

Editor Fort Wayne Sentinel:

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The November issue of Harper's New Monthly Magazine contains a story from the pen of Wm. D. Haley, concerning a cosmopolitan who among the pioneers of Allen county and of Fort Wayne was well known, and whose eccentricities made him an anomaly. These were seen so often and his dress became so familiar, that for the time being he was regarded with little interest; but as time has crowded the period in which he lived and the incidents then transpiring so far into the past, the hero of this story and his eccentricities are become history, and as such the fresh, living and enterprising generation loves to draw them from the faded memories of those whose lives embrace a part of two important periods in the history of the place.

The drapery of the picture which Mr. Haley has offered in Harper, is natural and rich, his wood-cut representations of the hero well conceived, and, taken altogether, his story is as accurate as it was possible for one to make it who was not personally acquainted with the hero, and familiar with the whole scope of country embraced in his wanderings, and with his property, and not the least the circumstances of his death and burial.

Mr. Haley introduces Johnny Appleseed as having the true patronymic of Jonathan Chapman in which he is mistaken. His name was John Chapman, as I find in looking over the papers of his estate which was settled in the Probate Court of this county. For instance, two notes were filed against his estate. One dated at Franklin, supposed to be on the Great Miami River, Ohio, February, 1804, payable to Nathaniel Chapman, one year after said date for \$100 - "in apple trees or land." The other \$100 payable to some minor children named Rudde of the Commonwealth of Mass., when they became of age, both which were signed by John Chapman. And indeed better evidence of his name was to be found in the purchases of land which he made in this county, as well as in Adams and Jay counties. The muniments of title, which he held were in the name of John Chapman.

He had a sister in Adams or Jay county, married to a man, whose name I, trusting to memory, will call Broom, and who was living probably at his death.

In the particulars of his name, and that he never owned any real estate, save a piece of land in Ohio, and the time of his coming to the Maumee Valley, and the date of his death, Mr. Haley is much at fault - otherwise probably right.

John Chapman came here long before 1838, as Mr. Haley states it; but the exact period is not known. One gentleman, a pioneer of this place, fixes it as early as 1825 - others some later; but certain is it, that in 1830, he was seen one autumn day, seated in a section of a hollow tree which he improvised for a boat laden with apple seed fresh from the cider presses of a more eastern part of the country, paddling up the Maumee river, and landing at Wayne's fort, at the foot of Main street, Fort Wayne. He kept the seed wet for preservation. His boat was daubed with mud and tree-moss, and looked quite in comport with his rough garb, untidy appearance and eccentric habits. His vade mecum was his New Testament and a few volumes concerning the Church of the New Jerusalem, founded by Emanuel Swedenborg, a Swedish Baron in the eighteenth century. His wardrobe was on his person - and was so scanty that he appeared as a beggar. His foot-gear generally consisted of odd shoes - or a shoe and a boot - now and then only one foot covered, the other bare, to chastise it

for a transgression, as he declared. His head-gear rarely ever alike for a long time - sometimes a crownless hat, limbered with rough usage, which he often ran his hand through and carried on his arm - sometimes a tin vessel worn on his head, which he used to cook his frugal meals in, and sometimes another hat which had a crown, and which he wore over the first and the tin vessel - and in the crown of which thus rested over the two, he carried his testament and Swedenborgian books which latter as they were replenished, he said, contained "news fresh from Heaven," and which he was ever ready to read from - always reclining on the floor or ground, to those who stopped to listen to him or who expressed a desire to hear new tidings fresh from Heaven. Mr. Haley has well pictured the hero of this story in the act of giving this "news fresh from Heaven," and nowhere does he do it irreverently toward the doctrines which assumed that their founder had been permitted to enjoy open intercourse with the world of departed spirits. Why should he, when so distinguished a prelate as Dr. Adam Smith said "others will see nothing improbable in all this referring the case to those extraordinary dispensations of the providence of an all-wise and all powerful Being who, in all ages of the world, has been pleased to enlighten and instruct chosen servants concerning His will and Kingdom." This language of Dr. Smith seems very strongly put, in the light of our present civilization, which would accept the quotation if it read "others will see nothing impossible," &c. But to accept it as it emanated from the learned Doctor would, to be consistent, make us not incredulous as to the doctrines of the Koran, or the legend and pretended miracles in the lives of the Romish Saints.

Mr. Haley has given so sublime a picture of one of these seances of Johnny Appleseed, that we are induced to quote it. "What a scene is presented to our imagination! The interior of a primitive cabin, the wide open fire-place where a few sticks are burning beneath the iron pot in which the evening meal is cooking; around the fire-place the attentive group, composed of the hardy pioneer and his wife and children, listening with reverential awe to the news right fresh from heaven, and reclining on the floor, clad in rags, but with his gray hairs glorified by the beams of the setting sun, that flood through the open door and the unchinked logs of the humble building this poor wanderer, with the gift of genius and eloquence, who believes with the faith of apostles and martyrs that God has appointed him a mission in the wilderness to preach the gospel of love and plant apple-seeds that shall produce orchards for the benefit of men and women and little children whom he has never seen. If there is a sublimer faith in more genuine eloquence in richly decorated cathedrals and under brocade vestments, it would be worth a long journey to find it.'

He devoutly believed that his physical mortifications on earth insured him a greater fullness of celestial bliss; hence his self-denial as to personal comforts and wants, even such, in very many instances, as were necessities to give sustenance to the body, and protection against the rude inclemencies of the seasons and against the envenomed bite of the reptiles that lay in his pathway, or crept stealthily upon his repose in the wilderness.

In the autumn of 1820, on his arrival here in his rude boat laden with apple-seeds, he planted a nursery on what was then called the Taylor farm, near the canal lock, just east of this city - another at that time, perhaps on the Taber farm, now called, just below the city on the north side of the River Maumee, and then taking a quantity of apple-seed he journeyed to Elkhart prairie, near Goshen, now; and there, he said, planted another nursery and returned here. How soon thereafter, or whether before, he planted the one on the

south bank of the Maumee river, about ten miles from here, in Milan township, is unknown; but it was long prior to 1838, for in the autumn of that year, I passed down that river in company with Col. John Spencer, now deceased, crossing that stream at its bend, and was shown by Col. S., the orchard which Johnny Appleseed, before that time, had planted - the trees in which told that they had been planted at least six or eight years before - the very nursery which was inventoried as of his personal estate, and which contained there 15,000 trees, and on his own land - a fraction. Another orchard he planted somewhat later on the St. Mary's, about nine miles up from this city, south side. Another on the land of David Archer, now owned by Mr. Emanuel Rudisill, at the northwest corner of said land, on the St. Joseph road, and I have an indistinct recollection of having seen another about 1840, just below the village of Shanesville, where, or near where, Fort Adams once stood. When this latter was planted, whether before he made Fort Wayne his headquarters in 1830, and while he was roaming the wilds of Ohio, as spoken of by Mr. Haley it is perhaps not now known.

Mr. Haley has well described his personal appearance, his sharp voice, etc., and those who knew him here will know him by that description. But his garb was not always alike, and some have seen him in other garbs and under other circumstances than those noted by Mr. Haley, so that some would describe him in one way and some another. He very rarely ate at table with others, and never slept in a bed. He preferred to lie on the floor of a tavern or private house - always laid in the bar-room of a hotel, when stopping there, and, when necessary, kept fire during the night. Exceedingly penurious, he complained of tavern charges and thought a sixpence quite enough for a meal. At stated times he would work, often coming to this place at the season of corn gathering and hiring to do that work. Capt. James Barnett, deceased, used to say that Johnny Appleseed was the best hand he hired to husk corn, and always gave the old pioneer a place to stay when he desired. This is no invidious mention, for there were many others who used to give him a place. John Rogers, Esq., now living and an octogenarian, Absalom Halcomb, now deceased, and others. He was regarded as a temperate man, and so he was, but occasionally he would take a dram of spirits to keep him a little warm, as he said. He did not believe in marriage on earth, but held that he was raising a girl to be his spiritual wife in the New Jerusalem, to gain which all his life was a sacrifice. On one occasion a gentleman now living, with whom he often lodged and ate, and who had a little daughter whom the old man fancied was asked by old man if he would give him the child for his spiritual wife, and on thoughtlessly giving him his consent, Johnny regarded the bargain as sacred, and treated the child thereafter with much care. This, however was interrupted by an accident. A neighbor's children came over to see this child and others of the family, when the father told a little boy to kiss Johnny's girl, which he did in Johnny's presence. This was considered by Johnny as a violation of faith plighted by the father, and in anger declined to further care for his spiritual wife. The name of this boy I withhold, less a very worthy gentleman, long my friend, and high in the esteem of the people of this county, might be the subject of a joke. He is a husband and father now, and perhaps in no other instance has ever parted a man and wife, and this unconsciously.

