

6/29/1977

Mrs. Polly Cauble, of Salem (in Washington County, Ind.)
was the wife of [unclear] Cauble

gift of Colleen Stanley, whose aunt Elnora Stanley
was a grand-daughter of Mrs. Polly Cauble.

Mrs. Polly Cauble died early in 1902.

Account written by John H. Stanley ..shortly after the
celebration.

An immense gathering,
of people at Axonia last Sunday to Celebrate the
Centennial of Mrs. Polly Cauble.

Eleven Children; nearly a Hundred Grand Children
Two Hundred Great-grand Children, and eight
Great-great-grand Children present.
Least-estimate placed at- 1,500.

Sunday, December 1, 1901, will be remembered by
Wash. Co. hundreds of Wash. Co. citizens as one
of the pleasiest they ever enjoyed. It was the
occasion of the 100th anniversary of the birth of
Mrs. Polly Cauble and was celebrated at the home
of her son, James W. Cauble, who lives on the Monon
railway, four miles west of Salem, at Hitchcock station.

The day itself was an ideal one - a remarkable one for
December. The sun shone out warm and cheerful, and over-
coats, overshoes and wraps were really uncomfortable. Few
were worn and the day reminds us of a bright Oct. one.

The first arrivals at the scene of the anniversary and
the Cauble reunion came from Salem over the Monon about
9:20 a.m. and were citizens from Salem to the number of
nearly 200. From that time on the arrivals in buggies,
phaetons, carriages and other vehicles continued incessantly
until long after one o'clock when the crowd

was variously estimated at from 1,500 to 2,100. No estimate placed the number below 1,500, at two o'clock P. M. there were by actual count 476 vehicles in the Cauble grove, just north of the house, and there were other conveyances distributed at other places on the farm, not counted.

This will give our readers a pretty fair idea of the No. of people who attended the great reunion last Sabbath.

As each new comer arrived at the Cauble home the first thought was to see "Aunt Polly" and hundreds of people had seen and spoken to her before the regular program was announced.

The writer enjoyed a few moments conversation with the citiararian and was much pleased at her cheerful manner and surprised at her descriptive power. In excellent language she talked of the olden times and graphically described the territory on which Saline stands during the year 1813, where she with her parents settled on what is now the Jeptha Morris farm. Not a tree had been cut from the stump by the use of an ax. The entire country was a dense forest - there was no Saline here.

It was a year after her arrival when the town was laid out by the use of a grape vine. The rich soil was covered with a magnificent growth of lofty timber, while the undergrowth of leather wood, wild pea vine, pawpaws, and other bushes made the place almost-impenetrable. She told us that through these dense solitudes the wild denizens of the forest were ~~decisive~~ of the forest.

roamed; that the panther was often seen and heard and that a
 bear was not an infrequent prize of the hunter, while hundreds
 of wolves lurked in the deep forests. Many varieties of birds, no longer
 found here, were abundant; while the yellow and black rattle snails
 were abundant. The treacherous copperheads were also abundant
 and along the streams the ugly moccasin was found in abundance.

Aunt-Polly also spoke of the embarrassing circumstances attendant
 courtship in the early days. There were no parlors, no drawing
 reception rooms; just one big interconvertible sitting room, be-
 room and kitchen, all in one. Sunday night was the usual
 time when "Billie went a wooing." If winter, a glowing log fire
 the old stick and clay chimney with its clay pans and back m
 If summer, the fire place would be filled with green boughs of
 or wild cherry. A tallow candle or greasy lard lamp would cast
 a faint sickly ray on the nervous swain as he shifted first
 leg and then the other over his knee, while trying to keep up a
 ning conversation with the entire family, which in those days, was
 large one. If the parents were friendly to the beau, they at
 themselves of the first opportunity to vacate the hearth stone a
 lewz the way clear for the commencement exercises of the eve.
 But if they wished to show their disapproval of the young
 attention to their daughter, they would stay up and see
 until a late hour. The daughter after got "pap" and "maur"
 sit up until a late hour. This occurred when she did
 "like" her visitor and was the fashionable way of letting him
 that his room was better than his company. There were no boys
 in those days and courting ~~was~~ horse back was in vogue
for a new how to help a lady on and off a horse was quite

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accomplishment. In those days there were no footpaths, no
undertaken over mud and corduroy roads, further than the
grooves home, and as they had not learned to swap sunlight
or electricity, and as the bride and groom were not ashamed to
be seen in daylight, the ceremony was usually performed at noon-day
then the old country dinner followed. It was interesting to hear
mother Cauble tell of these old time customs and might
interest many of our readers, to relate all of her conversa-
tion, but the want of space prevents further notice. At 11:30 the reg-
ular program of the day was announced by William H. Ward.

