

**A Brief History
of
Mooreville and Vicinity**



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MOORESVILLE, INDIANA

**BY
ALMIRA HARVEY HADLEY**

FOREWORD

This sketch is presented as a tribute to the heroism, hardships and sacrifices of the pioneer element "whose brawny arm hath grubbed a pathway here" in the hope of keeping alive their memory and perhaps inspire the children of the present generation to follow the example of these brave men and women in more real, earnest living.

My own father came here in 1830 when a lad of eleven years and my husband's father brought his family in 1823. Some of the stories told in Noah Major's excellent work I have heard told and retold many times by the family fireside as well as many incidents transpiring in the more immediate vicinity of Mooresville. I am indebted to several sources for data and incidents herein related. John H. Rusie, who came to Mooresville in 1836 and has lived here longer than any other person, is a prolific source of information and has been a great help in preparing this article. John Matthews, who came in 1820 and was one of the first white men to tread the soil where Mooresville now stands, had an important part in making early local history. After spending a number of years here he moved to Colorado and in the seventies wrote a series of letters to the Martinsville Republican, regarding the earliest settlers, their business enterprises, modes of living, etc. These I preserved in scrap book form but lost them when my home was destroyed by fire. However, Mrs. India P. Likely had kept the same articles and through her kindness I had access to them. It is a matter of regret that Mr. Matthews lost his life while on a visit to the scenes of his early trials and triumphs in Indiana, as he was killed by an I. & V. train between Matthews station and Brooklyn on ground he had helped to redeem from the wilderness. I also had access to the historical sketches left by Evan Hadley, of Monrovia, regarding the earlier settlers and especially the Friends meetings. I am indebted to Miss Ida Fogleman for valuable records left by her grandfather, Samuel Moore, and I am indebted to Paul Hadley for the picture of the Friends meeting house at old White Lick. Photography was not in vogue while this church was standing and Mr. Hadley made the picture from instructions given by those familiar with its appearance and it was readily recognized as White Lick by older citizens.

I realize the incompleteness of the work; no doubt many things have been overlooked. Much that would make interesting history has been lost. This has spurred me to greater energy in collecting and recording incidents relating to the early settlement, its steady growth and the development of its resources.

In these days of rapid transit and telephone connections we are apt to look on those of earlier times as having been greatly isolated, but according to their own stories it seems that hope of what they would accomplish "next year" kept alive within them the spirit of the conquerer and they were contented and happy. Boys enjoyed life as much breaking a yoke of calves in those days as the modern youngster does at the movies or with the latest electrical toy. The girls and young women had the spinning wheel to enhance their charms. Did you ever hear an old man refer to beauty when he did not say "as pretty a girl as ever turned a spinning wheel?"

Perhaps, as Wm. Herschell has so aptly expressed it, "Vision magnifies when Age sees Youth," or perhaps our fathers and mothers in looking backward over the flight of years had the happy faculty of forgetting their harder and more bitter experiences, and related to us only the brighter side of their lives. Be that as it may, it is evident that they found pleasure in simple wholesome living, and left an example worthy our emulation.

ALMIRA HARVEY HADLEY, 1918.

A Brief Outline of Morgan County

and

Local Pioneer History and Reminiscences

I once heard a prominent educator remark that the axe and the rifle were the first elements in civilization, and this is undoubtedly true as regards the first settlements of Morgan county. From time immemorial this had been the hunting ground of the red man. Here had they found bear meat and venison in plenty and had fished in the transparent waters of the Wapekewa and Wapekamika (the Indian names for White Lick creek and White river) unmolested by the white man. After the war of 1812 their power was crushed and in 1818 at St. Marys, Ohio, the Miamis and Delawares ceded to the United States a large tract of land in central Indiana, including what is now the larger portion of Morgan county. The Indians were to have the privilege of remaining a designated time, but were not to molest any white settlers who might come in.

In 1820 John Matthews, one of the first white men to tread the soil where Mooresville now stands, came upon a party of Indians making sugar, near the present site of the I. & V. railway station, the camp lying eastward toward the east fork of White Lick. Their troughs were made of linn bark, peeled from the trees very smoothly and with ends shaved thin and tied with leather-wood bark, then spread apart with sticks after the manner of their bark canoes, and the squaws were carrying the sugar water into camp. The last Indian camp in this locality was southeast of Brooklyn near the present home of Anderson Swope and W. W. Pointer, from which they sadly departed toward "the land of setting sun," in 1826.

The east part of Morgan county was at first a part of Delaware county and the west a part of Wabash county, both covering large territories, and all official returns had to be made either at Brookville or Terre Haute. Within a few months after the new purchase was opened the increasing tide of immigration made necessary a nearer seat of justice. A petition to the Legislature in 1820-1821 was granted and an act approved that located the present boundaries of Morgan county. White river and its tributaries course through fertile valleys, and its diversity of soil is adapted to farming, fruit growing and grazing. Even the hills near Martinsville and Brooklyn are continually yielding up their elements, which by man's ingenuity are converted into articles of commerce, such as brick and tile, that find their way into the markets of many of the larger cities. At first there were but four townships in the county, Washington, Monroe, Ray and Harrison. Each had one Justice of the Peace, and these four constituted the county board of commissioners.

The same legislature that passed the enactment granting the new county, appointed James Borland, of Monroe county; Thomas Beasley, of Lawrence county; Philip Hart, of Owen county; John Martin and James Milroy, of Washington county, to fix a permanent seat of justice for the new county, and were ordered to meet at the home of John Grey on the first day of March, 1822, for that purpose. Because of its location, Centerton was strongly favored by those in the north end of the county, but the commissioners thought it advisable to accept the gift of one hundred and fifty-five acres of land donated by Joel Ferguson, Jacob Cutler, John Grey, Joshua Taylor and Samuel Scott. Joel Ferguson also forever granted the use of the big spring which has been converted into a reservoir and is still used by the city of Martinsville. The new county seat was also named by the same body of men in honor of the eldest member of the commission, John Martin. At that time there was no sign of any town and the site seemed to be a favorite rendezvous for bear, panther, wild cats, wolves and

herds of deer. A Delaware trail ran from the northeast by the big spring and across the southwest corner of what is now the court house square. The first court was held in the log house of Jacob Cutler nearly opposite the present site of the interurban station. The first court house was a two-story hewed log structure, built on the southeast corner of the public square. The lower rooms were for court and the upper rooms for juries, meeting house, school house and lecture room. Another act of the same legislature provided that ten per cent of the sale of lots at the county seat and of all donations should be used to establish a library. Certain other funds were to maintain a county seminary. By 1823 there were ten families in Martinsville and in 1840 the population was four hundred. Grant Stafford was the first senator and John Sims the first representative from the county. John Matthews was the first trustee of the county seminary and also first probate judge. The settlers believed in "preparedness" and very early in the history of the county a company was formed in compliance with a state law as a safe guard against depredation by the Indians, and met at stated times during the summer months for drill practice. Those not provided with guns used sticks or even corn stalks in their training and muster day was a great social, as well as military event at the county seat, and on a few occasions at Mooresville. It is a long way back to those old days, but such was the small beginning of the Artesian city, with its beautiful homes and its public buildings, its daily and weekly papers, commercial enterprises, and its sanitariums with the healing waters, that attract hundreds of strangers to its gates.

Early in 1818, before the new purchase was opened to settlers, Jacob Whetzel, a man who knew no fear, and experienced in Indian warfare, went to Delaware Chief Anderson, whose Indian village was where the city of Anderson now stands, and obtained permission to cut a trace from the White Water river in the east of the state to the Bluffs, about a mile and a quarter northeast of the present site of Waverly which was known before a white settler came to the county, as some Frenchmen from Vincennes came up the river before the war of 1812 and established temporary trading posts with the Delawares. The place was named Port Royal but pioneers called it Far West. It later became a town of considerable importance and its big log tavern was a favorite stopping place for travelers, but in 1840 it began to die and now no trace of it remains. Mr. Whetzel had intended going from that point by way of White river to near Vincennes and the following autumn he and his son, Cyrus, provided themselves with axes and guns and other necessary articles and blazed a thoroughfare following an old Indian trail to Port Royal. They slept on piles of brush at night and had some exciting encounters with the Indians. Their work was of untold value to immigration, many pioneers finding their way to the new purchase over the Whetzel trace. When Mr. Whetzel reached this section of the country, he was so impressed with the fertility of the river valley that he abandoned his purpose to go farther, and selected a tract of land near where Waverly now stands, for a home. The place has never changed hands except through inheritance and is now occupied by his great grandson, Cyrus McKenzie. After cutting the trace, the Whetzels went back to White Water for the winter, but in the spring returned and built a typical pioneer cabin. When it was completed Cyrus, then a boy of eighteen years, was left to clear some ground and raise a crop, while his father went back to look after the family. The second night Cyrus was alone, snow fell and he built a fire in the big fireplace to keep out the cold and the wild beasts, and slept soundly in a bed constructed as rudely as the cabin. Imagine his surprise when he awoke in the morning to find a dusky Indian in bed with him. It is left on record that they maintained very friendly relations and that the Indian remained for some time and brought in game for the table while young Whetzel worked in his clearing. In the autumn the elder Whetzel returned, bringing his family with him. It is said he was a great hunter, manufactured his own powder, and dressed almost altogether in buckskins. He died in 1827.

Reuben Claypool, a licensed exhorter of the Methodist faith from Virginia, preached the first sermon ever preached in Morgan county in the cabin of Mrs. Ruhama Whetzel, the widow of Jacob Whetzel. The son, Cyrus, became one of the foremost men in the community and came to his grave at a ripe old age, loved and honored by his countrymen. We have reason to believe the Whetzel trace was continued this side of the river at least as far as Mooresville, for our fathers have always told us that William Ballard built the first cabin on the brink of the hill in the south edge of town on the Whetzel trace, and later opened

a tavern there in 1820. By this time settlers began to locate west of the White river. Among the first in this locality were George and Hiram Matthews, Benj. Cuthberth, Chas. Reynolds, Thos. Lee and Samuel Barskin. Others who came during the next year or two were the Bales, Bray, Carter, Hadley, Thornburgh, McPherson, Dixon, Day, Mendenhall, Rooker, Thornberry and Gregory families, and those of many other familiar names. There were many fine springs in the section, and all who could built their cabins near them. Those less fortunate dug wells, walled them with rock and drew water from the depths with the old-time well sweep and open bucket. We cannot help but wonder if our own Dr. Hurty would commemorate in song or story, "the moss covered bucket that hung in the well."



Pioneer Cabin with Pole-Weighted Roof

James Hadley, grandfather of W. F. Hadley, and John Jones, originally from Chatham county, North Carolina, but who later lived in Orange county, this state, came after the harvest of 1820 and after satisfying themselves of the possibilities of the new settlement, they went to the land office at Terre Haute and bought land of the government that lay one and a half miles south of the present site of Mooresville. They brought their families in time to build cabins before cold weather and lived in their wagons until the homes were completed. James Hadley's cabin was built in seven days without a nail or a piece of sawed timber. Clap-boards were rived for the roof, which was weighted on with poles, the puncheon floor was laid, door hung with wooden fastenings, and provided with old-time latch string, cracks daubed with mortar and the old fashioned crane, on which to hang the kettle, swung in the fireplace. There was no window, the only light when the door was closed, coming from the open fire. The big broad hearth had ample room for the skillet and lid, in which their bread was baked. When this cabin was completed a similar one was built for the Jones family.

Those who first settled west of White Lick and White river had to unload all their belongings into canoes in order to get them across, even taking their wagons apart and getting them over by the same process. The horses were made to swim across but in a short time ferry-boats were built. It does not near take the oldest inhabitant to remember when the bridge was built over White river between Mooresville and the county seat. Record's Ferry safely piloted many a loaded vehicle across White river. As I remember, the price was twenty-five cents for a two horse team and fifteen cents for one horse. Uncle Jack, as everybody called him, was known far and wide for his big kindly face and the friendly way he quieted the women who always feared the horses

or oxen might leap over the low side of the boat. If there had only been a William Herschell then what a legacy he would have left us in picturing, through his wonderful Ballads of the Byways, incidents of travel, the camping places, fording streams unpolluted by the march of progress; we might even see the grandeur of the primeval forest, when no sound was heard except that made by the savage and wild beasts and the onward rush of the waters, until the silence was broken by the white man's axe.

Very early in our history, Eli Hadley, father of the late Ann H. Dakin, came and entered the land now owned by J. W. Miles on the Plainfield road. Later Mr. Hadley bought a large tract of land in Bethel neighborhood and built his cabin near what is now the home of John Kiser. Soon after they were settled in their new home he made a trip to Orange county and one evening during his absence Mrs. Hadley heard the screams of panthers, and after dark some of them came and climbed onto the cabin roof and made the night hideous with their cries, and she was compelled to sit up all night long and keep a blazing fire to prevent them from coming in by way of the big mouthed stick and clay chimney.

John Hadley, Sr., my husband's father, rode from Chatham county, North Carolina on horseback in 1821—the journey requiring three months. He bought land south of town of the government and brought his family here in 1823. Wm. Hadley, who was among the foremost educators of his day, here and after moving to Indianapolis where he was well known as an organizer and worker in the First Friends church, and was also assessor for Indianapolis at least sixteen consecutive years, was a young babe when they started on the long journey overland, and Mr. Hadley procured an easy going saddle horse for the mother, who covered most of the distance on horseback and held the child in her arms. They built what was considered a very fine cabin. The logs were hewed and it had two small glass windows in it.

