he drove his applecart and after emptying it, turned around and drove out. The door is now blocked up.

Robert Glenn was an interesting and kindly gentleman. During his life time, his home was a social center for the people of the 'kirk' as well as for those more jovially minded. He seems to have kept open house for family and friends. During one whole winter, he is said to have harbored seventeen guests beneath his hospitable roof.

There is no front entrance to the mansion, but doors on both sides of the house near the front corners, one opening from the east and one from the west. Across broad, deep, worn, old stone steps, one may enter either door into an interior full of charming antiques. The reception room leads into a broad hall that opens into a sunny kitchen that extends across the back of the house. On the left of the hall is a small parlor with deep, old fashioned stone fireplace in which burned a cheerful wood fire at the time of the writer's visit. An organ, divans, rose-backed, cane-stated chairs and rockers furnish this apartment. On the opposite side of the hall is a square dining room with a door to the kitchen. Priceless china and old glass adorn a corner cupboard. A cherry writing-desk of antique pattern, a hanging bookcase and the tall press that flanks the mantel, are outstanding attractions in this room. Radio and telephone add modernity while a large fern gives a graceful touch.

Back of the central hall is the parlor bedroom with its great bedstead, wardrobe, bedside table of cherry, and high wooden mantel surmounted by a great New Haven clock. Several old rockers and cane-seated chairs complete the furnishing. A wonderful old quilt with gorgeous pattern and tiny stitches covers the bed. Here the visitor is shown an old Bay State shawl of great size and thickness. When worn by the owner to church one morning, its crimson color acted as a challenge to her turkeys and they followed her *en masse*, squawking in protest to the very door of the sacred edifice.

The wide hall has a New England air. The original floors are of broad ash planks, so characteristic of these old houses, and the window sills are twenty-one inches deep. An intriguing stairway of easy tread leads to the upper floor

and another large hall, from which doors open into four bedrooms, one of which is seventeen by twenty-four feet. Under the stairway is the expected entrance to steps leading down into the cellar.

The reception hall has a grandfather clock, pedestal-table of cherry, lovely old divans and upholstered rockers. The glass in the windows has the iridescent light, peculiar to very old window panes. Among the books is a volume of *Rutherford's Letters*, published in 1637, in which the *s* looks like an *f*. Kenilworth ivy drapes the mantel of the kitchen and a sturdy vine with stems as large as a backsnake, flings itself as a sheltering roof, across a line, to the smokehouse.

The present owner of the Robert Glenn place is Miss Agnes Boyle. She is descended from Abidiah Hatch, one of those defiant New Englanders, who masquerading as Indians, officiated at the Boston Tea Party. Miss Boyle is entirely worthy her great-grandfather. She is a courageous young woman of unusual ability and has managed her farm since the death of her father some years ago. She has also proved herself to be a very gracious hostess for the ivy-clad, gabled-mansion which looks like a transplanted bit of old Scotland.