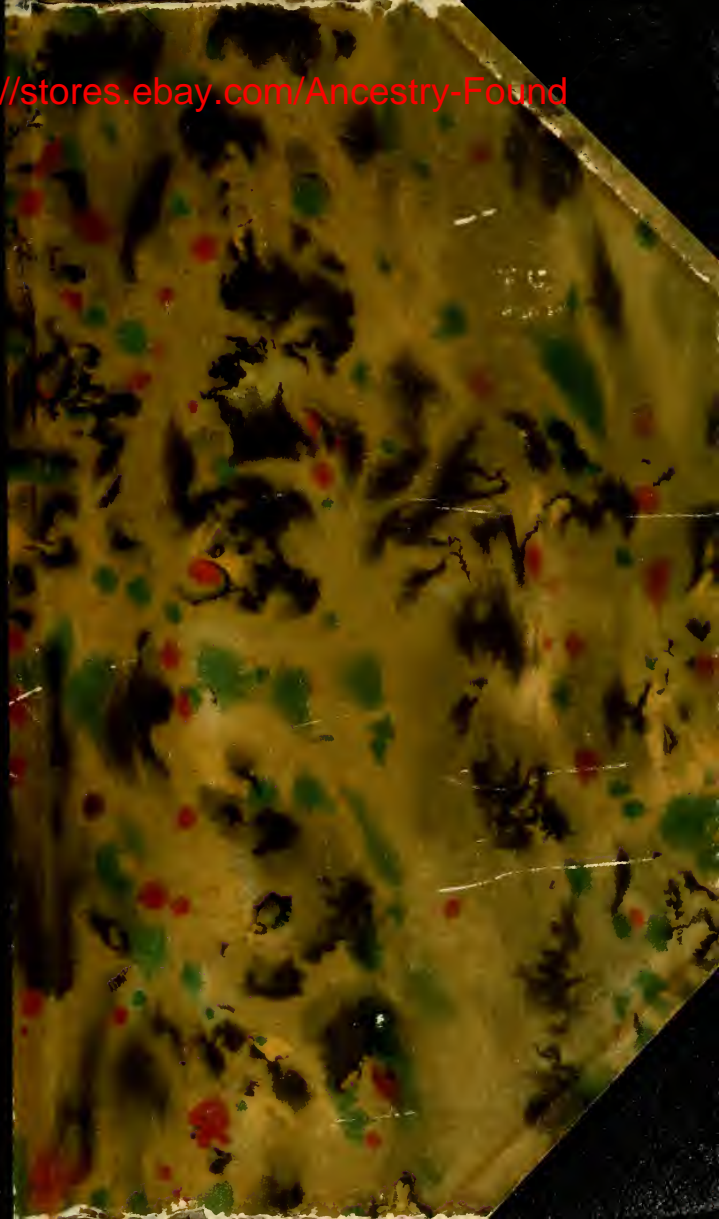
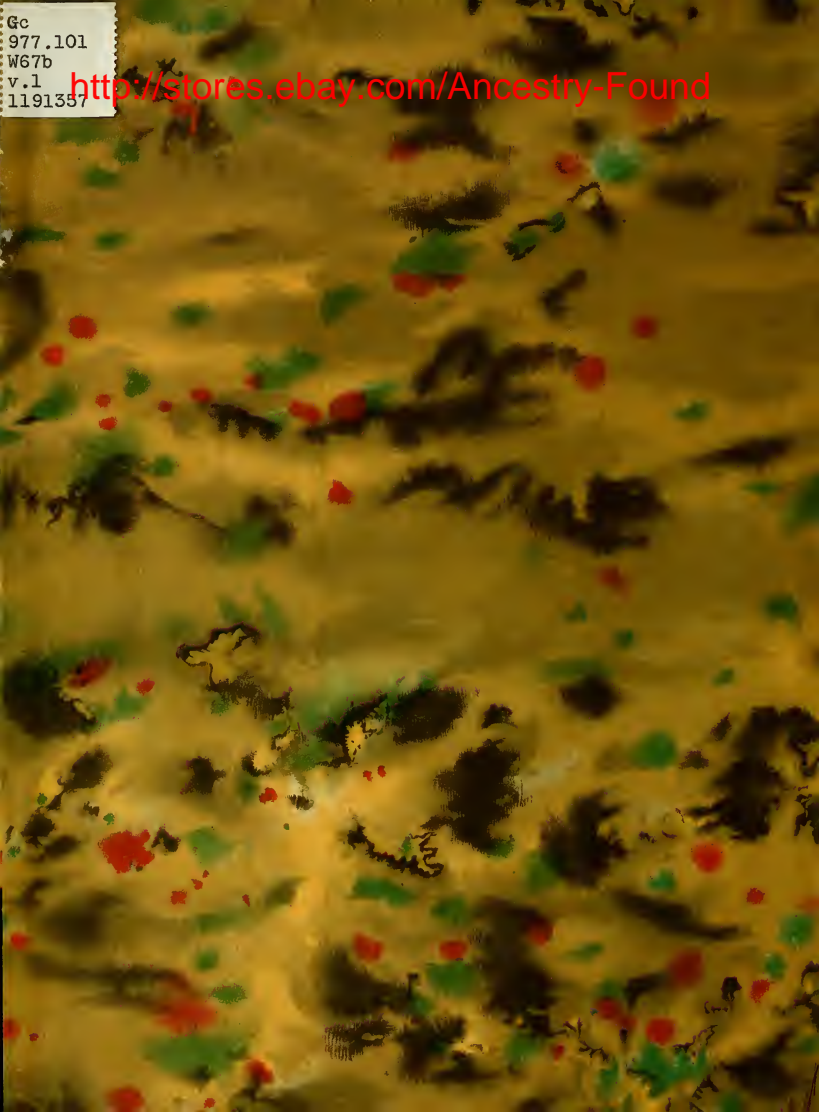


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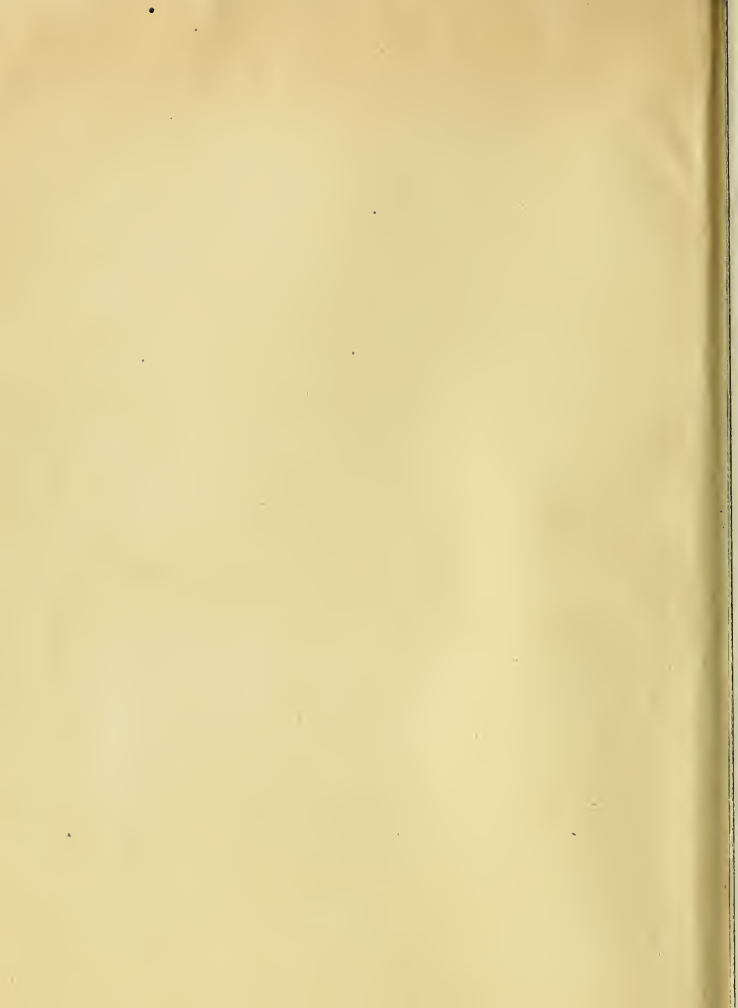
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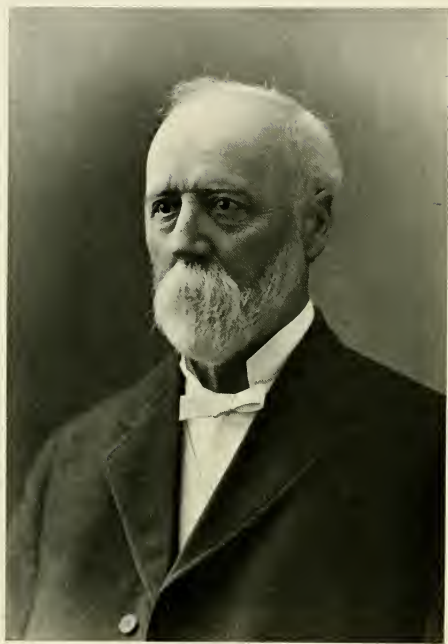




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GENEALOGY COLLECTION





Charles H. Avery

A Standard History
of
Williams County, Ohio

An Authentic Narrative of the Past, with Particular Attention
to the Modern Era in the Commercial, Industrial,
Educational, Civic and Social Development

Prepared under the Editorial Supervision of
HON. CHARLES A. BOWERSOX
Assisted by a Board of Advisory Editors

VOLUME I

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PREFACE

"A study and survey of the county in its historical, institutional, economic and social elements and activities is the primary object of this work." The prospectus issued when the work was first proposed contained these words with a general and somewhat more detailed outline of contents.

In process of fulfilment the work has been in the hands of experienced and able writers, and in placing "a Standard History of Williams County" before the citizens the publishers can conscientiously claim that they have carried out the plan as outlined in the prospectus.

In the "Editorial Announcement" Judge Bowersox said: "As editor my task will be to direct the collection of all historical material that should have a permanent place in the historical records of this county and to insure as far as possible an impartial and accurate treatment of this material according to the outline herein proposed." The publishers acknowledge the invaluable aid extended by him and his advisers to insure the success and worthy character of the undertaking. The chief labors of collecting and compiling the general history devolved upon Mr. R. L. Whitson, a veteran newspaper man and author. While the final judges and critics of the work are the citizens of Williams County, the publishers have the gratification of knowing, before the books are issued from the press, the favorable editorial estimate placed on the work of the historian by Judge Bowersox, who in a letter and opinion on the manuscript says: "I have looked over his manuscript, the subjects as he has presented them, the quotations he has made, the information he has obtained, and the manner of his presentation in the manuscript. I am clearly of the opinion that he has excelled in the care with which he has presented his views and the information he has gained. I think he has taken up the townships, the villages, the cities and all matters that ought to be very valuable in a history of this kind. He has presented the matter in paragraphs or chapters, and in such a way as that the same will be very acceptable to the people and very attractive to its readers. While I am not intending to exceed the ordinary statements which I ought to make, I feel confident that I may with no impropriety, but with perfect propriety, commend the work of the gentleman, and I feel confident that when the books are published they will meet the very best approval of our citizens. He has been careful not to offend, or to treat one community to the exclusion of another, but in every respect has done his work with unusual fidelity."

