Footprints
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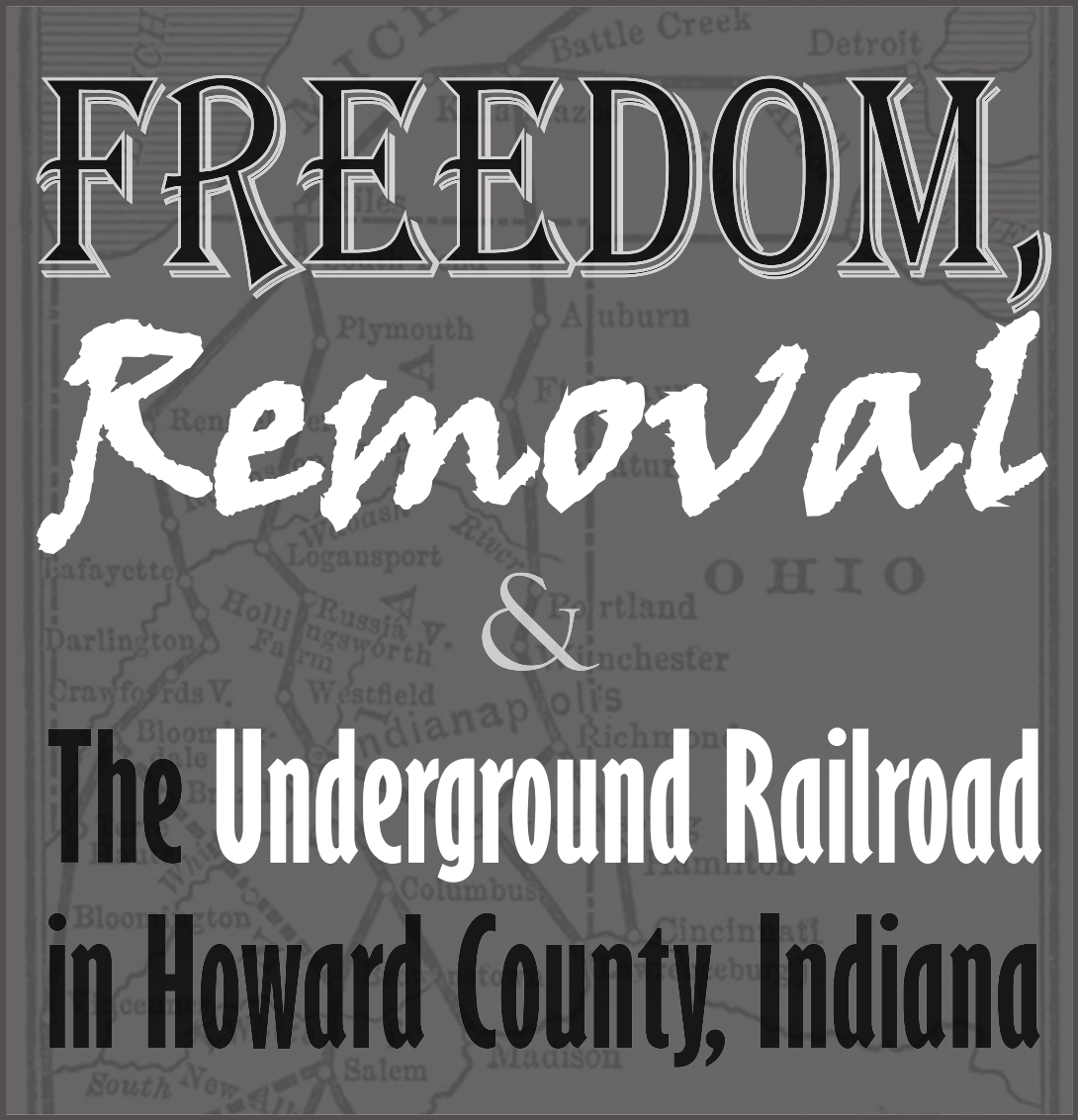
A SPECIAL ISSUE



FREEDOM, Removal & The Underground Railroad in Howard County, Indiana

Footprints

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From the Executive Director

Settling In

Closing in on the third month of my residence at the historical society, it sometimes seems like I've been here for years, and sometimes just a matter of days. I've been getting settled in to regular business after the rush of the end of the year. Our annual meeting took place on Nov. 15, 2022, exactly two weeks after I started. Immediately after, our attention quickly switched to Christmas at the Seiberling. What a whirlwind! I am happy to report that both events were successful and filled with laughter, joy, and a lot of work!

In January, I was honored to participate in two Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. events in Kokomo. On Jan. 13, Mayor Tyler Moore made a proclamation that part of Apperson Way will become Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Boulevard. On Jan. 16, I participated in the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Community Ecumenical Service at Second Missionary Baptist Church. It was humbling to be even a small part of both of these services surrounded by passionate community members and leaders.

Almost a year ago, the final phase of the latest exhibit, Howard County African American History Revealed was unveiled. Since then, countless visitors to the museum have had the opportunity to learn about local African American history and people. Flossie Bailey, Aliff Henley, Baggie Hardimon, James W. Tompkins, "Circus John" Byers, Rev. Henry A. Perry, and many others who made Howard County their homes have been and are being honored. We are proud to help tell their stories as we continue to educate our community (and ourselves) about Howard County's African American history.

I am very excited about historian Gil Porter's article this month, as he brings new research to life with his storytelling. Gil has a knack for finding incredible stories of Howard County, and this one is no different. It adds to our understanding of not only local Miami and Potawatomi tribes, but to Indiana's storied Underground Railroad past. The Underground Railroad by its very nature was a secret, so it's no surprise that information is scarce.

History is fascinating, nostalgic, fun, inspiring, interesting, and inspiring. History is also ugly, raw, and embarrassing. Many times, the ugly parts lead to something fascinating. It is important that we don't shy away from the parts that make us uncomfortable, so that we may remember and learn from those aspects as well.

I'm looking forward to what 2023 has to bring. As I sit here in my office in the carriage house watching it snow, I can see our work and events stretched out before me, just waiting for our ideas to come to fruition. I hope you can join us in our celebrations, education, and camaraderie.

Sincerely,
Anne Shaw

From the President

Honored and humbled ...

Greetings!

I hope and pray this issue of Footprints finds you all tucked away warmly in your homes surrounded by family and friends. The weather outside may be frightful, but I think the content of this edition of Footprints will be found to be most delightful.

Let me start by saying that I am extremely honored and humbled to have been elected as president of the Board of Trustees for 2023. I look forward to continuing the amazing work begun by those before me and to build on the strong foundation established by our outgoing president, Linda Ferries. Linda was the "perfect person in the perfect time" to lead the board for the Howard County Historical Society. I believe this historical society has never been in a better place to succeed. Thank you, Linda.

I would also be remiss to not offer a hearty thank you to Judy Brown and to our new executive director, Anne Shaw, for their audaciously devoted work and effort to make our "Christmas at the Seiberling" event successful, beautiful and so well-received by the community. Thank you as well to all the sponsors, decorators and the incredible cast of volunteers that made it even possible. Thank you, Judy. Thank you, Anne.