Merrill Brady and wife walked from North Carolina to the White Lick country, soon after the new purchase was opened, locating first in Hendricks county. When they arrived they had a gun, a dog, a silk bandanna handkerchief and seventy-five cents in money. The money and the handkerchief procured food until they could get work. I am not informed as to how they got their start, but in 1837 they bought one hundred and fifteen acres of land in Brown township, now the Gilbert farm. One Saturday evening early in April, 1853, a fine looking, elderly gentleman came to their home on horseback and asked to remain over the Sabbath, which privilege was granted. On Monday morning the guest remarked to Mr. Brady that he heard his farm was for sale and asked to see it. By ten o'clock Mr. Brady had sold to Nathan Gilbert, Sr., one hundred and ninety-nine acres of land. Mr. Gilbert went to his old fashioned carpet sack and withdrew from it twenty-five hundred dollars to bind the contract. In the autumn he brought his family from Ohio and spent the remainder of his days there, a progressive farmer, a good neighbor and a tower of strength to old Locust Grove church.

Wm. McCracken and family settled a short distance southwest of town, on what is now the Manker farm and Asa Bales on the hill across White Lick south of town. In a few months he sold the land to Joseph Moon, grandfather of Mrs. Alvin Munson, of Indianapolis, who is the present owner.

The Carter family located east of town, and the late John D. Carter, who came here when a mere boy, has left many interesting reminiscences. On one occasion Mr. Carter said he went out a little way from the cabin to dig some ginseng and on looking up saw a big black bear near him. He ran to the house for his father, who came and killed the animal, dressed it and shared the meat with his neighbors. Mr. Carter says farther that they experienced a very hard time the first winter and were obliged to cut green beech and sugar trees that their cattle might feed on the buds. They had to go twenty and thirty miles for corn to make bread, and men came five and six miles to help raise their cabin. Many endured similar hardships the first year but did not yield to discouragement. Instead, they set to work clearing ground, hewing out troughs to catch sugar water, from which they made their year's supply of sugar and otherwise increasing their store until soon they were quite comfortably situated. More than one young man, who later became prosperous, got his start in life splitting rails at twenty-five cents per day. Before fences were built horses were hobbled at night to prevent them from straying away and each man had certain earmarks to distinguish his hogs and cattle (which were permitted to run at large, and feed on mast) from those of his neighbors.

When the first settlers came there was such a big den of rattlesnakes in the rocks around the spring just east of Mooresville park on Waverly road that they held a meeting to devise a way to exterminate them. A day was appointed when all the men in the country came. The district was covered with trees and undergrowth and the settlers raked a great circle of leaves around the spring which was fired in many places. This drove the reptiles to the center, a fighting, writhing mass, and the men, armed for the purpose, killed scores at a time in this way.

It has been said that cultured, well placed people seldom emigrate, but most of the first settlers here were people with a high sense of honor and justice, from Virginia and the Carolinas, who had become greatly dissatisfied with the institution of slavery. Those who were first to seek homes in the then far west, saw that it was a goodly land, fertile and well watered, and encouraged others to follow and, although they may have been lacking in polish, they were certainly possessed of a lofty heroism, when they left behind them the homes and friends of their youth, for conscience sake, and made the long tedious journey overland. Covered wagons held the scant family belongings, which usually consisted of bedding, cooking utensils and changes of clothing. No traveler undertook the journey without a trusty rifle and one or more good dogs for protection. The men, and in some cases the women and children, walked most of the way, and endured many hardships incident to making a home in the wilderness. My mother has often told me that girls and boys in their "teens" suffered most from home-sickness and loneliness—but labor, that wonderful panacea, helped them to overcome this difficulty, as in those days everybody worked, including father. The men split rails and got logs ready for rolling and the women carded, spun, and wove during the day, and helped burn brush at night. The first years there were as many as thirty log rollings a season and, if a piece of venison or a wild turkey could not be had, men often worked hard, all day, on a dinner of nettle greens and coarse cornbread baked on the hearth. Very often the whiskey jug was passed on these occasions and considered necessary for health and comfort of the men. Little girls were not little women unless they could knit their stockings and knew how to "turn a heel" and "take off a toe." All the clothing in those days was "Made in America." Our mothers and grandmothers "traded at home." They exchanged flax seed, ginseng, home-knit stockings and mittens for madder, indigo, blue vitriol, copperas and other chemicals that entered into the dye stuffs, which they used to dye the cotton and woolen yarns that were woven into cloth. The flannel for girls dresses was usually checked with so many threads of red and blue, or some contrasting colors. It was quite an art to "beam a piece" to make the desired check or stripe. Many of the double coverlets, which were a real work of art, were woven by the mother of E. B. Johnson, an expert in that line. The date and the initials of the owner were usually a part of the design. Much of the cloth that was woven was taken to John H. Bray's fulling mill on McCracken's creek to be fulled. Especially was this done for heavier clothing, such as overcoats, leggings and, also, for young men's wedding suits. Mr. Bray's process is not known but his machinery was run with water power, backed up by a brush dam in the creek. (A bit of this dam may be seen on the farm of his grandson, John Bray.) As long as he lived he was called "Fuller John" to distinguish him from "Baptist John" who lived in the same community. "Baptist John" Bray was the grandfather of Mrs. Samuel Ralston.

Much flax was raised and those who converted it into clothing must have had "Job" constantly in mind to keep their patience spurred. When ready to harvest it was pulled up by the roots and tied in bundles. When a light fall of snow came the seeds were combed out and the flax spread out on a bit of cleared ground to rot. When this process was finished it was put under a flax-brake and hackled and scutched until the fibre separated. Then, the finer threads, or the real flax, which was very fine and silky white, was carded, spun and woven into bed and table linens as well as made into clothing. Mrs. John Bray has in her possession some sheets made in this way nearly two centuries ago. The coarser part was called tow, and was spun and woven for men's pants, towel linens, and bed ticking. The refuse part was saved religiously to catch the spark when striking fire, and for gun wadding.

There are still a few looms preserved as family relics which bear silent witness to the patience of our pioneer mothers whose hands took hold of the distaff to assist in clothing the family. Wool pickings relieved to some extent the monotony of their lives and were usually the social event of the spring

season. Women of those days had to do many things which we would not even dream of now. No matter how warm the day, fire had to be covered to keep coals with which to start again, or else they must borrow of a more careful neighbor. When this was not possible, the more tedious method of "striking fire" had to be resorted to. Another duty was to render tallow from the fat of beeves and either dip or mold into candles. About 1860 my mother bought of the Sheets Brothers one of the first four coal oil lamps ever brought to Mooresville, and although we children were greatly enthused with its wonderful brilliancy (it had a small number one burner) we were not allowed to enter the danger zone when it was being lighted until our parents were satisfied of its safety. The other three were bought by Burrell Spoon, Judith Moon and Millicent Thompson.



Samuel Moore, Founder of Mooresville

In 1822 Samuel Moore came to Brown township and sold goods in a cabin on the hill south of town. Mr. Moore was born at Albemarle Sound, Perquimans county, North Carolina, in 1799. In 1823 he bought the land now occupied by Mooresville, at two dollars per acre, which had been entered by Andrew Clark and Jacob Jessup. In 1824 he laid out the town which bears his name and which is second in importance in Morgan county. He was assisted by Barclay Burrows, Asa Bales and William Hadley, the father of Eli Hadley, living south of town, and the only remaining link between the past and present generations. Mr. Hadley was the surveyor, and he and Mr. Bales thought ten acres enough to risk but Moore and Burrows were more optimistic and twenty acres were devoted to the site. There were four blocks of five acres each and each block was divided into sixteen lots. Mr. Hadley had large landed interests and refused a town lot for his services and accepted instead, four dollars and fifty cents worth of merchandise from Mr. Moore's store. At this time Mr. Moore would not permit a public sale of lots, but in some instances gave lots to desirable citizens rather than have speculators of uncertain morals come into the town. The first houses were all built of logs and stood out next to the street and it was not uncommon for deer to come up into the new town. Asa Bales built the first cabin on the south side of east Main street near the center of the first block. Samuel Moore Rooker was the first white child born in town and was named for

and by the founder. The road from Indianapolis to Terre Haute was by way of Mooresville and the first frame building between these two points was that erected by Mr. Moore in 1824 on the northeast corner of the public square, and to which he moved his stock of merchandise from the former location on the brow of the hill.

The following is a copy of the license he secured:

License Issued to Samuel Moore

State of Indiana, Morgan County:

Samuel Moore having this day produced to me the county receipt for ten dollars, he is hereby authorized to vend merchandise in the state or on any of the water course thereof or binding thereon, for and during the term of twelve months from the fourth day of April instant. Given under my hand and seal of the County Commission this the third day of April, A. D. 1824.

(Commission Seal)

GEORGE H. BEELER, Clerk.

He enjoyed a very lucrative trade with the settlers, and Indians who came from camps farther up White Lick. At one time he sold three four-horse loads of buckhorn to a cutler in Massachusetts. They were wagoned to Louisville, taken down the river to New Orleans and from there sent by boat to Boston. In 1828 Mr. Moore was married to Miss Eliza Worthington of Madison, a young woman of sterling character, and who assisted him materially in promoting the best interests of the community. To them were born several children, but only one survived them, Mrs. Margaret Fogleman, and her daughter, Miss Ida Fogleman, of this place, is the only descendant now living. William L. Moore, who was a nephew, shared all the comforts of their home after the death of his parents. On one occasion Mrs. Moore went to Madison on horseback, carrying one child in her arms and with another riding behind her, for the sake of visiting her girlhood home.

In 1826 Alexander Worth & Company opened the second store and also built a wollen mill on the south side of West Main street. This mill was burned about 1840 and reopened in what had been a pork house on West Washington street. James Kelly was also a pioneer merchant. He operated a tan-yard and a pottery and found a ready market for the many jars, jugs, etc., which he manufactured. He built the first brick house in Mooresville which is still standing and is now the property of Mrs. Bertha Moon Munson. A log tavern stood on the north side of West Main street and, although it was never proven, it has always been accepted as a truth, that a stranger stopping there was murdered by the landlord for his money and buried in a field adjoining town.

Other enterprises were located here and the town demanded more room and in 1831 eight blocks were added. William Cline, Jacob Combs and Joseph Hiatt were among the early cabinet makers. Isaac Williams had a lucrative business making saddles and harness. James Richardson and Joel Landrum made fur hats for men. Solomon Hunt was a tinner. Barney Ball located the second pottery. Daniel May and W. H. P. Woodward, who came in 1835, were the first tailors. Previous to this merchants had clothing for men cut and let out sewing to good needle women. Mr. Woodward spent the remainder of his days here and engaged in general merchandise. A cooper shop did a thriving business during the years when such quantities of pork were packed. Another industry was the oil mill owned by John Carter, located on West Washington street. The machinery was operated by an ox in a tread mill. One evening a small boy, Wm. Feazel, an older brother of Mrs. Ella Reagan, was playing about the mill, when, in some manner he became caught in the machinery and was instantly killed. Those who remember Mr. Carter still speak of him as "Oil John." Jacob Feazle, Simon Lashley and Beth Scott were early pioneer shoemakers. Patrons often furnished their own leather and whole families would go in the fall of the year to have their feet measured for their winter footwear. Alexander B. Conduitt and Harvey Bates, both of whom became very prominent in Indianapolis business circles, received their first business training here under Mr. Moore as clerks in his store. Mr. Conduitt began when he was so small he had to stand on a box to see over the counter. By this time Moore had an immense business. He sold the first stock of goods ever opened in Danville and one in Kokomo. He established pork houses at Waverly and at Martinsville and sent many flat boat loads to New Orleans in the days when White river was navigable.

The following insurance policy gives to some degree an idea of the extent of this branch of business.

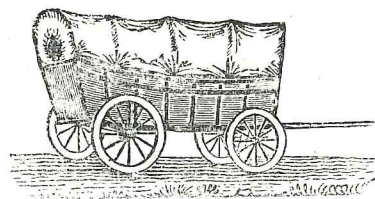
The Canal Insurance Company of Cincinnati does hereby cause to be insured, lost or not lost, Mess. Moore and Worthington of Morgan Co., Indiana, to the amount of,

Five thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, on 114 bbls. brine pork, 301 bbls. Mess. pork, 30,000 lbs. bacon and ham in bulk, and 20,000 lbs. shoulder in bulk, shipped or to be shipped from Moore's Pork House on White river, Morgan county, Indiana whenever the navigation of said river will permit, to New Orleans, on a good and substantial Flat Boat, No. 3, commanded and under the charge of an experienced and competent pilot, which is guaranteed with the privilege of being lashed to another flat boat at the mouth of the West fork of said White river, of landing at the principal towns on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and of being reshipped on good steamboat at any point on the said river. The risk to commence on the departure of said boat from Moore's Pork House, in Morgan county, and to continue until landed at the port of New Orleans.

Insured at the rate of 2 per cent on the prime pork and mess pork and 2½ per cent on the ham and shoulder in bulk.

In witness whereof, the Canal Insurance Company have caused this policy to be signed by their president and secretary at their office in the City of Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 27th day of March, 1839.