Elder Enoch Parr opened the exercises by invoking the Spirit
and asking a special blessing upon Mrs. Polly Cauble who
had lived to see her children, grand children, great-grand children
and great-great-grand children take high and honorable posi-
tions in this and other counties of the state and even in other states
of the union. Col. Stephen G. Dayles. was then introduced
and made a short speech, which was unusually interesting
and which pleased the guests. The Colonel spoke in glowing
terms of the aged of the aged Mother whom he had met to honor
and of her children, all of whom were an honor to her and to our
country, four of whom had taken up arms to defend the flag.
Miss Eva Cauble, a grand daughter of mother Cauble, and
daughter of John C., then read the following.

History of the Cauble family -
Friends and relatives: - We have assembled today Dec 1, 1901, to celebrate
the 100th Birthday Anniversary of Grandmother Cauble, who can
boast of that which no other person in Wash. Co. has ever been able to.
That is, she has reached the 100th mile stone in life and the dear
old lady is proud of the honor. Now in order to complete the

... of today we will give a brief history of the family
this honored lady. Her husband, Adam C. was born March
6th 1798, near Salisbury, Rowan Co. N. C. His father brought the
family to Wash. Co. Ind. in Oct. 1815. They settled in Salem
when there were not more than eight or ten families in the place,
and a single store kept by Gen. John Shepard. Polly Hubbard
was born Dec 1st 1801, in Botetourt county, Virginia. Her
father moved to what was then called New Virginia and
settled near the Holston river and remained there for four years.
When she was seven years old her father brought his family to Wash.
Co. and settled on a farm now owned by Jephtha Morris. The farm
then was a heavy timbered thicket of leatherwood, and wild pea
vine undergrowth. Grandma says that a man could not be seen
ten step distant. The family lodged in their wagon under a large
beech tree for three months, until a log cabin was erected. The
nearest neighbor was two miles distant. There were five Indians to one
white man. Her father was a blacksmith. He often made gun locks
and tomahawks and butcher knives for the Indians. Wild game
of all kind abounded. It was no uncommon thing for her father
to kill a deer before breakfast. If some of the sportsmen today
could have that chance at sport of that kind they would not accom-
-plish much other-wise. Adam C. and Polly Hubbard were married
at the residence of her father Nicolas Hubbard, Sept. 6 1822. Godlove
Kemp, then the associate judge of the Washington Circuit Court,
performed the ceremony. Grandma says her wedding dress was made
in the complete fashion of that day, and contained full three
yards of material; but at that time the ladies did not waste so
much in making trails to their dresses. Her bridal dress was
cut-gore and ruffle one inch wide, waist six inches long.

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to go with a nettie which was called a bit. a white cap
and green Morocco slippers, completed the brides outfit. To
see a bride dressed in that style would be an interesting
sight. but brides then were as happy as those of today.
The first year of their marriage was spent with Mrs. C's
father. Messrs. Cauble and Hubbard carried on the Blacksmith
business. Mr. Cauble purchased the farm on which B. F. Cauble
the youngest son now lives. They engaged in house keeping in a
little log cabin. about 100 yards south east of the present
residence. The cabin had a puncheon floor, 1 door and 1 window.
The household and kitchen furniture consisted of 1 bed, a
square table, 4 chairs, some three legged stools, a pot, a skillet
and what was then called a dutch oven, and a coffee boiler. Grandfather
has told the story that in 1824 the second year of their marriage he
went out in the corn field to get some corn, and it was between sundown
and dark. After he got the corn he started to the house and he heard
an awful scream as of a woman, quickly he looked around him
in every direction and about twenty steps from him sat a panther
and he had nothing with him to defend himself. He paused
not to take council with the beast, (he had always been known
as a very resolute man) but on this occasion his speed was
so great that no grass grew under his feet. Another inci-
dent was that of him and his neighbor being attacked by 30
wolves which caused them a little worry but they were not much
alarmed. This was on the farm now owned by Adam Cauble.

Many other stories have been told of the early life of this
dear old couple. who were always glad to amuse the grand
children and others who visited at this old home of which
the latch strings always hung on the outside for visitors.

This couple lived together at this old homestead for sixty one years, and have reared a large family - eleven sons and four daughters making fifteen in all. Besides they brought up one grandson, Adam B. White. One son died in infancy the rest grew up to man and womanhood, married and had families of their own, but death came to all sooner or later and this family had to share with others the sorrow of having the family chain broken and first to answer the summons was Mary C., the youngest daughter, and wife of Thomas J. Stanley. She died Dec. 18, 1876, and the next was Grandfather Adam Cuble, who had lived his allotted time and the old frame seemed to give way and could no longer tread life's pathway answered the summons on the 26th of June 1883 aged 86 years. Adam Cuble Jr. died on May 14th 1894. Alexander Cuble died Sept. 1901. The children have always resided in Wash. Co. except Mrs. Peter G. resides in Mansfield Mo. and Hiram in Tex. The names of the children of this this union are as follows: George W. James, Alexander, Sarah A. Bundy, Adam, John H. Eliza Bush, Charles, Barbara, Bob, Andrew, Peter G. Hiram, William, Benjamin F. and Mary C. Stanley. There have been 19 marriages in this family and 18 deaths - three sons, one daughter, 4 sons in law and 7 daughters-in-law. The descendants are many reaching to the fifth generation and we have made an effort to get the exact number of the descendants of the five generations as follows: 15 children, 111 grand children, 204 great-grand children, and 11 great-great-grand children, making a total of 341. Of the grand children 91 are living, 66 have been