Our hero may be considered as insane by those who never knew him, but while this was not true, his fanaticism made him a religious monomaniac. I have seen him under many circumstances at public meetings, in private talks, in courts of justice, and at religious meetings, and never heard a disorderly word fall from his lips. In the year 1841, at a camp meeting, the first, perhaps, ever held by the Methodists in this county - it was on the site of Lindenwood Cemetery, near a spring of water, on the north side, - I saw him lying on the ground, near a large tree in good hearing of the pulpit; and I now have a vivid recollection of the earnest attention he gave to the eloquent words of the clergyman, who discoursed of that New Jerusalem, which our hero hoped to reach, and there carry on his now earthly occupation among the sacramental hosts around the throne of God.

The wood-cut in Harper which represents a well-fed and dressed preacher somewhere in Ohio discoursing eloquently against extravagance of dress, &c., and where Johnny Appleseed went forward and amazed the divine by presenting himself as "a primitive Christian," dressed in coffee-sack and barefoot, - I say this represents a scene which actually transpired, and is confirmed by an incident which occurred at this place a little later. A certain Adam Payne, who was also an eccentric man, but in a different way, a preacher of a very illiterate kind, who wanted to appear a second Lorenzo Dow, in 1830 came to this city, and standing on a box on the northeast corner of Clinton and Columbia streets, announced himself thus: "Hear ye! hear ye! I am now about to scold the devil." Having finished his scold Johnny Appleseed, being present, went forward and asked Mr. Payne if he recollected "the primitive Christian" which he had before seen in Mansfield, Ohio. Payne at once recognized him. Now, if this Rev. Adam Payne were the veritable itinerant missionary who appeared in Ohio and preached in Mansfield to an open-air congregation, as Mr. Haley has it. He certainly gives the picture too much color when he calls him the "well-clothed missionary," for Adam Payne was as poor as Johnny Appleseed, of very plain dress, and wore long hair and a long beard; and, aside from tattered apparel, would have mated Johnny Appleseed very well.

Mr. Haley states the incident of Appleseed comforting the "itinerant missionary" toward the latter part of Johnny's career in Ohio; and this is confirmed by the incident of recognition related above as taking place at Fort Wayne, in the year 1830.

Right here a circumstance comes just in play to fix with some accuracy the time of Johnny's advent to this region. Adam Payne was a very near neighbor of my father - in fact the parents of Payne lived on our farm as early as 1816, in the county of Dearborn, Indiana, while the Indians were still numerous. He was given to eccentricities, and was an itinerant preacher, wore long beard and long hair, and some later than the period named, but before my memory, he and his parents emigrated to the wilds of western Illinois, and but little was heard from him for many years till one summer day in the year 1831, a steamboat landed at the wharf at Lawrenceburgh, on the Ohio River, and put off an aged couple and their scanty effects. I was then residing there with my brother-in-law, Col. Spencer, who at once recognized them as Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Sr. They were taken to my father's house in the country, where they were kept over a

year, and then removed to the county asylum, where they died. From these old people it was ascertained that Adam Payne, their son, had been killed by the Indians, and his head severed from his body, and carried on a pole as a trophy. Those who may read this, and who are of forty-five years of age, will recollect what ravages were committed on western settlers by the Indians before the Black Hawk war of 1832. It was these depredations, and the loss of their son Adam, which caused these aged pilgrims to return to Dearborn county to die.