CHARLES BOWERSOX.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

UNDER THE FRENCH AND BRITISH RULE.....	1
--	---

CHAPTER II

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC.....	12
--------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III

THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.....	27
-------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV

SIMON GIRTY AND HIS BROTHERS.....	39
-----------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V

THE HARMAR AND ST. CLAIR CAMPAIGNS.....	50
---	----

CHAPTER VI

THE CAMPAIGN OF "MAD ANTHONY" WAYNE.....	65
--	----

CHAPTER VII

FALLEN TIMBERS AND THE GREENVILLE TREATY.....	80
---	----

CHAPTER VIII

OHIO BECOMES A STATE.....	96
---------------------------	----

CHAPTER IX

A YEAR OF DISASTERS.....	107
--------------------------	-----

CHAPTER X

A YEAR OF VICTORIES.....	121
--------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XI

OHIO-MICHIGAN BOUNDARY DISPUTE.....	139
-------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XII

THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN.....	155
---------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII

THE PREHISTORIC AGE.....	184
--------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIV

IN THE LAP OF A CENTURY.....	190
------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XV

FROM SAVAGERY TO CIVILIZATION.....	198
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVI

THE TEMPLE OF JUSTICE IN WILLIAMS COUNTY.....	205
---	-----

CHAPTER XVII

OFFICIAL ROSTER OF WILLIAMS COUNTY.....	215
---	-----

CONTENTS

vii

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BENCH AND THE BAR IN WILLIAMS COUNTY.....	221
---	-----

CHAPTER XIX

AGRICULTURE, WILLIAMS COUNTY'S OLDEST OCCUPATION.....	227
---	-----

CHAPTER XX

DAIRY FARMING AND AGRICULTURE.....	237
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXI

WILLIAMS COUNTY AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATIONS.....	242
--	-----

CHAPTER XXII

SUPPLEMENTAL WILLIAMS COUNTY FARM ORGANIZATIONS.....	246
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIII

CO-OPERATIVE LIVE STOCK SHIPPING SURVEY.....	253
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIV

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD IN WILLIAMS COUNTY.....	256
---	-----

CHAPTER XXV

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL IN WILLIAMS COUNTY.....	266
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVI

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES IN WILLIAMS COUNTY.....	268
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVII

THE NEWSPAPERS IN WILLIAMS COUNTY.....	280
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVIII

TRANSPORTATION, COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURING IN WILLIAMS COUNTY	291
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIX

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HIGHWAY IN WILLIAMS COUNTY.....	301
--	-----

CHAPTER XXX

FINANCE—WEALTH OF WILLIAMS COUNTY TODAY.....	306
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXI

THE EVOLUTION OF THE POSTAL SYSTEM IN WILLIAMS COUNTY....	309
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXII

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS THAT HAVE TOUCHED WILLIAMS COUNTY.	313
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE WILLIAMS COUNTY HOME.....	320
-------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE "MEDICINE MAN" IN WILLIAMS COUNTY.....	322
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXV

WILLIAMS COUNTY FIRE FIGHTERS.....	327
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXXVI

SECRET ORDERS IN WILLIAMS COUNTY.....	330
---------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXXVII

PUBLIC UTILITIES IN WILLIAMS COUNTY.....	333
--	-----

CONTENTS

ix

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE MUSICAL LIFE OF WILLIAMS COUNTY.....	336
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXIX

WILLIAMS COUNTY IN THE WARS.....	341
----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XL

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF WILLIAMS COUNTY.....	353
---	-----

CHAPTER XLI

LEFT-OVER STORIES—THE OMNIBUS CHAPTER.....	362
--	-----

CHAPTER XLII

NORTHWEST TOWNSHIP AND COLUMBIA.....	379
--------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XLIII

BRIDGEWATER TOWNSHIP AND BRIDGEWATER CENTER.....	383
--	-----

CHAPTER XLIV

MADISON TOWNSHIP, PIONEER AND KUNKLE.....	386
---	-----

CHAPTER XLV

MILLCREEK TOWNSHIP, ALVORDTON AND HAMER.....	389
--	-----

CHAPTER XLVI

FLORENCE TOWNSHIP AND EDON.....	391
---------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XLVII

SUPERIOR TOWNSHIP AND MONTPELIER.....	394
---------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XLVIII

JEFFERSON TOWNSHIP AND WEST JEFFERSON.....	399
--	-----

CHAPTER XLIX

BRADY TOWNSHIP AND WEST UNITY.....	401
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER L

ST. JOSEPH TOWNSHIP AND EDGERTON.....	404
---------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER LI

CENTER TOWNSHIP AND WILLIAMS CENTER.....	407
--	-----

CHAPTER LII

PULASKI TOWNSHIP, PULASKI AND BRYAN.....	410
--	-----

CHAPTER LIII

SPRINGFIELD TOWNSHIP AND STRYKER.....	414
---------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER LIV

YESTERDAY AND TODAY IN WILLIAMS COUNTY.....	417
---	-----

CHAPTER LV

GOD'S ACRE—WILLIAMS COUNTY CEMETERIES.....	429
--	-----

INDEX

- "Advance, The," I, 289
 Aerial mail service, I, 310
 Agricultural Association, Williams County, I, 243
 Agricultural associations, I, 242
 Agriculture, I, 227
 Air Line Railroad, I, 294; I, 415
 Airship at the Homecoming (illustration), I, 299
 Airships, I, 298
 Allison, Byron, II, 309
 Allman, John, II, 227
 Alspaugh, J. E., II, 66
 Alvord, H. D., I, 290
 Alvordton, I, 389; mail service, I, 310
 Alvordton Farmers' Exchange, I, 254
 "Alvordton News," I, 290
 "Alvordton Progress," I, 290
 Alwood, R. R., I, 322
 Ames, Albert W., II, 347
 Ames, Charles R., II, 344
 Anderson, James, I, 273
 Andre (Major), Capture of (illustration), I, 195
 An eccentric in Jefferson Township, I, 365
 An incident gleaned from an old church book, I, 262
 Antebellum educational institution, I, 273
 Anti-saloon League, I, 318
 Arctic Shipping Association, I, 255
 "Ariel," I, 286
 Armstrong mower, I, 231
 Arnold, John P., II, 388
 Arnold, Joseph P., II, 61
 Arnold Post No. 284, I, 350
 Arrowsmith, William, I, 207
 Auditorium, Bryan (illustration), I, 412
 Auditors, I, 218
 Augustine, Daniel, II, 300
 Automobile Club, I, 304
 Automobiles, I, 298
 Bachelors, tax on, I, 370
 Back, Albert W., I, 322
 Baker, Randolph, II, 175
 Ball park, Bryan, I, 244
 Banks, I, 307
 Baptists, The, I, 261
 "Barometer, The," I, 280
 Barrett, Cyrus, I, 367; I, 386
 Barstow, C. M., I, 322
 Bates, Joseph, I, 401
 Batterson, Hiram E., II, 97
 Battle flags, I, 346
 Battles of Maumee (map), I, 83
 Bayes, Henry, II, 306
 Bayview Reading Circle, Bryan, I, 358
 Beach, Carl, II, 169
 Beach, Fred E., II, 261
 Bean Creek, I, 400; I, 404
 Bear, I, 367; I, 372
 Bear story, Hamilton Township, I, 364
 Bear were numerous in the early days (illustration), I, 374
 Beaubice, I, 383
 Beaver Creek, I, 400
 Bechtol, Evans, I, 348
 Bee trees, I, 367; I, 391
 Beek, Frederick W., II, 384
 "Beer cellar hill," I, 314
 Beerbower, J. C., II, 138
 Beerbower, Jesse W., II, 106
 Behne, William, I, 220; I, 285
 Bell, James A., II, 295
 Bench and Bar in Williams County, I, 221
 Benner, George M., II, 118
 Benner, W. W., II, 333
 Bennett, Orlando, I, 220
 Besancon, Alfred F., II, 335
 Beyerle, Nellie T., I, 355
 Biddle, Glen, II, 123
 Bill-covered building, old jail in Bryan (illustration), I, 212
 Billings, William, I, 380
 Billingstown, I, 382
 Binns, T. Eliel, II, 6
 Birdseye view, West Unity (illustration), I, 402
 Blair, Franklin, II, 232
 Blair, Wilson, II, 235
 Blaker, Thomas H., I, 281
 Blakeslee cemetery, I, 433
 Blakeslee Co-operative Shipping Association, I, 255
 Blakeslee; mail service, I, 310
 Blakeslee, Schuyler E., I, 220
 Bloom, C. A., II, 121
 Bloom, George G., II, 120
 Blosser, J. E., II, 289
 Blue, Dayton M., II, 99

- Bohner, C. J., II, 256
 Boone, C. H., II, 14
 Boone, Daniel, I, 31
 Boone Lumber Company, I, 397
 Boothman, Melvin M., I, 220
 "Border Alliance," I, 287
 Border difficulties, I, 202
 Bordner, Ralph L., II, 235
 Bostater, Thos. R., II, 221
 Boundary dispute, I, 139
 Boundary stone(illustration), I, 202
 Bowen, Charles L., II, 94
 Bowen, O. H., II, 117
 Bowersox, Charles A., I, 214; I, 220;
 I, 404; II, 397
 Bowersox, J. E., II, 205
 Bowersox, John W., II, 204
 Boyer, Charles E., II, 197
 Boynton cemetery, I, 433
 Boynton, Horace D., II, 85
 Boy scouts, I, 371
 Bradstreet expedition, I, 24
 Bradstreet, John, I, 24
 Brady Farmers' Co-operative Company,
 I, 253
 Brady Township, I, 401
 Brandon, Elsworth F., II, 195
 Brandon, Thomas, II, 196
 Brannan, Harvey J., II, 359
 Bratten, William D., II, 241
 Bridgewater Center, I, 383
 Bridgewater Township, I, 383
 Brim, George A., II, 101
 Brim, J. M., II, 345
 Briner, I. K., I, 395
 British claims, I, 2
 Brognard, Ulysses P., II, 187
 Brown, Aaron C., II, 342
 Brown cemetery, I, 433
 Brown, Eli, II, 373
 Brown, Harvey F., II, 39
 Brule, Etienne, I, 6
 Bruns, F. M., II, 8
 Bruns, H. F., II, 8
 Brunswick, The, I, 370
 Brush Creek, I, 389
 "Brush Creek Herald," I, 287
 Bryan, I, 410; I, 411; county seat, I, 206;
 naming of, I, 207; court first convened
 at, I, 207; first school teacher, I, 209;
 first house in, I, 209; first courthouse,
 I, 210; first schoolhouse in, I, 271; first
 postmaster, I, 309; mail service, I,
 310; fire department, I, 328; water
 supply, I, 363; wild gooseberries on
 the streets of, I, 363; first tavern in,
 I, 370; hotels, I, 370; water system, I,
 411
 Bryan Auditorium, I, 278; (illustra-
 tion), I, 412
 Bryan ball park, I, 244
 Bryan band, I, 339
 Bryan, before the days of automobiles
 (illustration), I, 427
 Bryan Business Men's Association, I, 412
 "Bryan Democrat," I, 285
 Bryan, Eliza Ann, I, 206
 Bryan, John A., I, 206; I, 410
 Bryan Manufacturing Company, I, 413
 Bryan Normal School, I, 274
 Bryan noted corner (illustration), I,
 303
 Bryan Pattern and Machine Company,
 I, 413
 Bryan "Press," I, 283
 Bryan Show Case Company, I, 412
 Bryan Woman's Federation, I, 321
 Buckeye Corners, I, 388
 Bucklen's Arnica Salve, I, 297
 Buell, Frank L., II, 266
 Bunce, Emery, II, 231
 Burke, Edmund, I, 167
 Burke, The, I, 370
 Burkhart, Frank, II, 216
 Burkhart, Joseph, II, 16
 Burning Colonel Crawford, I, 37
 "Business Bulletin, The," I, 283
 Butler, Charles, I, 206
 Byall, Howard M., II, 131
 Cabots, The, I, 2
 Calvin, Emmet E., II, 43
 Calvin, Harry B., II, 42
 Calvin, Ora E., II, 290
 Cameron, M. M., II, 82
 Campbell Lumber Company, I, 413
 Campbell, W. D., II, 183
 Capital of Ohio, locating of, I, 205
 "Capture of Major Andre," I, 197; (il-
 lustration), 195
 Carlin, Edmond C., II, 51
 Carnation Literary Club, West Unity, I,
 359
 Carnegie library, Bryan, I, 353; (illus-
 tration), I, 354
 Carolus, O. W., II, 276
 Carter, Francis M., I, 220
 Carter's Corner, I, 302
 Cartier, I, 2
 Carvin, Theodore S., I, 220
 Case, Charles, I, 282
 Case, John, I, 391
 Casebere, Wesley, II, 19
 Cass, Lewis, I, 110
 Castor, George Z., II, 98
 Caulkins, Daniel, I, 355
 Celeron, I, 15
 Cemeteries, I, 429
 Census reports, I, 192
 Center Township, I, 407
 Centralized school, I, 278
 Ceremonies, Indian, I, 180
 Champlain, Samuel de, I, 3
 Chance, Mahlon, I, 315

