

## POETRY, POETS and AUTHORS

TO THE ROLLING PRAIRIE GIRL  
 by  
 ENION KENDALL (POET OF THE WABASH)

You say that you are fit indeed,  
 And willing to get married,  
 And I am the very chap,  
 That you have so long for tarried;  
 You have yankee lads enough for beaus,  
 But none of them can catch you,  
 You're waiting for some western lad,  
 And I am the boy can match you.

You came from merry old Kaintuck,  
 And hates all eastern loafers,  
 And also you will single be,  
 Ere you will accept their offers;  
 But dó not fear, I am the man,  
 That's able to support you,  
 I am a buckeye hoosier lad,  
 And I am the boy who can court you.

If you think I am a yankee boy,  
 I say you are mistaken,  
 For I am a brave hoosier lad,  
 And can feed you on good bacon;  
 And now I wish to know your name,  
 Be not ashamed to tell it,  
 Be not content within the walls,  
 Come forth and let us have it.

I want to know how we could suit,  
 If we're once acquainted,  
 And whetehr happy we could be,  
 And ever be contented;  
 And then such a wedding give,  
 That may be long remembered,  
 For many days and years to come,  
 So may our days be numbered.

But if you wont agree to be wed,  
 All with a merry poet,  
 Then it be remembered well,  
 I am the man can go it;  
 Then you may sing the songs I write,  
 And publish in the papers,  
 On wedding scrapes and bugle horns,  
 If you should cut such capers.

May, 1840

LOGANSPORT'S A SPLENDID CITY  
by  
ENION KENDALL

Logansport's a splendid city,  
As any need be seen  
Situatè on Eel and Wabash rivers,  
Immediately between.

The trading business carried on,  
Are brisk for to be sure,  
So much produce brought from every part,  
I've never seen before.

For wealth and beauty it doth excel,  
And hard it is to beat,  
And as for grandeur need not tell,  
For everything is neat.

Dry goods unto this place is brought,  
The finest and the best,  
All but a set of merchantmen,  
Just come from the east.

Sell cheap for cash or such produce,  
Or things as they may need,  
That they may transport to a distant clime,  
The hungry for to feed.

The canal has made a good highway,  
To carry on the trade,  
The boats are running up and down,  
On them the goods conveyed.

Good times are now just coming on,  
And money is more plenty,  
The industrious will reap their reward,  
With their pockets never empty.

The place is on a rich and pleasant soil,  
Well fit for cultivation,  
And its advantages very great,  
For people of every nation.

I hope these lines will please you well,  
For the description I have give,  
And I shall ever be your friend,  
As long as I shall live.

Dec. 2, 1843

1845

Poem of Enion Kendall the "Poet of the Wabash."  
 He wrote after the style of James Elmore, the "Bard of  
 the Alamo," who lived at Crawfordsville. Kendall called  
 himself the "Western Poet."

Twass on the first day of July  
 A tempest rose the wind blue high  
 And in a furious shop did dash  
 And tore what things it pleased to smash

The first we hear all in its day  
 Into west logan it there did stray  
 And the a wirlwind in by turns  
 it cawt the haus of nabor burns(John Burns)

and tore part of the roof asunder  
 which cassed them for to quake and wonder  
 as it did pass across Eel river  
 all those that saw it how they did quiver

to see the water whirled in the air  
 it maid all present both gap and stair  
 it stretched its coarse towards they sky  
 and swept the river nearly dry

report says Taber a standin by with eyes(Cyrus Taber)  
 lifted up to wards the sky  
 said if this storm comes over toun  
 my election it will al fall down

the next we here as swightly did dash  
 tore Pollard's kitchen roof to smash(Col. Philip  
 kind providence hold owt his arm Pollard)  
 his family the received no harm

the Corte haus next a standing by  
 its hite in full three storry hie  
 it cawt the roof all in its flite  
 as if it was nothing but a kite

in peaces rent fell to the ground  
 tops of the chimbleys tumbling down  
 this wirl wind it did caws much wonder  
 the market hows was rent asunder(WS of the Canal,  
 S of Brdw.)