married, 20 have died, and 26 are yet single, 8 of the great
 grand children are married. Total number of marriages in
 this family 92. The question has been asked, "Is life worth
 living"? Grandma has proved that her life has not been a fail-
 ure inasmuch as she has toiled on and on in early life with so
 many disadvantages to contend with, and yet she has never falter-
 ed in doing her duty as wife and mother. We know that she has
 been blessed in being able to reach the century mark in life
 and we hope that her days may yet be many, and that her path-
 way may be full of sunshine along the rest of her journey in life
 and when her last step has been taken and her work on earth is
 done, may it be said that she has done what she could and
 won the victory of a grand old age. The dinner. Think of
 preparing a dinner for over 1500 persons! And yet that is what
 was done by the children, grand children, great- and great-great-grand
 children of Mother Cable. How could we keep notes and how can we do
 justice to all this remarkable family for the excellent arrangements
 made and the great variety of food prepared for the immense num-
 ber of guests they entertained last Sabbath? It is simply out of the
 question and we shall be compelled to confine our description
 of this affair to as small space. A large tent had been secured
 and spread just east of Jas. M. C.'s residence. Under this
 tent were improvised 2 tables, each 45 feet in length
 and 1 table 12 ft. long. The combined length of these tables was
 156 ft. The tables were covered with snowy white cloths and on them
 were arranged the most remarkable menu we venture to say
 that was ever spread before guests. Every table fairly reeled
 under the weight of roast beef, pork, and turkey, stacks of

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cakes, pies and crackers, with bread and butter, and all fruits
fully interspersed with potatoes, sweet and Irish, pickles, stews,
preserves, and everything else that the appetite of man could desire.
It was a beautiful display and reflected much credit upon
the Cable young ladies who managed this part of the affair.
The large marshmallow cake around which 29 small and 1
large candle was burning, attracted the attention of all. It was
dedicated to mother Cable and beautifully lettered "Cable, 100
years old." The cake was the idea and the work of Miss Emma C. daugh-
ter of Charles, and the grand daughter of his mother. Another cake
that was attractive and beautiful, was one bearing the inscrip-
tion "1801-1901". It was prepared by Miss Effie C. daughter of
Benj C. who is the youngest son of Mother C. The table was
also laden with fruits. One dish of apples were grown on the Ozark
Mts. in Missouri by Peter Cable, the 5th son and who was present
at the reunion. At the first table were seated mother Cable,
her eleven children, grand, great-grand, and great, great-grand
children. It was impossible for us to count them but there was approx-
imately 200 young and old. It was a sight we had never seen be-
fore and never expect to see again. Hundreds gazed on the interesting
scene and hundreds more attempted to but failed to get
close enough to see. It was five generations seated at one table and
aggregating 200 persons. Their combined ages amount to nearly
5,000 years. The oldest was 100 and the youngest a few months.
For nearly 2 hours the guests were served and after all had been fed
there remained an abundance of food. It was undoubtedly, one of the
most remarkable dinners ever served in this county. Aunt Polly
was as sociable and communicative at the table as any

not with standing the fact that many hundreds of eyes were turned toward her. When someone passed the chocolate cake, she mentioned it away with the remark. "I don't believe I'll eat any of that as the makers hands were dirty". The program in the afternoon was an interesting one and besides the large crowd that listened to the morning proceedings, a great number had arrived filling the east-yard and every room of the house to overflowing. The first speaker was Elwood Trueblood, an interesting talker, who as has known Mother C for more than half a century. Mr T said that when Aunt Polly was born was president and the great Louisiana purchase had not yet been made. Napoleon following the plan of La. Salle. was endeavoring to found a new France in America. He was then at his Zenith and some of the most remarkable men that this country has ever produced were then living and shaping the destinies of the greatest nation on earth. While all these things were going on Mother C was busy carving out future homes for a long line of descendants. He had been neighbor for years, knew her and the large family well and all are an honor to the community in which they live. The Salem High school band under the leadership of Robert Myers, then rendered the air, "Nearer my God to thee", after which a beautiful poem, was written for the occasion was read by Mrs. Laura A. Stanley a grand daughter of mother Cuble's. Mrs Stanley's rendition of the poem was excellent and showed that she had carefully studied the production and was well prepared to perform the duty assigned her. The Poem follows: