

GEN. CANBY'S NURSE.

A COLORED CENTENARIAN AND HER LIFE.

Aunt Cassy Ketcham Relates Some Interesting Things Experienced By Her In a Century.

Only the older citizens of Crawfordsville know that the famous Gen. E. R. S. Canby was raised here and that his old nurse who watched over the slumbers of his babyhood still lives. Gen. Canby was treacherously shot down by the great Indian Chieftain, Captain Jack, and his death precipitated the Modoc war which will go down in history as one of the bloodiest of Indian outbreaks. Old Aunt Cassy Ketcham, who guided the first footsteps of the murdered Canby, now lives with Zack Williams, on east Wabash avenue, and is in her 101st year. A JOURNAL reporter called on the old lady the other day and found her in good physical and mental health. She is a full blooded negress and bears her years remarkably well. She uses a light cane in walking but climbs steps without assistance. Her features are sharp but pleasant and she dresses after the manner of the good old days. A blue turban covers her snow white hair which is collected in a bunch on the top of her head, and a bright red shawl protects her shoulders. She wears a large plain ring and is still fond of the ornamental. Her eyes are large and bright, yet her sight is the only sense which is at all impaired, her hearing being particularly acute. In answer to a few questions the old lady gave the following sketch of her life:

"I was born a slave in Prince George county, Maryland, on October 13, 1790. I know very little of my parents, my mother dying while I was a baby and my father living on a distant plantation and the property of a man named John Allen. I remember seeing him only once or twice, but remember my one sister and two brothers quite well. I was owned in Maryland by Miss Nancy Spriggs. She was an old maid and very wealthy, owning hundreds of colored folks. As my mother was dead I was placed with an old mammy who took care of the orphans, and was allowed to play all I wanted to. One night I woke up and found the quarters were on fire. There was a row half a mile long burned down, but God spared all us little children that time. When the quarters burned Miss Nancy took me for a house girl to the mansion. There I learned to knit and carry cool water to the ladies as they sat on the verandas in the warm, sunny afternoons. The work was easy and I played most of the time. Miss Nancy entertained elegant folks from Washington and would go there herself sometimes. When she came back she would come toting a whole parcel of Jerusalem apples (tomatoes) and other truck. She liked to bring things home from Washington even if she could get them right at home. I can't remember so much about my life in Maryland because children in those days were not like the children now. No one told them anything and they were not allowed to ask questions. What I remember best is the fruit, the strawberries and peaches which were finer than I have ever seen since. I never saw General Washington, but Miss Nancy used to drink to him and all the ladies bow and smile. I remember the war too, and how one warm afternoon the soldiers with red coats and white breeches went marching by on the dusty road from Bladensburg looking tired and worn. Folks all laughed and said they had to go back because they were whipped, but the night before they didn't talk that way. They were all scared and didn't laugh until they heard the men in the red coats had been whipped in the dark at Bladensburg. Then everyone joked and laughed loudly at the soldiers as they hurried back to the sea. The men in red coats said nothing but hurried on and I have never seen them since, and I reckon they are all dead now. Miss Nancy was mighty good to all of us and would never sell anyone. She rented a man named Tom once thought to John Mercey and when he came home he was wearing a tow shirt. Miss Nancy saw him cross the yard and in her wide hooped dress stood on the veranda and shook her fan at him saying, "Tom, Tom, go to the quarters and put some clothes on." Don't go dressed like that." Then Miss Nancy talked about trifling John Mercey who whipped his folks and gave them tow shirts to wear until her black eyes shone like beads. Those were happy days. But one day Miss Nancy died and the black folks all were weeping, around while the relatives buried her and came home to divide the prop-

erty. Dr. Canby was Miss Nancy's young cousin and I was given to him as he was going to Kentucky. The night before we left my father came over from Allen's plantation and I told him and my brothers and sister good bye. I never heard one word from any of them afterwards and reckon they are all dead by this time.

