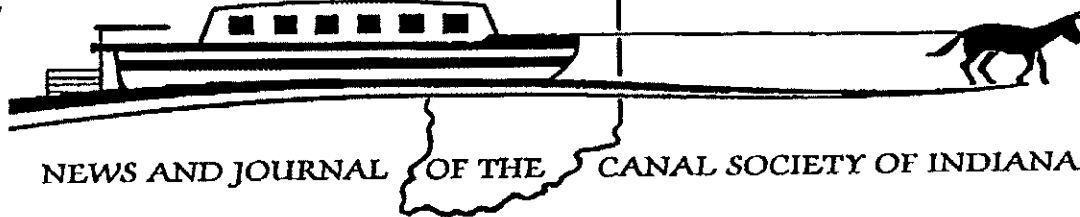


30th
Anniversary
1982-2012

THE
HOOSIER PACKET

ISSN 1545-421



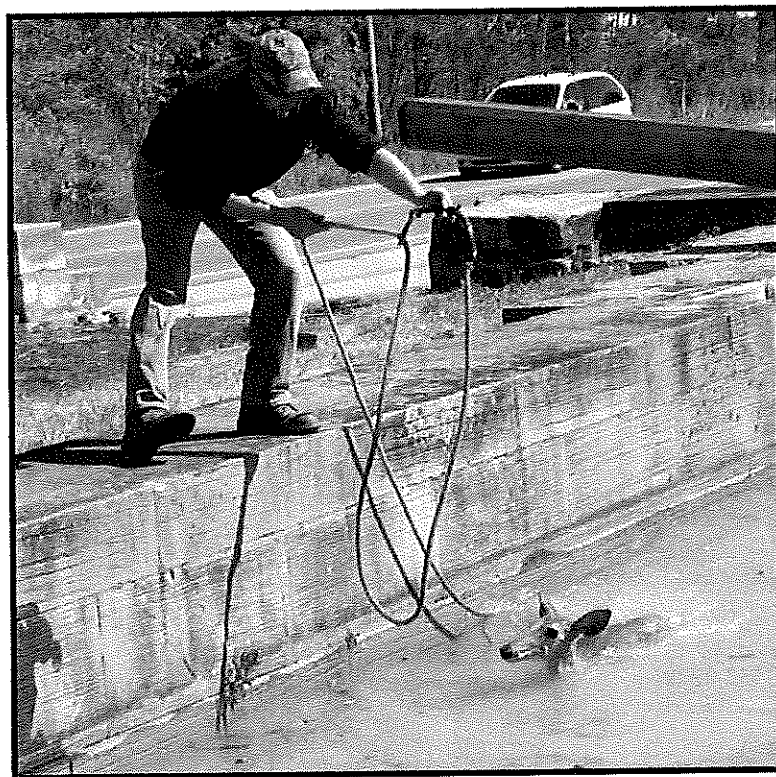
NEWS AND JOURNAL OF THE CANAL SOCIETY OF INDIANA

VOL. 11 NO. 8

P.O. BOX 10808 FORT WAYNE, IN 46854

AUGUST 2012

OH DEER!



Its all in a days work rescuing a young buck from Gordon's Lock at Metamora. Photo courtesy Whitewater Canal State Historic Site

Features

1. Bambi Takes The Plunge
3. Canawlers At Rest: Adolphus Wolf
7. Jedidiah F. Stacey And His W & E Canal Connections
10. From Times Past: Doyle & Diekey's Packet Line, Niagara, Maria Vermilyea, Toll On Indian Meal And Corn Reduced, Freshet, Iron Mine, Mail Route, Nicaraguan Canal, Comparet, Hubbell & Co., Small Canal Break, Kiser Tegmeyer Saw Mill, Small Break, Map Of Allen County, Fair Freighting, Ice Freshet
12. In Remembrance, Thank You's To CSI
13. CSI Through The Past 30 Years
14. The Canal Boat
18. Canal Bank Update
19. In Memoriam: Shirley Clark, Jim Ellis
21. Digital Driving Guide For Whitewater Byways, New Look Hoosier Packet, Speakers Bureau: Cambridge City
22. Donations to CSI Archives, Savannah's Port Update, M.E.C.C.A. Observes National Trails Day
23. News From Delphi: A Stellar Day, Delphi Receives Stellar Grant
24. Concerts On The Central Canal
25. 1835 Falcott Letter About Move West From Rome, NY To IL And I&M Canal
28. Found On Microfilm, Oops!

BAMBI TAKES THE PLUNGE

By Joanne Williams
Program Director and Cultural Administrator
Whitewater Canal State Historic Site

Swimming in the Whitewater Canal in Metamora is against regulations, but on May 2 'Bambi' took a plunge into Gordon's (Millville) Lock. The yearling buck was minding his own business when Jeremy Angel and Timmy Welke, two workers from the Whitewater Canal State Historic Site, met him on the Whitewater Canal Trail as he was making his way towards crossing U.S. Hwy 52. Angel and Welke, thinking they would save him from being hit by traffic on this busy roadway, honked their truck horn at

EDITOR: CAROLYN SCHMIDT

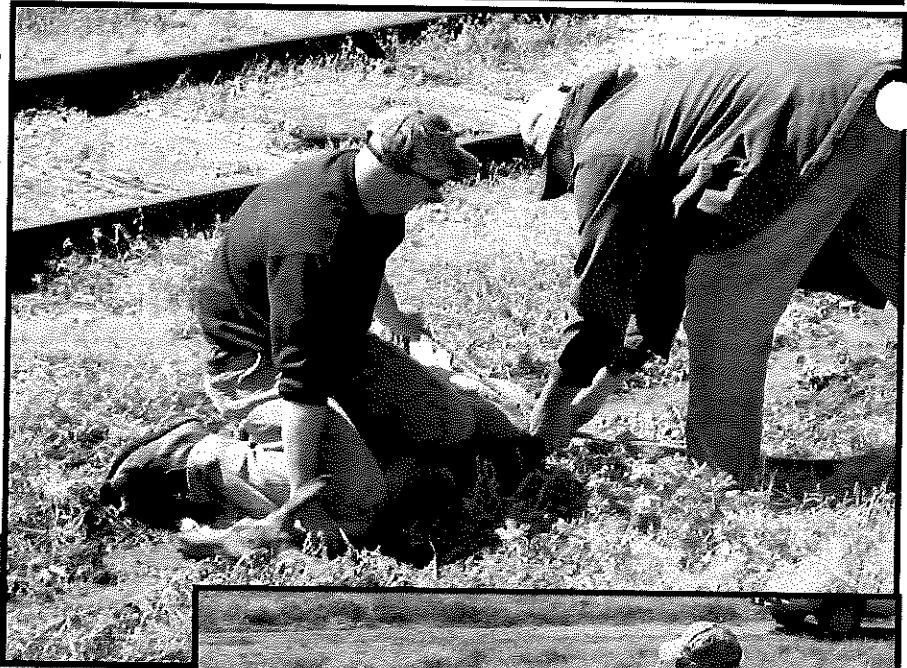
5908 CHASE CREEK CT. FT WAYNE IN. 46804

260 432-0279

THE HOOSIER PACKET - AUGUST 2012

him. Instead of heading for the hills, Bambi headed for the canal and plunged into Gordon's Lock.

After calling for additional help and a rope, Angel and Welke were able to lasso the little deer and pull him up out of the lock. Angel held on to the deer and checked for injuries. When none were found the yearling took off towards the safety of the hills surrounding the canal. Jeremy is one of the historic site's resident animal lovers.



CANAL SOCIETY OF INDIANA

P.O. Box 10808, Fort Wayne, IN 46854-0808

Phone & Fax: 260-432-0279

E-mail: indcanal@aol.com

Web: www.indcanal.org

President

Robert Schmidt
Ft. Wayne, IN
Indcanal@aol.com
Speaker—Indiana Canals

Vice-President

Frank Timmers
Carmel, IN
ftimmers@yahoo.com

Secretary

Sue Simerman
Ossian, IN
simerman46777@msn.com

Treasurer

Cynthia Powers
Roanoke, IN
zzedpowers@aol.com

Editor

Carolyn Schmidt
Ft. Wayne, IN
indcanal@aol.com
Speaker Indiana Canals

Directors

Thomas E. Castaldi
Ft. Wayne, IN
tcastaldi@yahoo.com
Wabash-Erie Canal

Charles Huppert
Burtonsville, MD
ebh@quest.net

Dan McCain
Delphi, IN
mccain@carlnet.org
Speaker, tours -appointment
wabashanderiecanal.org

Ellsworth Smith
Leo, IN
ellsworthsmith@aim.com

Gail Ginther
Metamora, IN
mctamora@gmail.com

Jeffrey Koehler
Center Point, IN
koehlerjm@frontier.com
Speaker Wabash- Erie Canal

Mike Morthorst
Cincinnati, OH
gongoozler@fuse.net

Charles Whiting, Jr.
Lawrenceburg, IN
cwhiting01@comcast.net
Speaker— Whitewater Canal

Don Haack
Ft. Wayne, IN
dombettyhaack@yahoo.com

Gerald Mattheis
Cambridge City, IN
obkhouse@frontier.com
Speaker Whitewater Canal

Brian Stirn
Delphi, IN
stirmbi@purdue.edu

CANAWLERS AT REST

ADOLPHUS WOLF

b. January 17, 1818
d. July 31, 1870

By Carolyn I. Schmidt



Adolphus Wolf was born on January 17, 1818 in Prussia (Germany). We know little of his early life. He came to the United States around 1838 and found employment on the Wabash and Erie Canal.

As early settlers came into Indiana, they found a landscape covered with hardwood trees, lakes and swamps and saw great potential for agricultural development. Trees could be removed, the swampy lands drained, and bountiful crops grown if there was a way to get them and livestock to market. However, the only transportation routes available were buffalo trails and rivers.

Rivers, especially in northern Indiana, were unreliable. They flooded in the spring, were too shallow for boat traffic in the summer, had rapids that couldn't be bypassed, and mostly flowed in a southwesterly direction. Thus goods could only reach markets via the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans.

Eastern markets offered better prices. A canal provided a cheap, reliable transportation system that opened up the Indiana frontier. Its channel was built using pick and shovel and its structures using native materials. It allowed boats to go in both directions. Cash was expended locally instead of flowing to outside interests as in the case of railroads. By building it alongside Indiana's rivers, its water supply was regulated providing a steady flow to keep the level of water in the channel at a constant 4 foot depth.

After much study ground was broken for the Wabash and Erie Canal at Fort Wayne on February 22, 1832. Jesse Lynch Williams oversaw its building. He hired engineers, section contractors and laborers. It took several

months to sign contracts and round up the crews before the digging began in June 1832.

Constructing the canal altered the geography of the State. Building a canal was like creating a manmade river. A sixty foot path through the wilderness was cleared by cutting trees and removing stumps. The workers began digging a trench. The dirt was put into two wheeled carts. Teamsters took the mule-pulled carts back and forth to the spoil banks in an endless procession. Banks were raised to hold water in the 40 foot wide canal channel. On one side was the towpath where the horses or mules would pull or "tow" the boats. On the opposite side was the berm or heel path.

The canal was built in close proximity to the river. As water was required, a stone-filled timber crib dam placed across the river created a pool of water or "reservoir" that could be diverted into the canal by way of a channel called a "feeder." Waste weirs along its banks allowed excess water to flow out so the banks would not be breached.

Along with the "feeder dams" others structures such as locks, aqueducts, and culverts were built using timber and stone. Since the northern portion of the state had an abundant supply of timber, 53 of the 73 locks of the canal were built completely of timber.

The canal was dug by thousands of Irish and German workers who toiled from sunrise to sunset for seven days a week to receive \$10 a month at first. This was slightly increased later on.

The Wabash and Erie Canal at first was to extend

from Lake Erie at Toledo, Ohio to Lafayette, Indiana on the Wabash River. When construction began it was to the west of Fort Wayne instead of to the east as would have been expected since they wanted to reach eastern markets. This was because Ohio was not eager to have Indiana's products shipped through their state in competition with those they produced. Also the Great Black Swamp had to be crossed. It was very difficult to dig through the muck and mire.

this portion of the canal, which, when completed, extended 468 miles from Toledo to Evansville, Indiana at the Ohio River.

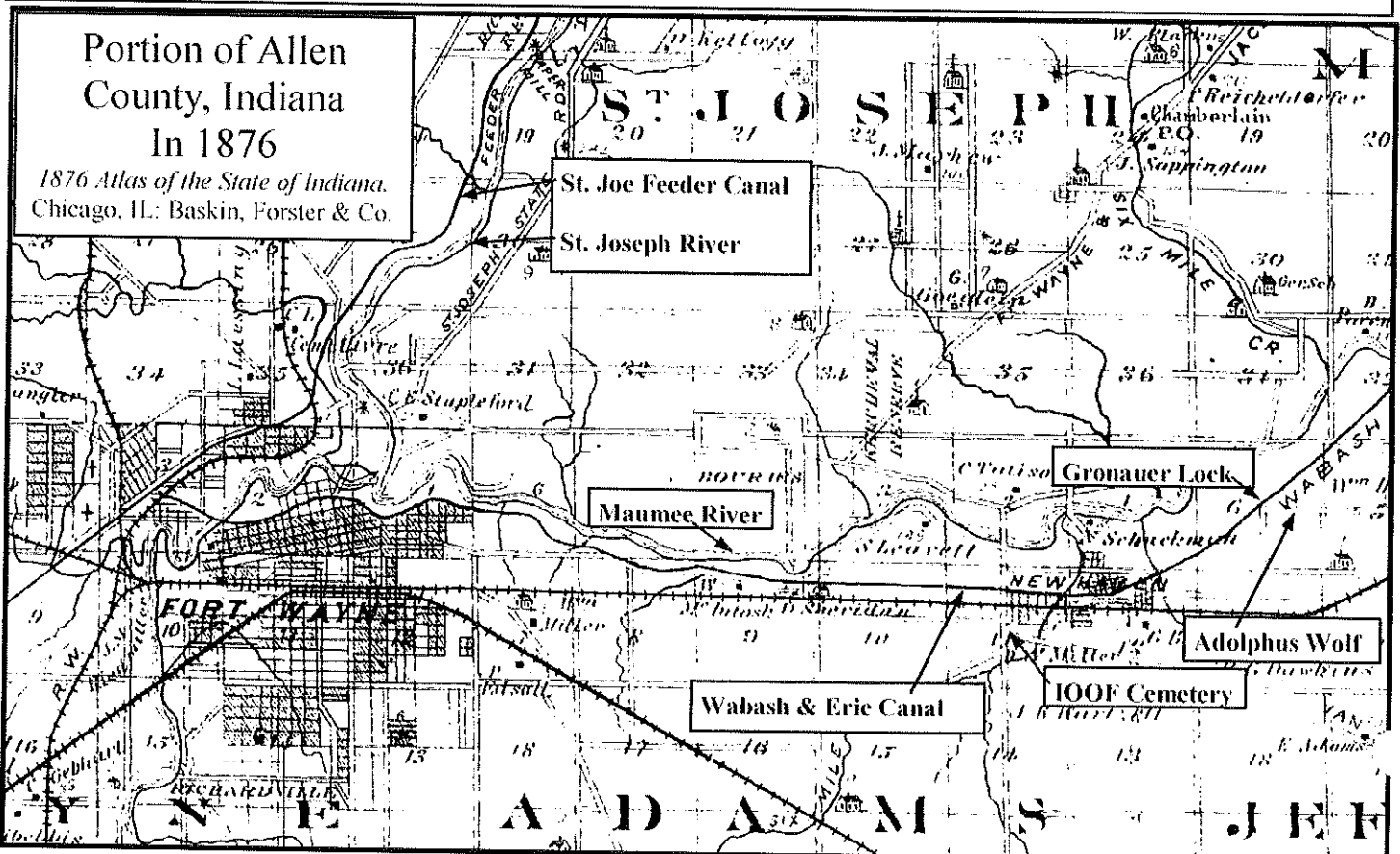
The Indiana Marriage Collection shows that Adolphus married Martha (Marthy) Uhlis (Ulias) on November 6, 1842. They had twelve children, four of which lived to adulthood.