- Chaney, Chas. W., II, 317
 Charles E. Arnold Post No. 284, I, 350
 Charriot, Leon P., II, 137
 "Christian Messenger," I, 287
 Christman, Rolland J., II, 353
 Christman, The, I, 370
 Christy, John W., II, 301
 Churches, I, 256
 Cincinnati, Jackson & Mackinaw Railroad, I, 296
 Cincinnati Northern Railroad, I, 296
 Civic Club, Montpelier, I, 321
 Civil war, soldiers of, I, 344
 Clark, Byron W., II, 78
 Clark, Chester T., II, 273
 Clark, George R., I, 31
 Clark, Harley F., II, 93
 Claudon, Daniel H., II, 160
 Clear Creek, I, 381
 Clearwater Fork, I, 387
 Clemens, Clifford, II, 38
 Clerk of the court, I, 217
 Clinton airtight cookstove, I, 404
 Cold winter, I, 365
 Columbia, I, 382
 Comer, Cornelia A. P., I, 355
 Commerce, I, 291
 Commissioners, I, 218
 Common pleas court, Judges of, I, 215
 Congressmen from Williams County, I, 220
 Connin, John, I, 340
 Constitutional Convention, first in Ohio, I, 194; I, 203; second and third, I, 203
 Cook, C. C., II, 186
 Cook, Isaac E., II, 272
 Cook, Lyman O., II, 92
 Co-operative Livestock Shipping and Marketing Association, I, 243
 Co-operative livestock shipping survey, I, 253
 Copeland, Frank, II, 91
 Corduroy road, I, 303
 Cornell, John, I, 272
 Cornerstone, courthouse, I, 214
 Corn (illustration), I, 418
 Corn pone, I, 418
 Corn shocks, I, 232
 Corn, seed famine, I, 249
 Coroners, I, 219
 Country Life Club (illustration), I, 247
 County agent, I, 248
 County commissioners, I, 218
 County fair of today, Williams County, I, 244
 County fairs, I, 244
 County government, I, 215
 County jail, I, 212
 County officers, I, 217
 County seat, locating of, I, 206; at Bryan, I, 206
 Coureurs de bois, I, 4; (illustration), I, 5
 Courthouse, built of brick, I, 211; second building, I, 211; wrecking of old, I, 213; present, I, 213
 Courthouse fight, I, 206
 Courts, first in county, I, 223
 Cows in pasture (illustration), I, 240
 Cox, James, I, 278
 Crawford, Frank C., II, 316
 Crawford (Colonel), torture and death of, I, 37
 Crawford, William, I, 34
 Crimes, I, 224
 Crocker, Volney, I, 209; I, 411
 Culbertson, Ernest E., II, 60
 Cummins, Nelson, II, 284
 Curl, George R., II, 288
 Custar, George W., II, 32
 Custer, B. E., II, 125
 ,
 Dairy farming, I, 237; I, 390
 Dairy herd (illustration), I, 238
 Daniels hotel, I, 370
 Day, John T., II, 313
 Daylight saving, I, 292
 de Champlain, Samuel, I, 3
 Deer, I, 367; I, 375; I, 394
 Deer Lick, I, 311
 Deer shooting contest, I, 407
 Defiance Moraine, I, 186
 Deisler, Joseph, II, 190
 de La Salle, Chevalier, I, 3
 Delawares, I, 6; I, 12
 Delphian Club, Montpelier, I, 258
 "Democrat Standard," I, 281
 Denman, Elisha G., I, 220
 Denman, William M., I, 220; II, 142
 Denmark, first school in, I, 272
 Deucher, E. M., I, 345
 Devore, J. A., II, 369
 Dick, George F., II, 371
 Dietsch, Charles A., II, 245
 Dietsch, Henry, II, 255
 Dirigible, relation of to Williams County, I, 298
 Distilleries of years ago, I, 314
 Dixon, Samson, II, 206
 Dodge, Mary M., I, 355
 Doty, David, II, 206
 Doty, Eli, II, 205
 Drainage, I, 303
 Dudley massacre, I, 130
 Dunlap, William M., II, 80
 Dustin, C. Rome, II, 129
 "Eagle, The," I, 283
 Earliest Methodist county, I, 263
 Early day household utensils (illustration), I, 198
 Early schools, I, 268
 Early school teachers, I, 272
 East side courthouse square, 1869, Bryan (illustration), I, 213

- Eckis, Lucy H., I, 323
 Edgerton, Alfred P., I, 206; I, 220; I, 405
 Edgerton, mail service, I, 310; hotels, I, 370
 "Edgerton Earth," I, 289
 "Edgerton Herald," I, 288
 Edgerton Milling Company, I, 406
 Edgerton street scene (illustration), I, 405
 "Edgerton Weekly," I, 288
 Edon, I, 391; I, 392; mail service, I, 310
 Edon and Florence Township cemetery, I, 433
 "Edon Advertiser," I, 289
 Edon Farmers' Co-operative Company, I, 255
 Edon street scene (illustration), I, 392
 Educational opportunities in Williams County, I, 268
 Ehrmin, John A., II, 325
 Ehrmin, Wyatt S., II, 146
 Elkhart Stamping and Tool Company, I, 397
 Elliott, George P., II, 184
 Elliott, Matthew, I, 39
 Ellis, Henry W., II, 13
 England's claims, I, 2
 Epidemics, I, 325
 Equal rights, I, 282
 Essi, Roger, II, 337
 Evans, E. J., I, 345
 Evans Post, G. A. R., I, 348
 Ewan, O. E., II, 367
 Ewing, Orlando, II, 174
 Exchange, The, I, 370
 Exemplary church years ago, I, 262

 Faber, Jacob A., II, 90
 Fair grounds, I, 435
 Family Visitor, The, I, 282
 Farlee, George W., II, 214
 Farlee, Samuel, II, 349
 Farm Bureau, I, 243; I, 248; roster, I, 252
 Farmers' Co-operative Elevator Company, I, 413
 Farmers' institutes, I, 252
 Feildner, Carl G., I, 248; tribute to, I, 250
 Felger, William, II, 26
 Fever of 1838, I, 324
 Fickle, Benjamin, I, 342
 Figgins, Clinton O., II, 315
 Finance, I, 306
 Fire department, Bryan, I, 328
 Fire fighters, I, 327
 First court of Williams County, I, 223
 First courthouse, I, 210
 First destructive fire in Bryan, I, 329
 First election, I, 414
 First Grange in Williams County, I, 247
 First postmaster in Bryan, I, 309
 First tavern in Bryan, I, 370
 First territorial legislature, I, 97
 Fish creek, I, 404
 Fisher, B. H., I, 345
 Fisher, John P., II, 298
 Fisher, William W., II, 381
 Five Nations, I, 7
 Fix, Edward L., II, 141
 Fix, Henry D., II, 387
 Flickinger, Frank C., II, 20
 Floral Grove cemetery, West Unity, I, 433
 Florence Township, I, 391
 Forestry, I, 425
 Fort Defiance, I, 75; I, 206; as it appears today, I, 76
 Fort Industry, I, 102
 Fortnightly Study Club, I, 358
 Fort Meigs, I, 123; I, 132; 1812 (illustration), I, 124
 Fort Miami, I, 4; I, 85; as it is today (illustration), I, 85
 Fort Recovery, I, 64
 Fort Sandoski, I, 14
 Fort Stephenson, I, 133
 Foster, Edward, I, 220
 Fountain City Band, I, 339
 "Fountain City News, The," I, 283
 Fountain City House, The, I, 370
 Fountain Grove cemetery, I, 430; I, 432
 Fountain Grove mausoleum, I, 432
 Franklin Vigilance Committee, I, 46
 Frappier, Edward, II, 84
 Fraternal societies, I, 330
 Frazier, F. M., I, 322
 French cemetery, I, 433
 French claims, I, 2
 French trails, I, 301
 "Frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock" (illustration), I, 231
 Frosts, I, 234
 "Fuddletown," I, 384
 Fusselman, Elnora E., II, 354
 ke, Charles A., II, 321
 ke, Wilbur M., II, 58

 Gardner, Curtis D., II, 4
 Gardner, William H., II, 72
 Garver, John A., I, 435
 Garver, M. D., I, 435
 Garver Park Gateway, Bryan (illustration), I, 435
 Gateway to Garver Park, Bryan (illustration), I, 435
 Gause Manufacturing Company, Montpelier, I, 397
 "Gazette, The," I, 284
 Gearhart, Jacob W., II, 285
 Geauque, E. A., II, 394
 Gentil, George F., II, 121

- Geology, I, 184
 Gibbs, W. A. L., II, 274
 Girty, Simon, I, 39
 Girty's Island, I, 39
 Gist, Christopher, I, 15
 Glacial periods, I, 184
 Glacier grooves, I, 185
 Goll, George F., Sr., II, 350
 Goll, Henry L., I, 220
 Good Templars, I, 316
 Goodwin, Aaron B., I, 379
 Gooseberries, I, 363
 Gordon, Leroy M., II, 182
 Government, county, I, 215
 Graetz, Herold A., II, 179
 Grand Army of the Republic, I, 348
 Grange, I, 243; I, 246
 Grannis, Francis W., II, 155
 Greek, Joseph, II, 230
 Greenville treaty, signatures to (illustration), I, 91
 Grisier, Wendell P., II, 310
 Groff, Lewis E., II, 208
 Grose, Orville U., II, 292
 Gump, Frank, II, 281
 Guthrie, James, I, 242; I, 379; I, 404; I, 414.
 Guthrie, Rachel, I, 414
 Gymnasium, I, 278

 Hagerty, Blair, I, 220
 Haines, Lewis E., II, 199
 Haines, Walter L., II, 211
 Hamer, I, 389
 Hamilton County in 1792 (map), I, 66
 Hamilton Township bear story, I, 364
 Harding, Warren G., I, 305
 Harmar and St. Clair campaigns, I, 50
 Harmar, Josiah, I, 54
 Harris Line, I, 145
 "Harris Line," 1834, I, 140
 Harrison Boulder, I, 185
 Harrison, William H., I, 98; I, 105; (illustration), I, 113
 Harter, William M., II, 361
 Hathaway, Albert, I, 322; II, 193.
 Hathaway, Calvin, II, 12
 Hause, Albert C., II, 135
 Hause, Charles E., II, 133
 Haviland, Ward G., II, 164
 Hawkins, Alpheus, II, 75
 Hawkins, William, II, 75
 Heidley, August, I, 372
 Held, Fred, II, 220
 Heller (W. C.) Company, I, 397
 Heller, John B., II, 254
 Heller, William C., II, 253
 High School, Bryan (illustration), I, 272
 High School, Edgerton (illustration), I, 275
 High School, Edon (illustration), I, 270
 High School, Pioneer, I, 277
 High schools, I, 275
 Highway, evolution of, I, 301
 Hillis, Abigail, I, 270
 Hiram Louden Post, G. A. R., I, 347
 Hodson, John M., II, 88
 Hodson, Martin T., II, 10
 Hogue, Warren L., II, 293
 Hole, Harry W., II, 181
 Hollington, John A., II, 264
 Holton, Samuel, I, 404
 Home Culture Club, Edgerton, I, 359
 Horsethief society, I, 246
 Hospitals, I, 326
 Hotel Burns, I, 370
 Hotel Jefferson, I, 370
 Hotels: Bryan, I, 370; Montpelier, I, 370; Edgerton, I, 370
 Houlton, Jessie H., II, 12
 Houlton, Leland S., II, 12
 Howard, George H., II, 328
 Howe, Henry, I, 212; I, 259
 Hull, William, I, 108
 Hunter, S. L., I, 284
 Hunter, William A., I, 282
 Hurons, I, 12