mister biddels office a standing by(Judge Horace  
 was myracolowsly saved as it blue hie P. Biddle)  
 with peters in it did him affrite(Atty. Benj. W.  
 he thawt he mite bid this worould good nite Peters)

now i must mention mister ross(Wm. L. Ross)  
 to his office it thence flue cross  
 his buggy carried a way in the round  
 and then returned safe and sound

the peoples lot i shal not mention  
 becaws it is not my intention

the next that comes in vew  
 the methodist church was damaged to(ES of 6th, N of  
 then passing by all with its mite Brdw..)  
 with fury dashed and ragd with spite

some people were cawt in the street  
 when this hurricane did meet  
 then to their scrapers laid down flat  
 poor isaac clary lost his hat(Isaac Clary)

it also fel on one icof  
 and of this storm he got enuff  
 all in the scrape it laid him flat  
 and swept away his old black hat

his body it was almost used up  
 it was to him a bitter cup  
 in it he did receive much harm  
 for it did him much alarm

the next thing that in my story  
 concerning of our neighbor flory(Rezin V. Flory)  
 fr he was cawt up in the air  
 and received n hurt he does declare

and nabor booch his life was at stake  
 for onwards home he fast did make  
 then he was raised to wards the sky  
 there is no one hear can tell how hie

as it was ordered fel to the ground  
 him self flewn of fast to a post were found  
 he may reflect on his makers will  
 that he is living still

this mity wind then stretching ore  
 lit upon the Canal shore  
 some showmen had their canvas strecht around  
 it there blue up fel to the groun

it also scard the mout of site  
 to see there canvas take its flite  
 and as it did break up there show  
 it all fell doun broke one mans to

naber richisen a living on the hill(Allen, Wm. or  
 the were all exposed to there Thos. Richardson)  
 makers will  
 a plank threw one end of his haus did dash  
 and broke his bedsted to smash

people in the hows ware much alarmed  
 thinking thi wood received much harm  
 his child on the bed was maracolusly savd  
 by one of them both stout and brave

mister spenser next comes on my mind(Benj. O. Spencer)  
 i cannot leave him quite be hind  
 as he was just returning home  
 on him this mity wind did come

his affrite was grate he felt very wild  
 be caws he had his darling child  
 to forgerses shop he did repair

as it was standin very near  
 the shop raisd up and moved fore feet  
 it cawsd him for to be amaze  
 because he could but stand and gaze

when the blast swept threw the shop  
 out one side of it did pop  
 he may be glad he was not hurt  
 it was to him a mity flirt

next place it past mister skeltons hous(John O.  
 and hit upon it like a mous Skelton)  
 in fury raged so verry hard  
 his kitchen roof was swept in palmers yard(John  
 D. Palmer)

our naber persel i must not for get(John T. or Benj.  
 for his wel curb id did upset Purssell)  
 and carried it quite a cross his lot  
 not very far off from his cot

john haves next domes in my round(John E. Howes)  
 he lives in upper end of town  
 as he was cawt owt in the strete  
 this storm it did him badly beet

this made him feal somewhat flat  
 becaws it swept away his hat  
 this cawsd him to feal disorder  
 he lost a hundred dollars in verbal orders

mister victery, lived one mile from toun(Jacob L.  
 this hericane caut him in his round Victor)  
 the timber round him fel to the ground  
 in his buggy escaped both safe and sound

this wirlwind tore things all along  
 which i must put down in my song  
 then passing on it quickly blue  
 brings victerys farm in my view  
 his fences blown down to the ground  
 his crop in danger there he found

weel take a glance at mister cook  
 and on him i now must look  
 the site of the storm it scard him so  
 at the site of the storm away did go

gathered up his sundy cloas and munny to  
 and cauld up his family while it was in vew  
 then to the field the did repare  
 in hopes to be more safer there

what damage i can not tel  
 therefore shal no longer dwel

LIBERTY  
by  
JUDGE HORACE P. BIDDLE

Let buoyant hope and purpose high  
Inspire the patriotic song,  
To do one noble act and die  
Is worth-is worth an age of wrong.  
Be fearless in the cause of right,  
Whatever danger's path may lead,  
And dare the perils of the fight  
To gain-to gain the glorious meed!  
To gain the glorious meed!