Finally in 1837, five years after ground was broken, the canal work proceeded toward New Haven, Indiana. Adolphus Wolf, arriving a year later, easily found work on

Whether Adolphus came with money or earned it working on the canal, he bought 800 acres of land at \$1 per acre in Jefferson township, Allen county, Indiana. The ab-

ADOLPHUS & MARTHA WOLF'S FAMILY

| Name | Birth | Place | Death | Place | Marriage | Place |
|----------------------------|-----------|---------------|------------|---------------|-------------------|---------------|
| Adolphus Wolf | 1-17-1818 | Prussia | 7-31-1870 | New Haven, IN | 11-6-1842 | New Haven, IN |
| Martha Wolf | 8-31-1822 | Ohio | 1-16-1875 | New Haven, IN | 11-6-1842 | New Haven, IN |
| John W. Wolf | 8-1-1843 | New Haven, IN | 7-5-1858 | New Haven, IN | | |
| Mary A. Wolf Butler | 1845 | New Haven, IN | 12-9-1922 | New Haven, IN | (Jacob A. Butler) | |
| Sarah J. Wolf | 8-11-1848 | New Haven, IN | 3-13-1849 | New Haven, IN | | |
| Infant son | 12-6-1850 | New Haven, IN | 12-12-1850 | New Haven, IN | | |
| Infant son | 5-30-1852 | New Haven, IN | 7-6-1852 | New Haven, IN | | |
| Infant son | 7-27-1853 | New Haven, IN | 8-16, 1853 | New Haven, IN | | |
| Samuel Wolf | 1854 | New Haven, IN | 1932 | New Haven, IN | (Lavona) | |
| Macey Wolf son | 2-21-1857 | New Haven, IN | 5-1-1869 | New Haven, IN | | |
| Lucy E. Wolf | 1858 | New Haven, IN | 6-2-1895 | New Haven, IN | | |
| George Wolf | 1859 | New Haven, IN | 1-2-1937 | New Haven, IN | (Charlotte H.) | |
| Melissa Wolf | 5-12-1862 | New Haven, IN | 7-12-1862 | New Haven, IN | | |
| Jane Wolf | 1863 | New Haven, IN | | | | |



tract for the land states that he was given a section of land for his work on the canal. The land was deeded to him on July 22, 1850. He cleared it and became a farmer.

The land is on Harper Road just down from Lock #2, and locktender Joseph Gronauer's home. John Van Horn, Adolphus' great great grandson, still lives on the farm, which celebrated its 160th anniversary in 2010. The attic floor in his neighbor's garage is made of boards from Mr. Gronauer's buildings.

According to the U. S. Federal Census of 1850 Adolphus was a farmer with real estate valued at \$1,200. Living in his home were his wife Martha, his children John W. and Nancy Ann, and Samuel Ullis, a laborer and probably a brother of his wife.

The 1860 census shows Adolphus a farmer with real estate valued at \$2,000. Living with him are his wife Martha, children Mary Wolf age 14, Samuel Wolf age 5, Nancy Wolf age 3, George Wolf age 1, and Jacob Butler age 18. Mary Wolf would later marry Jacob Butler.

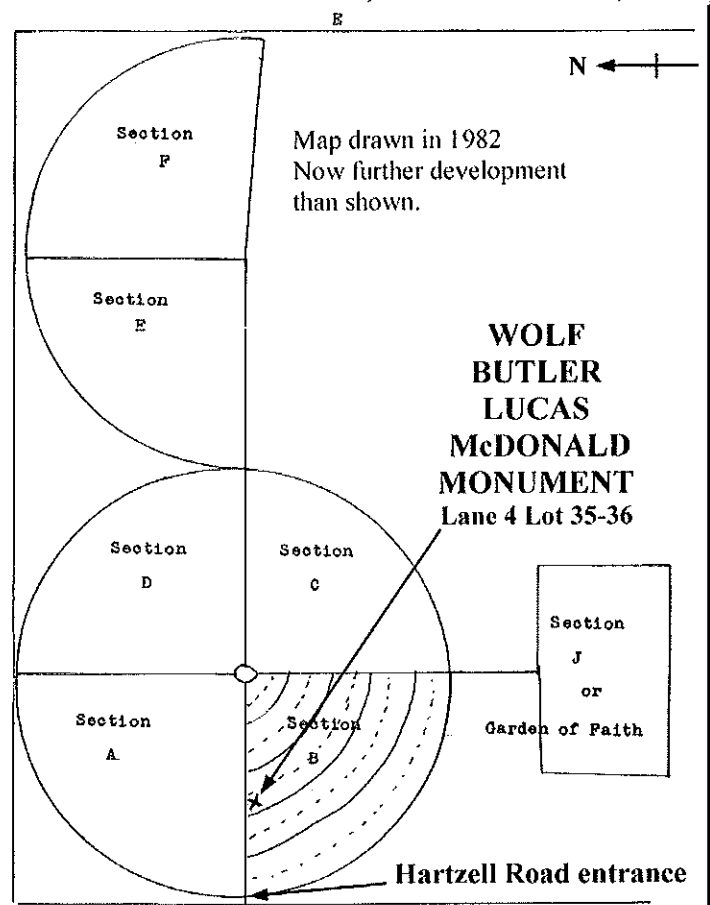
Adolphus was listed as a farmer with real estate valued at \$10,000 and a personal estate of \$1,544 in the 1870 census taken on July 16. Living with him were his wife Martha, and children Samuel Wolf age 15, George Wolf age 11 and Jane Wolf age 7. He died fifteen days later on July 31, 1870. His obituary in the *Fort Wayne Daily Gazette* on August 3, 1870 says:

"We learn of the death, on Sunday night last, of Mr. Adolphus Wolfe, one of the oldest settlers in Adams township. He came there thirty three years ago, and settled in the woods near where the town of New Haven now stands, and by patient industry acquired a competence in the shape of a good farm, on which he was living in comfort when summoned to that bourne whence no traveler returns. He died Sunday night and was buried yesterday with the rites of Odd-Fellowship."

Adolphus is buried in the IOOF Cemetery in New Haven, Indiana. His grave is in Section B on the 4th circle in lots 35-36. A large monument was erected for Wolf, Butler, Lucas and McDonald at sometime and earlier stones removed. When we reached the cemetery to photograph the monument portions of it sat beside a new concrete pad ready for reassembly. When we returned a couple of months later the monument and individual markers were nicely arranged. The monument is for Adolphus, his wife Martha, their 3 infant sons, their children John W. Wolf, Macey Wolf, Melissa Wolf, and Sarah J. Wolf, and Eliza-

Wolf monument being rebuilt in IOOF Cemetery. Photos B Schmidt

IOOF CEMETERY, NEW HAVEN, IN





Adolphus' son's wife, son and daughter.

LAVONA
1872-1939

SAMUEL
1854-1932

LUCY E.
1858-1895

Photo by Bob Schmidt



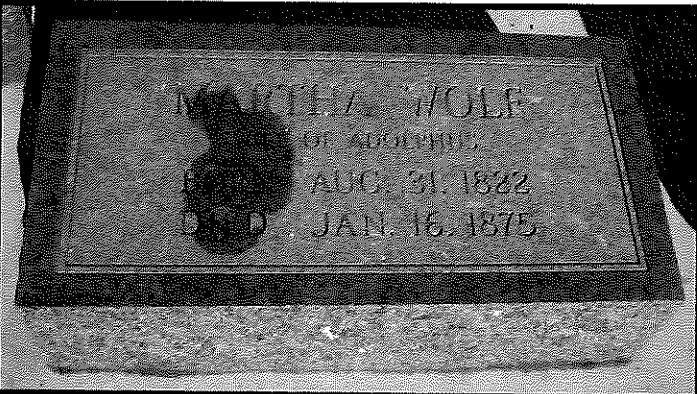
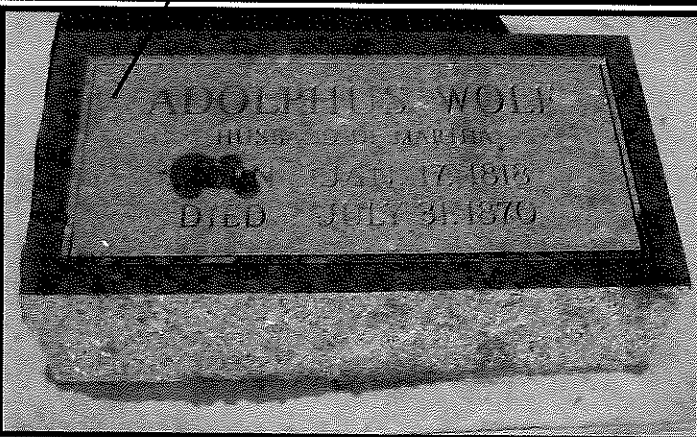
ELIZABETH
Wife of J. C. Wolf
Born
Jan. 18, 1788
Died
Mar. 11, 1848

SARAH A
Dau. Of
A & M Wolf
Born Aug 11, 1848
Died Mar 13, 1849

Adolphus' mother?

Photo by Bob Schmidt

MELISSA
Dau. Of
A & M Wolf
Born May 12, 1862
Died July 12, 1862



beth Wolf, wife of J. C. Wolf; Edmund S. Butler, Jacob A. Butler, Mary A Butler, Otto F. Butler, Frank A. Butler, Cora E. Butler Lucas, Lydia McDonald, and Wm. L. McDonald. Two small stones nearby mark the graves of two of his daughters.

Sources:

- Allen County Genealogical Society. *Adams-Jefferson Township Cemeteries, Allen County, Indiana*. Utica, KY: McDowell Publications, 1983.
- Allen County Public Library Genealogy Center. *DOOP Cemetery, New Haven, Allen County, Indiana*.
- Federal Census of 1850, 1860, 1870.
- Fort Wayne Daily Gazette* August 3, 1870.
- Griswold, B. J. *A Pictorial History of Fort Wayne, Indiana*. Chicago, IL: Robert O. Law Company, 1917.
- Indiana Marriage Collection.
- New Haven Area Heritage Association. *New Haven*. 2011.

The new A. Wolf monument with markers. Photos by Bob Schmidt

**JEDIDIAH F. STACEY
AND HIS WABASH & ERIE CANAL CONNECTIONS**

By Charles Davis

Jedidiah F. Stacey was born in Orange county, New York on October 5, 1815, where he remained until twenty-one years of age. He then went to Massachusetts where he was engaged as an employee of a railroad, which was being constructed at that time. While there he met Miss Clarinda Lynch, a native of Berkshire county, Massachusetts. They were married on January 1, 1840. On August 7, 1840 their daughter Mary Elizabeth was born at Richmond, Massachusetts. Mary Elizabeth later married Dr. Benjamin Franklin Hudson on December 19, 1858. Their daughter Ada H. Hudson married Frank S. Cumberland on February 15, 1883.

In 1856 Jedidiah and Clarinda also had a son born. He died in infancy.

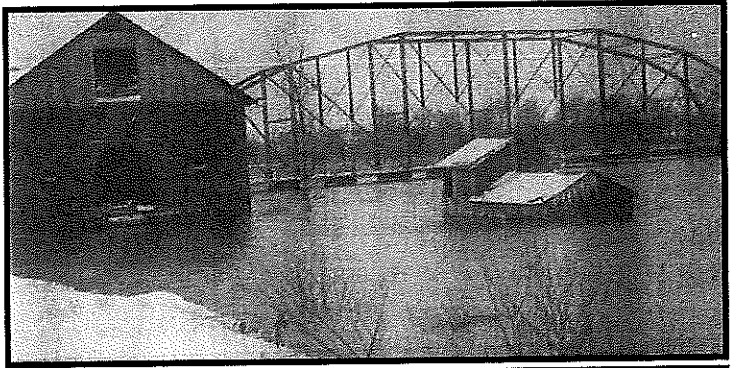
Railroading was Jedidiah's business for many years. He was in charge of a gang of railroad men most of the time. For some time he was on the New York & Erie Railroad. Then in 1849 he went to Kentucky and worked for the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. He also spent one year on the Milwaukee & Lake Superior Railroad.

In the spring of 1854 Jedidiah Stacey came to Montezuma, Indiana after working for the Indiana & Illinois Central Railroad. After spending a great many years of his life in the employ of these different railroads, he finally settled at Montezuma and became engaged in the business of buying and shipping grain. The property he acquired was through his own exertions.

When Jedidiah bought his home circa 1854 he didn't record the deed. His granddaughter Ada Hudson Cumberland lived in the house most of her life up to her death in 1953. Her obituary states, "the house she lived in had been purchased almost a century ago by her grandfather Stacey." This home lot does not show up in deed records. When Ada died it was listed in her final decree in probate records.

Jedidiah's first notable property deeds are for lots 8-9-10 fronting on the Wabash & Erie Canal on Water street in Montezuma. He purchased them on October 11, 1859. Deed Record 18/377. Next he bought part of lots 15-16 fronting on the canal on Water street on October 17, 1859 from Persius E. Harris. D.R. 18/399 Mr. Harris built a large warehouse on the south end of the lots that contained 78 square feet. It was three stories high and had a track that ran across the street to the canal so grain could be transported from the warehouse to the canal boat.

I [Charles Davis] am trying to find a deed to show who owned the canal warehouse that straddled the canal west of Jedidiah Staceys. "It sat astride the canal so that boats could enter and be loaded inside the building." This building is still there although it has had some changes to its exterior. I think this was Jedidiah's, but will wait for proof.



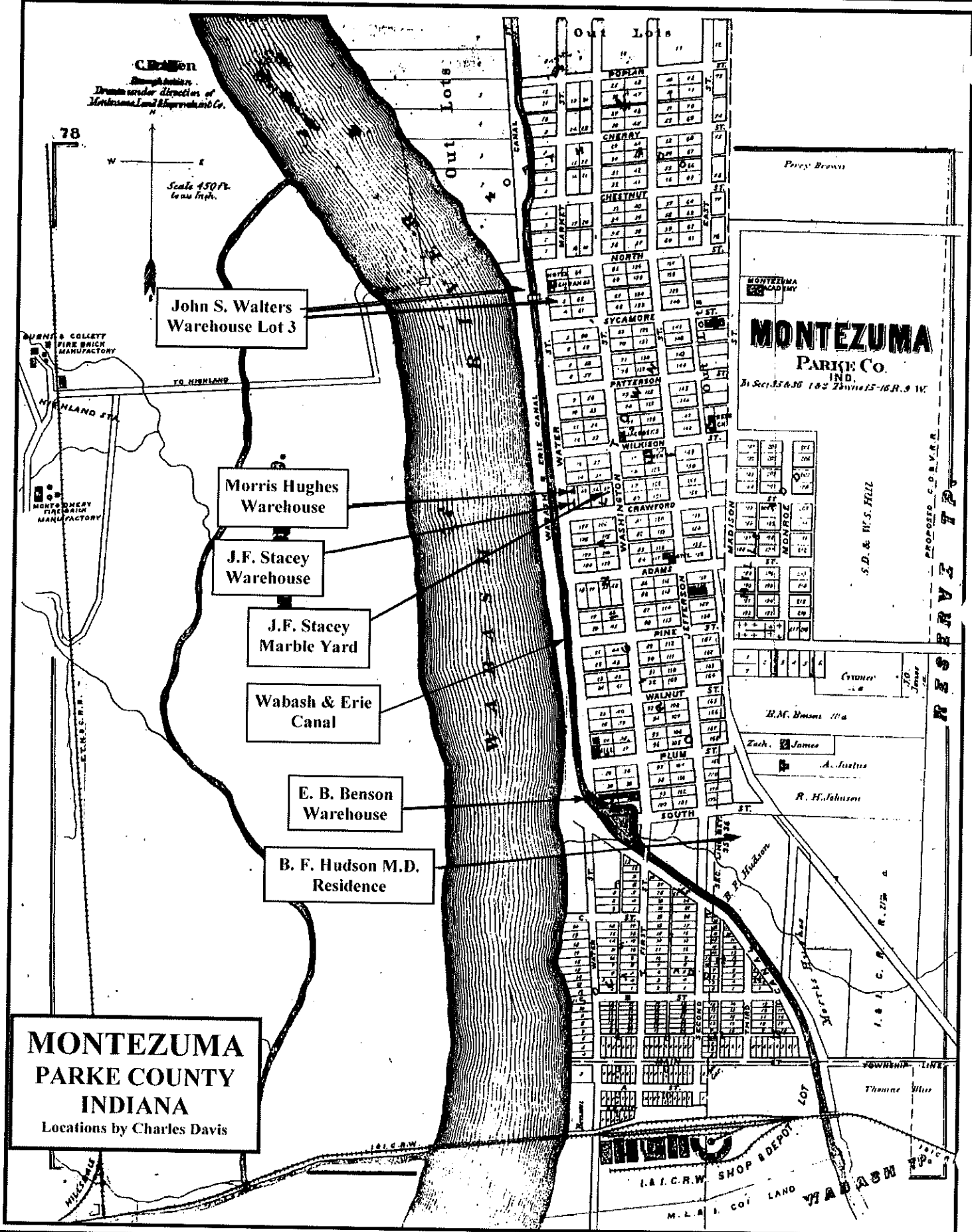
This 1913 photo shows the Wabash River at flood stage at Montezuma. The large building at the left was a warehouse and sat astride the Wabash & Erie Canal so that boats could enter and be loaded and unloaded inside. Here the canal prism is under the flood waters.