 Illustrations: Coureur de bois, I, 5; Indians in canoes, I, 13; Pontiac, I, 18; Torture and death of Colonel Crawford, I, 37; Maumee towns destroyed by General Harmar, I, 55; Major General Arthur St. Clair, I, 59; Major General Anthony Wayne, I, 69; General Wayne's route along the Maumee, I, 71; Fort Defiance as it appears today, I, 76; Fort Miami as it is today, I, 85; Signatures to the Greenville treaty, I, 91; Little Turtle, I, 94; Tecumseh, I, 104; General William Henry Harrison, I, 113; Fort Meigs, 1812, I, 124; Goodbye to the old hunting grounds, I, 156; Indians and pioneers, I, 158; Indian arrowheads, I, 162; Indian portage, I, 165; Wigwams, I, 175; Capture of Major Andre, I, 195; Pioneer fireplace, showing early day household utensils, I, 199; Boundary stone, I, 202; Williams County courthouse, I, 204; Pioneer woodchopper, I, 209; Old courthouse, I, 210; Bill-covered building, old jail in Bryan, I, 212; East side Courthouse Square, 1869, Bryan, I, 213; Pioneer cabin, I, 227; Old-time rail fences, I, 229; Threshing scene, I, 230; "The frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock," I, 231; Dairy herd, I, 238; Cows in pasture, I, 240; Williams County Country Life Club, I, 247; Williams County foremost in poultry production, I, 249; Tractor plow, I, 254; West Unity schoolhouse, 1874, I, 269; High school, Edon, I, 271;

- High school, Bryan, I, 272; High school, Edgerton, I, 275; Public school, Stryker, I, 276; High school, Pioneer, I, 277; The airship at the Homecoming, I, 299; One-time the most noted corner in Bryan, I, 303; Hiram Loudon Post No. 155, G. A. R., I, 347; Carnegie Library, Bryan, I, 353; Wolves were the menace of the settlers, I, 368; "Where are the wolves and the dogs?" I, 369; Bear were numerous in the early days, I, 374; Rattlesnakes abounded in pioneer times, I, 384; Wild turkey plentiful and costing nothing but shot, I, 387; Street scene, Pioneer, I, 388; Street scene, Edon, I, 392; Street scene, Montpelier, I, 396; Birdseye view, West Unity, I, 402; Street scene, Edgerton, I, 405; Reclamation of swamp land, I, 408; Auditorium, Bryan, I, 412; Street scene, Stryker, I, 414; Corn, I, 418; Pioneer log cabin, I, 421; "When there were no automobiles in Bryan," I, 426; Gateway to Garver Park, Bryan, I, 435.
- Independent Order of Odd Fellows, I, 331
- Indian arrowheads (illustration), I, 162
- Indian captives, I, 165
- Indian ceremonies, I, 180
- Indian collection at Pioneer, I, 365
- Indian Jim, Legend of, I, 362
- Indian missions, I, 171
- Indian portage (illustration), I, 165
- Indian relics, I, 365
- Indian traders, I, 9
- Indian trails, I, 301
- Indian treaties, I, 178
- Indian tribes, I, 12
- Indians and pioneers (illustration), I, 158
- Indians: Wyandots, Delawares, Shawnees, I, 6; Senecas, Iroquois, I, 7; Miamis, Wyandots, Hurons, Iroquois, Delawares, Ottawas, Sioux, Senecas, Shawnees, I, 12; total number of in Ohio, I, 155; passing of, I, 155; removed to reservations, I, 181.
- Indians in canoes (illustration), I, 13
- Indians leaving "old hunting grounds" (illustration), I, 156
- Ingram, John S., II, 35
- Intellectual life, I, 353
- Interchurch World movement, I, 258
- Interchurch World religious survey, I, 256
- Iroquois, I, 7; I, 12
- Isenhart, David W., II, 189
- Jail, old, in Bryan (illustration), I, 212
- Jefferson, I, 399
- Jefferson Hotel, I, 370
- Jefferson Township, I, 399
- Jerger, George, II, 226
- Jesuit Fathers, I, 4
- Johnson, Charles W., II, 332
- Johnson, Elmer S., I, 251; II, 395
- Johnson, Emory O., II, 191
- Johnson, Solomon, I, 220; I, 355
- Joice, George, II, 236
- Joliet, Louis, I, 3
- Jordan, Daniel M., I, 383
- Joy, G. R., I, 387
- Judges, common pleas court, I, 215
- Junction road, I, 293
- "June frost," I, 234
- Juvenile court, I, 217
- Kaiser, John G., II, 383
- Kaiser, Samuel D., II, 222
- Kansas, I, 407
- "Kant-Break-'Em-Toys," I, 397
- Kaufman, John, I, 207
- Keiser, Ora A., II, 100
- Keller, Frank J., II, 242
- Kelley, Abbie B., I, 372
- Kelly Construction Company, I, 413
- Kenton, Simon, I, 31; I, 44
- Kiess, David T., II, 251
- Kimble Cheese Factory, Pulaski Township, I, 365
- Kimmell, J. B., I, 271
- Kintigh, Grant S., II, 22
- Kissell, John G., I, 282
- Kissinger, Samuel J., II, 244
- Knabenshue, A. Roy, I, 298
- Knapp, Horace S., I, 333
- Knecht, Franklin, II, 23
- Knepper, Guy H., II, 149
- Knepper, William H., II, 352
- Knight, James, I, 381
- Knights of Pythias, I, 331
- Knipe, Malinda, I, 414
- Koch, Frank, I, 320
- Koch, Oscar F., II, 104
- Krider, A. L., II, 279
- Krill, Henry, II, 286
- Kunkle, I, 388
- Kunkle, mail service, I, 310
- Kunkle Farmers' Co-operative Association, I, 253
- Kunkle, Levi B., II, 62
- Kurtz, William M., II, 17
- Ladies' Historical Society, I, 358
- Lafayette, I, 410
- Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, I, 294
- Lake Shore Line free ride to Toledo on, I, 295
- Lake Shore Railroad, first conductor on, I, 295
- Land values, I, 232
- Landmark tree, I, 388

- Landon, Theron, I, 389
 Lane, Ebenezer, I, 216
 Lantz, Frank, II, 343
 Lantz, Fred, II, 358
 La Salle, I, 3
 Law library, I, 226; I, 353
 Leatherwood Creek, I, 400
 Leavy, John A., II, 73
 Lees, Fay E., II, 211
 Lees, Zeph, II, 96
 Legal profession, I, 221
 Legend of Indian Jim, I, 362
 Leland, Erastus H., I, 220
 Leslie, Dwight O., II, 54
 Lesnet, George W., II, 282
 Letcher, William, I, 220
 Leu, Del A., II, 373
 Lewis, Samuel, I, 404
 Liberty bond sales, I, 306
 Liberty Loan, I, 382
 Lick Creek, I, 407
 Lingle, Benjamin T., II, 225
 Lingle, C. C., II, 173
 Lingle, William C., II, 173
 Little Turtle, I, 81; I, 94; I, 162; (illustration), I, 94
 Lockport, I, 401
 Log cabin (illustration), I, 421
 Log jail, I, 212
 Lonabarger, William, II, 154
 Long, Hiram, II, 258
 Long, James W., I, 322
 Long, John W., I, 322
 Loudon hotel, I, 370
 Loutz, J. P., I, 243

 Madison Township, I, 386
 Makeshift sidewalk in Bryan, I, 364
 Mammoth tree, I, 373
 Maneval, William M., II, 52
 Manning, Ora R., II, 128
 Manufacturing, I, 291
 Maple Lawn cemetery, Edgerton, I, 433
 Maps: United States in 1783, I, 35; United States, northwest of Ohio River, 1787, I, 52; Military posts, etc., I, 56; Hamilton County in 1792, I, 66; Battles of Maumee, I, 83; Wayne County, organized 1796, I, 97; Ohio counties, 1799, I, 98; Ohio counties, 1802, I, 100; "Harris Line," 1834, I, 140
 Marquette, I, 4
 Martin, John R., II, 329
 Martin, Richard D., II, 165
 Masons, I, 330
 Mastodon, I, 187
 Matthews, Thomas B., II, 243
 Matthews, Wesley C., II, 263
 Mauerhan, Arthur C., II, 260
 Mauerhan, Gottlob C., Jr., II, 192
 Maumee glacial lake, I, 186
 Maumee towns destroyed by General Harmar (illustration), I, 55
 "Maumee Valley Prohibitionist, The," I, 286
 Mayflower, I, 192
 McCoy, Wilton D., II, 319
 McCrillus, Mary, I, 270
 McDaniels, Arvilla, I, 394
 McDaniels, Robert, I, 394
 McGaw, Thomas, I, 315
 McGill, Daniel W., II, 246
 McGuire, M. C., II, 250
 McKee, Alexander, I, 39
 McKelvey, Hiram, II, 247
 McTaggart, Daniel C., II, 57
 Meigs, Return J., Jr., I, 108
 Melbern, I, 407
 Mettler, David J., II, 21
 Metzler, Solomon, I, 271
 Mexican war, soldiers of, I, 343
 Miamis, I, 12; I, 160
 Mick, J. R., I, 248
 Mignin, Guy, II, 69
 Mignin, Lewis P., II, 101
 Military posts, etc. (map), I, 56
 Milk, old-time market for, I, 365
 Milk tests, I, 241
 Mill Creek, I, 389
 Millicreek Township, I, 389
 Miller, G. M., I, 262
 Miller, H. Cortez, II, 49
 Miller, James H., II, 379
 Miller, John, II, 172
 Miller, Levi, II, 33
 Mills, Fred O., II, 218
 Mineral baths, I, 416
 Ministers' salary, I, 259
 Mississippi Company, The, I, 27
 Mitea, I, 383
 Mizer, Frederick, I, 407
 Montpelier, I, 395; claims for county seat, I, 208; mail service, I, 310; hotels, I, 370
 Montpelier Civic Club, I, 321
 Montpelier Commercial Association, I, 397
 Montpelier Creamery, I, 397
 "Montpelier Enterprise," I, 288
 Montpelier Fair Association, I, 244
 "Montpelier Leader," I, 289
 Montpelier Library, I, 354
 "Montpelier Republican," I, 289
 Montpelier street scene (illustration), I, 396
 Moog, Charles W., II, 390
 Mooney, George W., I, 220
 Mooney, William, I, 220
 Moore, David, I, 295
 Moraines, I, 185
 Morrison, Thomas S. C., I, 220
 Morrison, T. S. C., I, 282
 Morrow, Walter S., II, 145

- Moss, William, II, 229
 Moundbuilders, I, 228
 Mounds, I, 187
 Mud, I, 302
 Musical life of Williams County, I, 336
 Mykrantz, Charles W., I, 274
 Mykrantz Normal School, I, 274
 Myers, Elias S., II, 110

 Neff, Benjamin F., II, 63
 Neff & Son, I, 413
 Neil, James A., II, 209
 Nelson, John, I, 8
 Nelson, John W., I, 220
 Nettle Lake, I, 371; I, 381
 Newcomer, A. Earl, II, 115
 Newcomer, Melissa C., II, 308
 Newcomer, Neri B., II, 308
 Newspapers, I, 280
 New York Central Railway Company, I, 294
 Nihart, John H., II, 249
 Nihart, Orrin H., II, 236
 Nihart, Walter K., II, 360
 Nihart, William A., II, 250
 Noble, Calvin L., I, 220
 Normal School, Williams Center, I, 273
 Norrick, Elizabeth J., II, 349
 Norris, A. F., I, 387; II, 339
 Norris, Philetus W., I, 220
 Northwest, I, 382
 Northwest Township, I, 379
 Northwestern Territory, I, 1
 "Northwestern, The," I, 281
 Number of churches in the county, I, 257