Yet power a freeman wou'd not wield  
To gain the victory by might,  
But bear it round him as a shield,  
To guard-to guard the freeman's right.  
In thought and soul, in word and deed,  
The brave American is free,  
And in his valiant arm if need,  
To strike-to strike for Liberty!  
To strike for Liberty!

True Liberty in the ancient Greece,  
And in the sunny clime of Rome,  
Just touched the soil in search of peace,  
But there- but there she found no home.  
The sword that glittered in her cause,  
Was reddened in her sacred side;  
She sought Columbia's equal laws,  
And here-and here she shall abide,  
And here she shall abide.

Our starry flag and sky as one  
Shall broadly spread o'er land and sea,  
And there the Bird of Washington  
Shall soar-shall soar forever free.  
Should foes invade the land and seas  
Of Liberty's secure abode,  
We'll launch the banner to the breeze,  
And rest-and rest the cause with God,  
And rest the cause with God.

July 19, 1851

JAMIE  
by  
JUDGE HORACE P. BIDDLE

My Jamie's gaen frae me, my heart has gaen wi' him,  
My bosom is heavy when Janie's awa';  
My een are in droukit for they canna see him,  
Sweet Jamie the brawest and bravest of a'!

The sun does na shine as when Jamie is near me,  
There's naething looks bright when my Jamie's awa';  
My song is na blithfu' for he canna hear me,  
Dear Jamie the brawest and bravest of a'!

The birds my sing gaily and lambies play cheery,  
I canna be happy when Jamie's awa';  
Without my dear Jamie the world is a' dreary,  
For Jamie's the brawest and bravest of a'!

And Jamie has promised aye truly to lo' me,  
He wept a bright tear when he started awa';  
My heart's a' his ain an' naither shall woo me,  
For Jamie's the brawest and bravest of a'!

As true as the star where the sky is the bluest,  
My heart shall remain to my Jamie awa';  
The bravest are ever the ten'rest and truest,  
And Jamie the brawest and bravest of a'!

If Jamie should perish beyond the dark billow,  
My tears shall fa' down for my Jamie awa';  
Oh! there they shall lay ne alone by the willow,  
For Jamie the brawest and bravest of a'!

July 30, 1853.



Miss Nancy A. Graham, of Clay Tp., wrote "Tyrus," which was published in the Logansport Journal 2-4-1854. "The Wanderer," 2-18, "The Sigh," 4-8 and "The Old Oak Tree," 7-22-1854.

Mrs. Henry S. Vrooman wrote a poem "My Childhood Friends," which was published 6-24-1854. It was written for the Logansport Journal. She wrote another entitled "Fame," published 2-1855. Her husband, Henry S. Vrooman obtained a patent on a sewing machine in July, 1856.

Mrs. Nancy Polke Lasselle, wife of Judge Hyacinth Lasselle, editor of the Logansport Telegraph, daughter of Judge Wm. Polke, Commissioner of the Mich. Road, wrote the book, "Annie Grayson and Tales" and poetry. Their son, Lucian, was the owner of the Washington Metropolitan newspaper and Nancy was Literary Editor.

Dr. John G. Dunn, son of Judge Dunn, of Deaborn County, wrote a poem entitled "French John." The doctor had been given to the "damnation bowl," which he portrays vividly in the poem. That was 6-1856.

Miss Nancy A. Graham was Mrs. James Leiby and became a resident of Fort Leavenworth.

She had received fifteen bullet holes in her dress when two hundred border ruffians attacked a boarding house, where she and four other women and five men were seeking safety. Atty. Phillips was shot. He had five bullets in his body. The others were held prisoner until Gov. Geary sent a body of dragoons to set them free.