In the 1850s "Water street contained most of the stores and warehouses and had a brick pavement and brick sidewalks." Morris Hughes' Warehouse stood on the north end of lots 15-16. Hughes operated this warehouse from 1847-1857 for canal and river traffic. He sold it to Isaiah Swain for \$1400 on September 4, 1857. D. R. 17/350. Peter Sharp operated a store that sat between the two warehouses on lot 15 in 1851 and for some time thereafter.

John S. Walters had a large warehouse north of these warehouses on lot 3. This was next door to James and Jane Wilson's "Phoenix Hotel" for canal travelers. He also owned the land across the street from this lot between the canal and the Wabash River. He purchased them from Whitlock and Majors on May 24, 1848 D. R. 10/527 and March 5, 1849 D. R. 10/53 with the exception of the upper canal road bridge for \$2500. Walters then sold it back to them for \$10,000 on September 2, 1853. D. R. 14-464

In 1860 Jedidiah Stacey sold lots 15-16 to James H. Turner for \$800. Six years later on November 26, 1866 Jedidiah bought them back from Turner for \$1000. D. R. 265/387

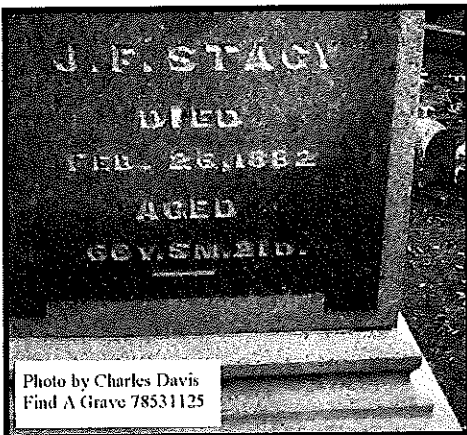
Then on September 14, 1866 he purchased part of lot 49 on Washington street from James H. Turner for \$350. D. R. 22/275 This later became the main business district. Upon this lot he set up a "Marble Yard" cutting grave stones for about ten years. His partner was Mr. Sparks. The



Rockville Republican of January 1, 1870 states, "Our cemetery [Old Montezuma Cemetery] has been graced by a monument to the memory of Richard Porter, Esq.. Stacey and Sparks have a handsome design for a monument twelve feet in height on exhibition at their marble shop on main street, opposite Wm. A. Henderson's store."

From the time he arrived at Montezuma until his death, Jedidiah was engaged in the business of buying and shipping grain and lumber via the canal and railroad. During the canal period, he was in charge of the aqueducts as well as of keeping the canal in repair from Sugar Creek to Armiesburg. Frederick Bertram Machledt worked as a carpenter in the repairing of both.

Jedidiah F. Stacey died on February 26, 1882 and was laid to rest in Montezuma's Oakland Cemetery. Although he had sold monuments, his stone is rather plain.



When Jedidiah's grand-daughter, Ada Hudson Cumberland, died, the family lines of Hudson and Stacey died with her. The *Montezuma Enterprise* of June 11, 1953 carried the obituary of Ada Cumberland. Its headline read, "Spent All Her 93 Years in This Community: Ada Cumberland Died Tuesday."

"A life-long resident of this community and possi-



Ada Cumberland

bly the oldest resident passed away last Tuesday morning when death claimed 93-year-old Ada Cumberland.

"Funeral services were to held today (Thursday) at the Presbyterian church here with burial in Oakland cemetery.

"Mrs. Cumberland was born in Montezuma September 26, 1859, the daughter of Dr. Frank and Mary Stacey Hudson. Her parents came to this locality during the 1850s via canal boat.

"A member of the first graduating class of Montezuma high school, she was married a few years later to Frank Cumberland, an undertaker, who died in 1910. Nearly all of Mrs. Cumberland's life was spent in the home on Jefferson street, which had been purchased almost a century ago by her grandfather Stacey."

In closing this story, I quote Dr. Hudson, Ada's father, from a story he told to Maurice Murphy for the *Rockville Tribune* of April 21, 1914:

"Dr. Hudson's daughter, Miss Ada Hudson, married the late Frank S. Cumberland, furniture dealer and funeral director, one of Montezuma's most prosperous citizens. When he first came to Montezuma, his friends told him not to go there, because there was so much sickness in that vicinity, and it surely was an unhealthy place. He merely replied that such a place was 'a good place for an undertaker to be.' Dr. Hudson was always proud of his son-in-law's success, but he boasted that 'Frank Cumberland never got rich off my practice.'"

GENEALOGY OF JEDIDIAH F. STACEY

By Charles Davis 2011

| | BORN | DIED | BURIED | MARRIED |
|---------------------------------|------------|------------|------------------------|--|
| Jedidiah F. Stacey | 10-05-1815 | 2-26-1882 | Oakland Cem. Montezuma | 1-1-1840 Berkshire co., Mass. |
| m. Clarinda Lynch | 9-27-1817 | 3-01-1888 | Oakland Cem. Montezuma | 1-1-1840 Berkshire co., Mass. |
| <u>Children</u> | | | | |
| 1. Mary Elizabeth Stacey | 8-07-1840 | 12-13-1922 | Oakland Cem. Montezuma | 12-19-1858 |
| m. Dr. Benjamin Franklin Hudson | 3-16-1836 | 5-10-1923 | | 12-19-1858 |
| <u>Children</u> | | | | |
| A. Ada Hudson | 9-26-1859 | 6-09-1953 | Oakland Cem. Montezuma | 2-15-1883 |
| m. Frank S Cumberland | 10-7-1851 | 2-18-1910 | | 2-15-1883 (gen. merchandise, undertaker) |
| <u>Children</u> | | | | |
| 1. Infant Cumberland | | 6-??-1884 | Oakland Cem. Montezuma | |
| 2. Infant son Stacey | | 1856 | Old Montezuma Cem. | |

FROM TIMES PAST

Fort Wayne Times & Press
March 30, 1848

We invite the attention of the traveling public to the advertisement of MESSRS. DOYLE & DICKEY's Line of Packets in another column. Arrangements have been made by which Boats will arrive here at daylight. The Boats on this line are commodious, fast-running, and commanded by urbane gentlemanly men.

Fort Wayne Times & Press
March 30, 1848

PACKET BOATS - DOYLE AND DICKEY'S DAILY PACKET LINE.

THIS line of new and splendid Packet Boats will start from LaFayette on Monday March 27th '48, at 10 o'clock A.M. arriving at Fort Wayne at 6 P.M. going east. The Line at present consists of four Boats, on the 1st of May there will be an addition of three new Packets, forming a daily Line between Covington Ind. & Toledo Ohio

OHIO.....Capt. CLARK SMITH.
ILLINOIS,..... W. N. B. HUBBELL.
INDIANA.....G. B. ALFORD.
MISSOURI.....A. VAN NESS.

For particulars apply to the Captains on board,
W. H. NOBLE, Agent

Fort Wayne Times & Press
March 30, 1848

FOR CINCINNATI DIRECT!

THE fast sailing and well appointed Canal Boat NIAGARA, Captain C. S. SILVER will leave Fort Wayne for Cincinnati as soon as the water is let into the Canal. The Niagara having large, well furnished Cabins and State Rooms offers greater inducements to the traveling public than any other Line Boat on the Canal.

CAPT. SILVER pledges himself that nothing will be unattended to that can in any way add to the comfort and convenience of those that may travel with him.

Fort Wayne Times & Press
March 30, 1848

We are requested by the Administrators to state that the Administrators' sale of the estate of Maria Vermilyea, dec'd, will take place at her late residence, on the 4th of April, next.

Fort Wayne Times & Press
April 4, 1848

We clip the following extract of a letter from Charles Butler, Esq., dated Feb. 28, 1848, from the *Tippecanoe Journal*:

"The New York Canal Board have reduced the toll on Indian Meal and Corn from 3 to 2 mills per 1000 lbs., per mile, being equal to a reduction of 33½ per cent, from the rates of last year. Two years ago they reduced the tolls on the same article 2 mills, which with this, makes a reduction of one half from the rates previously existing."

Fort Wayne Times & Press
June 8, 1848

The Freshet. — On last Friday night we were visited with one of the hardest rains that has fallen within "the memory of the oldest inhabitant." — From almost every direction we hear of bridges being swept away and vast amounts of property destroyed. At this place the St. Marys and St. Jo. were so swollen as to do much damage. The bridge across the St. Marys at the west end of the city is totally destroyed. Several streets in the city are damaged by the water sweeping across them.

The Canal, too, has suffered great injury; two breaches were made within a few miles of this city, east, one here, and one or two west. We understand that the Aboite Aqueduct has also sustained considerable damage of the extent of which, however, we have not been informed.

The repairs, we understand, are about completed and navigation will be resumed, perhaps today.

Fort Wayne Times & Press
June 8, 1848

NEW IRON MINE. — Mr. LEWIS HOUSE, of Carroll county, in this State, recently entered a tract of the Wabash & Erie canal lands, and he has discovered on it an iron mine, the richest, perhaps, in the country. The ore yields 80 per cent in some parts, and none has yet been discovered that yields less than 40.

Fort Wayne Times & Press
June 8, 1848

Mail Route. Complaint is useless, effort is vain; we must submit to the decree of Old Cave Johnson, and be thankful for a semi-weekly mail hereafter, between Toledo and the Wabash. During the past year, it has been conveyed at ruinous loss to the Contractors by Messrs. Doyle and Dickey, but with no small gain to the department at Washington. They having struck for a higher price, the mail is restored to its primitive condition, and will hereafter be carried in a pair of saddlebags across the back of a Canada pony, at the rate of 3 miles per hour. We shall receive our Cincinnati and Wabash papers, letters, &c., &c., in installments, many of which will come long after they are due. And this is economy. The niggardly occupant of the Post Master General's chair, is willing for the sake of a few dollars gain to the department, to restrict one of the most important Post Routes in the northwest, to a miserable pony back conveyance, of twice a week. — This is done with a

full knowledge of the fact that the route extends along the line of the Wabash and Erie canal, through some thirty villages, all of which are engaged in an active Commercial business, and dependant upon this mail for late news from the east and south. It is known also that the amount of business done upon the Canal, in grain, pork, lard, flour, and all the multiplied products of the three richest valleys in the northwest, exceeds six millions per annum at its eastern terminus. We venture to say that a greater outrage was never practiced by the Government upon the people, yet who shall gainsay the acts of President POLK's administratee. — *Toledo Blade*

Fort Wayne Times & Press
June 8, 1848

The Nicaraguan Canal. The editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* has read a very interesting letter from Mr. Squier, our Charge to Central America, in relation to a ship transit between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, by means of the river San Juan and Lake Nicaragua. Mr. Squier is of the opinion, from a careful observation of both the river and lake, that the project cannot be successfully carried out. — The river is entirely too shallow for vessels of even moderate tonnage; nor will the lake answer for vessels of larger size. This would seem to end all hopes of having a ship passage in that quarter. A small canal would be of no consequence. To make a canal of a hundred feet wide by thirty feet deep, would require an outlay which, we suppose, will not be risked. This statement of Mr. Squier will add additional interest to the construction of the proposed railroad over the Isthmus, from Cruces to Panama.

Fort Wayne Times & People's Press
August 14, 1851

J. J. Comparet M. W. Hubbell D. R. Comparet
1850 Comparet, Hubbell & Co., 1850
Storage Forwarding and Commission Merchants
Will Pay Cash For
FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, PEARL & POTASH,
and most other products of the country,
or make liberal advances on the same.
Warehouse east end of Columbia Street
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dawson's Daily Times
September 16, 1859

A small break is now open in the canal about twelve miles west of this place, at a small culvert.

Dawson's Daily Times
February 3, 1860

Kiser and Tegtmeyer are about to commence the building of a saw mill on the canal, just west of Edsall's mill. It will be fitted with a circular saw and a lathe and

planing machine. We are always glad to so notice such enterprises — and from the character given us of these gentlemen, we have no doubt they will succeed. — Success attend them.

Dawson's Daily Times
February 3, 1860

Map of Allen County. A lithograph map of Allen County is just published and ready for delivery at the Auditor's office in this city, by Skinner, Middleton, Strowbridge & Co., of Cincinnati, O. On examination of it we find it to be about four feet by four and a half in size, and constructed from official notes and surveys. Each township is designated by a color on its border, the sections regularly numbered and many of the sub-divisions marked with the owners names and quantity of land therein contained — the railways prominently and correctly laid down — the school houses, churches, flouring mills, saw mills, factories located and designated — the rivers, creeks and canal, traced prominently — the post office and places where towns have been laid out, marked — the Indian Reserves bounded and colored, and the margin itself embellished with a map of Fort Wayne and its surroundings and a business directory of Fort Wayne.

Altogether this map is a very creditable offering to the people. The publishers deserve a good sale thereof. The price is \$3 per copy, and all those desiring one, and better go early and purchase, for the number struck off will soon be exhausted, when the impression at the lithographer's will be rubbed out for other work, unless a new edition shall be wanted and ordered.

The townships are, beginning at the north-east: Scipio (fractional), Springfield, Cedar Creek, Perry and Eel River — the northern tier; beginning on the west, Lake, Washington, St. Joseph, Milan and Maumee — the second tier, beginning on the east, Jackson, Jefferson, Adams, Wayne and Aboite — the third tier, beginning at the south-west corner, Lafayette, Pleasant, Marion, Madison and Monroe, the southern tier — in all twenty townships.