 Oak Manufacturing Company, I, 406
 Oberlin, Roy E., II, 68
 O'Bryan, James T., II, 381
 "Observer, The," I, 288
 Official roster, first, Williams County, I, 203
 Official roster of county, I, 215
 Ogle, Robert, I, 220
 Ohio: becomes a state, I, 96; total number of Indians in, I, 155; first constitutional convention, I, 194; first constitutional convention, I, 203
 Ohio Art Company, I, 413
 Ohio Company, The, I, 27
 Ohio controversy, I, 149
 Ohio counties, 1799 (map), I, 98
 Ohio counties, 1802 (map), I, 100
 Ohio Gas Company, I, 335
 Ohio-Michigan boundary, I, 201
 Ohio-Michigan boundary dispute, I, 139
 "Old Britain," I, 15
 Old courthouse (illustration), I, 210
 Oldfield, Hattie, I, 354
 Old-time market for milk, I, 365
 Old-time rail fences (illustration), I, 229

 Olive Literary Society, I, 359
 Olmstead, Henry E., II, 311
 Ordinance of 1787, I, 96
 Organization of county, I, 190
 Original map of Williams County, I, 361
 Orontony, I, 14
 Orton, William T., II, 202
 Ottawas, I, 12; I, 160
 Owen, Selwyn N., I, 216

 "Parochialblatt," I, 286
 Parochial school, I, 276
 Partee, Alexander, I, 327
 Passing of the Red Man, I, 155
 Patrons of Husbandry, I, 246
 Patton, Homer H., II, 330
 Peck, Homer, II, 215
 "People's Advocate," I, 288
 Perkins, Isaac, I, 243
 Perkins, John, I, 399
 Perkins, Lewis T., II, 103
 Perky, George W., I, 365
 Peugeot, Carl E., I, 372
 Pew, Joseph, I, 394
 Physicians, I, 322
 Pilgrim Fathers, I, 192
 Pioneer cabin (illustration), I, 227
 Pioneer, I, 386; mail service, I, 310; Indian collection at, I, 365; cemetery, I, 433
 Pioneer Farmers' Exchange Company, I, 254
 Pioneer fireplace, showing early day household utensils (illustration), I, 199
 Pioneer log cabin (illustration), I, 421
 Pioneer schools, I, 270
 Pioneer street scene (illustration), I, 388
 Pioneer woodchopper (illustration), I, 209
 Pioneers and Indians (illustration), I, 158
 Piper, Ed, II, 116
 Plank road, I, 303
 Planson, Fred, II, 28
 Planson, H. F., II, 55
 Poast, Hezekiah, II, 44
 "Political Abolitionist, The," I, 283
 Pontiac, I, 17; (illustration), I, 18
 Pontiac's conspiracy, I, 19
 Poole, Harlan L., II, 259
 Population in 1820, I, 191
 Portage, Indian (illustration), I, 165
 Postal system, I, 309
 Pottawatomie village in Madison Township, I, 387
 Poultry production (illustration), I, 249
 Powell, Harriet, I, 271
 Powers, Stephen A., II, 240
 Prehistoric age, I, 184
 Prehistoric man, I, 187
 Presbyterian church, I, 262
 Press, I, 280

- "Press and Leader. The," I, 284
 Pressler, Archibald, II, 151
 Probate judge, I, 216
 Probation officer, I, 217
 Profit and Pleasure Club, Pioneer, I, 359
 Progress Club of Bryan, I, 358
 Progress Club, Pioneer, I, 359
 Prosecuting attorneys, I, 216
 Public utilities, I, 333
 Pugh, F. H., I, 322
 Pulaski, I, 410
 Pulaski Farmers' Elevator Company, I, 255
 Pulaski Mission, I, 262
 Pulaski Township, I, 410
 Quidort, Alva H., II, 374
 Rabbit industry, I, 235
 Rail fences, I, 230
 Railroads, coming of, I, 291
 Railway stations in Williams County, I, 299
 Ramsey, Eva M., I, 280
 Randels, Harry W., II, 269
 Rattlesnakes, I, 383
 Rattlesnakes abounded in pioneer times (illustration), I, 384
 Reagle, J. A., II, 326
 Reclamation of swamp land (illustration), I, 408
 Recorders, I, 217
 Red man, passing of, I, 155
 Reed, Ella F., II, 363
 Reed, Stephen H., II, 363
 "Republican Standard. The," I, 283
 Revolutionary period, I, 27
 Revolutionary soldier, I, 342
 Reynolds, Franklin A., II, 336
 Ridgway, H. E., II, 393
 Riggs, J. U., I, 322
 Riley, William E., II, 124
 Rings, George C., II, 147
 Rings Post, G. A. R., I, 348
 Rittenour, William, II, 77
 Riverside cemetery, Montpelier, I, 433
 Roads, I, 301; expenditure for, I, 305
 Roe, Carleton S., II, 332
 Rogers, James A., I, 386
 Roode, Charles A., II, 112
 "Running the gauntlet," I, 164
 Rural free delivery, I, 309
 Rural schools, I, 275
 Ruth, The, I, 370
 Salamonie Moraine, I, 186
 Salter, W. A., I, 276
 Sanford, Horace D., II, 302
 Sanford, Nathaniel B., II, 386
 Saunders, W. A., I, 274
 Sawmill, I, 384
 Schartzler, Leroy, II, 297
 Schools, I, 268; first teacher in Bryan, I, 209; superintendent of county, I, 220; subscription, I, 268; pioneer, I, 270; first in Denmark village, I, 272; population, I, 274; survey of county, I, 274; number of in Williams County, I, 276; parochial, I, 276; accredited high schools, I, 277; manual training and domestic science, I, 278; first centralized public, Stryker, I, 415
 Schoolhouse, description of pioneer, I, 273
 Scott, Christ L., II, 341
 Scott, Hugh W., II, 368
 Scott, William H., II, 303
 Second Constitutional Convention, I, 203
 Secret orders, I, 330
 Seed-corn famine, I, 249
 Seemans, John B., I, 280
 Senecas, I, 7; I, 12
 Shaffer, David, II, 34
 Shaffer, Silas, II, 53
 Shakespeare Club, Bryan, I, 357
 Sharp, Herbert, II, 270
 Shaull, Charles E., II, 188
 Shawnees, I, 6; I, 12; I, 159
 Sheline, Eli R., II, 65
 Sheridan, William, I, 220
 Sheriffs, I, 217
 Sherwood, Isaac R., I, 220; I, 284; I, 345
 Sherwood, Kate B., I, 355
 Shinn, William H., I, 220; I, 289; I, 397; II, 24
 Shook, C. F., II, 148
 Shorthill tavern, I, 370
 Shorthill, Thomas, I, 309
 Shouf, Van Buren, I, 283
 Siders, William E., II, 157
 Signatures to the Greenville treaty (illustration), I, 91
 Silcox, Charles M., II, 180
 Simon, Carrie O., II, 376
 Simon, Johann A., I, 271
 Singer, David, I, 391
 Sioux, I, 12
 Six, Harry, I, 366
 Sixth Regiment Band, I, 339
 Sky Pilots, I, 261
 Slaughter Post, G. A. R., I, 348
 Sloan, John W., II, 109
 Slocum, Charles E., I, 187
 Slough, J. F., II, 158
 Smith, Daniel, I, 383
 Smith hotel, I, 370
 Smith, Malcolm, II, 277
 Smith, Reuben J., II, 391
 Smith, William J., I, 272
 Snyder, Alva E., I, 322; II, 40
 Snyder, Jesse G., II, 108
 Soldiers of Civil war, I, 344
 Soldiers of 1812, I, 343
 Soldiers of Mexican war, I, 343

- Soldiers of Spanish-American war, I, 349
 Soldiers of World war, I, 349
 Some attractive spots in Williams County, I, 434
 Some unexpected church visitors, I, 261
 Southern Michigan & Northern Indiana Railroad Company, I, 294
 Spangler Manufacturing Company, I, 413
 Spanish-American war, soldiers of, I, 349
 Spanish claims, I, 1
 "Spirit of the Age, The," I, 282
 Sprague, Sidney S., I, 220
 Springfield Township, I, 414
 "Squatters," I, 242
 St. Clair, Arthur (illustration), I, 59
 St. Joseph River, I, 395
 St. Joseph-St. Marys Moraine, I, 186
 St. Joseph Township, I, 404
 St. Joseph Valley Railroad, I, 297
 Stahl, G. Grant, II, 126
 "Star of the West, The," I, 283
 "Star route frauds," I, 311
 Star route mail carriers, I, 311
 Star, The, I, 288
 Starr, Emanuel W., II, 105
 Starr, Oscar W., II, 168
 Starr, Robert, I, 220
 State Farmers' Institute, I, 32
 State representatives from Williams County, I, 220
 State senators from Williams County, I, 220
 Steele, William H., II, 233
 Stenger, Edwin, II, 143
 Stevens, W. A., I, 281
 Stine & Son Lumber Company, I, 413
 Stiving, Arthur L., II, 346
 Stoddard, Elijah, I, 430
 Stoddard, Israel, I, 272
 Storrer Brothers Mill, I, 397
 Stough, Henry W., I, 355
 Strayer, Eli E., II, 48
 Strayer, Emery E., II, 392
 Street scene, Edgerton (illustration), I, 405
 Street scene, Edon (illustration), I, 392
 Street scene, Montpelier (illustration), I, 396
 Street scene, Pioneer (illustration), I, 388
 Street scene, Stryker (illustration), I, 414
 Stryker, I, 414; I, 415; mail service, I, 310; first centralized public schools, I, 415
 Stryker Boat Oar Lumber Company, I, 416
 Stryker, John, I, 415
 Stryker street scene (illustration), I, 414
 Stryker Tile Factory, I, 416
 Stryker Urban Power and Light Company, I, 416
 Stubbs, John H., I, 338; I, 366
 Sugar camp, I, 415
 Sunday School Association, I, 266
 Sunday schools, roster, I, 266
 Superintendent of Williams County public schools, I, 220
 Superior Farmers' Co-operative Association Company, I, 254
 Superior Township, I, 394
 Surveyors, I, 219
 Swamp land, reclamation of (illustration), I, 408
 Swamps, I, 407
 Taine Club, I, 353; I, 357
 Tamarack swamps, I, 407
 Tavern, first in Bryan, I, 370
 Tax on bachelors, I, 370
 Tax rate, I, 307
 Taxable property, total valuation of, I, 307
 Taxes, I, 306
 Taylor, E. S., II, 255
 Teachers, early, I, 272
 Tecumseh, I, 129; (illustration), I, 104
 Telegraph, I, 333
 Telephone, I, 334
 Temperance movements, I, 313
 Temperance Society, I, 315
 Temperance warfare, I, 317
 Terminal moraines, I, 185
 Territorial legislature, first, I, 97
 Third Constitutional Convention, I, 203
 Thompson, Charles W., II, 242
 Thompson, William W., II, 365
 Threshing scene (illustration), I, 230
 Throne, H. A., II, 47
 Thursby Exchange, I, 370
 Tiffin River, I, 404; I, 415
 Timber, I, 303; I, 423
 "Tol-Chi" pike, I, 298
 Toledo and Indiana Electric Railway, I, 292; I, 335
 Tomlinson, Walter S., II, 29
 Topography, I, 184
 Torture and death of Col. Crawford (illustration), I, 37
 Total number of Indians in Ohio, I, 155
 Tractor, I, 235; I, 253
 Tractor plow (illustration), I, 254
 Traders, Indian, I, 9
 Trails, I, 301
 Transportation, I, 291
 "Traveler's Home," I, 384
 Traxler, Benjamin H., II, 167
 Treasurers, I, 218
 Treaty of Greenville, I, 90
 Tree, mammoth, I, 373