Speaking of volunteers ... the Howard County Historical Society has many single events AND continuous, ongoing volunteer opportunities available for you. Our next event (as we know at the current time) is Mr. Kingston's Car Show in early June (June 9-10). This was a great event last year which treated us to a Seiberling Mansion yard full of historic cars and activities for the entire family. If you're looking for another fulfilling option on a more regular basis, HCHS is looking for some more volunteers (docents) to welcome visitors to the museum (Seiberling Mansion). Education and training are provided by the staff.

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Finally, as a life-long lover of history, I also join Anne in being very excited to read historian Gil Porter's article in this issue of Footprints. I am personally fascinated by our shared past and think you will be as well when you read this. Add to this the fact that Gil is an incredible storyteller who has an ability and a knack to make this history come alive, and I know you'll love his article.

Thank you for reading. I look forward to walking through this year in history with you all. Please feel free to contact the HCHS with any questions, or if you are able and willing to step up to volunteer in any capacity in 2023.

Peace.

Respectfully,
Dave Dubois
HCHS Board President

A Seiberling Christmas Success

By Judy Brown
Christmas at the Seiberling Co-chair

With lights flashing and sirens blaring, a collection of Kokomo and Howard County emergency vehicles delivered Santa to the Seiberling Mansion Nov. 26 to the delight of the crowd gathered for the opening of Christmas at the Seiberling 2022.

With a flourish, the Kokomo Chamber Brass led by David Britton welcomed Santa's entourage to the mansion's porch. New Executive Director Anne Shaw welcomed all to the annual lighting ceremony to officially kick off the Christmas season. Christmas Decorating Committee co-chair Judy Brown represented co-chair Angela Washington and the many individuals, church groups, high school students and other community groups whose hard work transformed the mansion into a holiday wonderland.

Then came the moment everyone was waiting for. Paul Wyman of the Wyman Group, long-time sponsor for opening night, led the countdown to light all of the indoor and outdoor lights at 6 p.m. Santa greeted guests as they entered the mansion to view the decorators' interpretation of the theme "A Symbolic Christmas."









Photos courtesy Howard County Historical Society

Visitors enjoyed the decorated mansion during 29 daytime openings and six special sponsored evenings. Our great sponsors this year were Ivy Tech Community College, Community First Bank, Holiday Inn Express, Financial Builders Credit Union and First Farmers Bank & Trust. Duke Energy once again sponsored our special Candlelight Tour. We truly appreciated and enjoyed musical entertainment from Kokomo Chamber Brass, Kokomo Men of Note, Hoosier String Players, Kokomo Park Band Brass Quintet and Flute Choir, and The Choraliers.

The beautiful dining room decorated by volunteers Marella Williams, Eunice Jackson and Rakuya Artis earned the Peoples' Choice Award as guests voted with donations in each room. Second in visitor votes was the clever "family" interpretation of A Symbolic Christmas done by Angela Washington representing Second Missionary Baptist Church. We had a wonderful mix of some veteran decorators and a number of first- and second-year participants. Thanks also go to our many volunteer hosts and to the hard-working staff of the Howard County Historical Society.

Hundreds of guests enjoyed their holiday visit to the mansion, many coming from outside Howard County just to take in Christmas at the Seiberling.

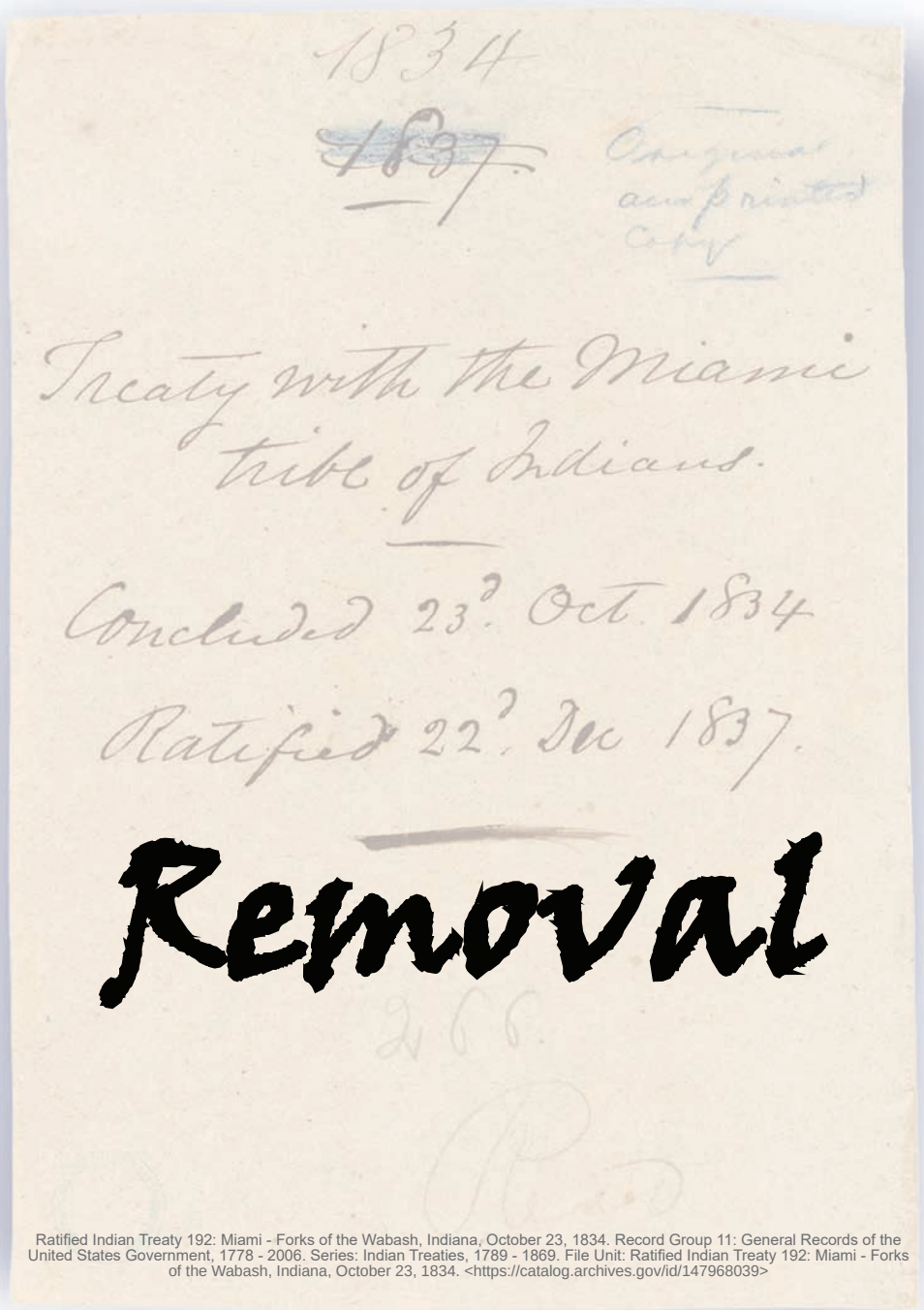
SPECIAL SECTION

FREEDOM, Removal & The Underground Railroad in Howard County, Indiana

By **Gil Porter**, HCHS Publications Committee Member

Dedicated to the families of the Miami and Potawatomi tribes in the state of Indiana during the winter of 1834-35. That winter, the Indians helped two fugitive enslaved Black men find their way to freedom through the Great Miami Reserve. At the same time, the Indians' own freedoms were being taken away. The journey begins with that story ...