Scipio Township is watered by a small creek which puts into the Maumee in the State of Ohio; Springfield by some small creeks which put into the Maumee in Maumee township, and by the St. Joseph river which crosses parts of sections 5, 6 and 7 — the portion of which lying on the north side of that river has been attached to and made part of Cedar Creek Township, for civil purposes — Cedar Creek by the St. Joseph river, which, entering it at the south-west corner in section 31, passes diagonally to the north-west, leaving it about midway of section 12. It is also watered by Cedar creek, which enters into the St. Jo. at Cedarville, about two miles south of the center of the Township, taking its source in Cedar Lake in DeKalb County, and enters Allen County at the north center of Perry Township, and waters about one-fourth of this latter township, at

the north-east corner. Eel River is watered by the creek of that name, which takes its rise therein, and by one branch of Cedar Creek, which also rises therein. Lake is watered by Aboite Creek, which taking its rise therein, also waters Aboite Township, passing in at the north center running out near the south-west corner. This township is also watered by the W. E. Canal and Little River, which pass into it about two miles north of this south-east corner and runs out near the south-west corner, passing the north-west corner of Lafayette through which latter township some small creeks pass which run into the Wabash river — Pleasant is watered by a branch of Little River, which heads near the south line and runs north through the center, passing across the south-west corner of Wayne Township. Pleasant Township is also crossed by the St. Marys river at the north-east corner, leaving about one half section of land on the east side of the river, which has been attached to Wayne Township for civil purposes. Marion Township is passed through by the St. Marys river, entering near the south-east corner from Adams County, and crossing diagonally to the north-west corner. Nine Mile Creek also heads in this Township and empties into the St Marys near the north-west corner. Madison, Monroe, Jackson and Jefferson are watered by the head waters of the Flat Rock, a tributary of the AuGlaize river. The Maumee beginning at Fort Wayne, by the junction of the St. Marys and St. Joseph, passes one mile through Wayne Township, runs along the northern tier of sections of Adams Township, passes out at the very north-east corner, crosses the very north-west corner of Milan, passing nearly diagonally to the north-east, enters Maumee Township two miles south of the north west corner, meandering which is the Wabash & Erie Canal on the south side. Adams township is also watered by Six Mile Creek which empties into the Maumee on the South side at New Haven, and Milan by Ten and Twelve Miles Creeks which empty into the Maumee of the North side. The township of Washington is watered by the St. Jo which runs across its south-east corner for about two miles and then into St. Jo. Township and across its north-west corner, leaving about one fourth of that area of the last named township on the west side of the river. Spy Run also takes its rise in Washington township and empties into the St. Marys at Fort Wayne. The township of Wayne is the largest in the county, having a part of Pleasant and Washington attached. The St. Marys River and the W. & E. Canal, together with the St. Jo and Maumee which passes a short distance through it, are all the water facilities belonging to Wayne.

Thus we have presented a brief of the face of the county of Allen — a county which has as yet not taken that rank which it deserves among the best of the State.

Dawson's Daily Times
November 7, 1879

Wabash & Erie Canal is doing a fair freighting

business now, and such it might have done heretofore had good management been had by it.

Dawson's Daily Times
November 7, 1879

GREAT DAMAGE BY THE ICE-FRESHET — MIAMI AND ERIE CANAL DAMAGED TO THE AMOUNT OF \$15,000. We hear that the freshet of Friday aided by the ice coming out of Auglaize and Maumee rivers this side of Defiance, caused the loss of 800 feet of Independence and 300 feet of the Providence dams. The bridge embankments on the Providence and Independence slack water are greatly damaged, involving, as is now believed, a loss to the State of \$15,000. Our fellow citizen, Judge Stebins, has sustained a loss on his farm in Henry County, of from 1,500 to 2000 bushels of corn and twelve or fifteen valuable cows, by the gorging of the ice opposite his farm and its sweeping over that portion of it between the canal and river.

We hear that the ice has broken away at Maumee and Perrysburg, and is now damned up "mountain" high in the vicinity of Delaware creek. If it breaks loose again suddenly, it is feared that it may injure property exposed to its fury here. *Toledo Times*



IN REMEMBRANCE

CSI has received memorials in honor of the following:

Shirley Ellen Clark

James A. Ellis

From Bob & Carolyn Schmidt

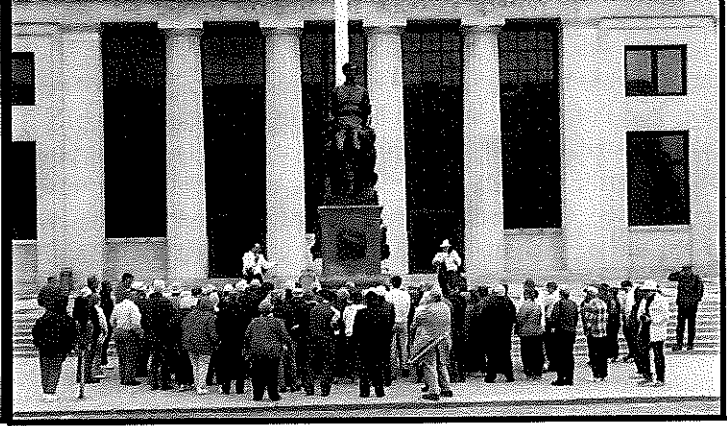
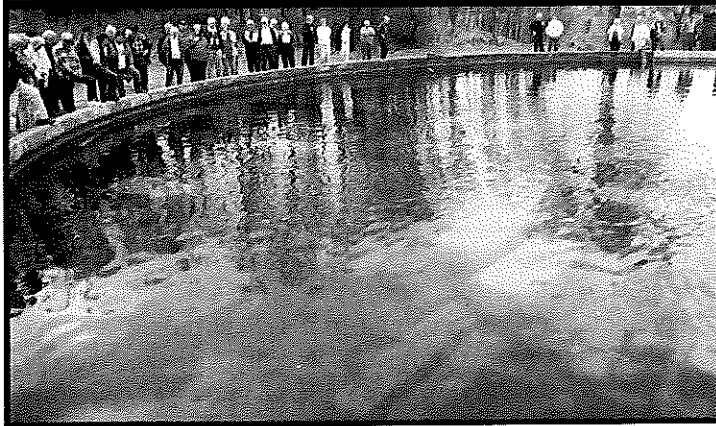
This money will be used for canal projects throughout Indiana. It will help us fulfill our mission of "Interpretation, Preservation & Restoration" by partnering with local groups and funding portions of their projects. Thank you.

THANK YOU'S TO CSI

Your kind words of sympathy are much comforting. I continue to be amazed at your work with the Canal Society projects and publication. As ever, George Clark

Thank you so much for your thoughts, prayers, calls, cards, and support. Dad so enjoyed and looked forward to each and every event and the fellowship with his "Canal Friends." The Family of Jim Ellis

CSI THROUGH THE PAST 30 YEARS



1999 "Tracking The Central" Oct. Central Canal Bob Schmidt

2003 "Low Bridge, Everybody Down" Oct. Erie Canal Bob Schmidt

1997 "The Beginnings" Apr. W&E Lock 2 Timbers Chuck Huppert

1999 "Tracking The Central" Oct. Central Canal Bob Schmidt

2003 "Low Bridge, Everybody Down" Oct. Erie Canal Bob Schmidt

1997 "The Beginnings" Apr. Lincoln Youth Statue Chuck Huppert

Last issue's answers: 1. (B), 2. (A), 3. (D), 4. (B), 5 (A)

Canal boatyards were located at all of the following towns except? A. Ft. Wayne, B. Huntington, C. New Trenton, D. Attica

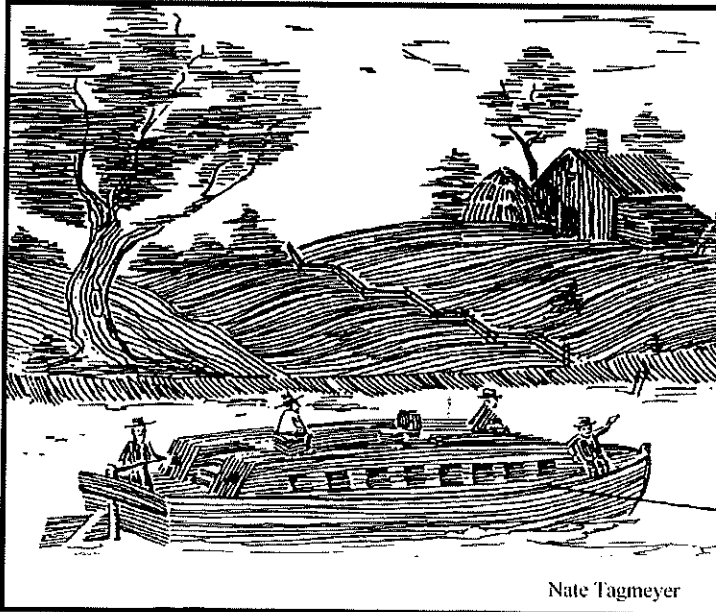
Who was not a canal commissioner? A. Reed Case, B. William Linton, C. Austin Puett, D. William Noffsinger, E. Gaylord Barton

Lagro's stone locks are named for all but? A. James Kerr, B. James Ditton C. James Durbin, D. James McDonald, E. Curly Hayes

Names of canal locks in northeastern Indiana are all but? A. Gronauer, B. Saylor, C. Moots, D. Dickey, E. Jenks

Where was the "Buttermilk" lock located? A. Peru, B. Evansville, C. Connersville, D. Indianapolis, E. Cambridge City

In which county is the Pigeon Reservoir located? A. Vanderburgh, B. Pike, C. Clay, D. Gibson, E. Warrick



The Canal Boat

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

New-England Magazine, No. 9
December, 1835, pages 398-409

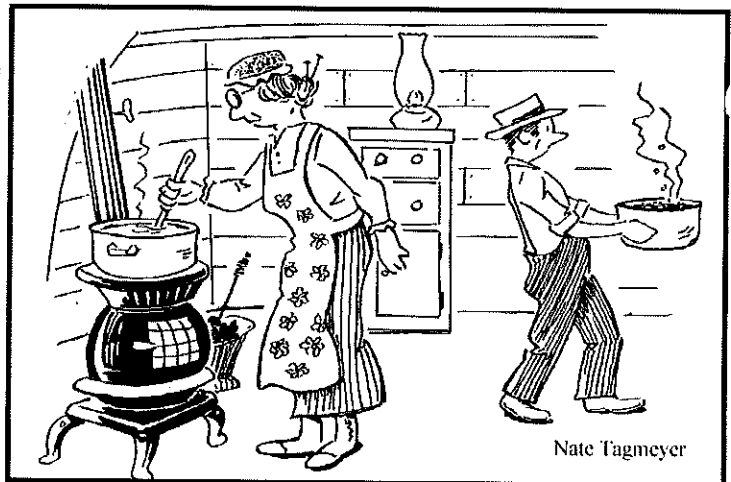
Following are excerpts from an article written by Nathaniel Hawthorne for the December, 1835 issue of New England Magazine about his trip on the Erie Canal.

I was inclined to be poetical about the Grand Canal [New York's Erie Canal]. In my imagination, DeWitt Clinton was an enchanter, who had waved his magic wand from the Hudson to Lake Erie, and united them by a watery highway, crowded with the commerce of two worlds, till then inaccessible to each other. This simple and mighty conception had conferred inestimable value on spots, which Nature seemed to have thrown carelessly into the great body of the earth, without foreseeing that they could ever attain importance. I pictured the surprise of the sleepy Dutchmen when the new river first glittered by their doors, bringing them hard cash or foreign commodities, in exchange for their hitherto unmarketable produce. Surely, the water of this canal must be the most fertilizing of all fluids; for it causes towns--with their masses of brick and stone, their churches and theatres, their business and hubbub, their luxury and refinement, their gay dames and polished citizens--to spring up, till, in time, the wondrous stream may flow between two continuous lines of buildings, through one thronged street, from Buffalo to Albany. I embarked about thirty miles below Utica, determining to voyage along the whole extent of the canal, at least twice in the course of the summer.

Behold us, then, fairly afloat, with three horses harnessed to our vessel, like the steeds of Neptune to a huge

scallop-shell, in mythological pictures. Bound to a distant port, we had neither chart nor compass, nor cared about the wind, nor felt the heaving of a billow, nor dreaded shipwreck, however fierce the tempest, in our adventurous navigation of an interminable mud-puddle--for a mud-puddle it seemed, and as dark and turbid as if every kennel in the land paid contribution to it. With an imperceptible current, it holds its drowsy way through all the dismal swamps and unimpressive scenery, that could be found between the great lakes and the sea-coast. Yet there is variety enough, both on the surface of the canal and along its banks, to amuse the traveler, if an overpowering tedium did not deaden his perceptions.

Sometimes we met a black and rusty-looking vessel, laden with lumber, salt from Syracuse, or Genesee flour, and shaped at both ends like a square-toed boot; as if it had two sterns, and were fated always to advance backward. On its deck would be a square hut, and a woman seen through the window at her household work, with a little tribe of children, who perhaps had been born in this strange dwelling and knew no other home. Thus, while the husband smoked his pipe at the helm, and the eldest son rode one of the horses, on went the family, traveling hundreds of miles



in their own house, and carrying their fireside with them. The most frequent species of craft were the "line boats," which had a cabin at each end, and a great bulk of barrels, bales, and boxes in the midst; or light packets, like our own, decked all over, with a row of curtained windows from stem to stern, and a drowsy face at every one. Once, we encountered a boat, of rude construction, painted all in gloomy black, and manned by three Indians, who gazed at us in silence and with a singular fixedness of eye. Perhaps these three alone, among the ancient possessors of the land, had attempted to derive benefit from the white man's mighty projects, and float along the current of his enterprise. Not long after, in the midst of a swamp and beneath a clouded sky, we overtook a vessel that seemed full of mirth and sunshine. It contained a little colony of Swiss, on their way to Michigan, clad in garments of strange fashion and

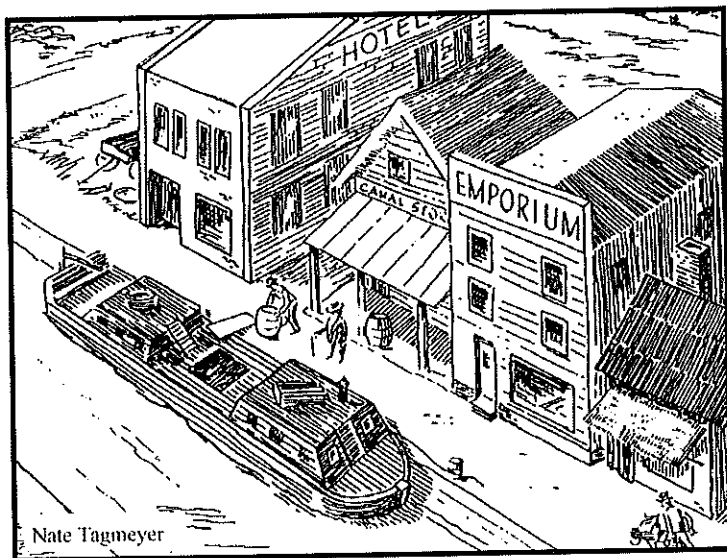
gay colors, scarlet, yellow and bright blue, singing, laughing, and making merry, in odd tones and a babble of outlandish words. One pretty damsel, with a beautiful pair of naked white arms, addressed a mirthful remark to me; she spoke in her native tongue, and I retorted in good English, both of us laughing heartily at each other's unintelligible wit. I cannot describe how pleasantly this incident affected me. These honest Swiss were an itinerant community of jest and fun, journeying through a gloomy land and among a dull race of money-getting drudges, meeting none to understand their mirth and only one to sympathize with it, yet still retaining the happy lightness of their own spirit.