- Tressler, A. J., I, 209; I, 271
Trevitt, Lucinda, I, 206
Trevitt, William, I, 206
Tribute to Carl G. Fieldner, I, 250
"Tri-State Alliance," I, 287
Troxel, Martin, II, 76
Truck service in Williams County, I, 298
Tubbs, F. A., I, 339
Tubbs' Municipal Band, I, 339
Tucker, Jesse, I, 395
Twentieth Century Club, Bryan, I, 358

Unger, Walter S., II, 139
Union Agricultural Society, I, 243
"Union Press," I, 284
United States in 1783 (map), I, 35
United States, northwest of Ohio River,
1787 (map), I, 52
"Unity Eagle," I, 287

Vail Cooperage Company, I, 413
Vail, Joseph M., II, 81
Valuation of taxable property, Williams
County, I, 307
Van Camp Packing Company, I, 237; I,
413
Van Fossen, Thomas S., II, 238
Van Wye Glove Company, I, 406
Van Wye, William E., II, 207
Varner, Martin W., II, 324
Vernier, E. E., II, 70
"Vidette, The," I, 286
Virginia claims, I, 32

Wabash and Erie Canal, I, 291
Wabash Railroad, I, 296; I, 396
Waggoner Talking Machine Company,
I, 397
Wallace, William D., II, 161
Walt, Alice M., I, 354
Walt, Susan, I, 295
Walz, Jacob, II, 221
War of 1812, I, 107; soldiers of, I, 343
Wars, I, 341
Water supply in Bryan, I, 363
Water system, Bryan, I, 411
Waterston, Frank L., I, 220; II, 162
Watson, Frank N., II, 113
Wayne, Anthony, I, 65; (portrait) I, 69
Wayne County, organized 1796 (map),
I, 97
Wayne's route along the Maumee (illus-
tration), I, 71
W. C. Heller Company, I, 397
Wealth of Williams County, I, 306
Weaver, Grover, I, 360
Weaver, J. Arter, II, 3
Weaver, Rufus H., II, 379
Weber, George, II, 267
"Week's News, The," I, 290
Weidner, George W., II, 323
Weigle, Weldon G., II, 355
Weigle, W. Wier, II, 355
Weitz, Joseph A., II, 200
Welcome to Bryan, I, 364
Wells, William, I, 77
Welsh, James, I, 271
Wertz, Harry W., II, 86
West Bethesda, I, 262
West Buffalo, I, 392
Weston, I, 392
West Unity, I, 401; claims for county
seat, I, 208; mail service, I, 310
West Unity, Birdseye view, I, 402
West Unity Library, I, 355
"West Unity Reporter," I, 287
West Unity School House, 1874 (illus-
tration), I, 269
Whaley, George W., II, 357
Wheat, I, 250
"When there were no automobiles in
Bryan" (illustration), I, 427
"Where are the wolves and the dogs?"
(illustration), I, 369
White, John B., II, 377
Whitney, Waldo P., II, 304
Wieland, Wesley J., II, 278
Wigwams (illustration), I, 175
Wilber, Olive, I, 354
Wild gooseberries on the streets of
Bryan, I, 363
Wild honey, I, 367
Wild turkey plentiful and costing noth-
ing but shot (illustration), I, 387
Willett, Meredith R., I, 220
William A. Waggoner Talking Machine
Company, I, 397
William Cullen Bryant Thursday Club,
I, 359
Williams, A. O., II, 212
Williams, Byron S., II, 129
Williams Center, I, 407; Normal School,
I, 273
Williams County: organization of, I,
190; named for, I, 195; first official
roster, I, 203; official roster of, I, 215;
in the wars, I, 341; original map, I,
361; first election, I, 414
Williams County Agricultural Associa-
tion, I, 243
Williams County Automobile Club, I, 304
Williams County Court House (illustra-
tion), I, 204
"Williams County Democrat," I, 281;
I, 283
Williams County Fair, I, 244
Williams County Fair Grounds, I, 244;
I, 435
Williams County Farm Bureau, I, 248
Williams County foremost in poultry
production (illustration), I, 249
"Williams County Gazette," I, 283
Williams County Home, I, 320
Williams County "Leader," I, 284

- Williams County Country Life Club
 (illustration), I, 247
 Williams County Medical Society, I, 322
 Williams County Red Cross work, I, 359
 Williams County Sunday School roster,
 I, 266
 Williams County Tax Duplicate, I, 307
 Williams County Temperance Society, I,
 315
 Williams, David, I, 195
 Williams-Defiance County line, I, 201
 Williams, Joseph W., I, 220
 Willis, William J., II, 364
 Wineland, Charles O., II, 176
 Wineland, H. J., II, 89
 Wineland, Samuel S., II, 320
 Wireless operator, I, 372
 Wirtz, Lewis P., II, 153
 Wise, George J., II, 36
 Wisman, Arvilla, I, 270
 Wisman, George, I, 394
 Wisman, Guy, II, 136
 Wolves, I, 367
 Wolves were the menace of the settlers
 (illustration), I, 368
 Woman's Christian Temperance Union,
 I, 316; I, 359
 Woman's Federation, Bryan, I, 321; I,
 358
 Woman's Relief Corps, I, 351
 Wood ashes, income from, I, 375
 Woodworth, Hannah, I, 389
 Woodworth, Josiah, I, 389
 World war, soldiers of, I, 349
 Wright, Tobias, I, 356
 Wyandots, I, 6; I, 12; I, 156
 Wyandt, J. W., I, 278
 Yates, Owen, I, 360
 Yates, William, I, 411
 Youse, Albert L., II, 46
 Yunk & Son Manufacturing Company,
 I, 413
 Zimmerman, John M., II, 170

History of Williams County

CHAPTER I

UNDER FRENCH AND BRITISH RULE

No section of the United States has experienced more changes of sovereignty than Northwestern Ohio, and none has been the theater of more interesting historical events than this same division. Spain, France and England in turn laid claim to sovereignty over this wilderness, for such it was in those early days. There was no political organization, and it formed but an indistinct part of the trans-Allegheny wilds. After it was definitely conceded to the United States it became a part of that vast empire designated as the Northwestern Territory. The northern border, comprising a part of Lucas, Fulton and Williams counties, brought on a near-war between Ohio and Michigan. In its local jurisdiction this section has been included within the boundaries of a number of different county organizations. Fulton was the last county to be organized. It was not created until 1850. Williams County had been created thirty years earlier, although a considerable portion was detached in the formation of Defiance and Fulton counties.

Spain asserted her claim to all of Ohio by right of discovery of the continent. Not having occupied or made settlements therein, however, her claim was not considered valid by the other contending and ambitious nations. Her soldiers and sailors conquered Mexico and South America, while Ponce de Leon and De Soto roamed over the Florida peninsula. So far as records go, the foot of the Spanish conquistador never trod the region of the Great Lakes, and the forests never echoed to his foot-fall. She also based her right on a "concession in perpetuity" made by Pope Alexander VI.

By authority of Almighty God, granted him in St. Peter, and by exalted office that he bore on earth as the actual representative of Jesus the Christ, Pope Alexander had granted to the kings of Castile and Leon, their heirs and successors, all of North America and the greater part of South America. These sovereigns were to be "Lords of the lands, with free, full and absolute power, authority and jurisdiction." This famous decree is one of the most remarkable documents in history. It was a deed in blank for all the lands that might be discovered west and south of a line drawn from the Pole Arctic to the Pole Antarctic, 370 leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands. The rest of the undiscovered world, east of that line, was similarly bestowed upon Portugal. These decrees were based upon the theory that lands occupied by heathen, pagan, infidel

and unbaptized people had absolutely no rights which the Christian ruler was bound to respect. Such human beings as the Indians were mere chattels that ran with the land in the same way as the wild game of the forests. To Spain and Portugal was designated the exclusive right of hunting and finding these unknown lands and people. The Spanish king thus became the most powerful potentate in the whole world.

Francis I, king of France, disputed the claims of Spain and Portugal to "own the earth." He inquired of the Spanish king whether Father Adam had made them his sole heirs, and asked whether he could produce a copy of his will. Until such a document was shown, he himself felt at liberty to roam around and assume sovereignty over all the soil he might find actually unappropriated. The exact date when the white man first appeared in Ohio has not been definitely established. It is fairly well settled, however, that it was in the Maumee Valley where the first attempts at settlement were made. It was on or about the year 1680 that some hardy French established themselves along that historic stream and built a stockade not far from its mouth. It is certain that the French preceded the British in this territory by at least a half a century.

Jamestown was founded just one year before Champlain sowed the seeds of the fleur-de-lis on the barren cliffs of Quebec. These two little colonies, a thousand miles apart, were the advance stations of the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon races, which were destined to a life and death struggle in the New World. In the history of mankind this struggle was no less important than that between Greece and Persia, or Rome and Carthage, in the long ago. The position of Canada, with the St. Lawrence opening up the territory adjacent to the Great Lakes, invited intercourse with this region, for it provided a vast extent of inland navigation.

The claims of both French and British to this region we now occupy were extremely shadowy. Charters nominally conveying principalities were lavished upon courtiers and favored subjects. The sovereigns and their courtiers possessed only the vaguest ideas of the lands they were pretending to parcel out. England's claims to dominion over North America were based upon the reports of the discoveries of the Cabots while searching for a passage to Cathay. The reports are very indefinite and not convincing. The original claim of France was based on the discovery of the St. Lawrence by the brave buccaneer Cartier, in 1534. He had sailed up a broad river, which he named St. Lawrence, as far as Montreal and called the country Canada, a name applied to the surrounding region by the Iroquois. The appellation was afterward changed to New France. The first grant of American soil was a patent from Henry IV, in 1604, conveying to De Monts the lands between the fortieth and forty-sixth degrees of north latitude, which would include our territory. Hence this is the earliest real estate conveyance affecting extreme Northwestern Ohio. It was under this grant that Quebec was founded and fortified.

With equal assurance and no greater regard for the rights of others we find King James, of England, conveying to a syndicate of merchants American territory between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees of

north latitude, which also affected the title to every foot of soil in this region. It was upon this grant that the claims of Virginia were founded.

The later explorations by Champlain, La Salle, Joliet, and others simply confirmed and expanded the original claim of France. She maintained the view that to discover a river established a right to all the territory drained by that river and its tributaries. The waters of the Maumee being tributary to the St. Lawrence, the valleys became a part of the vast domain known as New France, with Quebec as its capital. This claim France was ready to maintain with all the resources and power at her command.

It is interesting to trace the gradual growth of geographical knowledge of French cartographers by a study of the maps made by them in the last half of the seventeenth century. Even after all the Great Lakes are known to them in a general way, the outlines and the relations of one to the other are at first indefinite and very far from being correct. This is probably due to the fact that the explorers took much of their general knowledge from the indefinite statement of the aborigines. In Champlain's map, published in 1632, the lake is shown as very small. Lake Huron, called *Mer Douce*, is several times as expansive, and spreads out from east to west rather than from north to south. The first map in which Lucas Erius appears in anything like a correct contour is one designed by Pere du Creux, in the year 1660. In this map we see the first outline of the Maumee, although no name is there given to it. In Joliet's map of 1672, the Ohio River is placed only a short portage from the Maumee, and not far from Lake Erie. The increasing correctness of these maps, however, reveals the fact that priests, traders and explorers were constantly threading these regions and bringing back knowledge of the lakes, rivers and smaller streams, which aided the cartographers in their important work.

Samuel de Champlain, in the early part of the seventeenth century explored much of the Great Lakes region. He founded Quebec in 1608. He visited the Wyandots, or the Hurons, at their villages on Lake Huron and passed several months with them in 1615. This tribe had not yet settled in Ohio. It is quite likely that he traveled in winter along the southern shores of Lake Erie, for the map made by him of this region shows considerable knowledge of the contour of the southern shores of this lake. Louis Joliet is credited with being the first European to plow the waters of our fair lake, but this historic fact has never been satisfactorily settled.

