

Old Residents Review Early History of Centerville

"DARK LYCEUM" GIVES FRIGHT TO CENTERVILLE

Old Residents Delight Crowd With Stories of George W. Julian's Connection With Old Society.

Later Congressmen and Legislators Reflect Spirit of Secret Society in Speeches and Addresses.

CENTERVILLE, Ind., July 5.—The movement to have the government nationalize the old National road brought out many reminiscences at today's Fourth of July celebration. Old residents and descendants of men and women who came to Wayne county over the old National road, brought out clippings narrating old incidents and recalling old times. A friend of the late George W. Julian brought out this speech, which he made at an old settlers' picnic here in 1897. Mr. Julian's references to the "Dark Lyceum" proved highly interesting to the audience. It follows:

Let me talk to you five or ten minutes about Centerville. I was born within a mile from the place more than eighty years ago, and have known it almost from infancy. But I shall only speak of the town as it appeared to me in the spring of 1843, when it became my residence. Centerville was then in its prime. It was notable for its interest in the work of education, its intelligence, its charming social life, and the exceptional morality of its people.

The principal lawyers of the town at that time were John S. Newman, James Riden, Martin M. Ray and Charles H. Test. Mr. Newman was then perhaps the strongest lawyer of the Whitewater bar. Mr. Riden, who had represented the district in congress, was a man of force, but not a student. He was fond of quoting the saying, that "the more a man readeth the less he knoweth." He claimed to have acquired his legal knowledge by intuition, or, as he used to say, by "inspiration." His estimate of himself was very satisfying, and he used to boast that he was "the truck wheels of Wayne county."

Leading Doctors.
The principal physicians of the town were Dr. Pritchett, Dr. Swain and Dr. Tennyson. The former, I think, began the practice of medicine in Centerville in 1826 or 1827, and he must have continued that practice for more than sixty years. His memory will always be cherished by the people who knew him. The chief merchants of the town were Myers Seaton, James Forkner, Adams & Synder, Samuel Hannah and Israel Abrahams.

The tavern keepers of the town were Henry Rowen and Daniel Lashley, and their fame was extended through eastern Indiana by the lawyers from other counties who attended the Centerville courts. I think Thomas G. Noble was then county clerk, and David Gentry sheriff.

In politics Centerville was intensely Whig. Democrats were called "Locofocos," and were decidedly below par. In religious matters the town was divided as it is now. Methodism was then a sort of institution of the town and it was more aggressive and demonstrative than the more conservative Methodism of today. I remember an old gentleman named John Jemison, whose shouting during seasons of revivals made him famous. It had an explosive force, and some of the profane people of the town used to say that John Jemison kept the cholera away from Centerville just as did the lightning. Methodism was in earnest, and it took the lead in the cause of temperance and other good works.

"Dark Lyceum."
Centerville had some other societies which may be mentioned. One of these was the "Dark Lyceum," of which I was the founder. I do not mention this fact to glorify myself, but simply to show that oddities were then a sort of institution of the town and it was more aggressive and demonstrative than the more conservative Methodism of today. I remember an old gentleman named John Jemison, whose shouting during seasons of revivals made him famous. It had an explosive force, and some of the profane people of the town used to say that John Jemison kept the cholera away from Centerville just as did the lightning. Methodism was in earnest, and it took the lead in the cause of temperance and other good works.

"Here choice and kindred spirits meet to mingle in communion sweet; Here truth and friendship guide our feet. And cheer us on our way."

"No base and hollow-hearted knave, No dastard soul, to vice a slave, Shall join the virtuous men and brave, The band of honest men."

"We worship at the sacred shrine Of Knowledge and of light divine, And powers of darkness cannot shine Where our pure brightness reigns."

Debating Club.
Very thorough preparation was made for the debates of the lyceum, and the discussions were sometimes most creditable. New members were admitted from time to time, including such men as Robert N. Hudson, Jesse P. Siddall and Oliver P. Morton. The society flourished until the year 1843, when a question paved the way for disbandment, but its influence was valuable and enduring. Long years afterwards I found a flavor in certain speeches in congress, both in the senate and house of representatives, which I thought I could trace to the training of the "Dark Lyceum" of Centerville.