Adam Payne was here in 1830, and is known to have been killed by the Indians, and his body treated as above described, somewhere in the northern part of this State, soon after his visit here.

I have introduced this incident to give accuracy to the date of Appleseed's advent into the Maumee Valley; and this incident of Adam Payne's and Appleseed's meeting here to support the supposition that Payne was the identical itinerant missionary of whom Mr. Haley writes in Harper. If these circumstances do not fix it, the date then perhaps is lost. Still it is only essential as a bit of local history. For all that related to our hero in Ohio, and the relation of a beautiful story in elegant diction, refer the reader to Harper's Monthly for March, 1871.

Now to the close of Appleseed's life. Mr. Haley gives obituary thus: "In the summer of 1847, when his labors had literally extended over one hundred thousand square miles of territory, at the close of a warm day, after traveling twenty miles, he entered the house of a settler in Allen county, Indiana, and was as usual warmly welcomed. He declined to eat with the family, but accepted some bread and milk, which he partook of sitting on the door-step and gazing on the setting sun. Later in the evening he delivered "news fresh from Heaven," by reading the beatitudes. Declining other accommodation, he slept as usual, on the floor, and early in the morning he was found with his features all aglow with supernal light, and his body so near death that his tongue refused its office, Thus died, &c." This is a beautiful close. Johnny Appleseed died on the 11th of March, 1845, at the house of William Worth, in St. Joseph township, Allen Co, Ind., on the land now owned by Jesse Cole, on the Feeder canal, and was buried in a reasonable time thereafter, at the family burying ground set apart by David Archer, deceased, now owned by Mr. Emanuel Rudisill and may be seen by the passer-up the towing path of the feeder, occupying a beautiful natural mound. At the east side of this mound, near its foot, Johnny Appleseed was buried, and a stone was then put up to mark the spot, by our townsman, Saml. C. Fletter, who attended his dying hours, dressed his body, laid it out and made his coffin. These are indisputable, and are in general confirmed by the papers on file in the Probate Court.

Appleseed died with a disease then prevalent here, and commonly called the winter plague. His age I will give as seventy-two, according to Mr. Haley. His illness lasted about two weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Worth were his friends, and had, long years before, given him a place in their cabin when he sought it. They too have long since died, leaving a name for hospitality and goodness.

Mr. Fletter tells me that Appleseed had on, when he died, next his body, a coarse coffee-sack, with a hole cut in the centre through which he passed his head. He had on the waists of four pairs of pants. These were cut off at the forks, ripped up at the sides and the fronts thrown away, saving the waistband attached to the hinder

part. These hinder parts were buttoned around him, lapping like shingles so as to cover the whole lower part of his body, and over all these were drawn a pair of what was once pantaloons. In this garb he died as he had lived. Says Mr. Haley: "He never inflicted pain or knew an enemy, a man of strange habits in whom there dwelt a comprehensive love that reached with one hand downward to the lowest forms of life, and with the other upward to the very throne of God. A laboring, self-denying benefactor of his race, homeless, solitary and ragged, he trod the thorny earth with bare and bleeding feet, intent only on making the wilderness fruitful." Be not surprised -
"He loved and served his God."

His religious belief was then as now, peculiar - but since that period it has gained more strength. But we ought not, we cannot deprecate it, for it is the fruit of those seeds which were borne upon the wind from Wycliffe's rectory at Lutterworth, which abided in the earth as those of our Protestant religion, "until they have sprung into the stately growth of centuries."

Standing as we do now so far in advance of those times, and looking upon the results of our great civilization, and comparing them with those of centuries in the past, we fully partake of the inspiration of the past;

"We are living, we are acting.

In a grand and awful time.

In an age on ages telling -

To be living is sublime."

I have thus with a hurried pen given for local reading, what Mr. Haley has done with greater care and ability for national reading, and hope it will be received with allowance for unavoidable errors.

John W. Dawson

Spy Run Avenue, Oct. 20, 1871.