It is generally believed by some historians that Chevalier de La Salle journeyed up the Maumee River and then down the Wabash to the Ohio and the Mississippi in the year 1669, although this fact has not been positively established, for some of La Salle's journals were lost. For a period of two years his exact wanderings are unknown. There are a number of routes with only short portages by which he could have journeyed from the lake region to the great O-hi-o. But he is generally credited as the first white man to discover the Ohio, even though the route by which he reached it is unsettled. Through the dense forests, in the midst of blinding storms, across frozen creeks and swollen streams, fearless alike of

the howling wolves and painted savages, the little band of discoverers picked its way across the unchartered Ohio Valley. We do know that he traversed Lake Erie from one end to the other in the "Griffin," a boat which greatly astonished the natives who saw it. She bore at her prow a figure of that mythical creature with the body of a lion and the wings of an eagle. This vessel was a man-of-war as well as a passenger boat, for five tiny cannon peeped out from her portholes. He also built the first Fort Miami, near the site of Fort Wayne, on his return overland from this trip. It was a rude log fort, and a few of his followers were left there to maintain it.

It was in the year 1668 that the official representative of France, on an occasion when representatives of many Indian tribes were present by invitation, formally took possession of our territory at Sault Ste. Marie. A cross was blessed and placed in the ground. Near the cross was reared a post bearing a metal plate inscribed with the French royal arms. A prayer was offered for the king. Then Saint-Lusson advanced, and holding his sword aloft in one hand and raising a sod of earth with the other, he formally, in the name of God and France, proclaimed possession of "Lakes Huron and Superior and all countries, rivers, lakes and streams continuous and adjacent thereunto, both those that have been discovered and those which may be discovered hereafter, in all their length and breadth, bounded on one side by the seas of the north and west and on the other by the South Sea"; etc.

The Jesuit fathers penetrated almost the entire Northwestern Territory and their reports, called the "Relations," reveal tales of suffering and hardships, self-sacrifice and martyrdoms, that are seldom paralleled in history. But their zeal has cast a glamour over the early history of the country. One of the most renowned of the Jesuits was Father Marquette, who, with Joliet, navigated the upper Mississippi and exhausted himself by privation and perils. As a result of exposure he perished in a rude bark hut on the shore of Lake Michigan, attended by his faithful companions. He gazed upon the crucifix and murmured a prayer until death closed his lips and veiled his eyes. No name shines brighter for religious devotion, dauntless perseverance, and sacrifice for the advancement of his country and his religion. Ohio, however, was not the scene of the Jesuit explorations and missionary efforts. The only exception was a mission conducted at Sandusky for a time by Jesuit priests from Detroit.

It is quite likely that the *coureurs de bois*, who traversed the lakes and the forests in every direction laden with brandy and small stocks of trinkets to barter with the aborigines for their more valuable furs, were among the earliest visitors to the Maumee basin. These men became very popular with the savages, by reason of their free and easy manners, and because they introduced to them the brandy which became one of their greatest vices. As they left no annals and no trace, unless it be the axe-marks upon the trees, or the rusty relics of guns and skillets, which occasionally puzzle the antiquarians upon the shores of Lake Erie, it is impossible to trace their footsteps. The probabilities are that wherever there were Indian settlements, these nondescripts made

periodical visits. The records which have been left are exceedingly scanty and unflattering. We do know that posts of French traders gradually arose in Northern and Western Ohio, wherever Indians were congregated.



COUREUR DE BOIS

Les coureurs des bois made themselves popular by terrorism. They were the forerunners of the cowboys of the western plains. Their occupation was lawless, for they refused to purchase trading licenses. They themselves were half traders, half explorers and almost wholly bent on

divertissement. Neither misery nor danger discouraged or thwarted them. They lived in utter disregard of all religious teaching, but the priesthood, residing among the savages, were often fain to wink at their immoralities because of their strong arms and efficient use of weapons of defense. Charlevoix says that "while the Indian did not become French, the Frenchman became savage." The first of these forest rovers was Etienne Brule, who set the example of adopting the Indian mode of life in order to ingratiate himself into the confidence of the savages. He became a celebrated interpreter and ambassador among the various tribes. Hundreds, following the precedent established by him, betook themselves to the forest, never to return. These outflowings of the French civilization were quickly merged into the prevalent barbarism, as a river is lost in the sands of one of our western deserts. The wandering Frenchman selected a mate from among the Indian tribes, and in this way an infusion of Celtic blood was introduced among the aborigines. Many of them imbibed all the habits and prejudices of their adopted people. As result, they vied with the red savages in making their faces hideous with colors and in decorating their long hair with characteristic eagle feathers. Even in the taking of a scalp they rivaled the genuine Indian in eagerness and dexterity.

The *coureur de bois* was a child of the woods, and he was in a measure the advance agent of civilization. He knew little of astronomy beyond the course of the sun and the polar star. That fact was no impediment, for constellations can rarely be seen there. It was the secrets of terrestrial nature that guided him on his way. His trained eye could detect the deflection of tender twigs toward the south. He had learned that the gray moss of the tree trunks is always on the side toward the north; that the bark is more supple and smoother on the east than on the west; that southward the mildew never is seen. Out on the prairie, he was aware that the tips of the grass incline toward the south, and are less green on the north side. This knowledge to an unlettered savant was his compass in the midst of the wilderness. Release a child of civilization amidst such environments and he is as helpless as an infant; utterly amazed and bewildered, he wanders around in a circle helplessly and aimlessly. To despair and famine he quickly becomes an unresisting victim. There are no birds to feed him like the ravens ministered to the temporal wants of the prophet Elijah. Not so with the *coureur de bois*. To him the forest was a kindly home. He could penetrate its trackless depths with an undeviating course. To him it readily yielded clothing, food, and shelter. Most of its secrets he learned from the red man of the forest, but in some respects he outstripped his instructor. He learned to peruse the signs of the forest as readily as the scholar reads the printed page.

The French made Detroit the great gathering place for the Indians of the West. The expected happy result did not follow, while dissensions constantly arose which frequently caused murders. A general shifting of the Indian population gradually developed. The Wyandots entered Ohio from Michigan. There was an exodus of the Delawares and Shawnees from Western Pennsylvania, many of them coming into North-

western Ohio. Some of the Senecas also found their way hither. Most of them were at first bitterly hostile to the British, partly because they had been persecuted by the Iroquois, the only Indian tribe with which the British had established friendly relations. At last the English became convinced of the value of the trans-Allegheny territory. But the British were less politic in dealing with the untutored children of the wilderness than the French. The haughty bearing of the British officials disgusted the Indian chiefs. In short, all the British Indian affairs at this time were grossly mismanaged. It was only with the fierce fighters of the Five Nations that the English made much headway. These warriors, who carried shields of wood covered with hide, had acquired an implacable hatred of the French. Their hatred had much to do with the final course of events. It compelled French expansion toward the west and southwest. In their practical system of government, their diplomatic sagacity, their craftiness and cruelty in warfare, the Iroquois were probably unequaled among the aborigines. If they did nothing else they compelled the French to make their advance to the west rather than to the south. The French laid claim to all of the vast empire of the Northwestern Territory, confirmed by the treaty of Utrecht. They had established a series of strategic stockades extending from Fort Frontenac, at the exit of Lake Ontario, to the Mississippi River. Nevertheless the English continued their pretensions to all the continent as far west as the Mississippi River, and as far north as a line drawn directly west from their most northerly settlement on the Atlantic coast. Thus we find that Fulton and Williams, as well as the adjacent counties, were a part of the disputed territory.

We read in the report of a governor of New York, in the year 1700, as follows:

"The French have mightily impos'd on the world on the mapps they have made of this continent, and our Geographers have been led into gross mistakes by the French mapps, to our very great prejudice. It were as good a work as your Lordships could do, to send over a very skillful surveyor to make correct mapps of all these plantations and that out of hand, that we may not be cozen's on to the end of the chapter by the French."

As a result of this recommendation official maps began to appear in a few years. In Evans' map (1755) the Maumee River and some of its tributaries are pretty well outlined. Over Northwestern Ohio is printed the following: "These Parts were by the Confederates (Iroquois) allotted for the Wyandots when they were lately admitted into their league." In Mitchell's map, drawn in the same year and published a score of years later, very little improvement is shown, although the outlines vary considerably from that of Evans. The extreme northwestern section of the state is marked as occupied by the "Miammees" and the Maumee is called the "Miamis." The best map of the period that we have preserved is the one drawn by Thomas Hutchins in 1776. In this map the Maumee is designated the "Miami," and for long afterwards it was called the Miami-of-the-Lake, to distinguish it from the Miami in Southern Ohio. No settlement is indicated except "Maumi Fort," where

Fort Wayne now stands. The originals of all these maps are preserved in the Congressional Library at Washington.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century a man by the name of John Nelson, who had spent many years among the French in America, made a report to the Lords of Trade concerning the difference in the English and French method of dealing with the natives, of which the following is a part: "The Great and only advantage which the enemy (French) hath in those parts doth consist chiefly in the nature of their settlement, which contrary to our Plantations who depend upon the improvement of lands, &c, theirs of Canada has its dependence from the Trade of Furrs and Peltry with the Aborigines, soe that consequently their whole study, and contrivances have been to maintaine their interest and reputation with them; * * * The French are so sensible, that they leave nothing unimproved * * * as first by seasonable presents; secondly by choosing some of the more notable amongst them, to whom is given a constant pay as a Lieutenant or Ensigne, &c, thirdly by rewards upon all executions, either upon us or our Aborigines, giving a certaine sume pr head, for as many Scalps as shall be brought them; fourthly by encouraging the youth of the Contrey in accompanying the Aborigines in all their expeditions, whereby they not only became acquainted with the Woods, Rivers, Passages, but of themselves may equall the Natives in supporting all the incident fatigues of such enterprises, which they performe."

After the English once became aroused to the opportunity it was not long until their explorers, cartographers, and traders began to infiltrate into the Ohio country from across the Blue Ridge Mountains. Clashes soon afterwards occurred between the French and the British, or between the dusky allies of the one and the allies of the other. As early as 1740 traders from Virginia and Pennsylvania went among the Indians of the Ohio and tributary streams to deal for peltries. The English "bush-lopers," or wood-rangers, as they were called by the Eastern colonists, had climbed the mountain heights and had threaded their way through the forests or along streams as far as Michilimackinack. They sought favor with the dusky inhabitants by selling their goods at a lower price than the French traders asked, and frequently offered a better price for the peltries. It was a contest for supremacy between the British Lion and the Lilies of France. These two emblems were to contend for the greater part of a century over the incomparable prize of the North American continent.

England based her claims on the discoveries of the Cabots in 1498, which antedated those of Cartier. She did not follow up her discoveries in this northwest territory by actual settlement, however, for a century and a half. She also made further claims to this region by reason of treaties with the Iroquois Indians, who claimed dominion over this territory because of their conquest of the Eries, who had inhabited it. Sir William Johnson reported as follows: "They (the Six Nations) claim by right of conquest all the country, including the Ohio, along the Blue Mountain at the back of Virginia, and thence to the Kentucky River and down the same to the Ohio above the rifts; thence northerly to the

south end of Lake Michigan; thence along the east shore to Michilimackinack; thence easterly along the north end of Lake Huron to Ottawa River and Island of Montreal."

Peace had scarcely been concluded with the hostile tribes than the English traders hastened over the mountains. Each one was anxious to be first in the new and promising market thus afforded. The merchandise was sometimes transported as far as Fort Pitt (Pittsburg) in wagons. From thence it was carried on the backs of horses through the forests of Ohio. The traders laboriously climbed over the rugged hills of Eastern Ohio, threaded their way through almost impenetrable thickets and waded over swollen streams. They were generally a rough, bold, and fierce class, some of them as intractable and truculent as the savages themselves when placed in the midst of primeval surroundings. A coat of smoked deerskin formed the ordinary dress of the trader, and he wore a fur cap ornamented with the tail of an animal. He carried a knife and a tomahawk in his belt, and a rifle was thrown over his shoulder. The principal trader would establish his headquarters at some large Indian town, while his subordinates were sent to the surrounding villages with a suitable supply of red cloth blankets, guns, and hatchets, tobacco and beads, and lastly, but not least, the "firewater." It is not at all surprising that in a region where law was practically unknown, the jealousies of rival traders should become a prolific source of robberies and broils, as well as of actual murders. These rugged men possessed striking contrasts of good and evil in their natures. Many of them were coarse and unscrupulous; but in all there were those warlike virtues of undespairing courage and fertility of resource. A bed of earth was frequently the trader's bed. A morsel of dried meat and a cup of water were not unfrequently his food and drink. Danger and death were his constant companions.