Background map and page 9: Strong, Ezra Baldwin, and Millard Fillmore. The states of Ohio, Indiana & Illinois and Michigan Territory: from the latest authorities. New York: Ezra Strong, 1836. Map. Retrieved from the Library of Congress, <www.loc.gov/item/2012593319/>.



Removal

Ratified Indian Treaty 192: Miami - Forks of the Wabash, Indiana, October 23, 1834. Record Group 11: General Records of the United States Government, 1778 - 2006. Series: Indian Treaties, 1789 - 1869. File Unit: Ratified Indian Treaty 192: Miami - Forks of the Wabash, Indiana, October 23, 1834. <https://catalog.archives.gov/id/147968039>

It was the time for winter stories in early 1835, as Myaamia families in northcentral Indiana gathered inside to share tribal traditions and food harvested and preserved during the earlier warmer months.

Yet many in the Miami Indian community were aware of another darkening gloom about to overspread their homes, their children and their very way of life. For 10 years, the United States government had been laying the groundwork to extinguish Indian title to land and remove the people. Miami relatives, like the Waayaahtanwa (Wea), the Peeyankihšia (Piankeshaw), the Peewaalia (Peoria), and the Kaahkaahkia (Kaskaskia), were also being sent to reservations west of the Mihsi-siipiiwi (the Mississippi River).

The previous October, the chiefs, warriors and headmen of the Miami tribe had gathered at the Forks of the Wabash in Huntington, Indiana, to meet with Indian Agent Gen. William Marshall, who had been dispatched by U.S. President Andrew Jackson to negotiate a treaty.

The document the Indians were pressured to sign on Oct. 23, 1834, marked the sixth time the Miami had agreed to give up parts of their homeland. Among the headmen trying to bargain in good faith at the Forks was Co-come-wah, the man believed to be the akima (a family or civil leader) of a certain small village just south of the Rapids of Wildcat Creek, which is today Kokomo, Indiana.

Tribal leaders, like Co-come-wah, were no doubt exhausted by the tiresome and relentless tactics of the Americans at treaty negotiations, where the goal was to take Indian land and make way for a new society in the state of Indiana.

Although concessions to this effect were in fact described in the 1834 treaty, the Miami did manage to outmaneuver President Jackson, who refused to sign the document because it still provided for individual private reserves, which he opposed. Indian patience prevailed, and the treaty was finally ratified in 1837 under President Martin Van Buren, with minor alterations and no new concessions on the part of the Miami leaders to President Jackson's earlier demands.

Complicating the negotiations was defining "land" ownership. Historically, the Miami had long lived alongside tribal neighbors like the Delaware, the Potawatomi and the Shawnee. Rivers and forests and marshlands were shared spaces – not territories defined by nation states but rather places of cultural action and interaction. Tribal lands had a certain kind of ownership based on use and tradition and were not subject to immutable title outlined in abstract documents.

Now, when faced with the prospect of this space being taken from them, the Miami were simply asking to be neighbors and for both parties to come to understand each other and to live together. The American view was quite different and difficult, to the effect that "you need to go, you have bad men and so do we, so you should leave."

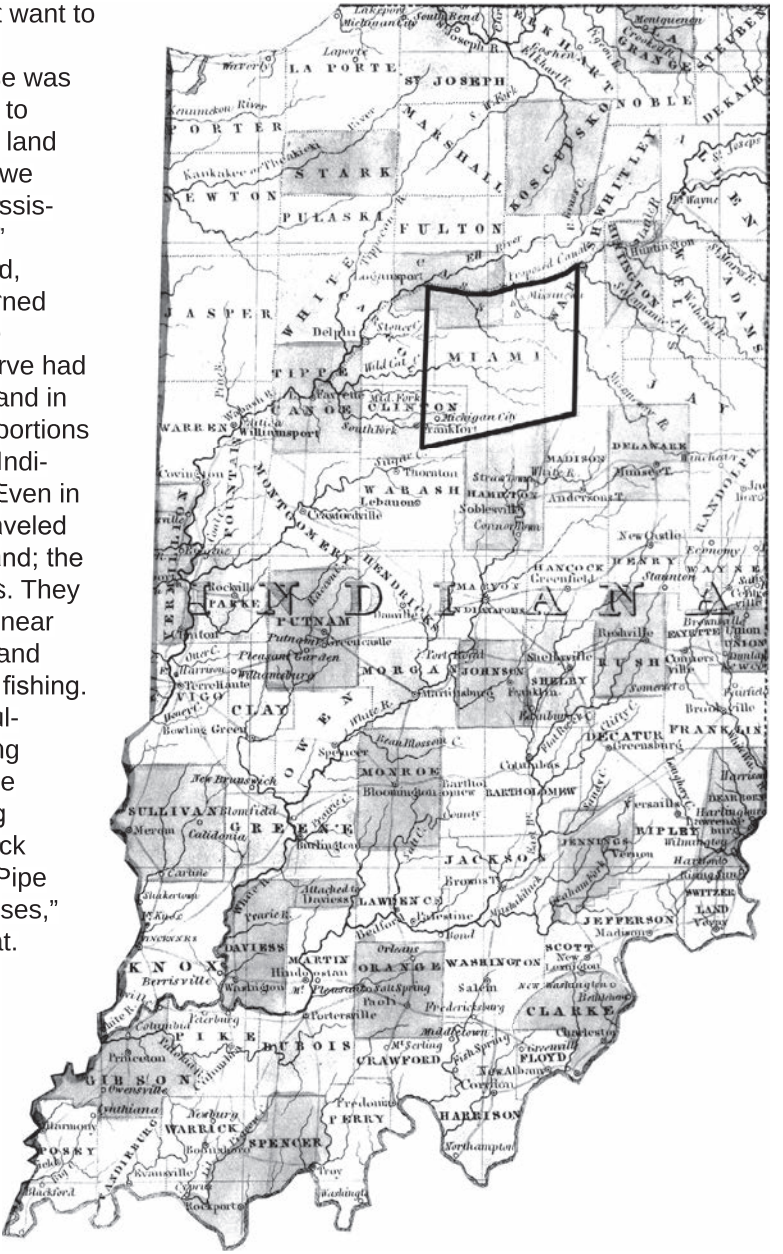
The essence of that declaration traced back to the Treaty With The Miami 1826, at Wabash, Indiana. The Miami leader Meehcikilita was recorded then as having said that "we want to live like neighbors with the Americans. We want to be able to trade with them when we

want to trade and when we don't want to trade, we won't trade."

Yet the government's response was all about removal: "We want you to leave, we want you to cede your land whether you want to or not, and we want you to move west of the Mississippi. That's what's best for you."

The tribe in 1835 was a settled, self-determining society shoehorned into ever-diminishing space. The 760,000-acre Great Miami Reserve had been designated as communal land in 1818. (Today this area includes portions of eight counties in northcentral Indiana and all of Howard County.) Even in that stifling environment, they traveled within and beyond the area by land; the Miami were runners, not canoers. They always chose the best locations near water for villages (like Kokomo) and seasonal camps for hunting and fishing.

They had sophisticated agriculture in a managed landscape long before contact with whites. By the 1830s, fixed villages featured log cabins and wood-framed and brick houses. The "Indian Village" on Pipe Creek, for example, had "10 houses," according to the 1839 survey plat. Some Miami men were longtime traders themselves. Women tended the crops.



Indiana, 1836, (outline of the Great Miami Reserve added). By 1844 the residue of the reservation would be Richardville (Howard) County, and Indiana would be geographically complete.

Small groups hunted along the Wildcat and Pipe creeks. Water sources provided a bounty of fish, crawfish, and fresh-water mussels, and along riverbanks men hunted or trapped deer, opossum, raccoon, skunk, squirrel, rabbit, and beaver. The reserve's southern area featured ahsenaamišahka (sugarbush) from which women produced iihkisaminki (maple syrup).

Long-used and well-defined paths, or traces, connected neighboring population centers like Strawtown, the "old Indian clearing" near Cassville, and Kokomo's village near the Rapids of Wildcat. Government survey maps from 1838 and 1846 show a network of traces all over the reserve.

A notable location was just north of the Wildcat Creek seven-and-a-half miles to the west of Kokomo. The 1838 plat (see page 19) shows "Indian Wigwams" at that place, with numerous traces crossing or connecting there, so this must have been an important location for the tribe.

Sadly, this strategic space was among the first lost in the reserve. The last paragraph of Article 1 of the ratified version of the Treaty With The Miami 1834 is the first step in the process of taking this land:

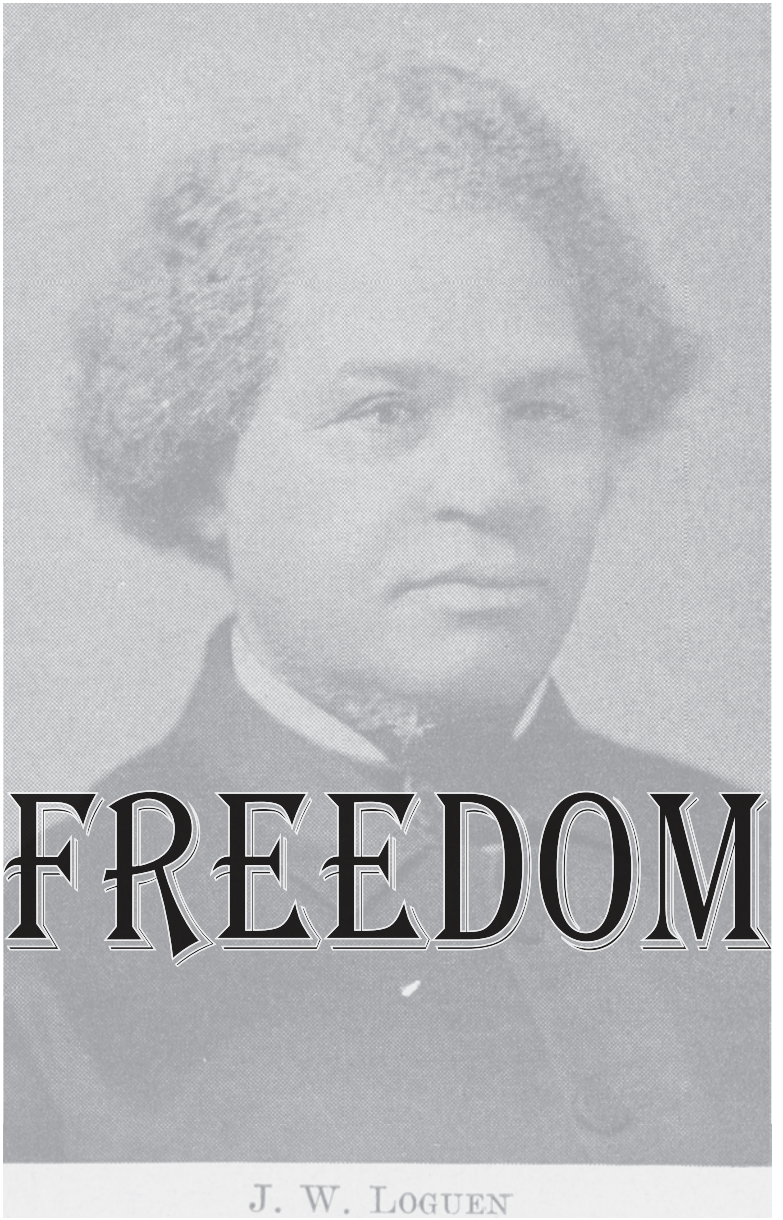
> *The Miamies also agree to cede a portion of their big reserve, made at the treaty of St. Mary's of 1818, situated southeast of the Wabash, extending along the Wabash river, from the mouth of Salamany river, to the mouth of Eel river. The part now ceded shall be embraced within the following bounds to wit: commencing on the Wabash river, opposite the mouth of Eel river, running up said Wabash river eight miles, thence south two miles, thence westerly one mile, thence south to the southern boundary of said reserve, thence along said boundary line seven miles to the southwest corner, thence northerly with the western boundary line to the place of beginning.*

This became known as the Seven Mile Strip, which includes part of today's northeast corner of Clinton County, about half of the lower section of Cass County, and all of Ervin, Monroe and Honey Creek townships in Howard County. It was the first land taken from the Great Miami Reserve.

Title to this section was quickly transferred from the U.S. government to the State of Indiana to help subsidize internal improvements for settlement. Federal preemption laws forbade squatters, temporarily, but soon people from every direction began to poach the Strip. Evidence of a squatter "field and improvement" in far western Monroe Township is recorded, not unsurprisingly, in the 1838 land survey.

By early 1835, the dark clouds of government land claims and forced removal were on the horizon in the western part of the Great Miami Reserve in northcentral Indiana. White hunters and itinerant trappers were now frequent (and unwelcome) interlopers on what was left of the Myaamia homeland.

It was the time for winter stories and sharing tribal traditions for Miami families during an intensely cold winter. From out of nowhere, two travelers on horseback appeared from the south. They were moving north with purpose and intent. Unlike the hunters and trappers, these gentlemen were not white. Yet they were humbled and hungry, looking for temporary shelter and sustenance while on an arduous journey for freedom ...



Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, Jean Blackwell Hutson Research and Reference Division, The New York Public Library. "J. W. Loguen; [A bishop of the Zionites and an abolitionist.]" The New York Public Library Digital Collections. 1921. https://digitalcollections.nypl.org/items/510d47df-a0ab-a3d9-e040-e00a18064a99

"I am a fugitive slave from Tennessee. My master is Manasseth Logue — the letter of the law gives him a title to my person — and let him come and take it. I'll not run, nor will I give him a penny for my freedom." -- The Rev. J.W. Loguen, as a Slave and as a Freeman. A Narrative of Real Life. By Jermain Wesley Loguen. 1859. Page ix

He was born Jarm Logue in 1813, the son of an enslaved woman. His mother was born free in Ohio, then kidnapped and sold into slavery when she was 7 years old. Jarm's father owned his mother.

At about 2 a.m. on Christmas Day 1834, the 21-year-old illiterate enslaved man stole his master's horse, kissed his sleeping mother goodbye, and, with a traveling companion named John Farney, left that farm in Tennessee to head north to Canada.

Today, Jarm Logue is known to history as the Rev. Jermain Wesley Loguen. His life illustrates and illuminates the horrors of a particular place and a horrendous point in time in American history. As years passed, Loguen became an educated minister, a noted abolitionist, and a contemporary of Fredrick Douglass (a Loguen daughter married Douglass's eldest son). He and his wife, Caroline, made their home in Syracuse, New York, a critical and crucial part of the freedom circuit known as the Underground Railroad.

His life is a testament to the human will to survive, his story one of resistance and self-reliance. In 1859, more than 20 years after his brave escape, the Rev. Loguen published his memoir – a stirring account of enslavement, redemption and quest for self-liberation. Its 121,000 words, spread across 455 pages in its original format, is unsparing and unsympathetic at times, an explicit contemporary record of the brutal, bloody and barbaric debasement of human beings.

And, amazingly, contained therein are 1,000 words detailing Jarm Logue and John Farney's experiences in the Great Miami Reserve in Indiana during the winter of 1835 as they worked their way from Westfield to Logansport and eventually on to Canada. This makes the Rev. Loguen's stunning slave narrative the earliest published account we have yet found about the people living on the land that is today Howard County, Indiana.

'... and may God preserve ye.' The Journey Through Indiana

To set the scene, the first 23 chapters of *The Rev. J.W. Loguen, as a Slave and as a Freeman. A Narrative of Real Life.* By Jermain Wesley Loguen, published in 1859, detail the Rev. Loguen's early life as an enslaved person in Tennessee, culminating on Christmas Day 1834, when he and John Farney left their families and enslaved life behind to begin their journey north in a quest for freedom.

After crossing the Ohio River from Kentucky and landing on the free soil of Indiana, a "true hearted colored man" provided shelter for Logue and Farney in Corydon.

They got lost between Corydon and Salem and after being rebuffed by rural whites in the area, the two cold and hungry travelers briefly thought of returning to Kentucky. Reorienting

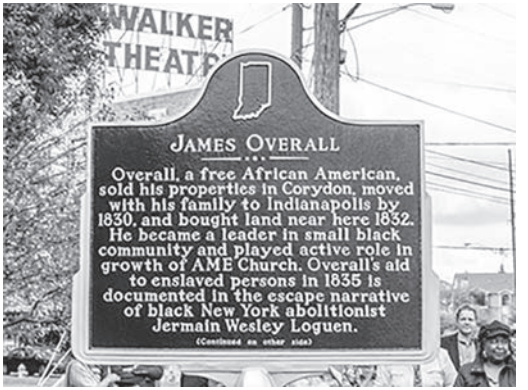
themselves, they pressed on, and eventually found a "log house" where they asked for food. The landlord and lady of this home would prove to be the most generous, compassionate and hospitable white people that Logue and Farney would meet (and the Native Americans in the Indian reserve ahead of them would be equally sympathetic by and large).

Although their family name is not recorded (the woman was "Elizabeth"), the Rev. Loguen never forgot the warmth, food, and loving care the two whites provided to him and Farney. "In after life," the Rev. Loguen wrote in 1859 (page 312), "when the fog of ignorance was swept from his mind, and his spirit had out grown whips and chains entirely, Mr. Loguen, on the stump and in the social circle, often returned to this case by lively memory, and spoke of it with a moist eye and swelling bosom. It is one of the Emanuels of his soul, to which it will cling forever."

Logue and Farney stayed less than a day with this white couple. The unnamed man gave them proper directions to go north, instructions for the hotel to choose in Salem, and bid them farewell with "and may God preserve ye." Reaching Salem, the Rev. Loguen writes they were "kept like princes" at the white-owned brick tavern that was part of the freedom circuit. From there, the white proprietor directed the pair to a "colony of colored people, distant an easy day's ride, on the way to Indianapolis."

This settlement had some 15 or 20 farmers on "many small farms, which they owned in fee." These free people of color included the formerly enslaved and some who gained freedom "by gift or purchase."

According to the Indiana Historical Society's "Early Black Settlements by County," this settlement as described by the Rev. Loguen likely was one of "three unnamed, black pioneer settlements in Washington County (that) were largely agrarian and robust." His text corroborates IHS details about African Americans who at the time were living "either in the city of Salem or rural communities in Washington, Posey or Howard Townships." Furthermore, the Rev. Loguen's slave narrative timeline neatly fits IHS research about the "growing number of blacks trickling into the county between 1820 and 1850" who eventually formed the Washington County settlements.



"James Overall", Indiana Historical Bureau, in.gov/history/state-historical-markers/ licensed under CC BY-NC 4.0, Resized

The pair stayed in this Black settlement near Salem for three weeks, then left for Indianapolis, looking specifically for "Mr. Overrals." A "colored gentleman," as Rev. Loguen told it, he was "an educated man, and had a large character and acquaintance among colored people; and was much respected by white ones, for his probity, industry and good sense."

This was James Overall, an Underground Railroad operative and early Indiana landowner. His life and accomplishments were only recently recognized when a historical marker

was unveiled on North West Street in Indianapolis during a ceremony on Sept. 29, 2016. (It is just south of the intersection with Indiana Avenue where the Madam C.J. Walker History & Heritage Museum is located.) The plaque's text, paying tribute to this courageous individual and his efforts to help enslaved persons in 1835, is attributed to the "escape narrative of black New York abolitionist Jermain Wesley Loguen."

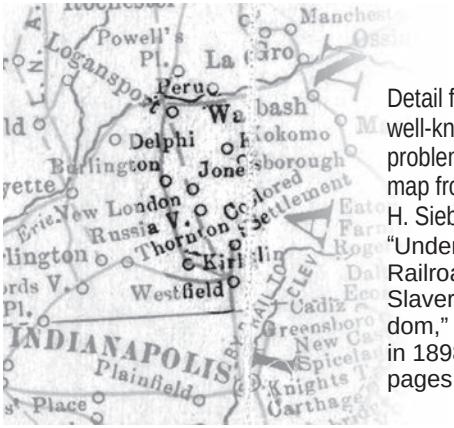
Overall sent the two men on to an unnamed "Quaker settlement, about forty miles from Indianapolis." This was unquestionably Westfield (the distance was actually about 20 miles), founded as a town and a Quaker Anti-Slavery Preparative Meeting in 1834. Among their early efforts in early 1835, presumably, was to provide temporary aid and comfort to Farney and Jarm Logue in their midst.

"The Quakers received them with characteristic hospitality, …" the Rev. Loguen later wrote. (In his slave narrative, he writes about himself in the third person throughout.) Their time in Westfield was brief, and the two were instructed by the Quakers "to be careful" and to go north or northwest through "a large wilderness, occupied only by Indians and roving hunters." They would be safer on this route and, once on the other side, they would find white settlers unfamiliar with their enslaved situation, who would "regard them with curious interest if they were slaves and would help them on to Canada."

So, at this point, we will let the Rev. Jermain Wesley Loguen tell the story, which is extracted from Chapter XXIV, pages 326-333, in his 1859 book. Be aware that even the Rev. Loguen resorts to the occasional trope or pejorative term when talking about the Native Americans.

The Rev. Loguen writes:

> The Quakers supplied the young men with provisions and comforts, and they departed, through the wilderness, towards Canada. A frosty wind swept over the light snow, and cut their faces sharply. After half a day's travel, they passed beyond white men's log houses and clearings, into wild nature, where now and then, the Indians had mangled the forest and built their cabins. Occasionally, they met one or more Indians, to whom they bowed civilly, and received a half human response, which Indians, and those only who are familiar with them, understand.
>
> The natives were a proud and stalwart tribe, dressed in their own costume, often ornamented with wampum and feathers, and generally armed with knives, or bows and arrows or rifles. Coming suddenly on them, as they did sometimes, the fugitives were startled by their ominous umph and imposing savageness. But after traveling among them and experiencing their harmlessness, they were quite disarmed of apprehension on their account.
>
> The only annoyance from the Indians was their occasional lack of hospitality. For though generally they did not refuse them food and shelter, they sometimes did refuse them. Occasionally, too, they met white hunters in the woods, less reliable than the savages. These hunters told them to look out for wild boars, panthers, bears and wolves, especially the former monster beast, which they hunted with caution and peril. Not without cause, they feared to start up these terrible animals. They often saw their tracks, but if they came near



Detail from the well-known, but problematic, map from Wilbur H. Siebert's "Underground Railroad from Slavery to Freedom," published in 1898. (See pages 18-20.)

the boars, they knew it not.

We said the Indians sometimes refused to entertain them--but not always did they accept a denial. One time, when night came on and they were thus refused, having provided for their horses, they lay down among their enemies in the wigwam, and slept on the watch, in contempt of them. As a general thing, they were received kindly, by night and day, and fed freely on the wild meats and indescribable dishes prepared for Indian palates.

In the middle of this great solitude, while treading their Indian path, at the close of an intensely cold day, as they hoped to a hospitable shelter, they began to feel the symptoms of one of those tremendous storms, which, at the north, make winter awful, sometimes, but which they knew nothing about. The wind grew louder and louder, and swelled into an appalling howl. The darkening atmosphere, filled with innumerable snow flakes, increasing the force of the hurricane, which scattered tops of trees around them, and occasionally tore them up by the roots and layed them with a horrible crash by their side.

To them, their case was strange, remediless and frightful. Their path was entirely obliterated by the tempest, and the pale snow light was about all they could see. In this dilemma, they gave the reins to their jaded horses, and trusted them to find a way to a house or barn among the Indians, while they whipped their arms and hands upon their bodies to repel the frost. But the eyes of the horses, scarcely less than the eyes of the young men, were blinded by the snow, and they were all alike helpless. They floundered among the trees, to the peril of the riders, and came at last to a field of bushes and small trees, that skirted the foot of a mountain or hill, at their left.

This mountain, or hill, lay between them and the tempest, and broke its force--but in doing so, made it moan the louder and bellow its hollow thunder over their heads.

Here they dismounted, and allowed their horses to browse among the bushes, while they greedily devoured a portion of frozen provisions that they took from their saddlebags, and then, by whipping their bodies as aforesaid, and other exercise, they kept off sleep and frost till morning. When morning came, most joyfully did they welcome it--not on their own account alone, but in regard to their poor horses, that needed rest and refreshment more than they. It was a terribly severe night, but not half so terrible as many

they suffered anticipating outrages from their masters. They looked forward to daylight, and a refuge from the cold storm. But no day dawns for the slave, nor is it looked for. It is all night--night forever.

The earth was covered by a great depth of snow, which was unbroken by the track of man or beast. And still the storm raged, and the sky overhead resembled a crumbling snow-bank. The travellers were now lost, without a path to a human dwelling, or a star to show the point of the compass. But they could see--and from the growth of small timber inferred they were not far from Indian dwellings, and determined not to re-plunge into the woods, until they explored the brush-fields for an Indian's home.

They wallowed though the snow but a short distance ere they came upon cleared ground and a cabin; and they were kindly received and comfortably entertained in Indian fashion. It so happened that one of the natives talked bad English well enough to be understood by them, and acted the part of an interpreter. When the Indians found they had been lost in the woods, and in the storm all night, they (especially the women) expressed great surprise and sympathy. In justice to women, they, too, testified with a celebrated traveller, that in their extremity, they were sometimes repelled by white men and red men, but never by women, whether white or red. Woman, whatever her education or circumstances, represents the affectional element of humanity, and ultimates its uses in forms of kindness and love.

The horses were kindly sheltered and fed, as well as themselves, by these children of nature. But the wind continued to pile the huge drifts around their dwelling, and strip the great trees of their branches, or tear them up by the roots, and fell them with a noise louder than the tempest. They were therefore kindly detained twenty-four hours,--the time the storm continued,--and slept a double sleep, nourished by the bread and care of these sympathizing people.

In after life, when Mr. Loguen described the offices of religion in his lectures and speeches, he was often reminded of "the good of life," or "natural good," of these Indians, and contrasted it with the religion of the whites. The former are they, who, in the true meaning of the Scriptures, are "born blind," because without the Word of God, which is "the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

But that other class who have the Word, and yet spurn and oppress the needy, are they, who, in the ancient language thereof, "stumble at noonday." These, all the balsam of heaven cannot cure, because their blindness is internal, voluntary, and spiritual.*

*(*Author's Note: The Rev. Loguen included a lengthy footnote here with a profound interpretation of scripture as it relates to race relations during his lifetime. As it is not directly tied to the narrative of his time in the reserve, I have chosen to not include it in this presentation of his text. I encourage readers to find it in any of the publicly available sources for the complete text. – G. Porter)*

> The winds went down, and the sun rose clear again upon the snow-clad wilderness. But there were no paths, and the natives were slow to make them. The young men, therefore, were obliged to break their own track through the blind openings, pointed out to them, and it was a day or two before they found a firm road to travel on.
>
> Eventually they arrived among the white settlers, on the northern borders of the wilderness. They found them, as they had been told, not like white men at the south. Their cultivations, agricultural and personal, were all different, as was evident in their talk and manners, houses and fields. Instead of insulting them as white men did at the south, by swaggering superiority, these men treated them as equals under the law, though not always with respect. As a general thing they were willing to entertain them--the public houses were always open to them, and they were never reminded that their rights were not equal to others--though often reminded that they could not occupy the same social level.
>
> We shall not attempt to detail the particulars of their journey. Though tedious, trying, and full of hardships, and often very exciting, they are too numerous and monotonous to be recorded. Nor are we able to give the places through which they travelled. If ever known, they are forgotten. At Logansport, Jarm found his purse seriously diminished, and that he must in some way replenish it. To this end, he swapped his noble horse for boot money, offered him by a benevolent looking Quaker, who took advantage of Jarm's ignorance and necessities and his own false face, to cheat him.

Farney and Logue were out of the reserve.

Afterword: Finding Freedom and Remembering Removal

Jarm Logue and John Farney did indeed make it to Canada in early 1835. At Detroit the two separated, reasoning that they were less likely to be captured as fugitives if they were moving as individuals. They crossed the river separately and reunited in Windsor, Ontario.

Perhaps driven nearly mad by their desperate and destitute condition, Farney went back to Detroit, and was never seen again. The Rev. Loguen writes movingly about his lost friend – "his companion in bondage since boyhood" – and never forgot nor never stopped longing for news about his "dear brother."

Unable to find work in Windsor, the Rev. Loguen went on alone, traveling east across Ontario through Chatham, London, Dundas and eventually to Hamilton, where the rest of his life began.

Today, we celebrate the lives of the Rev. Jermain Wesley Loguen and traveling brother John Farney. Indeed, the history of Howard County, Indiana, is forever enriched by the record the Rev. Loguen left us about the role of the reserve in their journey to freedom. His description of the people and place in the Great Miami Reserve makes the Rev. Loguen's slave narrative the first record that we have found about Howard County's Native residents who were soon to be removed.

We also cannot forget that these very people who helped the two travelers find safe passage here – the Miami and Potawatomi families in their seasonal camps that winter of 1834-35 – will, within the next 10 years, have their own land and freedoms taken away.

NEXT: The Underground Railroad in Howard County, Indiana ...

The Underground Railroad in Howard County, Indiana

"They floundered among the trees, to the peril of the riders, and came at last to a field of bushes and small trees, that skirted the foot of a mountain or hill, at their left.

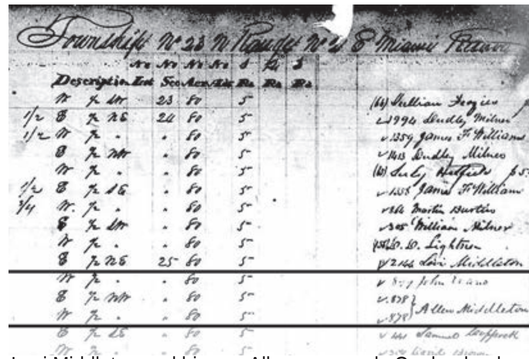
"This mountain, or hill, lay between them and the tempest, and broke its force--but in doing so, made it moan the louder and bellow its hollow thunder over their heads."

This description about the geography in the Great Miami Reserve on pages 328-329 in Rev. Jermain Wesley Loguen's 1859 slave narrative provides an interesting clue about the location where the Rev. Loguen, then known as Jarm Logue, and John Farney were nearly overwhelmed by a monstrous snowstorm.

It's likely that Logue and Farney found refuge in one of the rolling hills in the area around today's New London and Russiaville, Indiana (see map, page 19). A "Bluff" is identified on the 1838 land survey plat; "edge of Bluff NW. 30 feet high" is how surveyor Arthur St. Clair Vance recorded it in his field notes on July 28, 1838. A "mountain" is in the eye of the beholder, especially in the middle of a howling storm uprooting trees around you.

Of course, part of Howard County's history includes community memories of the Underground Railroad, and it's amazing to think that the possible place where Logue and Farney rode out the storm in the winter of 1835 did indeed later become Quaker settlements where residents may have actively supported the freedom circuit for other enslaved people.

We can in fact find people and places associated with Howard County listed in the comprehensive late-19th century scholarship that was catalogued and published as "Underground Railroad from Slavery to Freedom" by the pioneering historian Wilbur H. Siebert of the Ohio State University. To gather his data, Siebert's research methodology at the time featured a seven-question survey, or "circular" as he called it. He sent this to a geographically wide but almost entirely



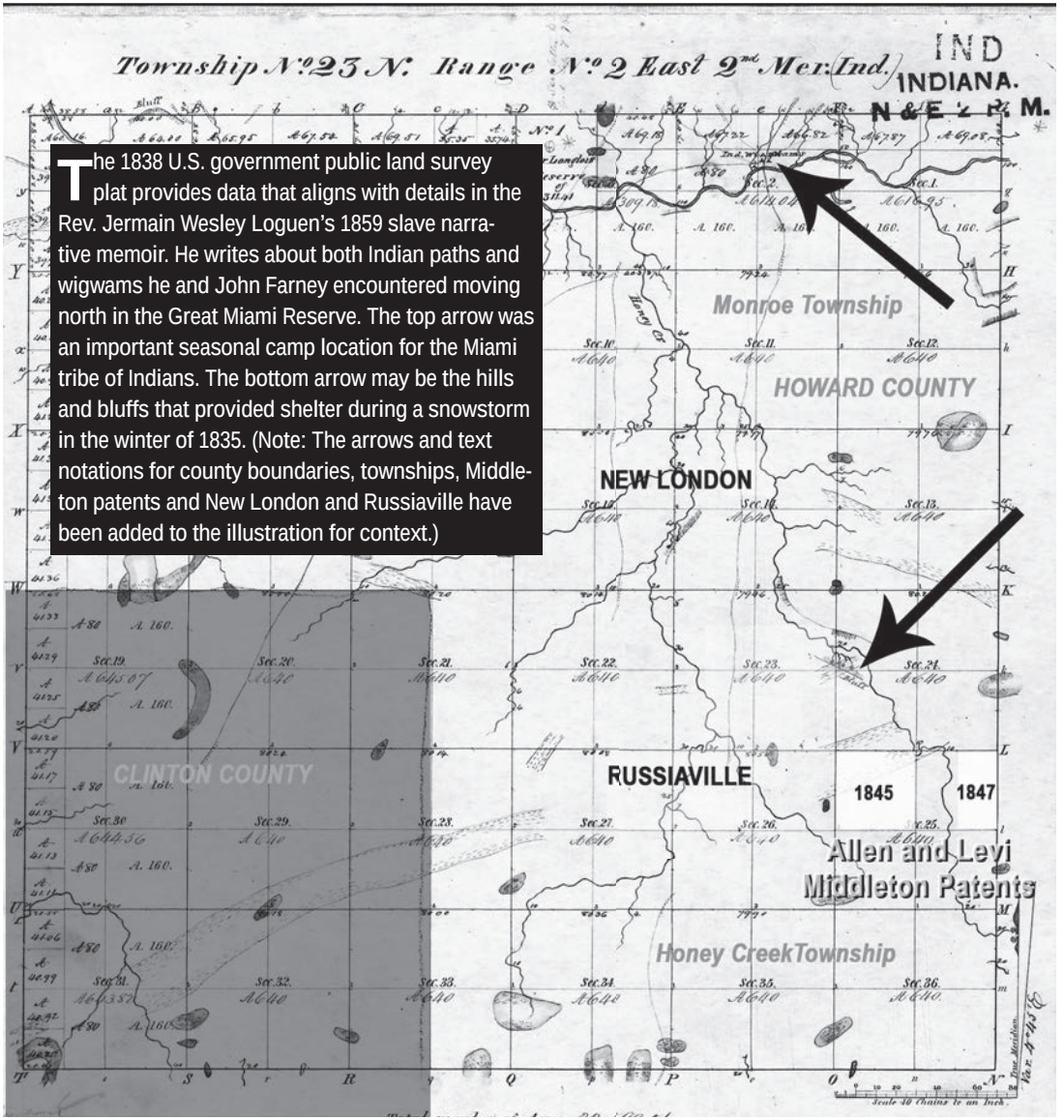
Levi Middleton and his son Allen were early Quaker land owners in Howard County (see map, page 19). Levi and his father, Hudson, are listed in Montgomery County, Indiana, in the Wilbur Siebert Underground Railroad scholarship collection (see page 20). New London and Russiaville, Indiana, were settled by Quakers beginning in the mid-1840s. Many family descendants are living in the county today. (Image: Miami Reserve tract book for Canal Lands, Howard County Memory Project, Kokomo-Howard County Public Library.)