About the time of which I speak there was a very respectable scientific

and literary society in Centerville. During one winter we had a regular course of lectures, and everybody attended them and seemed to be profitably interested. We had still another society, which was organized by a younger and more aboriginal element in the town. It was called the Society of the Good-Gathering Army, and derived its names from John D. Hopkins, a crazy itinerant who used to travel through the country and entertain the people by singing his favorite song of "The Good-Gathering Army." His antics were exceedingly ridiculous, and the society to which his performances gave birth, gave itself up to frolicking and fun. The ruling member in it was Alexander Hannah, who died recently after a long and exemplary life.

But I cannot pursue these reminiscences further. The memory of these early days now seems to me to be, but this brighter era in the history of Centerville was not to last. Some of its leading citizens, including Newman, Riden and others, sought their homes elsewhere. The life and prosperity of the town found a check, while Richmond was becoming a city, and gradually fixing her covetous eye on our beloved little "Naboth's Vineyard."

This trouble of my life here, and the backward tendency of affairs. As the project for removing the county seat became alarming, the people of Centerville entered upon counteracting measures, but Richmond so skillfully manipulated the work in hand that the doom of Centerville soon became evident. Her people, however, did not despair. They had something of the spirit of '76, and when Richmond was about to send her legions to take away the county records, they placed a cannon in proper position for their defense against the invaders; but the superior military power of the state was appealed to, and Centerville was obliged to submit. The old town, however still has its attractions, at least for me. I was married here, and here my children were born. I spent the best years of my life here, and fought its hardest battles. I find a certain pleasure, though a melancholy one in revisiting it, and am always reminded of the words of Dr. Holmes:

"The mossy marbles rest On the lips that he pressed In their bloom; And the names he loved to hear, Have been carved for many a year On the tomb."

As I walk through the cemetery of the town I see that all my old friends and neighbors are under the sod. Not a single old settler is left, and in the lines of Tennyson:

"The last, go forth companionless, And the days darken round me, and the years."

Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

PRAISE HAROLD FOR STARTING COUNTY WORK

The Fourth of July celebration at Centerville is the result of untiring and unselfish work on the part of Dr. I. S. Harold of Richmond, who sponsored the movement and saw the movement crowned with success. When existing organizations that might have carried out his ideas turned him down and offered no encouragement, Dr. Harold with a few men to whom he explained its purpose began the work of organizing the county.

As early as last January he came before the public with the statement that the National road ought to be taken over by the national government, made a national highway, as a perpetual monument to the pioneers who came along this old trail and carved out the great states of the middle west and commonwealths west of the Mississippi river.

His idea was that Wayne county take the lead in Indiana because of its location on the National road and because of the rich historical data it possesses. He pointed out the commanding position Wayne county took in the Civil war and the great men came from this part of the Hoosier state.

Soon a few men realized that Dr. Harold was advancing a cause that deserved support. They met with him, and under his guidance organized the Wayne Township Old Trails' Road association. The purpose of this organization was to advance the cause of good roads in general and of the National road in particular. Rallying a few men to his support, Dr. Harold began the laborious task of organizing the whole county. The establishment of branch organizations in each township is the work of Dr. Harold. He never missed an appointment and attended organization meetings in all parts of the county. As there is no financial reward attached to the work, the sacrifices of Dr. Harold to advance the work, deserve more than passing notice.

As soon as a few of the townships saw that this was an unselfish organization whose sole object was to advance the good of all Wayne county, they joined the movement with a vim. They realized that in this organization in which all parts of Wayne county are represented the county has a power which it can wield against vicious legislation. They see that the organization will enable the whole county with little notice to get behind a good movement and oppose a bad one.

The Fourth of July celebration was planned as a step in crystallizing sentiment in Wayne county for federal aid for the National road. The celebration was not the sole purpose of the organization, but only an incident in the general plan of the association.

Early Poet Sings of National Road

The first Wayne county poet to see a subject for a poem in the construction of the old National road in 1844 was Isaac H. Julian.

The subject of the following poem was Henry H. Bruce, who, during the construction period of the National road through Wayne county, and for some years later, had his shop at the crossing of that great thoroughfare and the road leading from the village of Greensfork down the valley towards Milton. The poem was composed May, 1844, and a copy of the first draft appeared in the Richmond Palladium, but with only an obscure intimation of the name of the smith, in the quotation from Burns. The author was then quite a youth, but as will be seen, wrote in the character of an aged man, which has now become strikingly appropriate. The poem was recognized as embodying a graphic picture in various points of view.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus:
The whilst the iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news.
Where are the muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy of the name of Bruce?
—Burns.
'Twas near the border of that lovely stream
Where rustic poets wander forth to dream,
Whose name, well known throughout its vales serene,
Recalls the memory of 'Johnny Greene.
Arose the smithy of the country round,
And wearied echo with the sledge's sound.