Owing to the uncertainty of state money, which might be worthless by the time they reached home, the firm took great bales of cotton, barrels of Orleans sugar and molasses, and such other commodity as their trade justified, in exchange for their pork. This was also insured—the perils mentioned in the policies being of “the seas, rivers, fires, pirates, rovers and assailing thieves.” Mr. Moore bought his finer materials, such as silks, farmer's satin, Prunella cloth, delaine, eastern linsey and the red flannels which were thought to be indispensable—especially for young babies wear—in Philadelphia. He would drive to Madison, then go by boat to Pittsburgh and on to the Quaker City to make his purchases. Often the journey was so tiresome he would be compelled to lie abed a day or two before transacting business. The merchandise usually required about sixteen days in transit to Madison and from there was wagoned



to Mooresville. Parties hauling goods both to and from Madison had stationery stamped with a close-covered wagon on which to write contracts and were also required to give witnessed receipt for delivery. I give one example copied from original:

Received of Moore and Worthington at Moore's Pork House on White river, Morgan county, Ind., 201 hams, weighing 3,045 lbs., in good order and well conditioned which I bind myself to deliver to C. G. Hapsy or his assigns at Madison, in like good order and condition. In witness whereof I have this day signed two receipts, all of this tenor and date, the one being fulfilled, the other to stand void, otherwise to remain in full force.

April 10th, 1835.

SAMUEL RITCHEY.

Witness—A. B. CONDUITT.

In 1842 Mr. Moore and the Mitchells at Martinsville had twenty-two flat-boats loaded with pork, which they sent down the river and people along the way were heard to remark. “Indiana must be a great state.” He also dealt in horses and on one occasion drove one hundred head to Virginia and from there they were sent to the sugar plantations in Cuba. After roads were built which made it possible he drove thousands of hogs to Louisville, Madison and Cincinnati markets, separating them in droves of a few hundred each and accompanied by wagons to haul any that became disabled. We had no banks in those days, and thousands of dollars worth of business would be transacted with little money handled. Farmers ran accounts months at a time, and in turn sold their

stock and produce to Mr. Moore which he marketed. He had to take great risks, as there were no means by which he could keep in close touch with the markets, and, sometimes lost money, on one occasion he lost very heavily. The farmers held a meeting and then called on Mr. Moore. This looked ominous to a man who could not meet his obligations and he said, “Men, I've lost money, I can't pay you.” The one appointed spokesman was a Friend. He said, “We come to tell thee that we will wait for our money, thee has made us a market and we want thee to continue in business.” We will take thy note and give thee time to make up thy loss.” Such was the confidence imposed in the founder of our town, and such the mutual, helpful spirit of the pioneer element, and in time every man received every dollar due him.

James Martin, who lived southeast of town bought hundreds of turkeys every fall at so much a head regardless of size and when the roads were broken, after a good fall of snow, he would collect them together and drive them to Madison. The trip required several days and the turkeys would fly up into the trees to roost at night while enroute. Samuel Robbins, of Indianapolis, delights in telling of a time when he met Mr. Martin with a drove of turkeys, one of which flew into a tree. Robbins, then a mere lad, living east of White Lick, was out hunting. Uncle Jimmie, not having much faith in the boy's marksmanship, told him he might have the bird if he could shoot it. His aim was sure and he carried the turkey home in triumph. Madison was the nearest market for the farmers who had cleared enough ground to grow wheat to sell and they usually hauled it there, especially if there was to be a wedding in the family, as the happiness of the bride was not quite complete unless she could have “store clothes” for an event of such great importance.

The farmer's taste in selection was not questioned, the changeable silks and the long fringed shawls they usually brought home, being so grand in comparison with the home-made materials they were accustomed to wear.

Dr. Curtis J. Hussey was the first physician to locate in Mooresville. He was so poor that Mr. Moore gave him a horse to use in his practice. After a few years he went East and amassed a great fortune in the foundry business—but he never forgot the kindness of his former benefactor and rewarded it in many ways. The bell now in use in the M. E. church was a gift from Dr. Hussey. Among the earlier physicians to locate here were Dr. Helmer and Dr. Hutchinson. The late Dr. A. W. Reagan began practice in 1848. He continued almost sixty years, with the exception of the time spent as a surgeon in the Civil War. During his absence, his partner, Dr. Giles B. Mitchell, looked after his practice and the partnership continued until Dr. Mitchell's death. Simon Moon was an herb doctor who practiced in the country south and southwest of town. He would hunt the fields over for herbs, especially lobelia, while we children secretly wished he could not find it; we knew, from past experiences that, if we should get sick, that awful emetic, the draught of hot lobelia tea, would be ours, and the awful upheaval that would follow. Uncle Simon was a fine specimen of pioneer life and a great lover of nature and children were very fond of him. Of course, some of them, who only had five or six brothers and sisters, felt aggrieved when a little one was left where they already had from ten to a dozen, but a posey from his wonderful garden of old fashioned flowers, or a lump of sugar from the sugar gourd, kept constantly on the “meal room” shelf for such purposes, usually brought a reconciliation. Nothing was sugar-coated then, neither did the doctor's pill-bags which he carried behind his saddle contain anaesthetics, and sometimes the remedies used were almost as much to be dreaded as the disease. Undrained lands and decaying vegetation produced a great deal of malaria, causing fevers which were in many instances fatal. Flux was also a dreaded disease and broke many a family circle. Ague, of course, was not fatal but who can describe it? Noah Major says it was an earthquake in a chimney corner, but that is too mild. Just when a victim would have given all he possessed for a drink of cold water, he had to be satisfied with a draught in which live coals had been placed “to take off the chill.” This, to some extent, allayed thirst and prevented the nausea that followed a cold draught. Sometimes the disease would leave one days at a time and, when least expected, return with more vigor than ever as though penitent for its neglect.

The origin of the old graveyard in the Johnson woods a mile southwest of town is very pathetic. Some movers were going farther west early in 1823 when two of the children took sick and died. The few scattered settlers, some of them still living in their wagons, while their cabins were being built, gathered in and selected this site and the little stranger children were buried there in rudely

constructed coffins. The mother's grief was so intense that they remained near the little double grave several days before proceeding on their journey. The settlers rived boards and with rough hewed rafters made a little roof very similar to a chicken coop and placed it over the grave to protect it from wild animals or other harm. Later the Albertsons, Tanzys and other pioneers were buried there. The only interment there for many years was that of Mrs. Anna Stewart Matthews in 1865. She was the second wife of Hiram Matthews, one of Morgan county's first judges. She was a native of Scotland and when she left for America was a widow with four children. Two of them died during the voyage and were cast from the old sail boat into the sea. The two remaining ones died soon after her arrival here and were buried in this cemetery and, at her request, she was laid beside them.

One of the early customs which appears strangest to the present generation was that few if any funerals were preached at the time of the "burying" as it was called, but anywhere from six weeks to six months afterward according to arrangements made with the busy circuit rider. At the appointed time the family of the deceased gathered at the house of worship and occupied the front seats just as if the body of the deceased lay before them, to hear the funeral sermon.

Asa Bales was the first postmaster in Mooresville. The first mails were very irregular and infrequent, but by 1830 a route was established by which mail was brought from Indianapolis each week unless the carriers were detained by high waters. No envelopes were used, but the paper on which a letter was written was folded and secured by a red seal. The one who received the mail paid the postage. A one-sheet letter could be taken from the office for twenty-five cents, two sheets for fifty cents, etc.

Holman Johnson was for many years a leading merchant here. He owned the building which has since been remodeled into F. E. Carlisle's furniture store. For some time he was associated in business with his brother, Daniel. In a newspaper published in 1849 we find the following advertisement: "To Buyers:—We have constantly on hand a large assortment of groceries, namely, molasses, sugar, coffee, mackerel, linseed oil, lime, tar, saleratus, pepper, spice, ginger, bedcords, etc., at Indianapolis prices. All kinds of produce taken in exchange for groceries and dry goods." Holman Johnson continued the business more than forty years and, after his death, the store was in charge of his niece, Mrs. India P. Likely, who sold the stock to Geo. R. Scruggs who continued in business twenty-eight years.

Robert R. Scott might also be classed with the pioneer merchants as he was associated in business with Moore & Cook several years before the war. During his years of service in the army he rose to the rank of captain and after the war he conducted a grocery business in a frame building on South Indiana street until he erected the brick building which now occupies the site. The Sheets Brothers, Daniel and Fred, carried a large stock of dry goods, groceries and hardware on the southwest corner of the public square and for many years were among the leading merchants here. There was not a cookstove in or near Mooresville until 1839 when Mr. Moore brought the first one to town. A few of the more prosperous families had "reflector ovens." These were made of heavy tin and were two and a half or three feet high. They were set in front of a very hot fire and the heat reflected from the open fire place was sufficient to bake rather slowly. John H. Rusie, who learned the tinner's trade when young, says he remembers making these ovens.

Gabriel Coble was "The Ginger-bread Man" in Mooresville many years ago. I have heard more than one man say that, when a boy, he was spurred to greater industry by the promise from his father that, if a certain amount of work was accomplished in time, they would go to town on Saturday afternoon and get some of Gabe Coble's gingerbread. The shop was on East Main street and he found a ready sale for his bread, rusks, etc., but his gingerbread was especially famous.

Early in the history of the town, an attempt was made to run a grog-shop, as saloons were commonly called then. How to get rid of it was solved by the women who arranged to have some of their number ready at all times to take their knitting or sewing and sit in the place and chat while they worked. They conducted themselves in a manner above reproach, but the men did not choose to come in and buy drinks in their presence and they sat the thing out. A few years later the town awoke one morning to find another groggery running in full blast, having been brought in during the night. Soon after this a party was given one evening by Jane Spoon. One of the guests was very indignant because

the proprietor had given her brother beer for carrying water. Other girls told the same story and thereupon an impromptu indignation meeting was held. The girls wisely decided their part would be to visit the women of the town and they secured seventy-five names of women who agreed to help put the place out of business. The matter was kept very quiet and secret meetings were held in the old M. E. church. Samuel Harryman, whose name will sound familiar to many, pledged his support. Among the women were Rachel Burrows, Eleanor Carlisle, Delilah Carlisle, Mary Dakin, Pop Laslie, Maria Compton, Sarah Arnold and Millicent Ballard. It was decided that when a full supply of liquor was found to be on hand the church bell was to ring and no matter what the women were doing, they were to drop their work and seize hatchets or axes and meet at the church. At an order given by their leader a line of march was formed direct to the place. The owner had learned of the proposed raid and shut himself in behind heavily barred doors. Some of the men feared trouble and tried to dissuade the women from their purpose but on finding themselves locked out, they took their weapons of warfare and made kindling of the shutters, then raised the windows and jumped in like sheep. The work was done in less time than it takes to tell it. Some of the incidents in connection with it were very amusing. A man long since dead, but whose name would sound very familiar, ran to a nearby tin shop and got a bucket in which to catch some whiskey that was pouring from a barrel but a threat from Pop Laslie's axe dissuaded him from his purpose. Mrs. Emma Carlisle Johnson now living at Rockville was one of the girls who instigated the raid and witnessed the entire performance. The women were tried and fined a few pennies but before they could get their pocketbooks open Samuel Moore, W. H. P. Woodard, Barclay Burrows and Samuel Harryman and the M. E. minister had paid their fines for them. The trial was in the third story of Holman Johnson's building. Thirty years ago a saloon was being operated in an old frame building on East Main street. One night between one and two o'clock, many of the best men in the town were missing from their homes. The next morning word spread that the whole front of the saloon was caved in. This finished its career and no saloon has been run openly since then.

In the early forties Dr. Chas. Hawk built a frame tavern on the north side of East Main street. This was hailed as a great enterprise for the town and was equipped for the entertainment of both man and beast. For many years it was a favorite stopping place for the stage drivers and the traveling public. It was also the intelligence office for the community, as on the arrival of the stage coach, people would congregate there to listen to the tales of the travelers and learn of the happenings in the outside world. Like all old-time inns, it was a very hospitable place. Among the popular landlords were James Carlisle, Peter Greeson, Clinton Harrison, Aaron Benbow and many others. We had no meat shops and farmers usually contracted to supply the desired amount of beef, pork and mutton for the table.

After the railroad was built from Indianapolis to Terre Haute a stage coach made daily trips to Plainfield with passengers. Usually the mail started from the tavern. Wm. P. Sumner was the accommodating driver of the coach many years.

Much of the first wheat was a great disappointment, it having become medicated by nature during its rank growth that produced an emetic and was called "sick wheat." The method of threshing was very primitive. The grain was beaten from the heads of small crops with a flail, the straw was shaken and lifted off, and the grain put in a strong sheet with one person at each corner. They would shake the sheet with sufficient force to fan a breeze to blow away the chaff and yet so deftly that none of the precious grain was lost. The sheaves of the larger crops were placed in a circle on as smooth a barn floor as could be had, and, with the heads toward the center, a team of horses was driven round and round until the grain was tramped out. The straw was forked off and the grain cleaned in old fashioned wheat fans—a wonderful invention in early times.

Horse-power threshing machine were next brought into service and were used many years before steam engines were used to furnish the power. The first steam engines were drawn from one farm to another by horses, or oxen, but were a labor saving invention and another step toward progress.

MILLS

Some of the old time water mills were important factors in pioneer history. Benjamin Cutberth built the first mill in the county on White Lick, near where the old mill at Brooklyn now stands, in the year of 1818. It was a log structure not more than twenty feet square and had an open fireplace in one side and a crude arrangement for grinding.