white audience. His findings were summarized and detailed in his original 478-page book, published by Macmillan in 1898, and the department continued to receive correspondence until 1954.

Current scholarship and analysis of Siebert's work helps present a better picture of what the underground railroad represents. History shows enslaved and free people of color were building and improvising escape networks as far back as Jamestown in 1619, with or without help from whites. Or, as one source put it, the engine of the underground railroad was Black.

The circuit of free people helping fugitive enslaved people was illegal and secret. And in the case of Howard County's history, specific data and details are largely unavailable because of the Native oral history culture. This makes the discovery of the Rev. Loguen's record of his interactions with the Miami so vital to Howard County history. *- Gil Porter*

The Underground Railroad in Howard County, Indiana



The 1838 U.S. government public land survey plat provides data that aligns with details in the Rev. Jermain Wesley Loguen's 1859 slave narrative memoir. He writes about both Indian paths and wigwams he and John Farney encountered moving north in the Great Miami Reserve. The top arrow was an important seasonal camp location for the Miami tribe of Indians. The bottom arrow may be the hills and bluffs that provided shelter during a snowstorm in the winter of 1835. (Note: The arrows and text notations for county boundaries, townships, Middleton patents and New London and Russiaville have been added to the illustration for context.)

Source: Field Notes for the Public Land Survey Township Plats, 1789-1946. Record Group 49: Records of the Bureau of Land Management, 1685-2006 Available on the Howard County Memory Project, Kokomo-Howard County Public Library. Design by Gil Porter, Kokomo Early History Learning Center.

The Underground Railroad in Howard County, Indiana

The **Wilbur H. Siebert** archive, collection of correspondence and various other published material is available on the Ohio Memory Connection site ohiomemory.org/digital/collection/siebert. Below are the references to, from or about people or activities related to Howard County, Kokomo, New London or Russiaville …

David Jones interview by Wilbur H. Siebert, Aug. 13, 1894. Wilbur H. Siebert Collection. MSS116AV BOX58 09OH 058.

F. M. Merrell referral letter, Dec. 20, 1896. Wilbur H. Siebert Collection. MSS116AV BOX44 F01 029.

J. M. Darnall letter to Wilbur H. Siebert, Dec. 27, 1895. Wilbur H. Siebert Collection. MSS116AV BOX42 01IN 053.

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"Underground Activities at Jonesborough, Grant County and at Kokomo, Howard County." David Jones recollections of the Underground Railroad, August 13, 1894. Wilbur H. Siebert Collection. MSS116AV BOX43 F03 025.

"Underground Centres at Westfield, New London, and Wabash and North Manchester." James O'Brien Letter to Wilbur H. Siebert, April 18, 1895. Wilbur H. Siebert Collection. MSS116AV BOX43 F03 032.

"Underground Operators at La Fayette; A Map of Routes Through Indiana." Lewis Falley letter to Wilbur H. Siebert, March 6, 1896. Wilbur H. Siebert Collection. MSS116AV BOX44 F04 003.

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2022 Annual Meeting

The HCHS Annual Meeting on Nov. 15, 2022 at Elite Banquet and Conference Center was attended by 35 members of the board, society, and volunteers for an evening of great food and fun. Vice President Judy Brown presided over the business portion of the evening, followed by dinner, and then the entertainment. Curator Stew Lauterbach gave a retrospective presentation with the help of former director Kelly Karickoff, which looked back at 50 years of the historical society in the Seiberling Mansion. The pictures and stories provided clues for the next portion of the evening: a Jeopardy-like game featuring local notables such as Mayor Tyler Moore, Tom Tolen, Chad McCarter (with Coca Cola), and Jessica Funk (with Solidarity Credit Union). Answers and questions put together by assistant curator Randy Smith featured facts about the Seiberling Mansion itself and the historical society's residence within it. Clues received many creative "answers" as the contestants vied for first place. Although there was no clear winner, the host and contestants kept the audience laughing and everyone learned something! Below: Chad McCarter, Mayor Moore, Anne Shaw, Jessica Funk, and Tom Tolen.

Photos courtesy Howard County Historical Society

New Office Manager

We would like to extend a warm welcome to our new office manager, **Terri Moore**! Terri comes to us with an accounting background and a solid love of history and old houses. She used to live just a few houses down from the Seiberling and always dreamed of working for the organization. Terri has one son, one daughter, and four grandkids. She loves to spend her time crafting, upcycling, and redoing vintage finds and furniture. Please stop by and say hi!

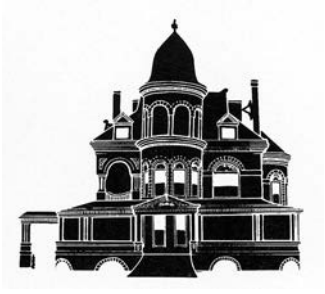
Photo by Anne Shaw

History helpers hailed, needed!

The annual volunteer luncheon took place on Monday, Jan. 23, 2023, in the Elliott House. About 20 volunteers, Christmas decorators, board, and staff members joined together for a pitch-in lunch. Christmas at the Seiberling co-chair Judy Brown gave a huge thanks to the volunteers and the decorators, noting that the friendly donation competition between rooms in the Seiberling raised over $1,000! Executive Director Anne Shaw also thanked the volunteers, as well as the staff, and Judy for all of their hard work.

As we wish her the very best, Volunteer Coordinator Jessica Hatt has stepped down from her role at HCHS to take a full-time position in her field of study with the United State Department of Agriculture. Jessica has been an indispensable asset managing the amazing group of volunteers that are the backbone to the society. In her absence, office manager Terri Moore has taken over some of her duties until we can find a new person. Please check out the job listing at www.hchistory.org/connect/employment for details. Applications are now being accepted and a cover letter and resume can be emailed to info@howardcountymuseum.org.

Howard County
Historical Society
1200 W. Sycamore St.
Kokomo, IN 46901



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