Had I been on my feet at the time, instead of sailing slowly along in a dirty canal-boat, I should often have paused to contemplate the diversified panorama along the banks of the canal. Sometimes the scene was a forest, dark, dense, and impervious, breaking away occasionally and receding from a lonely tract, covered with dismal black stumps, where, on the verge of the canal, might be seen a log-cottage, and a sallow-faced woman at the window. Lean and aguish, she looked like Poverty personified, half clothed, half fed, and dwelling in a desert, while a tide of wealth was sweeping by her door. Two or three miles further would bring us to a lock, where the slight impediment to navigation had created a little mart of trade. Here would be found commodities of all sorts, enumerated in yellow letters on the window-shutters of a small grocery-store, the owner of which had set his soul to the gathering of coppers and small change, buying and selling through the week, and counting his gains on the blessed Sabbath. The next scene

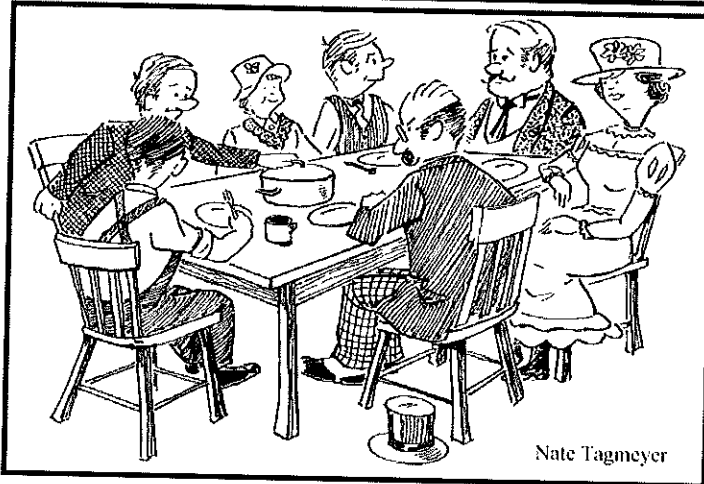
and find ourselves amid piles of brick, crowded docks and quays, rich warehouses and a busy population. We feel the eager and hurrying spirit of the place, like a stream and eddy whirling us along with it. Through the thickest of the tumult goes the canal, flowing between lofty rows of buildings and arched bridges of hewn stone. Onward, also, go we, till the hum and bustle of struggling enterprise die away behind us, and we are threading an avenue of the ancient woods again.

This sounds not amiss in description, but was so tiresome in reality, that we were driven to the most childish expedients for amusement. An English traveler paraded the deck with a rifle in his walking-stick, and waged war on squirrels and woodpeckers, sometimes sending an unsuccessful bullet among flocks of tame ducks and geese, which abound in the dirty water of the canal. I, also, pelted these foolish birds with apples, and smiled at the ridiculous earnestness of their scrambles for the prize, while the apple bobbed about like a thing of life. Several little accidents afforded us good-natured diversion. At the moment of changing horses, the tow-rope caught a Massachusetts farmer by the leg, and threw him down in a very indescribable posture, leaving a purple mark around his sturdy limb. A new passenger fell flat on his back, in attempting to step on deck, as the boat emerged from under a bridge. Another, in his Sunday clothes, as good luck would have it, being told to leap aboard from the bank, forthwith plunged up to his third waistcoat button in the canal, and was fished out in a very pitiable plight, not at all amended by our three rounds of applause. Anon, a Virginia schoolmaster, too intent on a pocket Virgil to heed the helmsman's warning--"Bridge! bridge!" was saluted by the said bridge on his knowledge-box. I had prostrated myself, like a pagan before his idol, but heard the dull leaden sound of the contact, and fully expected to see the treasures of the poor man's cranium scattered about the deck. However, as there was no harm done, except a large bump on the head, and probably a corresponding dent in the bridge, the rest of us exchanged glances and laughed quietly. Oh, how pitiless are idle people!

The table being now lengthened through the cabin, and spread for supper, the next twenty minutes were the pleasantest I had spent on the canal--the same space at dinner excepted. At the close of the meal, it had become dusky enough for lamplight. The rain pattered unceasingly on the deck, and sometimes came with a sullen rush against the windows, driven by the wind, as it stirred through an opening of the forest. The intolerable dullness of the scene engendered an evil spirit in me. Perceiving that the Englishman was taking notes in a memorandum-book, with occasional glances round the cabin, I presumed that we were all to figure in a future volume of travels, and amused my ill-humor by falling into the probable vein of his remarks. He



might be the dwelling houses and stores of a thriving village, built of wood or small gray stones, a church-spire rising in the midst, and generally two taverns, bearing over their piazzas the pompous titles of "hotel," "exchange," "tontine," or "coffee-house." Passing on, we glide now into the unquiet heart of an inland city--of Utica, for instance--



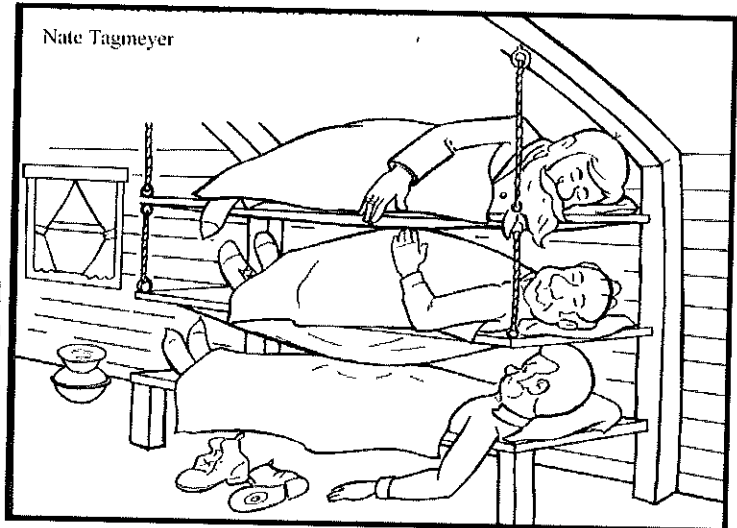
Nate Tagmeyer

would hold up an imaginary mirror, wherein our reflected faces would appear ugly and ridiculous, yet still retain an undeniable likeness to the originals. Then, with more sweeping malice, he would make these caricatures the representatives of great classes of my countrymen.

He glanced at the Virginia schoolmaster, a Yankee by birth, who, to recreate himself, was examining a freshman from Schenectady college, in the conjugation of a Greek verb. Him, the Englishman would portray as the scholar of America, and compare his erudition to a school-boy's Latin theme, made up of scraps, ill-selected and worse put together. Next, the tourist looked at the Massachusetts farmer, who was delivering a dogmatic harangue on the iniquity of Sunday mails. Here was the far-famed yeoman of New-England; his religion, writes the Englishman, is gloom on the Sabbath, long prayers every morning and eventide, and illiberality at all times; his boasted information is merely an abstract and compound of newspaper paragraphs, Congress debates, caucus harangues, and the argument and judge's charge in his own lawsuits. The book-monger cast his eye at a Detroit merchant, and began scribbling faster than ever. In this sharp-eyed man, this lean man, of wrinkled brow, we see daring enterprise and close-fisted avarice combined; here is the worshipper of Mammon at noonday; here is the three-times bankrupt, richer after every ruin; here, in one word, (Oh, wicked Englishman to say it!) here is the American! He lifted his eye-glass to inspect a western lady, who at once became aware of the glance, reddened, and retired deeper into the female part of the cabin. Here was the pure, modest, sensitive, and shrinking woman of America; shrinking when no evil is intended; and sensitive like diseased flesh, that thrills if you but point at it; and strangely modest, without confidence in the modesty of other people; and admirably pure, with such a quick apprehension of all impurity.

In this manner, I went all through the cabin, hitting everybody as hard a lash as I could, and laying the whole

blame on the infernal Englishman. At length, I caught the eyes of my own image in the looking-glass, where a number of the party were likewise reflected, and among them the Englishman, who, at that moment, was intently observing myself.



Nate Tagmeyer

The crimson curtain being let down between the ladies and gentlemen, the cabin became a bed-chamber for twenty persons, who were laid on shelves, one above another. For a long time, our various incommodities kept us all awake, except five or six, who were accustomed to sleep nightly amid the uproar of their own snoring, and had little to dread from any other species of disturbance. It is a curious fact, that these snorers had been the most quiet people in the boat, while awake, and became peace-breakers only when others ceased to be so, breathing tumult out of their repose. Would it were possible to affix a wind instrument to the nose, and thus make melody of a snore, so that a sleeping lover might serenade his mistress, or a congregation snore a psalm-tune! Other, though fainter sounds than these, contributed to my restlessness. My head was close to the crimson curtain--the sexual division of the boat--behind which I continually heard whispers and stealthy footsteps; the noise of a comb laid on the table, or a slipper drops on the floor; the twang, like a broken harp-string, caused by loosening a tight belt; the rustling of a gown in its descent; and the unlacing of a pair of stays. My ear seemed to have the properties of an eye; a visible image pestered my fancy in the darkness; the curtain was withdrawn between me and the western lady, who yet disrobed herself without a blush.

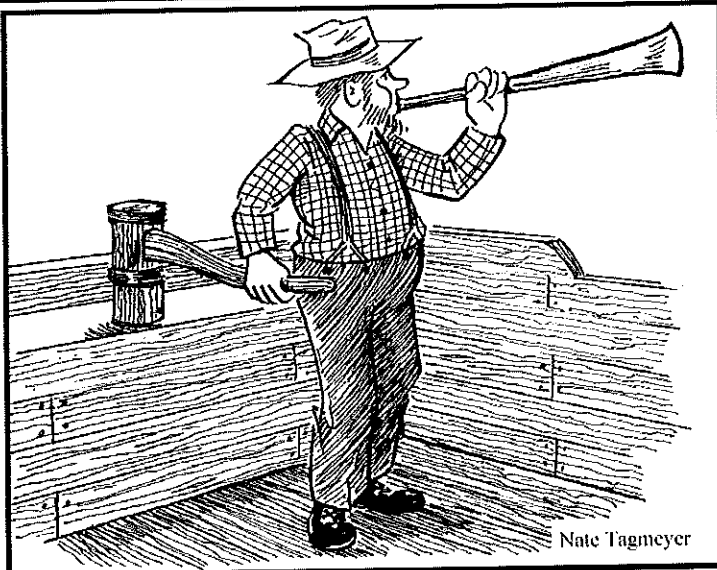
Finally, all was hushed in that quarter. Still, I was more broad awake than through the whole preceding day, and felt a feverish impulse to toss my limbs miles apart, and appease the unquietness of mind by that of matter. Forgetting that my berth was hardly so wide as a coffin, I turned suddenly over, and fell like an avalanche on the

floor, to the disturbance of the whole community of sleepers. As there were no bones broken, I blessed the accident, and went on deck. A lantern was burning at each end of the boat, and one of the crew was stationed at the bows, keeping watch, as mariners do on the ocean. Though the rain had ceased, the sky was all one cloud, and the darkness so intense, that there seemed to be no world, except the little space on which our lanterns glimmered. Yet, it was an impressive scene.

We were traversing the "long level," a dead flat between Utica and Syracuse, where the canal has not rise or fall enough to require a lock for nearly seventy miles. There can hardly be a more dismal tract of country. The forest which covers it, consisting chiefly of white cedar, black ash, and other trees that live in excessive moisture, is now decayed and death-struck, by the partial draining of the swamp into the great ditch of the canal. Sometimes, indeed, our lights were reflected from pools of stagnant water, which stretched far in among the trunks of the trees, beneath dense masses of dark foliage. But generally, the tall stems and intermingled branches were naked, and brought into strong relief, amid the surrounding gloom, by the whiteness of their decay. Often, we beheld the prostrate form of some old sylvan giant, which had fallen, and crushed down smaller trees under its immense ruin. In spots, where destruction had been riotous, the lanterns showed perhaps a hundred trunks, erect, half overthrown, extended along the ground, resting on their shattered limbs, or tossing them desperately into the darkness, but all of one ashy-white, all naked together, in desolate confusion. Thus growing out of the night as we drew nigh, and vanishing as we glided on, based on obscurity, and overhung and bounded by it, the scene was ghost-like--the very land of unsubstantial things, whither dreams might betake themselves, when they quit the slumberer's brain.

My fancy found another emblem. The wild Nature of America had been driven to this desert-place by the encroachments of civilized man. And even here, where the savage queen was throned on the ruins of her empire, did we penetrate, a vulgar and worldly throng, intruding on her latest solitude. In other lands, Decay sits among fallen palaces; but here, her home is in the forests.

Looking ahead, I discerned a distant light, announcing the approach of another boat, which soon passed us, and proved to be a rusty old scow--just such a craft as the "Flying Dutchman" would navigate on the canal. Perhaps it was that celebrated personage himself, whom I imperfectly distinguished at the helm, in a glazed hat and rough great-coat, with a pipe in his mouth, leaving the fumes of tobacco a hundred yards behind. Shortly after, our boatman blew a horn, sending a long and melancholy note through the forest avenue, as a signal for some watcher in



the wilderness to be ready with a change of horses. We had proceeded a mile or two with our fresh team, when the tow-rope got entangled in a fallen branch on the edge of the canal, and caused a momentary delay, during which I went to examine the phosphoric light of an odd tree, a little within the forest. It was not the first delusive radiance that I had followed. The tree lay along the ground, and was wholly converted into a mass of diseased splendor, which threw a ghastliness around. Being full of conceits that night, I called it a frigid fire; a funeral light, illumining decay and death; an emblem of fame, that gleams around the dead man without warming him; or of genius, when it owes its brilliancy to moral rotteness; and was thinking that such ghost-like torches were just fit to light up this dead forest, or to blaze coldly in tombs, when, starting from my abstraction, I looked up the canal. I recollected myself, and discovered the lanterns glimmering far away.

"Boat ahoy!" shouted I, making a trumpet of my closed fists.

Though the cry must have rung for miles along that hollow passage of the woods, it produced no effect. These packet boats make up for their snail-like pace by never loitering day nor night, especially for those who have paid their fare. Indeed, the captain had an interest in getting rid of me, for I was his creditor for a breakfast.

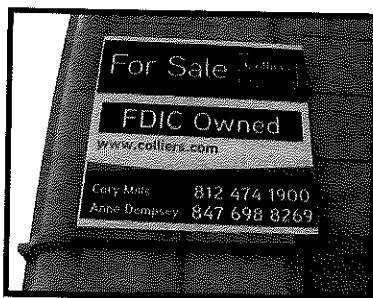
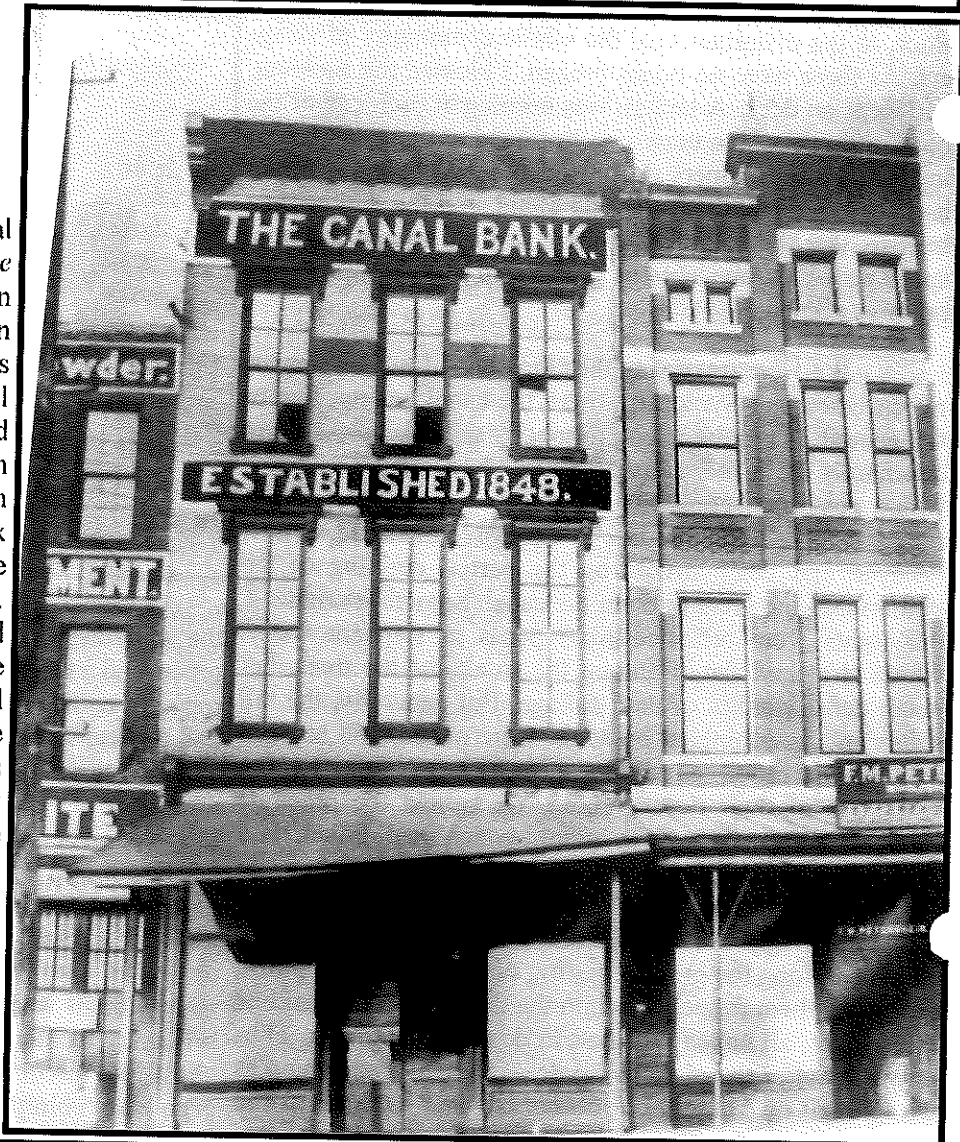
"They are gone! Heaven be praised!" ejaculated I; "for I cannot possibly overtake them! Here am I, on the 'long level,' at midnight, with the comfortable prospect of a walk to Syracuse, where my baggage will be left; and now to find a house or shed, wherein to pass the night." So thinking aloud, I took a flambeau from the old tree, burning, but consuming not, to light my steps withal, and, like a Jack-o'-the-lantern, set out on my midnight tour.

CANAL BANK UPDATE

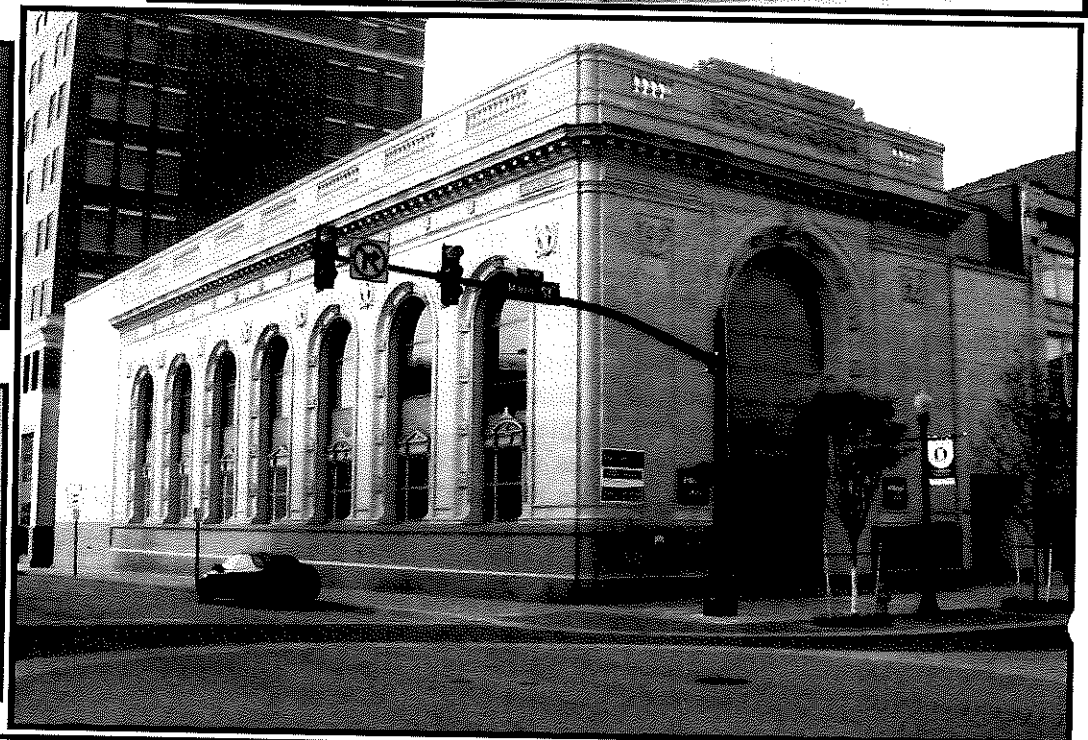
After the article about the Canal Bank in Evansville appeared in *The Hoosier Packet*, Bob and Carolyn Schmidt visited the Willard Library in Evansville to see if the exhibit of items donated by Old National Bank was still set up. Unfortunately the exhibit had been taken down and sent to storage in another facility. However, the librarian went to the library's huge 8" x 10," black and white, photo collection and found the only known existing picture of the bank. She allowed Bob to take a photo of it and granted CSI permission to print it one time. Note that the previous article said the bank was established in 1850, a date given in all the history books, while this photo says 1848. It is likely that the bank sign was put up at a later date and the incorrect date used.

Bob also took a picture of the Integra Bank that the FDIC closed in 2011. Note the signs on the bank today. It is for sale and is not currently in use.

Canal bank photo courtesy of the Willard Library Archives



Photos by Bob Schmidt



IN MEMORIAM

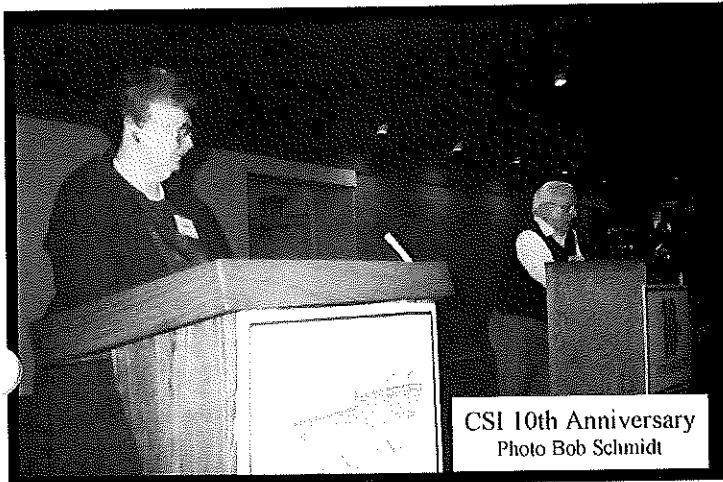
SHIRLEY ELLEN CLARK

Shirley Clark, CSI member from Louisville, Kentucky, died on May 7, 2012, her 90th birthday. She was born to DeWitt and Nina (Parsons) Garlock on May 7, 1922 in Bemidji, Minnesota. She graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1943 with a B. A., magna cum laude, Phi Beta Kappa. In 1945, while working at the National War College in Washington, D. C., she met her future husband, George P. Clark, who had just been discharged from the Army Air Force. George and Shirley were married on August 23, 1946, in Bemidji, Minnesota.

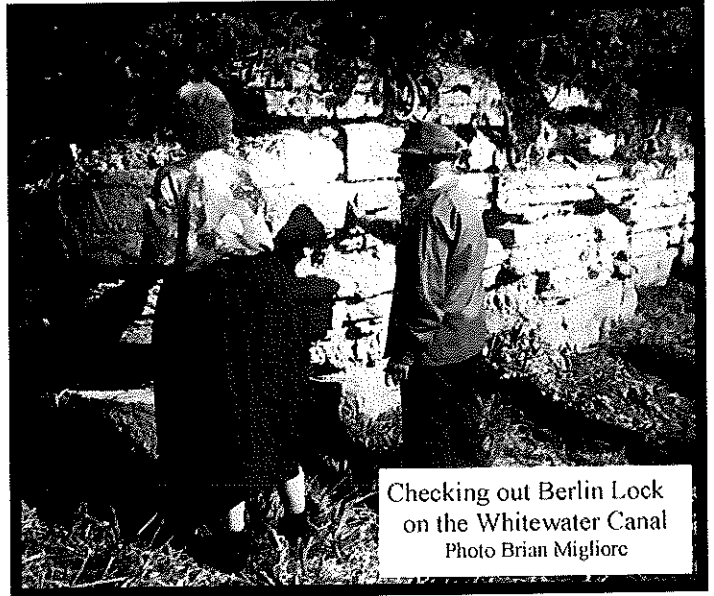


The Clarks traveled extensively, residing in several states as well as Germany and Haiti. During her 19-year residence in Hanover, Indiana, Shirley was active in Save the Valley, an organization that acted to prevent the construction of several power plants in the Ohio Valley during the 1970s. After George's retirement as professor from Hanover College, the Clarks moved to Louisville. They collaborated on historical research concerning European and American history, publishing a book and several articles.

Both Shirley and George were interested in Indiana's canals. They were charter members of the Canal Society of Indiana formed in May 1982 at Fort Wayne and now celebrating its 30th anniversary. As active members of CSI they served on its Advisory Council, participated in many of its tours, and presented a program during the society's 10th anniversary celebration on the travels of



CSI 10th Anniversary
Photo Bob Schmidt



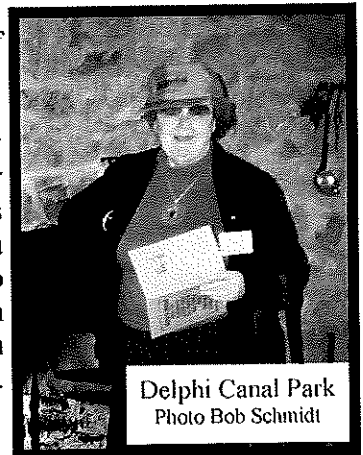
Checking out Berlin Lock on the Whitewater Canal
Photo Brian Migliore

Charles Titus on the Wabash & Erie Canal. It was through their tireless efforts at the Huntington Library in San Marino, California that they poured over the original diary of Mr. Titus and then produced the book that we have in our canal library. Health problems have kept them from participating in our tours in recent years. Shirley was also a member of the Carroll County Wabash & Erie Canal, Association in Delphi, Indiana.

Being a true lover of history, Shirley also belonged to the Carroll County Historical Society and Museum. She was a member of the League of Women Voters and a sister of PEO Sisterhood for more than 70 years. She was also an accomplished musician, playing flute and piano.

Shirley is survived by her husband George, Louisville; her brother Kenneth Garlock, Redlands, California; four children: Robert (Diana), Albuquerque, New Mexico; Alice (John Martens), Winnetka, Illinois; Sarah (James Cocks), Floyds Knobs, Indiana; and James (Melanie), La Canada, California; 7 grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren. Another brother, Grant Leonard Garlock, predeceased her. Services were private.

Shirley was one of the first CSI members that we, Bob and Carolyn Schmidt, met and we really have appreciated their support of CSI. The Clarks have faithfully sent a Christmas letter ever year to CSI headquarters in which they noted their interest in our activities and projects. Shirley will be missed.

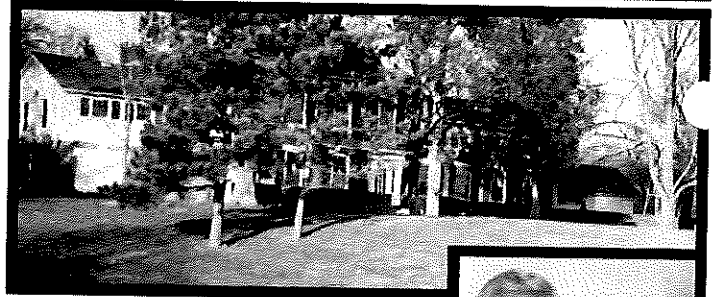
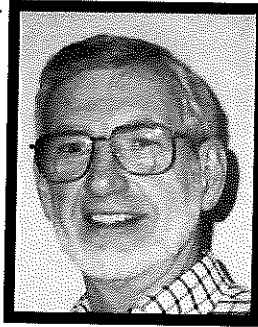


Delphi Canal Park
Photo Bob Schmidt

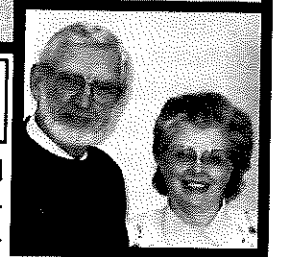
IN MEMORIAM

JAMES A. ELLIS

James Ellis, CSI treasurer from Ft. Wayne, Indiana, passed away on May 17, 2012 at St. Joseph Hospital at age 80. Jim was born to Leonard Paul and Francis Marie Ellis on May 1, 1932 in Fort Wayne. He attended Aboite and Lafayette Central elementary schools and was graduated from Lafayette Central High School. Jim was a U. S. army veteran of the Korean Conflict after which he ran a restaurant at Ellettsville. For 30 years he was the Vice-President with Ellison Bakery, which his brother Donald started in the family home in 1945 and eventually moved to its current location. Jim retired in February 1981.



Jim & Ruth in 1998 when they sold the Vermilyea House to the Freelands.



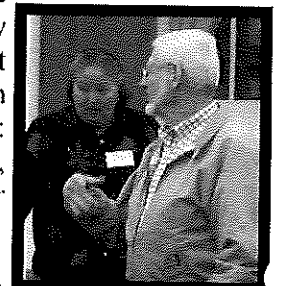
and post office, where he gave guided tours to fourth graders and others interested in its history. He brought together those who attended his one room school and had annual get-togethers. He recently helped Debra Edison with the book *Aboite Township One Room Schools* and also published the *Ellis Family Genealogy*.

The Ellis' are a close knit family. Every Sunday they gather at Jim and Ruth's for a family dinner that sometimes reaches up to thirty people when the grandchildren bring their boy or girl friends.

Surviving are his wife of 54 years, Ruth Ann (Gass) Ellis; sons, Trent A. (Denise) Ellis of Roanoke and Kevin J. Ellis of Fort Wayne; daughters, Donna J. (Jim) Duncan of Fort Wayne, Annette Ruth (John) Radosevich of Roanoke, Dawn M. (Glenn) Osterman of Fort Wayne, and Renee Ellis of Orlando, FL; 10 grandchildren; five great grandchildren; brothers, William P. (Jean) Ellis and Arlie I. (Carol) Ellis of Fort Wayne; sisters, Roselyn (Odell) Spencer of Fort Wayne and Gloria J. Ellis of Bradenton, FL.; and sister-in-laws, Bonnie Ellis of Fort Wayne and Arlene (Robert) Young of Markle. He was preceded in death by his parents and brothers, Donald P. Ellis, Robert E. Ellis, Leonard S. Ellis, John O. Ellis, and Richard A. Ellis.

Calling was held from 2-5 and 7-9 p.m. on Monday, May 21, at D. O. McComb & Sons Lakeside Park Funeral Home. His funeral service was at 2 p.m. on Tuesday, May 22, 2012 at Anthony Wayne First Church of God with Pastor Jerry Blanchard officiating. Entombment was in Greenlawn Memorial Park in Fort Wayne. Suggested memorials: Anthony Wayne Church of God, 6012 South Bend Drive, Ft. Wayne or Visiting Nurse & Hospice Home.

Everyone will miss Jim and all that he has done for the Canal Society of Indiana.



Whitewater Canal Headquarters 2012
P Ellsworth Smith

As a member of Anthony Wayne Church of God, Jim served as a Deacon and worked in the mission house on Wednesdays and Fridays. Always considerate of others he would place the groceries in the patrons cars where they could easily be reached. With his big smile and kind ways he spent hours bringing cheer to those sick or hospitalized.

Jim had a keen interest in his family's genealogy and the history of Aboite township, the Wabash & Erie Canal, and one room schools. He also was a life member of the Fort Wayne History Center. He was elected a director of the Canal Society of Indiana in 1993 serving until the present, was re-elected to his 14th term as its treasurer (1998-2012), was on several CSI tour planning committees, attended almost all CSI tours including the most recent one in the Whitewater Valley, donated Archway and Darlington Farms cookies for the tours much to the delight of those attending, and opened his home, the Vermilyea House, an old canal inn

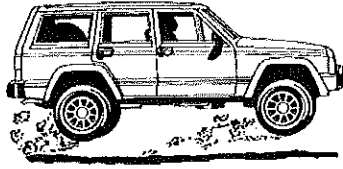
Jim told tour attendees about Jesse and Maria Vermilyea at Lindenwood Cemetery in Ft. Wayne. He paid to have this tombstone placed on their graves. Photos by Chuck Huppert



DIGITAL DRIVING GUIDE NOW ON LINE FOR WHITEWATER BYWAYS

By Candy Yurcak

Just in time for the summer travel season, the Whitewater Canal Byway Association (WCBA) is introducing an on-line, four-color digital driving guide to



help visitors explore the Whitewater Valley. The guide features the Whitewater Canal Scenic Byway, its sister byway – Presidential Pathways Scenic Byway—and Ripley County's portion of the historic Michigan Road. The guide is viewable as a magazine on a digital publishing site or can be downloaded as a PDF file, both can be accessed at www.whitewatercanalscenicbyway.org.

The comprehensive 141-page guide provides turn-by-turn directions to more than 260 historical, cultural, and recreational sites in the eight-county region of southeastern Indiana and southwestern Ohio. Shorter guides are also available for each of the individual routes: Canal Route, Loop 1-East Fork Loop, Loop 2 –Oldenburg-Batesville Loop, Loop 3-Dearborn-Ripley Loop, Presidential Pathways Scenic Byway, and Historic Michigan Road Corridor. We are excited to have this new tool to help visitors explore the Whitewater Valley's rich transportation history, share its culture, and take advantage of its many recreation opportunities. The guide is designed to showcase the valley from a visitor's perspective so it weaves together the historical, cultural, scenic, and recreational sites as well as the stories that make our history come alive. Visitors can take the canal boat in Metamora, ride the train in Connersville, see historic cars in Richmond, hike beautiful trails in Dearborn County, and visit Cambridge City where the National Road crossed the canal. When people travel they are seeking well-rounded experiences which includes things to do, sites to see, places to eat and sleep, and the culture and stories that provide meaning and memories continues to evolve.

Rather than print a guide and have it become dated as soon as it is released, we chose to publish it digitally so we can change it as the byway continues to evolve. By linking to county tourism bureaus' websites, recreational sites, and lodging sites, we are connecting the valley in real time. The guide is being published on Issuu's free site, so that resources can be directed to future development of the routes and the region.

We hope you will take time to view our new driving guide, I think you will enjoy your *journey*.

A NEW LOOK FOR THE HOOSIER PACKET

The Hoosier Packet has a new look in this issue and in the June and July issues. I'm sure most of you have noticed the improved quality of the pictures and the new type style being used. For many years headquarters has printed this publication in our office and then taken it to Office Depot where they scan it into their computers and then print it. This is a second generation in print quality.

About a year ago Office Depot said to copy the publication files to a flash drive, bring it in, and they would print it directly from the flash drive. This was done, but headquarters was told there were too many fonts that they could not read. Therefore we stayed with our old method.

At CSI's spring tour Jerry Lehman, CSI member from Terre Haute, Indiana, said an organization he belongs to has better quality pictures in its newsletter and wondered how CSI could improve the pictures in its publication. He offered to check with his organization and even have his sons, who live in Fort Wayne, help if need be. He said we needed to convert our files to a PDF file. Having older computers there was no program on them to do this. Jerry then volunteered to pay for the needed programs to convert the files. We took him up on his offer.

Headquarters has had to change the basic type style from Universe to New Times Roman and lose some fancier type styles for article headings; however, you will find the quality of pictures and maps much improved. Some of the old pictures we find are of very poor quality and this new program makes them even better than before.

The Canal Society of Indiana greatly appreciates Jerry's contribution of \$100 to fund the purchase of the PDF programs. We're sure our members will like this improvement to our publication. These PDF files also allow us to put *The Hoosier Packet* on line in the future if we choose to do so.

SPEAKERS BUREAU

May 8, 2012 - Cambridge City, Indiana

All of the third grade from Western Wayne Elementary came to the Overbeck House in two buses on May 8 to learn about the Whitewater Canal from Jerry Mattheis on the patio and about Overbeck Pottery from Phyllis Mattheis under the buckeye tree. Then they went to Milton to follow the canal path and back to the Vinton House in Cambridge City to see where the turn around basin was. At the library they also learned about General Solomon Mere-

dith, whose commission was signed by President Lincoln. It was estimated that 75 children and adults attended.

May 21, 2012 - Cambridge City, Indiana

On May 21 about 40 students and adults in a summer art class from Sunman-Dearborn school district went to Cambridge City, Indiana to learn about the Overbecks and their pottery, and receive a short lesson on the Whitewater Canal from Jerry and Phyllis Mattheis. The kids had fun looking for artifacts on the ground and found a few pieces of old china shards.

June 21, 2012 - Cambridge City, Indiana

On June 21 Phyllis Mattheis talked about Virginia Meredith, daughter-in-law of Solomon, to about 20 people at a Home Demonstration Club meeting. She also mentioned the Whitewater Canal, since it passed by Virginia's family home on the north edge of Connersville.

DONATIONS TO CSI ARCHIVES

Linn Loomis, CSI member from Newcomerstown, Ohio has contributed 5 of his folios of canal related photographs and a folio about architecture to the Canal Society of Indiana archives. We thank him for the following donations:

Roscoe Village Restoration Photos: Roscoe-Caldersburg Canal-Era Stone Quarry, old Caldersburg cemetery, measuring stone as part of Locks 26-27 of the O&E Canal, stones supporting the approach to the Walhonding Aqueduct, and O&E Canal photos of Locks 28, 29, & 30.

Lock 24 Ohio & Erie Canal: Its many issues, defeat snatched from the jaws of victory.

Minthorn Lock 0 remains, Infirmary Park, Licking county

Canal Artifacts: Artifacts displayed at Port Washington, Ohio Historical Society

Brackets, Wickets, Gate Pivots, Wicket Fragments and Lock Rings from the Minthorn Lock 0

Canal Lock 21 and Yellow Bank Culvert, Whitewater Canal, Indiana

Salisbury, Wilma. "150 Years of Architecture: Cleveland, Ohio." *The Plain Dealer Magazine*. July 7, 1991.

CSI now has a full file drawer of Linn's folios. They document what is happening to canal structures.

SAVANNAH'S PORT UPDATE

With the opening of the enlargement of the Panam. Canal projected for 2014, the ports on the east coast of the United States are scrambling to deepen their harbors to accommodate the new super-sized cargo ships. Savannah, the nation's fourth busiest seaport, has a \$653 million dredging project planned that includes installation of a dozen 20-foot-tall steel oxygenation cones in the harbor to compensate for the expected drop in dissolved oxygen.

Environmentalists say that the deeper water will have less oxygen at the river bottom for bacteria, crabs, fish, shrimp and worms and will harm them. The cones, which suck up the river water, swirl it with oxygen and then pump it back into the river, hopefully will increase the oxygen level. However, the manufacturer has never used the cones before on a project of this scale.

The cost of installing the cones is \$70 million, which has been included in the total deepening cost. They also will cost \$1.2 million annually to operate. The U. S. Army Corps of Engineers hope for approval of the project by the end of the year.

David Kreig, CSI member, Fort Wayne, IN

M.E.C.C.A. OBSERVES NATIONAL TRAILS DAY

On June 2, 2012, The Miami and Erie Canal Corridor Association (MECCA) hosted a Towpath Trail event in celebration of American Hiking Society's 20th annual National Trails Day at the High Street shelter house in St. Marys at 10:00 AM. The Event celebrated the canal corridor enhancements that include the restoration of Canal Lock 13, development of a shelter house with restroom facilities and parking area that support the Towpath Trail, North Country National Scenic Trail and the Buckeye Trail. A 5K walk or run on the Towpath Trail was conducted in part of the Grand Lake Health Systems "Road to Fitness" program.

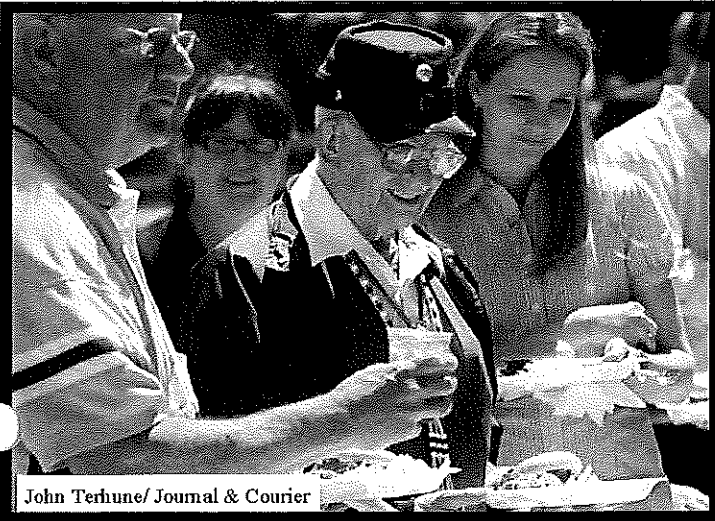
The Towpath Trail and the developments in up-town St. Marys offer local residents great recreational opportunities and bring recognition to St. Marys as a travel and tourism destination area. Since 1993, National Trails Day has inspired thousands of people to enjoy trails on the same day nationwide, taking part in hikes, bike and horse rides, trail maintenance, paddle trips and other activities. Event hosts include local hiking clubs, federal agencies, municipal parks, retailers, land trusts and many other businesses and organizations.

NEWS FROM DELPHI

A STELLAR DAY

Article and photos from Dan McCain

Delphi is basking in the sunlight. Our Canal Park Schoolmaster Wallace Dolan seems to be the center of attention but he is just enjoying the free lunch at Wednesday's announcement of Delphi winning the Stellar Communities grant from the State.



John Terhune/ Journal & Courier

So many citizens and visitors came that it made a huge crowd to hear the announcement and see Lt. Gov. Becky Skillman. It energized us to keep up the good work.



Our Monday-Wednesday-Friday volunteers are busy restoring the iron bridge that was brought to Canal Park this spring. The Houck Road Bridge from Greencastle will one day become the Gray Bridge,

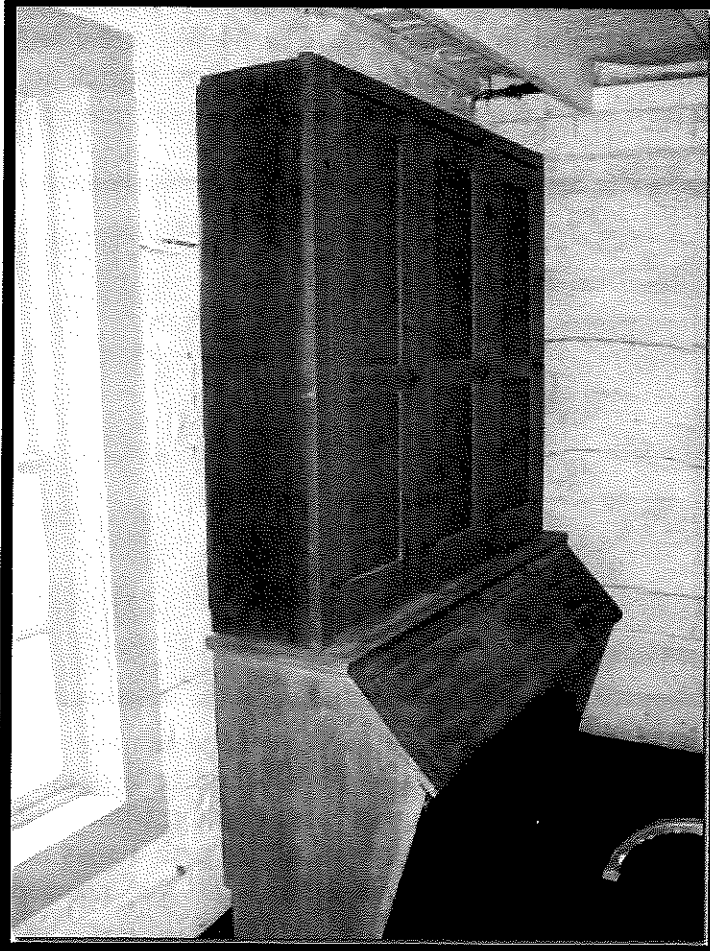
once installed in Canal Park. The M-W-F crew will work on it over the next year. Here, Roy Patrick and Brice Crowel remove parts off of the floor beams for repair.



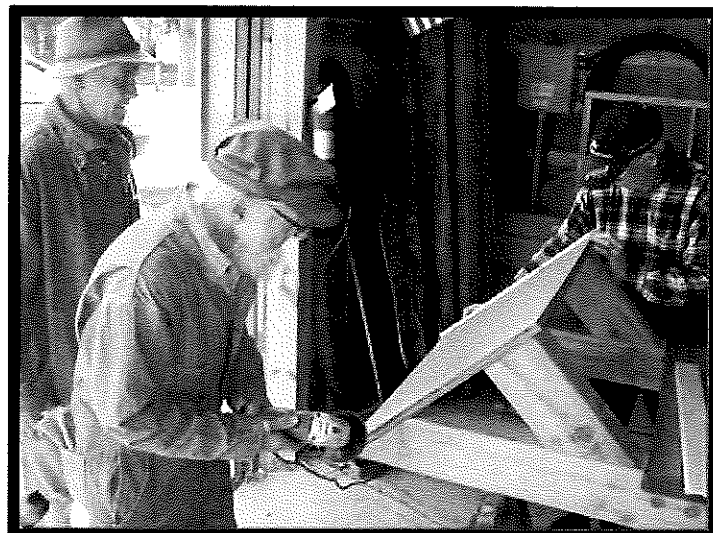
Tom VanSickle and Vern Cripe remove iron brackets that will have to be repaired or replicated before the bridge can be put back together. Ultimately, the Gray Bridge will serve as a foot path across the canal connecting our Museum with the planned County Museum on the other side.



The Fouts Home, now freshly restored and in its new home in Canal Park, has some new furnishings seen on the next page. The volunteers created beautiful-hand made benches and a table came from surplus timber used to replace some of the exterior logs last summer. The original timbers came from the Gronauer Lock in New Haven, Indiana, that was unearthed in 1991 for the I-469/US 24 intersection.

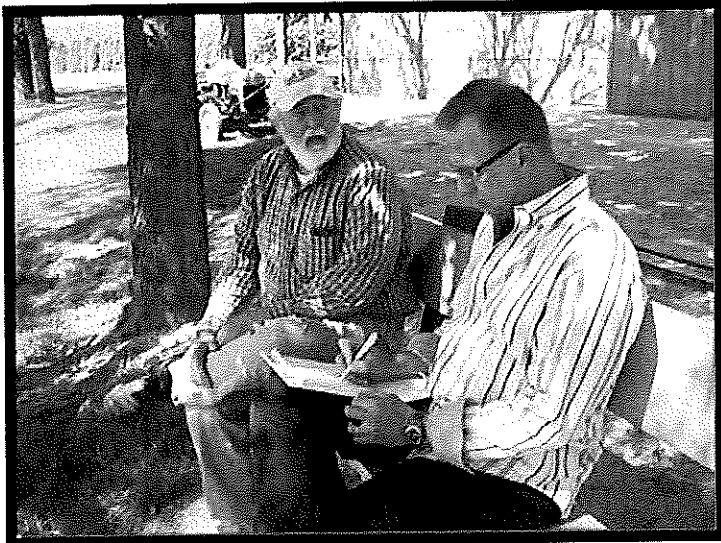


New interpretive panels have gone up at several sites throughout the Park. Here, Tom VanSickle and Jim Ebrite install one at the Lime Kiln, explaining the operation of this mid-19th century industrial processing facility. The Lime Kiln exhibit, accessed from one of our trails, was completed last summer.



M-W-F volunteers Jim, Roy and Tom have built several interpretive sign posts for trailside panels. With financial help from Tippecanoe Arts Federation and North Central Health Services we are able to

add seven more colorful trailside panels. We now have 21 building or exhibit sites with signage interpreting their history.



Planning for future projects sometimes involves Delphi's Community Development Director, Kevin Kologinsky. Here, Al Auffart, our M-W-F "Taskmaster," coordinates work we expect to do along the canal trails system.



Canal boating season is in full swing. Special charters may be booked by calling Mary Crary at (765) 564.2870.

Noble Bikes is now offering discounts on all bike and boat rentals to Canal Park campers. Noble Bikes has recently been approved as a Jamis Bicycle Dealer and will soon have Jamis brand trail and street bikes available at the bank barn.

DELPHI RECEIVES STELLAR GRANT

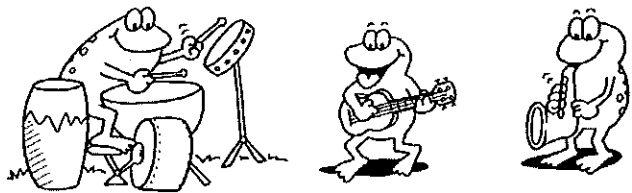
In 2011 Lt. Governor Becky Skillman launched the Stellar Community program with reward money coming from the Indiana Department of Transportation, Office of Community and Rural Affairs, Indiana Housing and Community Development and the State Revolving Fund. The \$20,000,000 fund was divided between two winners this year — Delphi and Princeton, Indiana. Last years winners were Greencastle and North Vernon, Indiana.

Delphi will receive its money over a three-year period. It needs to invest an additional \$7 million in local and private funds as a match. Plans are to spend more than \$5 million in sidewalk, trail and downtown street repairs, downtown business facades, restoring the Delphi Opera House, new parking lots, and creating "quiet zones" at all railroad crossings in an attempt of attracting tourism when the Hoosier Heartland Corridor opens.

The Hoosier Heartland Corridor will replace Indiana 25, a two-lane rural highway, with a four-lane, limited-access highway connecting Lafayette to Fort Wayne where it will link to the U.S. 24 Fort to Port highway. The 36-mile section of highway through Tippecanoe, Carroll and Cass counties is scheduled for completion in 2013.

Part of the reason that Delphi was chosen for the award is the volunteerism shown at the Wabash & Erie Canal Park. Also noted was a strong body of civic leaders.

CONCERTS ON THE CENTRAL CANAL



Summer nights heat up at the Eugene and Marilyn Glick Indiana History Center for *Concerts on the Canal*. The summer lineup will be:

- July 26: Wendy Reed
- Aug. 2: Deb Mullins
- Aug. 9: Indianapolis Jazz Orchestra

For full details, visit www.indianahistory.org/feature-details/concerts-on-the-canal-2012.

MY TRIP FROM ROME, NEW YORK TO CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

By Edward Benton Talcott

The following is a letter written on June 6, 1835 by Edward Benton Talcott (1812-1886), son of Capt. Mancel Talcott (1785-1857), to Jacob Farquharson (1810-18??), son of William Farquharson (1771-11852) of Rome, Oneida, New York, describing his journey from Rome, New York, to Chicago, Illinois, and his initial impressions of the city after being there about two weeks.

Capt. Talcott had moved his family west from Rome by flatboat on the Erie Canal, crossed Lake Erie to Detroit and then continued on foot to a tract of land next to the Des Plaines River west of Chicago where he built his cabin in 1834 [now near Touhy Avenue in Park Ridge, Illinois near O'Hare Airport]. Edward Talcott, his son, who was at that time employed on the Chenango Canal in New York, did not move to Illinois until 1835 where he hoped to become a surveyor and engineer on the proposed Illinois & Michigan Canal. Edward eventually obtained employment and in 1848 became the superintendent of the entire project from which he resigned in 1854. He married Mary Rawson Haywood (1812-1881) in 1842.

Chicago 6th June 1835

Friend Farquharson,

I now proceed with joy to relieve the anxiety you will naturally feel till you get hold of this mammoth sheet. Don't be alarmed at the first glance of this as it is designed as a good social, friendly, confidential letter in which I design to say just what I feel without regard to precocious opinions. Perhaps you may think some apology due for not writing to you sooner. If so, it is this — that I might give you a more definite account of the general business of the country, the general character of society, and more particularly to my own success in business.

In my journey I met with nothing peculiar interesting or worth a comment. At Buffalo I was detained two weeks in waiting for the harbor to open. From Buffalo to Chicago I came by water as the journey by land through Michigan was represented to be very tedious and moreover, I learned from a gentleman before I arrived at Buffalo that the situation of my contemplated business on the Michigan & Illinois Canal [I&M Canal] was such that it was not necessary for me to hasten my arrival at Chicago as I supposed it would be when I left Rome. From Buffalo, we came here in the short time of 14½ days and what was very remarkable, we had no bad weather and instead of being sea-sick, I was able to eat about twice my allowance had

Old Cuff cooked it as it should be. There was so many to cook for that Blackee did not stand to more than half cook anything. But we lived it through and since my landing he have gormandized all that comes within my reach. Since my arrival, I have not pursued exactly the course marked out before I left home for certain reasons. It was my desire (did I not succeed in business immediately) to take a cruise through the north and middle of this state, to examine the country and the lands soon to be sold. This journey depended upon the receipt of letters from men in Chenango County which have not been received and consequently my tour is deferred for the present.

It is now a little more than a fortnight since I arrived here. One week I spent at home and the other in town. From my limited view of the country, I can not express an opinion of it generally, but only of a small portion passed over and seen in going from Chicago to my father's. Previous, however, to speaking of the country, I will give you a description of this far famed city of the West — of Chicago as it is. The harbor is yet unfinished and vessels have to anchor off shore and load and unload with small boats carrying about 30 tons. As you are wafted up the river in the ship's small boat, you are hailed by the sentry of the fort [Fort Dearborn], which stands on the South Bank of the river and but a short distance from it. The fort does not present that commanding appearance which the Military Station or Arsenal at Rome does, being on a much smaller scale. Yet it has a very military-like appearance and it together with the grounds around present a very neat aspect.

Passing the fort, you proceed up the river to the principal landing opposite a large and well finished brick building 3 stories high owned by Hubbard & Co. [Built in 1834 on SW corner of Water and LaSalle streets by Henry George Hubbard, the brick warehouse was often called "Hubbard's Folly."], and accepted as a store and storehouse. To those who speak disparately of the whole mass of buildings in this place, I would observe that this and two other brick buildings would do no discredit to the city of New York. But it is not my design to stand forth the champion of the fine arts or morals of this place, but simply to present it as it is and leave you to make your own conclusions. With the exception of a section of lands reserved to the fort (which lies parallel with the Lake), this village is situated on very level ground but sufficiently above the river to drain it perfectly dry and in most places to allow a cellar to be built under the houses. There is now in this place ___ public houses and from one of the superior order. They are all constantly full to overflowing. I eat at the Exchange and sleep with Thomas Wright. There are many very well built private dwelling houses and there are 7 Piano fortes in town so you may judge whether the moral

state of society is so extremely gross and void of taste as represented.

There is weekly four different assemblies for public worship in this place. This morning I attended the Presbyterian Church here. There was assembled at least 200 quiet citizens. Afternoon, I attended the Episcopal and there found a goodly number. The moral tar of this society is improving with ground strides and whoever conceived that the citizens of this place, or the inhabitants of the surrounding country, are characterized by that moral depravity represented by some, have formed a very unjust opinion of them.

With the people in town speculation in village lots is all the go. A few days since, a man bought a lot one day in the morning for \$1000 and in the morning of the following day before breakfast, he sold it for \$2000. This is the character of their speculations. Real estate in this place has risen within six months past 500 percent throughout the whole town. Since I have been in town, there have been sales to the amount of \$80,000 in one day and not a day passes without large sales. This is no nominal affair but a real "bonafide" cash business. Every kind of business is brisk and everything salable bears a good price. Money is plenty and rents extravagantly high. A small house that here actually cost but \$100 will rent readily for \$200 per Ann. This is one reason why so many small houses are built because they are more profitable to the builder than larger ones. It is estimated that more than one third of all the buildings in town are on Canal Lands — lands to which the builder has no legal title — more than the possession by erecting a building thereon. This forms another most cogent reason for building small houses.

It is said that the mercantile business has increased since last fall 250 percent. It is now at least 5 times the amount done in Rome. Vessels are arriving almost daily and some days hourly. There is now eleven sail lying in port. Mr. Davis & Family are said to be on board some of them — almost every vessel has more or less emigrants on board. The numbers that have arrived up to this time greatly exceeds the amount of last year up to the same time. You can hardly conceive that "Hot Haste" with which the citizens glide along the streets — many of them dashing on as thought the "fate of empires" or immortality depends upon his exertion alone. This is Chicago as it is.

A brief description of the country is all I am now able to give you. As you go out to my father's, you pass over a very level, wet prairie for the first six miles. You than strike a narrow ridge running 1½ miles over which is a fine road, the prairie on each side of it. Leaving the ridge, the prairie is more dry and broken and ground may be

cultivated without expensive draining. The whole country around Chicago may be cultivated by draining which will not be expensive. The soil on this part is not so deep or rich in quantity as it is farther back into the country. The land on the east side of the Des Plaines [River] is mostly good but not generally as much so as the west side. The east side is bordered with a fine grove of timber in sufficient quantity for range of farms on each side of river.

Father is on the west side. His land is not generally so good as it is father up the river, but there is a small grove near his house of about 5 acres which is about all the timber there is on the west side. As you go west from the river, the prairie improves in quality and situation, that is, the land is more rolling. It gradually rises to about the middle which is 3 Miles and then gradually descends to Salt Creek, which is bordered with a fine grove and is 6 Miles west of the Des Plaines. This is all I can say from actual observation of the country. This is sufficient to establish my good opinion of the country for farming. I say any man who is to be a farmer can do no better in _____. You must come and see this country as soon as possible and get you a farm. I am going on to the Fox River in about four weeks to make a location for myself and I will put your mark on some sturdy oak.

You are probably anxious to know what father has done. He has now fenced in about 50 acres and rails enough split to fence 40 more. He has as much as 30 acres plowed, planted and sowed to corn, oats, and potatoes, and his crops all look very well. He is now comfortable. Has nearly siding enough to close it which he designed to put on as soon as he gets through with his corn The Old Man works like an old soldier and has got on well. Mancel is very near as tall as I am and as stout as two of me. The others of the family are all well.

When I commenced this great sheet, I designed to have given Caleb a short touch of it, but I have so much to say that I will make it all in the family and tell him just answer it with you.

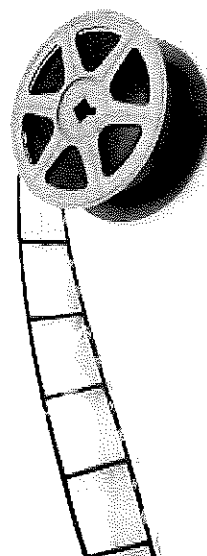
With regard to my business here, I am somewhat disappointed as neither the canal or railroad have yet been commenced and probably will not this season. The survey of the public lands is also stopped for the present. Thus all my projects are done up. I was just on the point of starting for the south part of the state a few days since when the county surveyor offered me a job of draughting [drafting] which will probably occupy me for 4 or 5 weeks. If there is any quantity of job surveying to be done so that I am in no want of business and if I have my health, I can do better here at it than on the canal [Chenango]. This canal [I&M] will be commenced another year without doubt, which will

then afford me business. In the meantime, I shall perhaps grow a little fat. You will probably want to hear from all who came from Rome so I will give them a going over.

First, Asahel [Newell]. He is now living on a lot 2 miles out of Chicago. He will probably not be able to obtain this as it will probably sell high. He has made no more improvement than to build a small log house and barn and a small garden. If he does not obtain it, he will move into town where he has a house on a canal lot. He has another village lot worth \$500 today. He has a claim about 20 miles from Chicago. He has just returned from planting and fencing a spot on it so as to save the claim. He did not like the place father had selected for him which was better than his own. The man who now claims it can take \$500 for his claim at any moment. I think Asahel would have done best to have taken it but cannot say what the result will be. He says he is not a going to work ...and all well and well pleased with the country. Wilcox and family are well. Fluskey is well and his business good. Thomas Wright is now sitting by the table reading poetry while I scratch for you. His health is good and his prospects very fair. William Hubbard is in a good location and is doing a fair business, and as he becomes known, his business will increase. I have not seen any of Mr. Hauser's family except Elira who has got a boy nearly as large as her husband. Mary and husband are well. Chester and wife are well. _____ to Isiah Hills, that notwithstanding his predictions Chester House has his land paid for and is because Judith scolds so much or not, I do not know. I have not seen her but have no more doubt that she can scold than that she is alive.

The vase changes [vast charges] of cal____, which formed the gossip of the neighborhood where my friends once resided, are hardly deserving of notice. I would only say that upon my arrival here, I found my friends in the full and unrestrained enjoyment and confidence of the most respected and virtuous portion of this community. I received a letter from _____ Auguer this morning. He said John had gone to Kentucky and that Gilbert was expecting soon to follow him. I was in hopes that my business would have been such that I could have offered sufficient inducements for him to come here, but as it is I could not consistently. When you write, let me know where John is. Tell friend Caleb I hope his brewing will prove a good business. But he must be careful not to let the malt lie too long before using as it is apt to make dull beer.

Friend Esther. When I began I resolved to dedicate a part of this letter to you, but before I was aware, I had proceeded too far to give you a friendly share and so resolved to make it a family concern.
Neil Sowards, CSI member, Ft. Wayne, Indiana



FOUND ON MICROFILM

Charles (Chuck) Whiting, CSI member from Lawrenceburg, has been viewing old newspaper on microfilm in search of articles about canals. He has found the following:

Brookville American
November 29, 1850

CENTRAL CANAL

The last Legislature passed a law for the sale of our Central Canal at Indianapolis. A few days since, it was set up at public auction, and was purchased by Geo. G. Shoup of this county, for the sum of \$2,800. It cost the State over \$200,000. It is nine miles long, having an excellent feeder dam across White Water [River], and furnishes splendid water power at Indianapolis. The mills there already pay \$3,000 per year water rent. Mr. Shoup will doubtless make a fine speculation out of it. None are more deserving.

Lawrenceburg Independent Press
June 13, 1851

WARNING

In the Charter of the White Water Valley Canal Co., it is made a penal offence, for any person or persons not authorized by the Co., to interfere with, or in any manner, disturb the Tumbles on said canal. — Night before last, in consequence of some mischievous persons cutting down the log of the Tumble near the river, a large portion of the upper part of the city was overflowed. Vigilant means will be taken in the future, to bring all such offenders to feel the rigor of the law.

LEWIS & EICHELBERGER, In behalf of the Company.

Lawrenceburg Independent Press
May 5, 1852

The water in the Cincinnati Branch of the White Water Canal we learn will be let out for four months shortly, to enable the R. R. Company to build their track along its bank.

OOPS!

Please change the year noted in the first paragraph, column two, line four of the July 2012 issue of *The Hoosier Packet* from May 7, 1853 to 1953.