The first dam across White Lick was built in 1823 by Peter Monical and Benjamin Thornburgh for Jonathan Lyon, who bought and rebuilt the Cutberth mill.



Moon's Mill—Built in 1823

In the same year Joseph Moon built the mill that is still standing by White Lick south of town, an interesting relic of pioneer days. This enterprise was hailed with delight by the housewives, who heretofore had to shake the wooden rimmed sieve back and forth vigorously to separate the bran from the flour, for Mr. Moon not only ground the corn and wheat but was prepared to bolt it as well. His customers could carry their grist from the first to the third floor and bolt with machinery which was turned by hand. The most primitive method of converting grain into bread stuff was by means of a mortar and pestle. The mortar was made by burning out the top of a very hard stump and a deep cavity smoothed to hold the grain while being pounded with a pestle. Samuel Moore built a frame mill at the foot of the hill near where the Monrovia road bridge stands that did an immense business, and hundreds of barrels of flour were hauled through to Madison from this mill. Indeed it was a busy place and

"After the water-fall
Laughed all day as it slowly poured
Over the dam by the old mill ford
Where the tail-race writhed and the mill wheel roared"

one can scarcely conceive the quiet that reigned when the flood gates were shut and the big old water wheel ceased its revolutions. There was no bridge near the mill until the Mooresville and Monrovia gravel road was built in the late sixties and a canoe was kept there to use when the water was too deep to

ford, and for pedestrians. More than one country lad and lassie walked bare-foot to the creek and after rowing across put on shoes and stockings to walk into town, but took them off again and carried them home from the creek. There was a row of small frame houses skirting the brink of the hill on what is now the Romine addition where the mill hands lived. The property changed owners several times; Achan Dakin successfully operated this mill a number of years, but as I remember, Jonathan Owens was the last proprietor. It was burned to the ground one morning in the early seventies after standing idle a long time.

In 1836 the Sheets, House and Rusie families were on their way from Virginia to Illinois traveling in covered wagons. When the caravan reached Indianapolis they were out of bread stuff but could obtain neither flour nor meal there. They had no better success at Bridgeport and were in a dilemma, until some one directed them to the mill at Mooresville. When they arrived here the children were very hungry and Mrs. Moore gave them all the bread she had baked that day. As winter was near, and the cold increasing, Mr. Moore prevailed upon them to remain at least until spring. When spring came, they had no desire to go farther and they have been identified with the interests of this locality ever since. Michael Rusie was a plasterer and, although long since dead, much of his work remains in good condition. John H. Rusie, who has lived in Mooresville longer than any other person, was a small boy then and the only one of the original number left.

Richard Day built a mill on the east fork of White Lick on land now owned by his granddaughter, Mrs. James Barnett, and attracted considerable attention by inventing a revolving bolting cloth that was quite a success and he did custom work several years.

William Hadley, the surveyor, built a mill about one and a half miles southeast of town on White Lick that enjoyed its share of custom and was quite popular several years. Years after it went into disuse, the young people of the neighborhood often met there, especially Sunday afternoons, and enjoyed boat riding above the dam. William Moss was the last owner and all traces of the old mill, except a few millstones, have been obliterated by the ravages of time and floods and the pretty winding roads that led around the hills, under magnificent forest trees to a convenient ford, have given way to increased acreage.

In 1848 John Paddock, father of Levi and Harvey Paddock, of West Newton, built a large new mill where the Lyon mill had stood. A saw-mill and, for a few years, a woolen mill were operated in connection with the grist mill. The McDaniels were the last to successfully operate this mill and although belonging to the estate it has been in disuse several years. It is left standing, a picturesque landmark of early industries. All these mills tolled the grist and every man received meal or flour from his own grain while the miller took his part for pay. Every customer had to wait his turn at the mill; first come, first served. There was an abundance of fine fish near the Paddock mill and customers usually fished while waiting their turn.

The steam mill at Monrovia is among the first of the kind built in this section of the country. I have in my possession a map of Indiana made in 1838 with Monrovia marked on it and by its side the words, "Steam-Mill," are printed. This indicates that steam-mills were rare at that time. The old part of the present Banner Mills, now greatly enlarged and owned by A. L. Wheeler was built in the spring and summer of 1868 by Captain S. M. Rooker and David Fogleman. The I. & V. railroad was in process of construction but could only bring freight to the road crossing at Tanglewood and in order to be ready for harvest they had all their machinery hauled from that point. The first year they handled fourteen thousand bushels of wheat and elevated all of it in bags to the third story by a hand turned windlass. The first passengers over the I. & V. boarded the cars from a room in the southeast corner of the mill until a station was built.

In the year of 1837 a large mill four or five stories high was built at Waverly by Cornelius Ferree. The Central Canal had been completed to that point before the project was abandoned and Mr. Ferree bought water privileges of the state. A kiln for drying meal was attached and great quantities of meal were sent by boat to southern markets. It remained, however, for Jacob Cornman, who leased this mill, to increase its already immense trade. A saw-mill was built in connection with it and, when Henry Ward Beecher was a poor young minister in charge of the Second Presbyterian church in Indianapolis, he frequently preached in the sawmill, with the people sitting around him on rude

planks. His eloquence and spiritual power were so great and the impressions he made so profound that many who heard him could repeat much that he said long afterward. The mill changed ownership a number of times before falling into disuse and one day after weathering the storms of many years the timbers gave way and all that remained of the once busy mart was a heap of ruins.

I was eleven or twelve years old before I ever heard of fruit being canned—then it was prepared at home ready for cooking and, by a previous arrangement, brought to the home of a friend in town and cooked ready for the tinner, who had been engaged to bring his cans and soldering irons with which to seal it. Previous to this great quantities of fruit were dried. Dry houses, (little out buildings with racks all around the walls and room in the center for a stove) were filled with apples and peaches to be dried for winter use. Apple parings figured largely in the social life of the young people who gladly did the work for the sake of the fun that followed. Every year farmers increased their acreage and had more grain and more stock to sell, and the improvements made reflected a general prosperity.

Almost seventy years ago, on February 10th, 1848, Mooresville Lodge No. 78 F. & A. M. was instituted with Thomas Freeman, Worshipful Master; T. Newkirk, Senior Warden; R. P. Johnson, Junior Warden, and Barclay Burrows, secretary. The instituting officers were Hon. E. Deming, Grand Master; A. W. Morris, Grand Secretary.

The Morgan Lodge 1. O. O. F. was instituted soon afterward. Wm. G. Cook was the first Noble Grand; G. B. Wright, Vice-Grand; D. Fogleman, Secretary, and Reuben Harris, Treasurer. John Henry Rusie is the only charter member of the fraternity that is still living and he relates that he and so many of the brothers answered their country's call that, in order to hold their charter, the fraternity frequently had to carry Riley Greeson, a sick brother, into the lodge room in order to have a quorum during the war of the rebellion.

The J. M. & I. was the first railroad to enter Indianapolis and was completed in 1848. Soon after this a plank road was built from Mooresville through Waverly to Franklin and much freight was hauled over it both ways. This road was made of oak boards twelve feet long and two inches thick and laid on heavy oak sleepers, but in the course of a few years it proved very unsatisfactory, as the heavy wagons passing each other broke the boards until it was unsafe to travel and the toll collected was not sufficient for repairs. This road had been built over a bed of gravel that a few years later was utilized in making a new one.

SCHOOLS

Blanchard's history says of Morgan county: "The settlers were so intelligent, moral and thrifty that the north part of the county was not surpassed by any other portion in general advancement and excellence." As soon as possible after homes were built provision was made to educate the pioneer children. This was necessarily very limited, but children were taught what they were pleased to call the three R's, or Readin', Ritin' and Rithmetic. Grant Stafford taught the first school in the township near Matthews station. Sulphur Springs was the first school house built west of White Lick—this was south of the Monrovia road on what is now the Reynolds farm. Mrs. Mary Harvey of Fairmount, Ind., is the only person living who attended this school. Cynthia Robbins, Ann H. Dakin, O. H. McPherson, Wilkinson McCracken and Lorenzo and E. S. Moon are about the only familiar names in this locality who were her schoolmates. James Hadley was the first teacher. A school was maintained there until 1842 and Bethel Friends held their meetings in the building until the fall of 1842. My parents, Eli Harvey and Amy Wright, who were married by the Friends ceremony, were the last couple to marry in the old log school house. Asa Bales taught the first school in Mooresville, in his own cabin, and the children in his own family greatly increased the average attendance. The first school house in town was built of logs on the hill on Monrovia road and accommodated the children on both sides of the creek. The first school society organized in Mooresville was in Samuel Moore's store in 1828. Willis Conduitt was elected president, Asa Bales secretary. Willis Conduitt, D. G. Worth and Asa Bales were the trustees. Willis Conduitt, John H. Thornburgh, Barclay Burrows and Franklin Landers were among the earlier teachers. A log school house served the purpose in Mooresville until sometime in the thirties

when a brick building was erected at a cost of six hundred dollars. It is pretty certain that Willis Conduitt taught the first school in this building. John Williams who later moved to Bowling Green, was a pioneer teacher. Mrs. Margaret Moore Fogleman, daughter of the founder of our town, attended her first school when Mr. Williams was teacher. She completed her education in a school for girls only, taught by Miss Ruth Hunt in James Kelly's parlor. The late Hon. Franklin Landers, who became prominent in Indianapolis wholesale districts and also in state politics and who was Democratic candidate for governor of Indiana in 1872, began his public career as a country school teacher and taught in the log school house on Waverly road near the place that has always been known as the Swearingen school. Eugene Preston, a wonder in penmanship and merciless in heeding Solomon's admonition in regard to sparing the rod, was among the earlier teachers here and also taught the Thornburgh school near Matthews Station in 1838-1839.

In a few years the brick school house was destroyed by fire and the town built the house that is still standing just west of the M. P. church but which was converted into residence near fifty years ago. There were two large rooms in the building—these afforded ample accommodation for the children of the town until 1870 when the school board bought the academy building, erected by the Friends in 1860. There were no commissioned high schools in those days and Friends desired their children should be prepared for college which was usually the "Boarding School" at Richmond as Earlham College was then called, or the State University. This was not strictly a sectarian school and many of other denominations and from other places took advantage of the course offered. I remember that Miss Mary Bain, Miss Belle Majors, J. G. and William Bain, Thomas Hines and several others from Martinsville attended this school. Prof. Jehu Stuart was the first superintendent and he later became a leading physician in a western town. Miss Rebecca Trueblood, of Indianapolis, was principal. The school started out well but the firing on Ft. Sumter was too much for the young men of that day, even those of Quaker birth, whose principles forbid engaging in war, and this hindered greatly the progress of the school. In the year 1870 the trustees sold to the town what is now the rear of the old school building. All the first schools were subscription schools; the one desiring to teach would write an article of agreement and those wishing to send would sign so many scholars at so much per day and if a sufficient number was obtained, school would be opened. A master's ability to teach was judged largely by his penmanship and there were really some very fine scribes among them. "Writing School Teachers," as we called them, would sometimes spend several days in a neighborhood teaching penmanship. The first teachers in the country schools had to board around, taking turns with families who sent their children to school. After districts were organized and a school director appointed, the latter paid the teacher's salary and his board bill out of the public funds, as the following receipts copied verbatim will show:

State of Indiana, Morgan County.

School District No. 6, Township 13, Range 1, East.

I, the undersigned do hereby certify that I have received of Robert Harvey the sum of fifty dollars, the same being in full of all demands against said District, witness my name this, the 10th day of March A. D., 1838.

EUGENE R. PRESTON, Teacher of Said District.

The certificate on back of receipt reads as follows:

Robert Harvey's certificate for public money by him paid over to the teacher, E. Preston, March 10th, A. D. 1838. An equally formal receipt given to Robert Harvey by David Harvey acknowledges the payment of thirteen dollars in full of account for boarding teacher, Eugene Preston.

These documents were preserved by Mr. Harvey's daughter, Mrs. Lavivy Scott.

As the country improved and increased its capital the log school houses gave way to neat frame or brick buildings and the good country schools maintained in them many years were of untold value in the community, aside from their educational advantages. Good schools invariably attracted a good class of citizens whose influence assisted in creating a healthy moral atmosphere and public spirit to expand and grow. The houses also afforded, in a limited way, social centers. Old and young attended the spelling bees. Sometimes spelling matches were arranged between neighboring schools, when both sides would

fight for supremacy as hard as do the basketball teams of today, and no school ever forgot "spelling another down" until after it had suffered defeat itself. The literary and debating societies kept up in many of the schools were also a means of grace socially and of great assistance in developing literary taste and talent. They were well organized and observed parliamentary rules strictly; they met every two weeks, on winter evenings, at "early candle light." Compositions, declamations and dialogues, with an occasional debate, constituted the programs. Each school usually gave one or perhaps two old-time school exhibitions each year and we had enough fun in preparing for them and enough glory in giving them to last a long time and our parents, so greatly opposed to the theater (regardless of church affiliation), would laugh until their good old sides ached at the funny dialogues we used to act, little dreaming their children were amateur actors. As early as 1857 the young men of Bethel and Gasburg schools organized the Athenian debating society that was kept alive several years after the Civil War. John Weesner had carefully preserved all the minutes of the organization and the "eagle feather" presented by Solomon Bray as an emblem, and ordered kept with the "archives" of the society. This feather is still well preserved. The only person living, who was a member, is Rev. John A. Ward, a veteran of the 70th regiment and a superannuated minister—for many years one of the most popular in the Indiana M. E. Conference. Enoch Brewer served as judge one time at a mock trial when the election of the officers was contested. In looking over these minutes I find that some of the leading questions of today are not altogether new. Some of the subjects debated were: "Resolved that according to Republican principles women should have equal rights with men." Another was: "Resolved that a man should be able to read and write before he be allowed to vote." Still another reads, "Resolved that the search, seizure and destruction of all liquors kept for illegal sale is right." This was in "ante bellum" days and the subject of slavery was a favorite one for discussion and many a rising young orator demanded the immediate and unconditional emancipation of the slaves. Another little article shows that six cents had been paid out of the treasury for candles.