It looked upon the famous "Roman way,"
Which guides the chariot of the closing day,
To those fair regions of the distant West
Where milk and honey reigns and age makes her nest.
Delightful road, where the unwearied gaze
Drinks boundless rapture from thy pleasant ways,
'Mid groves of shady beech it far extends
Where the broad firmament with spicebrush blends;

The vehicles of emigrating swains
In countless numbers dot the mucky plains;
Some moving slow as a triumphant band,
Some deep in mud in solemn silence stand.
Expansive swamps spread wide on either hand,
By a long line of buckeye bridges spanned.
The traveler halts each day with fresh delight—
Broad sheets of mud and water bound his sight,
And frogs their anthems raise the live-long night.

To this famed spot converged full many a path
Through the ploughmen "gathreed wi' their graith"
The dinky folding doors, expanded wide,
Propped by a fence stake, graced the highway side.
Where the black stamp of red-hot horseshoe made
The escutcheon of the blacksmith's craft displayed.
The bellows' ceaseless roars, the anvil rings,
Fierce glows the steel, and loudly Vulcan sings.
Hard by, a ring of blazing faggots stands—
There the huge wagon tire kindles and expands;
And farther off a sooty cloud ascends
From the black coal pit's cone, and wide extends
A passing mimic of the ebon crown,
Which rests upon the spires of London town.

Throned in this awful realm of doubtful light,
The blacksmith held his counter from morn till night;
The Cyclops' toll and dwelling were his lot,
The one-eyed Cyclops' want of sight was not;
For with unwearied eye, and ear intent,
His mind on news was resolutely bent.

No secondary passion sways his soul—
This bounds his every thought and rules the whole!
And first the papers cheered his passing days
With records of the huge world's shifting maze;
The latest row in congress, or last duel
Between two statesmen fed his mind with fuel;
The queen of England's mighty speeches laid
The firm foundation of success in trade—
While news from India, China, Botany bay,
Showed him of knowledge and of peace the way.

And lucky was the wight who passed that road
Without of news, disgorging his full load.
The swain, returning from his lady love,
Was forced to stand and his allegiance prove;
The peddler and the pettifogger both
Were doomed to speak their minds, however loath;
The dentist, writing master, quack phrenologist,
Found that 'twas all in vain to turn apologet,
The mail boy and the venerated priest
Were forced alike to minister to his feast;
Thus over all his magic power prevailed—
Assurance conquered still where cunning failed;
The old maids envied him his wondrous art,
So skilled in launching scandal's fiery dart.
While sober, quiet people curse the day
That threw them in the greedy blacksmith's way.

To those loved scenes which fancy paints so true,
My music must bid her final, sad adieu.
The pleasant hours of youth have fled by;
Age checks my bounding step and dims my eye;
Old time has shed his frosts upon my brow,
And naught but memory remains me now!
The graphic scene which woke my votive lay
Is sunk in desolation and decay;
The shop has sunk beneath the hand of time—
And, unmolested by the blacksmith's call,
The traveler gazes on its vacant wall.
ISAAC H. JULIAN.
*A noted Indian from whom one of the forks of Whitewater derived its name.

HAROLD ASKS

[Continued From Page One]
do not belong to the office of a road.
"It is America's grade ideals rather than her great commerce that is the hope of the world. Commercialism, born of greed, has gone to seed in the great conflagration of the European nations. It is very fortunate for this nation that we have men that are too big to be measured by a commercial yardstick. Never before has America had so clear a world consciousness as today. Above the hellish din of war and greed, our country has a vision of world brotherhood. Let us follow the leadership of Wilson and become the world's emancipators. Men have been willing to cross strange oceans into alien countries in quest of freedom and justice."

"Let us maintain an active and not a passive neutrality that the world United States may mean united countries."
"Living, vital energy comes from the heart and not the head. To let us touch elbows and hearts in this undertaking to grind no private axes, to sharpen no political knives, to espouse no cause but what is unquestionably the cause of all."
"So let us mightily build this open road as a national thoroughfare to commemorate the lives and deeds of our worthy pioneers and give it as a nation's good will to this and oncoming generations, electrifying it by the sayings of those that have gone before like the mighty sowing by the sea of Galilee that shall result in producing great men and women."

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THOUSANDS PETITION CONGRESS TO BUILD OLD NATIONAL ROAD

CENTERVILLE, Ind., July 5.—Hundreds placed their names to the big petition circulated here asking congress to build and maintain the National road. The text of the memorial follows:

"To the Congress of the United States: "Your petitioners would respectfully show that as early in the political history of this county as 1802, the government in the act enabling Ohio, and shortly thereafter, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, promised these states and held out as an inducement to join the union, that if they would do so the government would appropriate one-twentieth of the proceeds of the sale from all public lands situated in those states to the building of a national road, or roads, to and through those states. It was stated in an enabling act, solemnly declared as its patriotic purpose to be to 'cement the states and thus preserve the union.' In compliance with the acts aforesaid, the states aforesaid accepted the terms thus held out and became members of the American Union. Pursuant to such declared purpose, congress passed an act establishing the national or Cumberland road. This act was approved by Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, on the 29th day of March, 1806, and by subsequent acts

was established as far west as the Mississippi river. For full forty years the government built and maintained the Cumberland road, thus adhering to the policy above indicated and adhering to the compact made with the states.

"We therefore, respectfully but earnestly memorialize your honorable body and pray that the policies and agreements above mentioned be faithfully and fully, in letter and spirit, carried out to that end, and we ask that an appropriation from the general revenues of the government be applied to the rebuilding and extension of said National road now known as the National Old Trails road from Washington on the east to Los Angeles on the west, and this your petitioners will ever pray."

CENTERVILLE

The junior girls and boys' class of the Friends' Sunday school taught by Miss Callie Tremps and Miss Mabel Simons, was delightfully entertained Wednesday afternoon at the country home of Miss Callie Tremps. Outdoor games afforded amusement and refreshments were served. Those present were Esther George, Eva Whistler, Everett Garrett, Mary Blei, Chelsea Simons, Ralph Clark, Glen Hildebrand, Ostil Chambers, Frank Surface, Mrs. Walter Terry went to Urbana Thursday to attend the funeral of her brother's wife, Mrs. Cooper. John Jones of Indianapolis is here for a visit with his brother, Link Jones north of town. Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Logue of Rich-

mond spent yesterday with her brother, Walter Mathews.

French is the official language of the Channel islands.



I know Resinol will heal this rash

I never worry if I have a little rash or other eruption break out—I just put on a bit of Resinol Ointment. That takes out the itching and burning instantly, and soon clears the trouble away. I learned of Resinol Ointment through our doctor prescribing it for my brother. Tom had been almost frantic with eczema for months but that ointment healed his skin like magic.

Resinol Ointment contains nothing that could injure or irritate the tenderest skin. It is an excellent healing dressing for poison-ivy, sunburn, sores, chafings, burns, etc. For trial free, write to Dept. 15-S, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. Sold by all druggists.

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SUBURBAN DAY WEDNESDAY

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Fast black covers, steel rod, mission and natural wood handles; splendid values, **45c**

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Fine Messaline and Taffeta Silk Caps, large bills and veil straps; plain and changeable colors **\$1.00**

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\$1.50 Long Silk Gloves, Paris Points, double tips, two clasps in white, black, tan, rose, navy, grey and white or black; Wednesday **\$1.00**

50c SILK LISLE VESTS

Beautiful finished silk lisle yarn, full silk taped in white and blue colors, Wednesday **25c**

GOOD STURDY PERCALES, 50 PIECES

Light and dark patterns, yard wide Per cales, special per yard **83c**

50 YDS. SPLENDID DRESS GINGHAMS

In plaids, checks, and stripes in pretty pink, blue, lavender and tan colors; while they last, Wednesday, per yard **4c**

Men's Summer Shirt Sale Continues Wednesday

FAMOUS E. and W. SHIRTS

Madras, Percale and Summer Pique styles, French Cuffs, Laundered Cuffs and coat styles in the best summer stripe effects; as good as most \$1.50 shirts **95c**

MEN'S SOFT SILK FINISHED SHIRTS

French cuffs, coat styles in all the new plain and Roman striped colorings; values up to \$1.25 **85c**

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Fine summer wash materials in the prettiest of striped and figured designs, coat styles; we doubt if equal value can be bought at 75c; these only **48c**

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In this lot are Silk Poplins, Silk Batiste and Broche Messaline, not many in the lot; so for best choice come early; 50c, 75c, \$1.00 values, Wednesday per yard **39c**

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