We made the trip from Maryland to Boone county Kentucky, in wagons and the journey was a long one through the woods and down the Ohio river. In Boone county I had a good time always and married twice. Once to John Griffin and last to Andy Ketchum. Dr. Canby finally removed to Madison, Indiana, and took Andy and me with him. We lived there for some time and one day General Jackson who had recently been made President passed through on his way from New Orleans to Washington. He visited Dr. Canby and appointed him land agent at Crawfordsville to succeed Mr. Whitlock, the Whig. We came in wagons and again had to go through the woods. We made our last stop at Jintown. There was only one house there then owned by a blacksmith named Wick. Crawfordsville was a mighty small town then and Dr. Canby was a great man in it. His house stood where the central school building is now and the present school yard was his door yard. He built a big house with 40 rooms in it and folks called it "Canby's Folly." The doctor was married twice and had nine children. Dick Canby, who was killed by the Indians, was the best one of all. I remember so well when he was born and I nursed him while he was a baby. Many a night I sat up with him and he was always good to me. He was smart and hot headed and I remember once he had a fuss with his school teacher. In the morning when school time came the Doctor said, "Richard, it is time for you to go to school?" Dick replied, "I am not going any more." "Tut, tut, tut," cried the Doctor, "pick up your books and off with you at once, young sir!" Dick did it and after that got along with his teacher and his books.

Finally he went off by the stage to West Point and after that I saw but little of him. I finally bought the lot where George Hurley lives now from Dr. Canby and lived in my house then, many years. My last child, Kittie, married Henry Wilson and he died of the small pox. Then at length Kittie died, too, and I sold out to Mr. Hurley. For the last 16 years I have lived here waiting for the call of the good Master. I'm a Methodist and leave my future to the Lord. He has always been kind to me and although I lived in bondage I was freer and happier than many who had no masters, happier I'm sure than all who were not servants of the Lord. I do not want to die but I am ready to go when the great Taskmaster says "well done."

Aunt Casandra speaks as good and as pure English as most white persons, she having been a house servant all her life and so constantly thrown with people of education and refinement. There is no doubt as to her age being correct. She has certificates of registry properly signed and sealed which settled the question beyond the shadow of a doubt. The old lady seems good to live many years yet and will likely survive another decade. She is always brighter in the morning than in the evening and is always pleased to receive friends. Several years ago she made a trip to Missouri to visit Howard Canby, a brother of Gen. Canby, to whom she was also nurse. She never expects to leave Crawfordsville again, however, until with her house in order she shall silently pass away to again mingle with her friends of a century ago who now await her in a brighter country far away.

Attention Alumni.

Members of the High School Alumni are requested to meet in the Superintendent's office, Central school, Friday afternoon, May 8th, at 3 o'clock, to elect officers for the coming year.

GRACE WHITE, Vice Pres.

Christian Endeavor Social.

Next Thursday evening the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of Center church will give a social at the home of the pastor, Dr. Cunningham. Everybody is invited to be present.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY, FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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Ravages of Sheep Killing Dogs.

For more than a month two dogs have been creating havoc among the sheep of Franklin township, sometimes getting in their work in the day, as well as night. Last Wednesday night these dogs crippled all of Abe Caster's sheep but one. Thursday morning they got into a flock of one hundred young sheep belonging to J. A. Mount, but were frightened away before Mr. Mount reached the pasture with his gun. In his flock were one hundred ewes and ninety five little lambs. Mr. Mount seeing the dogs after his sheep left his team, ran to the house, armed himself with the Spencer repeating rifle that he had carried through the war in the famous Wilder's Brigade, ran into the field where one large dog was savagely mauling a sheep and the other dog also after another sheep. Mr. Mount determined war on the large dog. When within 75 yards the dog attempted a hasty retreat. Two shots were fired both inflicting wounds. O. C. LaFollette having seen the dogs after the sheep arrived on the scene of war ran ahead of the dog. By this time weakened from the wounds, his dogship stopped and hung his head, but no surrender was accepted and Mr. Mount gave him the third and final shot. On examination it was found that the first shot fired at the dog on full run, went diagonally through his body, the second through the fore foot, the last entering back of the left shoulder and passing out through the right shoulder. In five minutes from the time the dog was mauling sheep, his own body was riddled with Spencer rifle balls. This is pronounced superior marksmanship and reflects credit to an old soldier when on the war path.

P. O. S. of A. The Patriotic Order Sons of America met in Indianapolis yesterday and ordered a State camp. Parker Willis of this city, was elected Master of Forms and Ceremonies and F. M. Smith, of New Richmond, Inspector.

McPherson Post Meeting. McPherson Post, No. 7, will hold its regular monthly meeting at Post Headquarters this evening at 7:30 o'clock.

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