Some of the names appearing on the roster are John Weesner, Baxter Chambers, John A. and William Ward, Samuel Hadley, J. P. Hadley, William Allen, John Allen, James Doan, Thomas Doan, Griffith Wright, Joel Wright and John C. Ferree.

Former Judge Vinson Carter, of Indianapolis, learned his A B S Abs and B I S Bis in the Carter school just east of town. H. H. Leathers, of the First National Bank; Dr. Douglas Leathers, of Indianapolis; the late Smith McPherson, who was appointed Federal Judge for the Southwestern District of Iowa a few years ago; the House brothers, Alfred, William, Roscoe, John and George Farmer, and many others, all learned their first lessons in the east White Lick school. The White Lick Friends built a school house near the church at first of logs and a few years later a two-room frame building. For a long time it was considered the best school in the community. Among the first teachers were Enoch Lindley, Enos Clarke, James Hadley, Aseneth Clarke and Susanna Carter. William Hadley and Hannah T. Wright both taught at the same time in this school. They were afterward married and spent many years together in active christian and charity work in Indianapolis.

Every fourth day (Wednesday) all the pupils had to march demurely into the meeting house for the regular hour of worship, which was often in perfect silence. In course of time and shortly before the Civil War this school was abandoned and a school house was built on Greencastle road, a mile west of town, and the children housed there. It was made a district school and known as long as it existed as the Macy school. Albert W. Macy and Miss Emma Mills, of Bridgeport, who afterward became his wife, both were teachers in this school. Ashley Cooper and Miss Emma Clarke, now Mrs. W. H. Henderson, were also among those who instructed the young idea how to shoot in this school. A strong literary society that bore good fruit in after years was maintained as long as the school existed.

In 1842 a little frame meeting house was built on Bethel Hill after which the Sulphur Spring school was abandoned and reopened in the little church and took its name "Bethel." In a few months a schoolhouse was built and maintained by Bethel Friends a short distance northeast of the church. Silas Draper, Deborah Wright Lockhart, Ruth Hadley Coffin, Sarah Hunt Pickard and William Thompson were among the first teachers. In the year of 1852 Joseph Pool

of Richmond, "A Boarding School" teacher, was employed and he continued ten consecutive years, teaching both winter and summer schools. He was a strict disciplinarian and rigid in mental drill, and no pupil was excused until he could master the subject assigned. Stoddard's Mental Arithmetic was one of his hobbies and he would read the long problems and expect us to repeat them, then give their solutions accurately and in correct English. He led us through the intricacies of Brown's Grammar with its objective case, verbs and participles and many a tear was shed over failure to meet his requirements. The girls would cry and boys get mad and sullen but we were kept standing until our vision cleared or we were ordered to remain after school to do our work. It may be fun after more than fifty years have elapsed to recall incidents like these, but it was no laughing matter then. His workmanship was approved by the patrons and he raised the school to a high standard of excellence and a number of families in Mooresville boarded their children in the neighborhood during the week and sent to the Bethel school. We were given merits or de-merits, according to our conduct and diligence in study and our final tests were taken in public at the last day of school. Mr. Pool passed books to the guests and gave them the privilege of selecting any subject or problem we had studied for us to answer. Of course, visitors from a rival school selected the hardest and we occasionally had to sit down in shame and defeat. There was quite a bit of rivalry between the Bethel and Gasburg schools while Mr. Pool was teacher and sometimes very much ill feeling cropped out. The Gasburg school folks called those of the Bethel school "Eastern empty heads" and we came back at them by calling them "Western soreheads." I can't say anything for the elegance of these terms but they were very satisfactory at the time. This school also supported a strong literary society.

In 1863 Mr. Pool was elected to teach in the Friends Academy in Mooresville and Tilghman Hunt taught the following year—the late Nathan Hubbard and his brother, Dr. Harrison Hubbard, of Monrovia, were chosen his successors. Mrs. Lavicy Harvey Scott and myself were the next teachers and when employed by the director were told that we must carry out "Pool's Methods." This we endeavored to do, minus the "third degree" and the public tests, (our own nerves having been racked to the point we were unwilling to inflict the punishments on others).

James Henley, of Pond Creek, Oklahoma; Albert W. Macy, Chicago; Nereus Mendenhall, Haviland, Kansas; the late Hiram Monical; Matt Matthews, Mrs. Gilbert Hendren and Mrs. A. R. Brewer, of Indianapolis; Joseph Overton, of Martinsville and Mrs. A. W. Farmer were among those who taught in the years soon after the war of the rebellion. As in all other Friends school we had to attend the mid-week meeting on "fifth day." The school committee visited the schools once a month on the afternoon following the "preparative meeting." When the new schoolhouse was built in 1860 it was made a district school, but had made such a favorable impression in the community that Friends were asked to exercise the same control in regard to employing teachers, discipline and general oversight. An excellent school was supported there until a few years ago when the town and country schools were merged. The Friends are again in possession of the school property and have converted it into a neat home for the church pastor. All old-time schools sang the States and Capitals and repeated the multiplication in concert and wrote compositions and said "pieces" whether organized into literary societies or not and critics were appointed to correct mistakes either in diction, spelling or punctuation. The "last day" was a great event and patrons usually all came and brought great baskets of dinner which was spread on long tables at the noon hour. Late in the fifties several young lady teachers came in from the state of Maine to teach and were known as "eastern teachers." Miss Mary Mason, who later became the wife of Dr. Philip McNabb, was employed in the schools east of town and at Locust Grove. After her marriage she was a teacher in the Mooresville schools several years in the building on East Washington street and was one who used her influence in favor of the town buying the Friends Academy. She spent the remainder of her eighty-three years here, until late in September, 1917, she returned to the home of her girlhood.

Elam Harvey, who died a few years ago, was a well known educator and taught first in the country schools and afterward a number of years in the Mooresville schools. He gradually collected the best books in standard work and fiction until he had a valuable library to which his pupils were admitted for research work.

THE FIRST LIBRARY

Another evidence of the efforts of the pioneer element to raise the standard of citizenship was the organization of a Library Association. Those interested met in the old Masonic hall, July 14, 1855. One provision was the persons who were members of this society must be "men who labor with their hands and earn their living by the sweat of the brow." Each member was to pay fifty cents and sign his name to the constitution. Seventy-nine names were secured. The first officers were Jeremiah Hadley, President; Benjamin F. Edwards, Vice-President; A. B. Conduitt, Secretary, and M. H. Rusie, Librarian and Treasurer. Jeremiah Hadley was re-elected President the second year, S. M. Rooker, Vice-President; George A. Benton, Secretary and J. P. Wilson, Librarian and Treasurer. The association first opened in a tailor shop and later Holman Johnson donated the use of a room over his store. Each patron was to loan a book thus making the library a kind of co-operative society. At first it was kept open only on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons for those who desired to come in and read, but later it was kept open until nine o'clock of evenings. After the organization was sufficiently perfected, steps were taken to secure the five hundred dollars available under the will of William McClure, a wealthy citizen of New Harmony, Indiana, who left a large sum of money to be distributed to different counties in five hundred dollar amounts. After securing the sum the association was known as the "Hovey Institute & Working Men's Library Association." At a special meeting held May 2, 1857, in the old M. E. church, Dr. David Hutchinson, on behalf of the Mooresville Bible Society, presented a Bible to the association with an appropriate address. This was responded to and the Bible accepted by Jeremiah Hadley. By motion of Alexander B. Conduitt these speeches were ordered placed on the minutes, but a record of them cannot be found. Mrs. India P. Likely had preserved the records kept, with other important papers in possession of Mr. Johnson, who was her uncle. A. M. Hadley, living at Lewiston, Idaho, had sent to his brother, W. F. Hadley, an account of Mooresville's first library, "from the recollections of a boy" and Mr. Hadley compiled a historical sketch from this and the records in Mrs. Likely's possession, which he read at the dedication of the new Public Library, January 27, 1916.

When Dr. A. W. Reagan was township trustee he had the remaining books in this library moved to the high school building. There were a number of standard works and books by best authors of the day in the collection. About two years ago I had the privilege of ransacking among books from a very old private library left here by a family all long since gone. One bore the attractive title, "The Solemn Warnings of the Dead to the Unconverted," by Joseph Alliene and published in 1833. Another was "The Miseries of the Backslider." Both are remarkably well preserved.

CHURCHES

The history of the Church is one of deepest interest for good, bad and indifferent flocked into the new purchase. However, nothing could thwart the purpose of the Christian pioneers to establish places of worship in the land they proposed to redeem from the wilderness. The Friends and Methodists organized classes near the same time, in the years of 1821 and 1822. The Friends held their first meeting in the cabin home of Asa Bales, who then lived south of town on the first hill across White Lick on the farm he afterward sold to Joseph Moon. Later the meetings were held a part of the time in Noah Kellum's cabin farther up the east fork of White Lick. This society had sent delegates regularly to Blue river monthly and quarterly meetings in Orange county and had petitioned those bodies for a monthly meeting, which, in the course of time was granted and was named "White Lick Monthly Meeting of Friends." A log meeting house was built near Plainfield road a mile and a half northwest of town on land that had been entered by Eli Hadley, father of the late Ann H. Dakin, (now owned by Jeff W. Miles) and in the year 1823 their first monthly meeting was held with a committee of men and women Friends from Blue river in attendance. At the next monthly meeting the following communication was received and read:

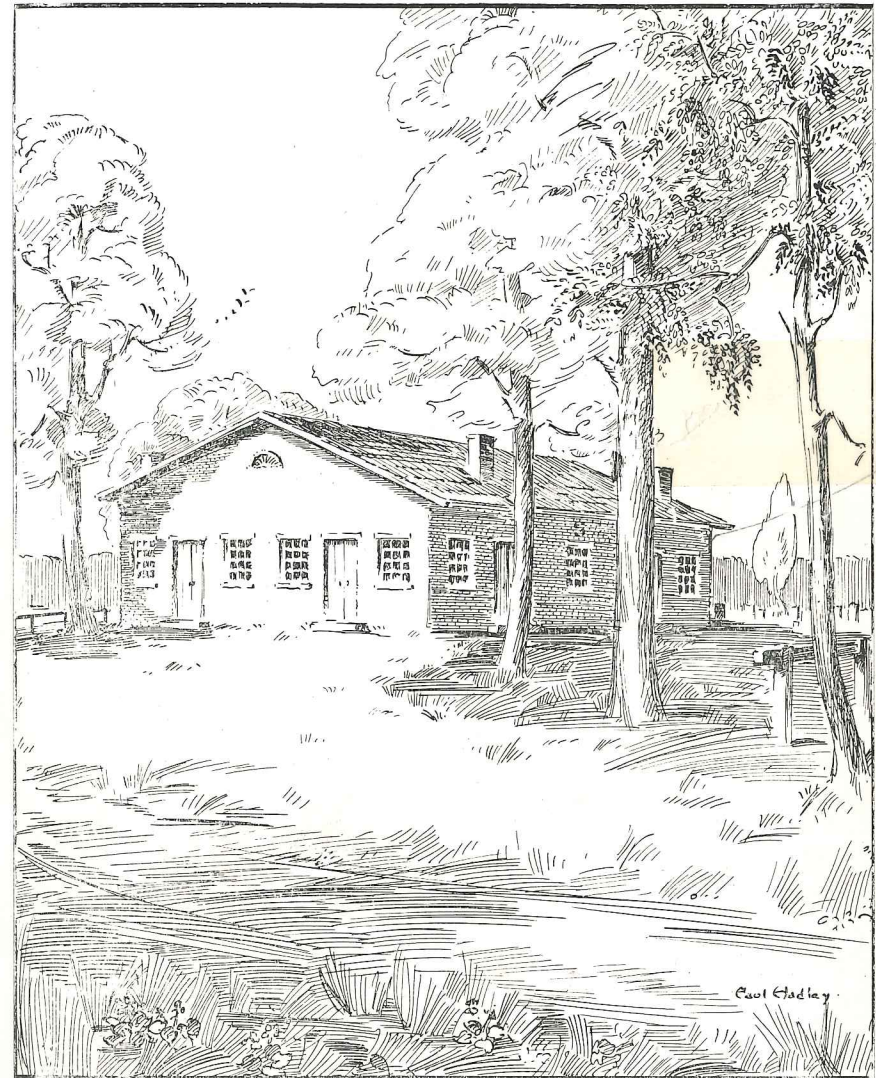
TO WHITE LICK MONTHLY MEETING OF FRIENDS

To Be Held Ninth Month, 8th, 1823

Dear Friends:—This is to certify we intend marriage with each other.

(Signed) JOHN JESSUP, RUTH HADLEY.

Consent of parents was next read and a committee from both men's and women's meetings appointed to inquire if there were any previous engagements or other entanglements and report to the next monthly meeting. As the report was favorable permission was granted and the contracting parties were allowed



Friends Church at Old White Lick—Built in 1827

to pass meeting; that is, they stood together before the congregation and said, the man speaking first: "Dear Friends, this is to certify that I continue my intention of marriage with Ruth Hadley," and Ruth Hadley repeated: "Dear

Friends, I continue my intentions of marriage with John Jessup." The meeting then appointed a committee to see that perfect decorum was observed at the wedding, which was consummated at the following mid-week meeting, of which the bride was a member. Soon after the meeting convened the bridal party entered and took their places on the "Facing Bench," that is the one that was usually occupied by the elder members and faced the congregation. They were expected to sit out the usual hour of worship and at the proper time the head of the meeting would stand and say: "It is now time for the young people to accomplish their marriage." At this signal they arose, and the man repeated first: "Friends, in the presence of the Lord, and before this assembly, I take Ruth Hadley to be my wife, promising by Divine assistance to be unto her a loving and faithful husband until death shall separate us." The bride repeated the same except using his name where he used hers and wife instead of husband. The church then granted a certificate that legalized the marriage—Friends having succeeded in having a law enacted that gave this privilege. Mrs. John H. Mills, Mrs. P. Thompson and Mrs. W. H. Gregory, daughters of Ashur and Malinda Jessup Kellum are granddaughters of this union. The "passing meeting" episode was discontinued in about twenty years.

Many marriages occurred and other families sought homes in the new purchase and the society increased in numbers until in 1826. In order to accommodate the membership, a site was secured a mile west of town almost in the forks of White Lick and McCracken's Creek and the first brick church in Morgan county was built at a cost of over nine hundred dollars in 1827. A quarterly meeting was granted and the first one held in it was in 1831. A large partition wall passed through the center north and south and was made with shutters that could be lowered and raised at will, so that men and women could have separate business sessions. The membership was scattered over Marion, Hendricks, Parke and Hamilton counties and many came to the meetings in wagons drawn by oxen or horses, and on horseback. Occasionally the wife and one or two children would ride, while the man of the house would cover the distance on foot. Those living near provided free entertainment and sometimes the cabin floors were almost covered with beds in order to accommodate all. The great in-gathering continued to increase and White Lick was really the mother church in this community. Bloomingdale Quarterly Meeting, in Parke county, established in 1836; Union in Hamilton county in 1850; Plainfield in 1860, and Fairfield in 1868, were all at one time a part of White Lick. James Hadley, one of the first settlers and a teacher, was also the first recorded minister. The late Dr. A. W. Reagan, who heard him preach, said his English was as correct as that of many college graduates of modern times. On one occasion he attended the yearly meeting at Philadelphia and was snubbed because he wore a suit of "jeans." When he arose to preach his eloquence and earnestness were such that he held the large audience spell-bound and thus won his way into the hearts of the people. His oldest son, Evan Hadley, who died several years ago at his home near Monrovia, was perhaps the best informed man in the community in regard to location of first settlers, changes in ownership, etc. He was acquainted with the genealogy of the pioneer element and very accurate in data as to the establishment of churches, schools, and all things that tended to enlighten the community, and he left records of much value to present and coming generations. His widow, Mrs. Mary Ann Ballard Hadley, is still living at Monrovia at the advanced age of ninety-five years and was the first white child born in Monroe township. His brother, Jeremiah Hadley, mastered higher mathematics by the light of the tallow dip and open fire and became a surveyor whose services were in great demand, and in 1860 he published a map of Morgan county with land descriptions and owners' names. He also became a minister of the Gospel and was recorded by White Lick Monthly and Quarterly Meetings. He had no preparation except a careful study of the scriptures and such religious literature as he could obtain. His sermons were mostly doctrinal, but one Sunday morning, early in the sixties, when preaching at West Union, he was given a message of prophecy that was fulfilled before the week end in the death of Solomon Bray. His last days were full of affliction and spent in the quiet of his home and blessed communion with the Master he had served.

Katharine Malloy was a childless widow, who had a comfortable estate and at her death the greater part of her means was left in trust with the White Lick Quarterly Meeting. She provided for two funds, one to assist the very needy, and another to buy books and clothing to enable poor children to attend

school. She died near sixty years ago, but her memory is kept alive through benefits derived from the "Malloy Fund." Only a simple headstone marks her grave, but she builded a monument for herself that will reach to eternity.

Mary White, grandmother of Eli H. Anderson, was a pioneer who devoted her long life to the interests of the church. In the days when Christian people were waging war on slavery, an anti-slavery conference was to be held in connection with the Friends Yearly Meeting at Richmond; the groanings of an oppressed people had appealed strongly to her sympathies, and she was obsessed with a desire to attend this meeting she could not resist, neither would she neglect her nursing babe, and with the child in her arms and some changes of clothing in an old fashioned carpetbag hung on the horn of her saddle she went on horseback to Richmond to attend the meetings.

A "First Day" school was organized at White Lick in 1829 but was usually discontinued during the coldest winter months, but with the return of spring would be reopened. Many families took their dinners and spent the day together socially and in study of the scripture. Young women and young men in their plain Quaker garb would meet in the shade of the grand old trees south of the church and many a romance that began in little trips to the spring at the foot of the hill, ended in marriage. Two couples married in the old church nearly sixty years ago are still living—they are James R. Carter and Martha Jones Carter, of Sheridan, and James Thompson and Ann Owens Thompson, of Amo. The last marriage solemnized there was that of David Harvey and Edith Morris, both rather past middle age, and both with children by former marriages. They spent many happy years together at his home near Bethel. Late in the sixties the old church was condemned and a little frame building for the immediate neighborhood occupied the site a few years—now the only thing to mark the once popular place is the burying ground that adjoins it. Marble slabs, overgrown with moss, mark the resting place of many who were valiant in service, not only in stimulating moral and Christian growth, but in commercial and industrial enterprises in the early history of Indiana. Among those are John and Hannah Bray, Jesse Carson, Henry and Hannah Mills, Josiah and Martha Mills, Frederick and Melinda Newby, Eli and Margaret Hadley, Eli and Diana Jones, William C. and Rebecca Mills, William and Hannah Macy, Perry T. Macy and his two wives, Charity and Rebecca, Eli and Jane Sumner, Benjamin and Mary White, Richard and Edith Day, John D. and Ruth Carter, Nathaniel and Martha Carter, John Hadley and his wives, Hannah and Eleanor, William (the surveyor) and Ann Hadley, James W. Parker, father of Mrs. India P. Likely, William and Martha McCracken and many others whose names would perhaps not sound so familiar as these. After the old church was condemned the one on the beautiful campus at the west end of town was built and the first Quarterly Meeting held there was in May, 1869. The first marriage in this church was that of Miss Mary Hadley, daughter of Abner and Ann Lindley Hadley, and Thaddeus Townsend of Monrovia. They have made their home in Portland, Oregon, many years. The first funeral was that of Martha Carter, mother of James R. Carter, of Sheridan, and T. W. Carter, of Mooresville. Some time before the little frame church was abandoned, Perry T. Macy and John R. Sellers were convinced of the power of song as a means of grace and, rather than intrude on those whom they knew to be so bitterly opposed to that feature of worship, they held meetings in the Macy school house. They would offer prayer for those desiring them to do so and encouraged testimony, rather than silent meetings, which was altogether out of harmony with the customs of early Friends. The young people embraced the new ideals and there was a number of conversions and there are many who look upon these so-called social meetings, of more than fifty years ago, as the foundation of the great progressive movement that spread so rapidly in the Friends church. The members outgrew the schoolhouse and singing and testimony were introduced into the established churches which caused the conservative element to withdraw from the larger body at Quarterly meeting in November, 1877. This was very pathetic, and in some instances separated parents and children, but it gave to all the privilege of worshipping according to the dictates of conscience, undisturbed. The ability of both Macy and Sellers as ministers had been recognized by the church and they were recommended for any service to which they felt their duty called them. Rebecca Clawson and Rebecca Macy had been leading ministers in the church a number of years previous to this, but the Friends church never employed a pastor until in eighty-three or eighty-four when they secured the services of Rev. Franklin Meredith and have never been without since. A sad misfortune came to Mr.

Meredith during his stay here: One morning his wife, who was somewhat afflicted, fell into the open fire and was burned so badly she died within a few days. Before pastors were employed many visiting Friends went from place to place and held appointed meetings and ministers in the local church were frequently liberated for service elsewhere.

Bethel Friends meeting grew out of the society that had been organized and held meetings in Sulphur Springs schoolhouse. The site for the meeting-house and the schoolhouse, which at first was under control of the membership, was a part of land left in the will of Eli Hadley, Sr., to his son Caleb, who died before attaining his majority. The original document shows that the old-time "pole measure" was used in describing the tract. Mrs. Ann Dakin was quite a young girl then and loved, in later years, to tell of an Autumn afternoon, when those who had decided to build, gathered on the hillside and discussed a name. Joseph Hunt, head of the meeting for many years, suggested the name of Bethel which was adopted. The first little frame building, erected in 1842, was used until in 1868 or 1869. Mahlon Day and Ruth Harvey, who celebrated their golden wedding at their home in Carmel, Indiana, May 30, 1917, were the last couple married in it. The present church occupies the same site in the center, and overlooking the beautiful valley of Bethel, while those who sowed and reaped and toiled and spun in its early history, rest from their labors in "the low green tents" in the adjoining cemetery. The mother of Daniel Ferree was the first person buried there. Others are Simon and Lydia Moon, Joab and Ruth Wright, Robert and Sarah Harvey, David Harvey, Eli and Amy Harvey, Jonathan and Lucretia Harvey, Elizabeth Elmore, William and Pricilla Harvey, Thomas and Hannah Elmore and a number of others. Several of the earlier members were buried at White Lick.

Robert Harvey had a large family of boys and kept a dairy in order to give all employment at home. He made thousands of pounds of full cream cheese which found a ready market in neighboring towns. The old Matthews bakery and the Mason House at Martinsville bought hundreds of pounds of him. He also manufactured brooms as a side line to farming and this trade has descended from father to son to the third generation. Perhaps you will pardon my pride if I relate that Samuel Moore left this record of my father, Eli Harvey: "He is a public spirited citizen and has brought more fine stock into the county than any other man."

William and Ruth Harvey, who came from Clinton county, Ohio, in 1830, assisted in the work of the church until in 1849, when they moved to the "Indian Reserve," as the fertile fields of Grant county were then called and again assumed still heavier burdens in pioneer life, clearing a new country and giving aid in establishing schools and meetings. They still have a large family of descendants in that locality. Joseph and Anna Hunt were honored pioneer members and Mr. Hunt sat at the head of the meeting many years; that is, he took his place first in the little gallery or raised seat—this was a signal to others that "meeting was set." When the hour of worship ended he reached and shook hands with the one who sat next to him and this hand shaking was continued on both the men and women's sides of the house until all the elderly portion had shaken hands. No man would have ventured to sit with his wife and children then in a Friends meeting. Most families were very much in accordance with Theodore Roosevelt's ideas, and all the children accompanied the parents to meeting and the father would take those he was expected to look after to the men's side and the mother marshal the rest of the family, usually with a little one in her arms, into the women's side. Another custom in all churches of the olden times would be highly amusing to the young people who are accustomed to furnace and steam heated buildings. All the old time meeting houses were heated by one or more big shop shaped stoves and in cold weather these would be covered with bricks. There would also be a number of holders, heavier than an iron holder, and when any one came in late, or a visitor arrived, it was quite an act of courtesy to carry them a hot brick to place under their feet. When we think of the distance many had to go to attend service and the tedious modes of travel, the idea was not a bad one.

THE M. E. CHURCH

The first Methodist Episcopal service ever held in the immediate vicinity of Mooresville was when Reuben Claypool preached in the three-sided cabin of John Martin, in East White Lick neighborhood. Mr. Claypool rode up to the

cabin and after "Hallowing the House," asked: "Are there any lost sheep of the House of Israel here?" The answer came from within: "Yes, and they are bleating for a Shepherd." With genuine pioneer hospitality the Martin cabin was opened for service and invitations sent to all in reach to come out to preaching. The first ministers carried a Bible and hymn book in their saddlebags and these were usually the only ones in the congregation. In order to meet this deficiency the minister would read a hymn and then re-read two lines at a time and announce whether it should be sung in long, or short meter. The leader would get the pitch with a tuning fork and all would join in singing two lines at a time until the hymn was sung throughout and this practice was continued several years. Other meetings followed those in the Martin cabin, a number being held in the home of W. A. Rooker until quite a class was organized. Peter Monical, a local man, frequently preached for them and east White Lick church was built on ground donated by Samuel Evans in 1829 and belonged to the Illinois circuit until in 1833 when the White Lick Circuit, Indiana Conference, was formed. Rev. Joseph Tarkington was appointed to the circuit. Rev. E. R. Ames who was a bishop in after years was an early circuit rider on the White Lick charge. Benjamin Thornburgh, who lived south of town was a class leader. His wife, Susan Thornburgh, frequently walked two miles, took off her shoes and stockings and waded the creek when it was possible to do so, in order to attend the service. She lived to be more than ninety years old and still has two daughters, Mrs. Addie Woodard and Mrs. Mary Dryden, living at Martinsville.

The first Quarterly Conference ever held in this vicinity was on a log heap on the farm now owned by T. B. Rooker. The most rigid adherence to the discipline was regarded as necessary to salvation and those who failed to meet the requirements were "read out of meeting" at these official gatherings. The class in Mooresville was formed a few years after the one at East White Lick. Mrs. Eliza Moore, wife of Samuel Moore, Jesse and Candace Conduitt Rooker, the parents of Samuel Moore Rooker and Eli and Edith Tanzy met regularly and held prayer meetings in one of their homes. Wm. Cline and wife became interested and in time Mr. Cline was made a class leader and services were held in his cabin which stood on North Indiana street, where Sumner Sisters Millinery establishment is, and later was moved to his cabinet shop on present site of Ralph Jackson's livery barn. Just a little leaven, but as in the days of old, when Paul planted and Apollos watered, God gave the increase and the class continued to grow in numbers and in spiritual strength and the meetings were moved to the school house. One lady was a cripple, and had to be carried to church in her chair and the moment she was inside the door she began to shout and continued to do so until she had given full vent to her feelings. In fact, all the Methodists were so noisy they were refused the use of the school house, fearing they would set it on fire and they returned to Cline's Cabinet shop to worship. In time the schoolhouse burned, but through no fault of the Methodists, and when the brick schoolhouse was built they were re-admitted. Rev. Hiram Griggs was one of the early ministers. In 1833 two preachers were appointed as the circuit extended over a large territory. They were Revs. John Burt and John B. Kelly and during the winter they held what has always been referred to as the big revival. Scores of men and women sought and found pardon and became useful members of society. One night a party of men and women met for a regular carousal in a house that stood where the Public Service Plant now stands. Later they decided it would be more fun to go over and break up the meeting, but such was the convicting and convincing power of that service, and so intense the spiritual atmosphere, that instead of breaking up the meeting, stony hearts were melted and a new song proceeded from the lips of many who had uttered denunciations and curses. Harris Bray had been operating a distillery east of town that added materially to his income. After his conversion he emptied the contents of the still on the ground, but another problem remained to be solved; he had done quite an amount of credit business and his books represented a goodly sum. After musing awhile the books were burned and not a penny collected. Some other things in the experiences of the pioneer Christians were very amusing. On one occasion Mr. Bray was appointed to lead prayer meeting in a home. Although the spirit was willing the flesh was weak, but he decided to walk into the house, toss his hat on the bed in an easy, "leisurely way" so none would suspect the cross he bore. What he did, was to toss his hat into the big open fire in an "easy leisurely way" and then turned and

spat on the bed. However, nothing moved him from his purpose to live an upright Christian life and he spent many years in comfort on his farm east of town, with a conscience, void of offense toward God and man.



Mooresville M. E. Church—Built in 1839

The membership of the church had grown until a new house was a real necessity and Samuel and Eliza Moore gave two lots on West Washington street on which to build a church and leave room for a cemetery. James S. Kelly, Daniel Day, William McClellan, William M. Black and John W. Richards were made trustees. The brick was burned on ground near the site for building and the house completed in 1839 and dedicated by Rev. Samuel P. Jones, without a public appeal for money. Isaac P. Crawford was preacher in charge and Rev. T. H. Rucker, junior preacher. Some of the members, whose names were very familiar then, have long since died or moved elsewhere. Among them are the Richards, Laverty, Pope, Worthingtons and Hutchinsons. Others who continued residence here, were Alexander Worth and family, Christian and Barbara Butner, William and Polly Hinson, William and Delila Carlisle, Allen Trimble and family, the Sheets and Rusie families, Holman Johnson and widowed sister, Mrs. Martha Johnson Parker, John H. Thornburgh, Dr. G. B. Mitchell, Dr. A. W. Reagan and their families, the Fansler and Shanafelt families, Harriet Cox and daughters and scores of others. Some of these outlived the three score and ten years allotted to mankind and were "instant in season and out of season" to the edifying and building up of the church. Delila Dorrell came to Mooresville when a young woman, from Rising Sun, Ohio, and united with the church. She afterward married William Carlisle, and remained a faithful member until on her eighty-fifth birthday, when she passed to the church triumphant. By 1846 the church had increased until a part of the membership organized a society at Belville, with Henry Dane pastor in charge, and in 1852 all the M. E. churches in this vicinity were included in the Indiana Circuit and in 1855 Mooresville was made a station. In the late sixties or early seventies an organ was brought into the church that caused as much dissension as when singing was introduced in the Friends church. One brother, long since dead, prayed earnestly that the organist, who was Miss India Parker, now Mrs. Likely, might get sick and be kept at home so they could worship in the good old-fashioned way, and in case this failed he asked the Lord to "blow that box of whistles outside the meeting house." Neither prayer being answered the organ remained and J. P. Calvert

was made director of the church choir and served faithfully forty years, never missing a service unless circumstances compelled him to do so.

Rev. John Williams, who later moved to Bowling Green, organized the first Sunday school in the Mooresville church in 1835 and the event was celebrated with an interesting program in the present church on the fiftieth anniversary.

In the year 1881 Dr. Clark Robbins, David Fansler and John Fogleman and perhaps some others withdrew from the church and founded the Methodist Protestant church, in the building on East Washington street, that had been erected by the Lutheran church early in the history of our town.

A farewell service was held in the old church January 29, 1883. Only six persons were present who were members before the great revival, and only four who attended the dedication. "Memory was on her knees" at that meeting; if those old walls could have spoken, what a story would have been unfolded. Here parents had held their little ones in their arms for the ordinance of baptism and perhaps in a few months or years at most carried them from the church to the nearby cemetery, where the headstones bear mute testimony that with many, life was a very brief span. The altar had been the scene of many conflicts. Here, also, had they given their children in marriage. If I am not mistaken a double wedding was the last to be solemnized in this church, the parties being Dr. Thomas E. Stuckey, now living in Indianapolis, and Miss Emma Cox; and Millard Wampler, of Gosport, and Miss Jessie Reagan. The last interment in the old cemetery was that of Samuel Moore, who lived to be ninety years old and was buried March 1, 1889 beside the wife and children who had preceded him to the grave many years. The bell that calls the children to the Mooresville schools is the one formerly used in the old church. When our beloved founder realized the time of his departure was near, he said to his daughter, Mrs. Fogleman: "Have them toll the old bell, Maggie." This was done alternately with the church bell, but who can tell the flood of memories that filled the soul of the dying man when he made the request! The corner stone for the church now in use was laid April 26, 1882, with imposing ceremony and many treasures hidden within. Rev. John A. Ward, pastor. He was also pastor when the church was dedicated by Bishop Bowman, Feb. 2, 1883. The text was taken from Matthew 13:45-46. Rev. Joseph Woods, D. D., preached at the evening service.

The Christian church in Mooresville was organized during the forties, largely by the efforts of Dr. Charles Hawk. Thomas Dunnegan of Methodist faith, grandfather of Mrs. Allie Trimble Brackney, donated the ground so long as it was used for church purposes. Dr. J. M. Snoddy, Virginia Feazel, Mary Cummins, John McVey, William Williams, Betsy McNabb, Arminta Hawk, John Knox, Rebecca Edwards and Mary Carpenter were among the charter members. We have not been able to learn the name of the first pastor but the late lamented Elder Urban C. Brewer often told of service in the church when a mere "boy preacher" and the encouragement the members gave him. The society prospered for several years and then gradually went down until sometimes only a very few women met and read the Bible and offered prayer, relying fully on the promise that where two or three are met in His name He will be with them. Mother Buckner, who died a short time ago, was sometimes both minister and janitor and occasionally furnished the fuel, and with a few other noble Christian women began a campaign for funds to build a new church. This was in the year 1900. Samuel Flowers and A. L. Ball were associate members but the real working force on the building committee were the following women: Mrs. Ella Reagan, Mrs. Elizabeth Snoddy, Mrs. Susan Routen, Mrs. Ora Jackson and Mrs. Alfareta Rusie. Mrs. Reagan and Mrs. Snoddy gave security for borrowed money. Others, who did sewing, assisted in giving markets and dinners were Mrs. Ruth May, Mrs. Sudie Jackson, Mrs. Henrietta Jackson, Mary Carpenter and Mrs. Maggie Hubbard and Mrs. Ball and perhaps a few others. The result of their efforts was marvelous and in November, 1904, the present church was dedicated, but with a debt hanging over it. However, these same women continued to labor and in a few years held an all-day jubilee meeting when the mortgage was burned by Mother Buckner, who gave not merely "the widow's mite" but much of that earned by hard labor in her market garden, hot beds, etc. That the workmanship of this band of women is approved is evident from the steady growth in membership and its influence for good in the community.

Bethesda M. E. church, southwest of town, was organized early in the history of the county. Rev. Byram Carter, who lived to a great age and was an honored member of the Indiana Conference near three score years, used to tell

of helping to cut and haul the logs for the old church. James Demoss and Peter Farmer gave the land on which to build and quite a little tract for a graveyard. The frame house that is still standing was built in the early fifties. The pioneer members were James Demoss, Henry and Peter Farmer, Alfred Elliott, Peter, Jacob and Eli Greeson, William and Marion Hornady, Jesse Tansey, Stephen Ward, Lorenzo D., Eli S. and Anson Moon and their families. The charge was formerly on the Belville circuit and they would have preaching as often as every two weeks, either morning or afternoon, and the minister would preach at Locust Grove, south of town, on the same day. This was on the Benjamin Thornburgh farm and was supported by the Thornburghs, Matthews, Monical, Gilbert and Rinker families until it became a part of the Brooklyn charge.

Antioch is a Methodist Protestant church of early origin. Henry and Sarah Brewer donated the land on which to build but through some misunderstanding the house was not built on the tract described in the deed. Recently C. E. Gregory, who now owns that part of the Brewer farm, had the deeds corrected to prevent any misunderstanding that might arise in the future.

Mt. Gilead Christian church, east of town, has an interesting history. Soon after Madison township was settled, Henry McNabb, father of the late Dr. Philip McNabb, gave three acres of ground for the church. Benjamin Park, father of Mrs. W. O. Shufflebarger, and the late Jeff T. Park and his twin brother, Alexander Park, whose widow is still living in Tipton, took ox teams and cleared the ground and hauled the logs for the first church. Henry McNabb, Henry T. Swearingen, William Williams, Allen Hicklin, Wash Lowe, James Carter and the Park families were among the first members. Miss Mary Park came in on her thoroughbred saddler from Kentucky with an uncle and after awhile was married to H. T. Swearingen and spent the remainder of her life there and was a leading spirit in the church and in the community.

Abner Cox, grandfather of Mrs. W. L. Moore and Mrs. J. L. Matthews, was one of the first settlers in Madison township and some of the land he bought of the government has never been transferred except by inheritance. He was a man of great hospitality and it is said his cabin floor would often be covered with new comers, so anxious was he to assist desirable characters to locate. He gave the land for the Mt. Olive M. E. church which has been a power for great good in the community. John Harryman burned the brick and built the church many years ago that was destroyed by a storm July 4, 1916. The first ministers are unknown but Mrs. Amanda Greeson says, when a little girl, she often accompanied her father, George Rinker, who preached there. These local men were called exhorters and often conducted services in the absence of an ordained minister. Mt. Olive enjoys some distinctions that are unusual. Mrs. Julia Harryman, now one hundred and four years old, has been a Methodist ever since she was thirteen years of age and the greatest part of this time her membership has been with Mt. Olive. The soldiers of four wars are buried in the cemetery adjoining the church. John Harryman, the husband of Mrs. Julia Harryman, who was buried there, was a soldier in the Black Hawk War. One of the war of 1812, and others of the Civil and the Spanish American Wars are buried there. Some points brought out at the dedication, after the damaged church was rebuilt, told of the hardships endured by the pioneers of this church. Harris Brown recalled that he was obliged to attend the first dedication barefoot. Many came in ox wagons, the great thought in the hearts of the people being to plant the gospel banner in the new country. William and Delila Stone Landers were important factors in settling Madison township. They bought a large tract of land of the government, much of which still bears the family name although descended to the third generation. Mr. and Mrs. Landers entertained the commissioners that located the State Capital at Indianapolis, in the home that is still standing, and is a part of the old homestead at Landersdale, and now owned by Mrs. Franklin Landers, of Indianapolis. Their daughter, Mrs. Harriet Cox, lived in Mooresville many years and was an element of strength in the M. E. church and in the citizenship of our town. One very pleasant memory in connection with the early churches is of the old-time singing schools. As the people became more progressive the singing master would haul a little melodeon around with him to use in training, and many a voice, long since silent, used to make those old log walls resound with melodies from the diapason.

Camp meetings were important factors in the first years of local history and some of the happenings would be pronounced thrillers in these times. The

meetings were held in a grove and people lived either in rude tents or covered wagons. The grounds were lighted by torches and bon-fires and the gospel was preached with no uncertain sound; preachers held sinners and backsliders right over the lake of fire and brimstone, extending no hope for mercy unless the terms they offered were accepted at once. This usually had the desired effect and scores flocked to the "mourners bench" and the prayers for the unsaved, the penitents begging for mercy and the songs and hallelujahs of the redeemed, were strangely intermingled and echoed by the vast forests about them. I never attended one of these meetings, but heard them vividly described by those who did, and heard them say that sometimes the rowdy element that would collect outside the camp to annoy and disturb would either yield to the pressure of the hour or flee in terror from the place.

Bethany, nestled on the hillside at Brooklyn, with its inviting shades and annual gatherings that offer programs to refresh both mind and body, was well known over the state in Civil War times as Frank Landers' mule pasture. Mr. Landers bought hundreds of mules and pastured and fed them until ready for army service. The little shaded retreat on the hill overlooking the lake and tabernacle was the family burying ground until the site was sold for assembly purposes, when the bodies were moved to Crown Hill. The Robbins, Griggs, Morgan, Slaughter, Rinker, Butterfield, Ely and McDaniel families were among those that settled in the vicinity of Brooklyn and were instrumental in creating a fine moral and religious atmosphere and establishing institutions that raised the standard of citizenship. Alfred Robbins came from Ohio in the winter of 1834 and bought one hundred and twenty acres of land of Samuel Evans for \$520. The tract is now owned by Jerry Griggs. Mr. Robbins brought his wife and his oldest son, Lewis, a babe of six weeks when they started, and came through in a wagon drawn by four horses. The weather was so severe that the mother and child were put between featherbeds to prevent them from freezing. The man in the saddle had his ears and feet so badly frozen that he died soon after he went back to Ohio. Mr. Robbins was a brickmason and built the first brick house in Mooresville for James Kelley. His son, Lewis, was learning the trade, but his father died before he learned to turn an arch. This troubled him greatly, but one night in a dream his father appeared and gave such minute instructions that Lewis tried the experiment and found it correct. The visitation was so sacred that he never spoke of it except to his most intimate friends. Much of his work is still standing in Morgan county. After his marriage he moved to the vicinity of Mooresville and was among the leading citizens many years. His brother, Dr. Clarke Robbins, was a practicing physician here and established the local sanitarium.

FAIRS

A few agricultural societies were formed early in the history of the county but the first fair of any consequence was held at Monrovia in 1854, another in 1855 and one in 1856; no two being held on the same ground, but as that community had always been noted for its enterprise in stock raising and agricultural pursuits these fairs were very successful and inspired those not especially interested to more efficiency. In 1857 the fairgrounds at Centerton were leased and fenced in and buildings erected for various exhibits. Beautiful silver cups and other souvenirs were given as premiums until after the beginning of the war when cash premiums were paid. The fair continued here at least until 1863. The public days were from Tuesday until Friday inclusive and were attended by great throngs of people. William Hardwick, who leased the ground for the fair, had the eating stand privileges and served a menu that would astonish the people in these times of high prices and wheatless and meatless days. The log cabin had given way to good frame buildings and most farmers were greatly interested in improving their stock and there were many fine exhibits of cattle, hogs and horses. A Duroc Jersey was then unknown here, but Chester White, Poland China, Berkshire and the little Suffolk hogs were adorned with red and blue ribbons according to their merits. The ladies also made some fine exhibits in plain and fancy sewing, preserving, canning and baking. The afternoons were usually devoted to horse racing. These were conducted very differently from modern methods, not even sulkies or toe-weights or other racing paraphernalia were used, but the saddle had to be perfect fitting and in no way injure the animal's back, as all races were on horseback. Occasionally the horse would reach

the fair grounds a day before, but just as often would arrive on the morning of the race. Only one horse went at a time, and when the judge said "Go" they covered the track enough times to make a mile, and then the time was registered. There were usually three classes of saddle horse, trotting, pacing and racking. After all in their respective classes had raced, the prize was given to the one in each class making the quickest time. Hamilton Jackson, for many years the veteran horseman not only in Mooresville but the surrounding country, used to tell many interesting stories of racing days. He had a pacing horse, Redbuck, that had few equals in a race. Mr. Jackson used to ride to Franklin or Terre Haute or some other neighboring fair one day, and ride in the race the next, and on one occasion the pace was so hard that when he left the saddle there was blood in his boots, the veins in his legs having bursted. Long after racing days were over his eyes would kindle with pride whenever he told the story of how Redbuck won. The family is in possession of some elegant pieces of silverware that were trophies of the race. A district fair composed of Marion, Morgan, Johnson and Hendricks counties was organized and held at Mooresville some distance south of the Comer & Searce Company's yards and adjoining the Mooresville park. This fair started out well but in a few years was discontinued and the building sold and moved away. The first Old Settlers' meetings here were held in the district fair grounds.

It was here that the famous Gentry Bros. dog and pony show had its origin. Morris Lewis, a Mooresville boy, owned a colt and some dogs which he had trained to give such a clever performance that they were engaged as a special attraction at the district fair and they proved to be quite a drawing card. This encouraged Mr. Lewis and his brother to add other animals to their collection and they exhibited in many places and in the course of time sold to the Gentry Bros.

BARBECUE DAYS

My father attained his majority in time to cast his first vote for William Henry Harrison, elected by the Whigs in 1840, and used to recall, with pride, some of the demonstrations during the campaign of the "log cabin" candidate. Barbecues, where sheep and cattle were slain on the grounds, dressed and cut into large pieces, and either roasted on great trenches of coals or boiled in huge kettles and turned with hand spikes and pitchforks were a popular form of feasting and entertainment, and the crowds were expected to partake, as an indication of fellowship. I remember when a number of little girls were taken in a "chariot" to near Centerton to a barbecue during the campaign of 1856. The chariot was a clumsy farm wagon, the kind that had a tar bucket hung under it, and was profusely decorated with red, white and blue paper muslin. This was when agitation against slavery was at white heat and the Whigs were the chrysalis from which the abolition, or republican party emerged. The pathfinder of the Rockies, John C. Fremont, with William L. Dayton, candidate for Vice-President, were lined up in battle against Buchanan and Breckenridge and Kansas was the principal bone of contention. I remember as we rode into the picnic grounds we sang lustily:

Buck and Brack—Neck and neck
A yoke of oxen slow,
A-tugging at the Kansas law,
Wo—Gee—Wo—
A cracking pair of ponies
Unto this world we'll show,
And Kansas to the union
Will sure and quickly go.

I confess the barbecue dinner looked far more plentiful than appetizing as it reminded one too much of "And all the pertenance thereof" mentioned in the pass-over feast. One of the really pretty things at that rally was a long boat, painted in the national colors, that had been rowed up White river, put on wagon wheels coupled out to suit the length and filled with young women, who came with banners flying and shouting and singing for their candidate. That boat never meant to go up "Salt river" but it had to. Buchanan and Breckenridge won the day and they even turned our song into account, for mighty

few democrats or "Old Liners" that did not have a yoke of steers named "Buck" and "Brack." Party strife was terribly bitter, and indulged in by school children who, when quarrels arose, hurled "abolition" and "old liner" back and forth with all the venom we could muster, fully satisfied in our own minds there were no worse epithets to be applied.

Eli J. Sumner was the first man to make an anti-slavery speech in this community. These were the days of the so-called underground railway, when fugitive slaves would be taken from station to station and hidden until they could safely be furthered on their way to Canada. An old log house near Monrovia road on John Edwards' farm was one of these hiding places, and it is said two or three colored children were buried there. The next station was east on the Watson farm and another in Hamilton county. Friends were especially active and all who were interested were law abiding citizens in all things except their fight against the traffic in slaves. This was certainly a charity in which the right hand had no desire to boast to the left of what it was doing, and great care and tact had to be exercised. I cannot remember the name of the party, but I do remember distinctly that on one occasion, especially, a clever ruse was resorted to to assist a run-away slave. The problem was solved by some Friends in the vicinity of Monrovia deciding to attend a meeting in Hamilton county. The weather was sufficiently cool for the women of the party to wear shawls and heavy veils over their plain bonnets. The fugitive was dressed like the Quaker women and rode in the carriage with them to the next station in safety. This practice continued at intervals several years, or until Lincoln, the great emancipator, by a masterful stroke, liberated the race.

By this time we were in the throes of the Civil War and Mooresville and adjoining townships furnished their full quota of soldiers. Dr. Thomas H. Dryden, Wm. H. Dryden, Robert Gilbert, John T. Harvey, (brother of Mrs. Lavicy Scott) and Tom Brady were among the first to enlist. Robert Gilbert fell in the battle of Missionary Ridge and his body was returned and given a military burial in Mooresville cemetery. John T. Harvey was wounded in the same battle but lived in his Iowa home until a few years ago. As the war progressed many others enlisted in the service. On August 13, 1862, Capt. S. M. Rooker raised a company of one hundred men in one day. T. N. Peoples, a tanner, in business on East Main street, was first Lieutenant and Caleb Day, Second Lieutenant. In a very short time they left with the 12th regiment and in three weeks' time were in the ill-fated battle at Richmond, Ky., and many of the boys sacrificed their lives there. The remnant of the regiment was transferred to the 70th. Capt. Rooker had to give up the service on account of physical disability and Peoples succeeded as captain but he and Caleb Day both died in the service. R. R. Scott became captain, J. H. Rusie, first lieutenant. Women were busy in those days knitting socks and packing boxes of food and clothing, and little girls scraped great quantities of lint with which to stanch the wounds of soldiers. Prices soared, and common calico sold as high as fifty cents per yard, and many other things in proportion. The currency question was a puzzling but interesting one, and silver certificates were issued instead of the coins and were in three, five, ten, twenty-five and fifty-cent denominations. Everybody called them shin-plasters. The denominations varied in size according to face value. Silver was so rare that those who could afford to do so had brooches made of the twenty-five or fifty-cent pieces and cuff buttons of the ten-cent pieces for the top and three-cent coins for the under part and engraved with initials of owners. After the war, and with the coming of the I. & V. railroad, Mooresville began to take on new life and other enterprises located here. A number of new houses were built and older ones remodeled and improved and a general air of prosperity prevailed. In 1872 Benj. Dakin and E. H. Dorland launched the Mooresville Enterprise. Among the first numbers it says that Gen. Ben. Harrison opened the campaign in Mooresville Friday evening. Another item says that Matthew Comer has put up a fine addition to his saw mill. Mr. Comer, a veteran of the Civil War, operated this mill many years and out of that business has grown the Comer-Searce Co. Another local says, Jacob Rusie with A. W. Conduitt & Co. makes a fine fitting boot. One of the most interesting bits of news in the paper reads as follows: "The new sign on South Indiana street is a nice institution. Mr. Mills believes in letting the public know where he is and what he has to sell. The painting was done by Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, of Greenfield, and is a fine piece of work." Chickens are quoted at two dollars and a quarter a dozen and potatoes at fifty cents a bushel. The Enterprise changed ownership several times and was published under different

names and finally discontinued. Later Wm. Hunt published a paper here for several years. W. H. Sage, present owner of the "Mooresville Times," has been in the newspaper business more than twenty-five years, much longer than any other proprietor. J. P. Calvert came to Mooresville in 1868 or soon after. He endured long, hard service in the army and after locating here engaged in photography more than fifty years.

The A. W. Conduitt & Co. sold their store to Jonathan and J. O. Thompson who continued in the business many years. B. H. Perce built a brick business room on South Indiana street and opened a shop for the manufacture of carriages and buggies. When he entered the study of medicine he sold the business to J. H. Mills and B. F. Jones. John Butner, after returning from the war, built the brick store room recently vacated by P. Thompson and opened a furniture store and cabinet shop in it. Mr. Butner made all the first furniture he sold and also the burial caskets. Before this time, when a death occurred, a neighbor or friend took the measure for the casket, usually using a long smooth stick for the length, in which a notch was cut to indicate the widest part of the body. This measure was taken to Wm. McCracken, Rix Newby or O. H. McPherson, who would make the coffin for one dollar per foot. After Mr. Butner's death, John Rusie bought the business from which he retired several years ago. Wm. McCracken's cabinet shop was on his farm southwest of town, but he later discontinued that business and engaged in merchandise in Mooresville. He also opened his home for a boarding house which he and his wife conducted until, because of infirmities of age, his son, Wilkinson McCracken and wife, took charge of the business and spent the remainder of their days there. As time passed they yielded the management to their daughter, Mrs. A. E. Crawford, the present owner. The bell which for more than fifty years has been a signal for rising and meal time is still rung in honor of the ancient custom established by Mrs. Crawford's grandfather. No more familiar sound greets the ear than that of McCracken's bell. In former years it served as a fire signal, and when rung at unseasonable hours or with unusual vigor the alarm was readily responded to.

In order to meet the demands of a steadily increasing growth of business, the Farmers Savings and Trust Company was organized in 1872 and in 1873 became the Farmers Bank. They occupied a small brick building on North Indiana street ten years before building on the present site. Alexander Worth was the first cashier and his daughter, Mrs. Fannie Worth Mills, who now lives in Manatee, Florida, assistant. Mr. Worth was succeeded by John A. Taylor and, after his death, W. F. Hadley was elected to the position and served thirty-six years. Previous to this, Mr. Hadley was telegraph operator and general agent at the I. & V. station.

Great improvements have been made both in town and country, modern invention and labor-saving devices employed. The school system is continually being improved with more and better equipment. Other lodges have been organized and are actively engaged in the ministry of kindly deeds. The Mooresville park, which was a gift from the founder of the town, is being improved and other institutions have been established which reflect the steady growth and general prosperity of the community. Prominent among these are the First National Bank, the Fall Creek Manufacturing Co. and the new public library, but these are not pioneer history. In 1924 Mooresville will have completed a full century of years and I leave these things to be told then by a readier pen than mine and trust that a pageant, representing every episode in our history, will be made a grand and imposing spectacle.