While the newly transplanted English colonies were germinating along the narrow fringe of coast between the Alleghenies and the sea, France had been silently stretching authority over the vast interior of the North American continent. The principal occupation of the Englishman was agriculture, which kept him closely at home. Every man owned his own cabin and his own plat of ground. The red man probably chose wisely when he placed his allegiance with the Frenchman, for his hunting grounds were more secure. The Frenchman did not covet the soil for itself. He only desired the profit from trade. With his articles of traffic the Frenchman traversed the rivers and forests of a large part of the continent. A few nobles owned the entire soil. It was, in a sense, the contest between feudalism and democracy. The English clergymen preached the Gospel only to the savages within easy reach of their settlements, but the unquenchable zeal of the Catholic Jesuit carried him to the remotest forest. In fact, had it not been for the hope of spreading the Christian faith like a mantle over the New World, the work of colonization would doubtless have been abandoned. "The saving of a soul," said Champlain, "is worth more than the conquest of an empire." The establishment of a mission was invariably the precursor of military occupancy. While the English were still generally acquainted only with

the aborigines of their immediate neighborhood, the French had already insinuated themselves into the wigwams of every tribe from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. In actual military occupation of the territory the French far greatly antedated their more lethargic competitors. They had dotted the wilderness with stockades before the English turned their attention toward the alluring empire beyond the mountains.

Had France fully appreciated the possibilities of the New World, the map of North America would be different than it is. She sent more men to conquer paltry townships in Germany than she did to take possession of empires in America larger than France itself. The Frenchman of that day was shortsighted—he did not peer into the future. The glory of conquest today seemed greater than a great New France of a century or two hence. Most nations are blind to the possibilities of the future. If they do vision the opportunity they are unwilling to make the sacrifice of the present for the good of their grandchildren and their children's children. England visioned the possibilities here better than the other nations; and yet much of her success was doubtless due to fortunate blundering rather than deliberate planning.

Northwestern Ohio at this time was a region where "one vast, continuous forest shadowed the fertile soil, covering the land as the grass covers a garden lawn, sweeping over hill and hollow in endless undulation. Green intervals dotted with browsing deer, and broad plains blackened with buffalo, broke the sameness of the woodland scenery. A vast lake washed its boundaries, where the Indian voyager, in his birch canoe, could descry no land beyond the world of waters. Yet this prolific wilderness, teeming with waste fertility, was but a hunting ground and a battlefield to a few fierce hordes of savages. Here and there, in some rich meadow opened to the sun, the Indian squaws turned the black mould with their rude implements of bone or iron and sowed their scanty stores of maize and beans. Human labour drew no other tribute from the inexhaustible soil." It is no wonder that the savage perished rather than yield such a delectable country, and that the white man was so eager to enjoy a land so richly endowed. Today the richest farms in Ohio are found in this same region and an air of prosperity marks the entire scene. In those days, however, so thin and scattered were the native population that a traveler might journey for days through the twilight forest without encountering a human form.

At the opening of the eighteenth century the Maumee River had already assumed considerable importance. Its broad basin became the first objective in the sanguinary struggle of the French and British to secure a firm foothold in Ohio, because of its easy route to the South and Southwest. The favor of the Indians dwelling along its hospitable banks was diligently sought by both the French and English. The French Post Miami, near the head of the Maumee, had been built about 1680-86. It was rebuilt and strengthened in the year 1697 by Captain de Vincennes. It is also claimed that the French constructed a fort a few years earlier, in 1680, on the site of Fort Miami, a few miles above the mouth of the Maumee.

In 1701 the first fort at Detroit, Fort Pontchartrain, was erected. Many indeed were the expeditions of Frenchmen, either military or trad-

ing, that passed up and down this river. They portaged across from Post Miami to the Wabash and from there descended to Vincennes, which was an important French post. At the beginning of King George II's war, M. de Longueville, French commandant at Detroit, passed up this river with soldiers and savages on their way to capture British traders in what is now Indiana. As early as 1727 Governor Spotswood of Virginia requested the British authorities to negotiate a treaty with the Miamis, on the Miami of the Lakes, permitting the erection of a small fort, but this plan was not carried out.

The feeble forts erected by both French and English as outposts of empire were indeed dreary places. The men thus exiled from civilization lived almost after the manner of hermits. Time ever hung heavy on their hands whether in winter or summer, because of the absence of diversion. With its long barrack rooms, its monotonous walls of logs, and its rough floor of puncheon, the frontier fort did not provide luxury for the occupants. There was no ceiling but a smoky thatch, and there were no windows except openings closed with heavy shutters. The cracks between the logs were stuffed with mud and straw to expel the chilly blasts. An immense fireplace at one end from which the heat was absorbed long before it reached the frosty region at the opposite end, supplied the only warmth. The principal fare was salt pork, soup, and black bread, except when game was obtainable. This was eaten at greasy log tables upon which was placed a gloomy array of battered iron plates and cups. When a hunter happened to bring in some venison or bear meat, there was great rejoicing. Regardless of these drawbacks, it is said that these men, exiles from every refinement, were fairly well contented and generally fairly thankful for the few amenities that came their way.

"Their resources of employment and recreation were few and meagre. They found partners in their loneliness among the young beauties at the Indian camps. They hunted and fished, shot at targets and played at games of chance; and when, by good fortune a traveller found his way among them, he was greeted with a hearty and open-handed welcome, and plied with eager questions touching the great world from which they were banished men. Yet, tedious as it was, their secluded life was seasoned with stirring danger. The surrounding forests were peopled with a race dark and subtle as their own sunless mazes. At any hour, those jealous tribes might raise the war-cry. No human foresight could predict the sallies of their fierce caprice, and in ceaseless watching lay the only safety."

As a rule the Indian savages usually encamped around the forts when peace prevailed. They willingly partook of the bounty of both English and French. They settled themselves down to the enjoyment of the white man's brandy and tobacco, besought his ammunition and the guns which made the chase so much easier, and in some instances they even accepted his religion.

CHAPTER II

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

According to the best information coming down to us, there were no native Ohio Indian tribes. All of the Indians residing here at the oncoming of the white man were migrants from other portions of the country. We know not how many changes of tribal ownership or occupancy there may have been in prehistoric times. The numbers living here are also difficult to ascertain. If the total fighting strength of the Ohio warriors was from 2,500 to 3,000, as has been estimated, then the Indian population doubtless ranged from 12,000 to 15,000. Of this number the Miamis mustered nearly one-third of the total. The Ohio country, rich in game and threaded by water courses navigable for the light canoes, was a fighting ground between the Iroquois tribes and the western stock, which were generally allied to the Algonquins.

The Miamis play a large part in the early history of Ohio. They are usually designated by the early writers as the Twightwees, meaning "the cry of the crane." They were subdivided into several bands, of which the Weas and the Piankashaws figure most largely in our history. It is because of the Miami occupancy that the Maumee and the other Miamis received their names. They were rather above the other tribes in intelligence and character. The Wyandots were late comers into this territory. They were survivors of the Hurons, who had nearly been exterminated by the Iroquois. Some of them settled along the Maumee, but greater numbers sought the Sandusky region. A few Delawares had come over the Alleghenies and settled near the Wyandots, with whom they established friendly relations. The Ottawas were caught between war parties of Sioux and Iroquois in the Michigan peninsula, and driven south. A few small bands found lodgment along the Maumee and its affluents. A detached group of the Senecas also reached this region. The Shawnees, who will command considerable attention, were great rovers. It was doubtless Shawnees who met Capt. John Smith. They were a party to the famous Penn Treaty. They regarded themselves as superior to all others of the human race. The Ohio Shawnees, who finally made their homes along the Auglaize, had drifted in from the Carolinas and Georgia, having been expelled by the other tribes because of their querulous and imperious dispositions.

The Maumee basin was a delightful home and a secure retreat for the red men. Upon the banks of the Maumee and its connecting streams were many Indian villages. The light canoes of these children of the forests glided over the smooth waters which were at once a convenient highway and an exhaustless reservoir of food. The lake gave them ready access to more remote regions. The forests, waters and prairies pro-

duced spontaneously and in abundance, game, fish, fruits, and nuts—all the things necessary to supply their simple wants. The rich soil responded promptly to their feeble efforts at agriculture.

In this secure retreat the wise men of the savages gravely convened about the council fires, and deliberated upon the best means of rolling back the tide of white immigration that was threatening. They dimly foresaw that this tide would ultimately sweep their race from the lands of their fathers. From here their young warriors crept forth and, stealthily approaching the homes of the "palefaces," spread ruin and desolation far and wide. Returning to the villages their booty and savage trophies were exhibited with all the exultations and boasts of primitive



INDIANS IN CANOES

warriors. Protected by almost impenetrable swamp and uncharted forests, their women, children and property were comparatively safe during the absence of the war parties. Thus it was that the dusky children of the wilderness here enjoyed perfect freedom and lived in accordance with their rude instincts, with the habits and customs of the tribes. "Amid the scenes of his childhood, in the presence of his ancestors' graves, the red warrior, with his squaw and papoose, surrounded by all the essentials to the enjoyment of his simple wants, here lived out the character which nature had given him. In war, it was his base line of attack, his source of supplies, and his secure refuge; in peace, his home."

It was in Northwestern Ohio that two of the most noted conspiracies against the encroachments of the invading races were formulated and inaugurated. One of these, directed against the French, was led by

Chief Nicholas; the other was the more noted conspiracy of Pontiac, which had for its object the annihilation of British power. In the third great Indian conspiracy, that of Tecumseh and the Prophet, the same region was the theater of much of the conspiracy and many of the leading events. This one was directed against the Americans who had succeeded both French and British.

Orontony was a noted Wyandot chief, who had been baptized under the name of Nicholas. He devised a plan for the general extermination of the French power in the West. Nicholas was "a wily fellow, full of savage cunning," who had his stronghold and villages on some islands lying just above the mouth of the Sandusky River. It was he who granted permission to erect Fort "Sandoski" at his principal town, in order to secure the aid of the British. The crafty Nicholas conceived the idea of a great conspiracy which should have for its object the capture of Detroit and all other French outposts, and the massacre of all the white inhabitants. He succeeded in rallying to his aid the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawattomis and Shawnees, as well as some more distant tribes. The Miamis and Wyandots were to exterminate the French from the Maumee country; to the Pottawattomis were assigned the Bois Blanc Island, while the Foxes were to attack the settlement at Green Bay. Nicholas reserved to himself and his followers the fort and settlement at Detroit. Premature acts of violence aroused the suspicions of the French, and reinforcements were hurriedly brought in. Like the later one of Pontiac, it failed because of a woman. While they were in council, one of their squaws, going into the garret of the house in search of Indian corn, overheard the details of the conspiracy. She at once hastened to a Jesuit priest, and revealed the plans of the savages. Eight Frenchmen were seized at Fort Miami (Fort Wayne) which was destroyed, and a French trader was killed along the Maumee. In 1748, Nicholas and his followers, numbering in all 119 warriors, departed for the West after destroying all their villages along the Sandusky, and located in the Illinois country.

The activities of the British in the western country thoroughly aroused the French authorities. Under the direction of the Governor of Canada an expedition under the command of Capt. Bienville de Celeron proceeded to the Ohio in the spring of 1749, and descended it, pre-empting the territory for France by suitable formalities, in order to forestall the English. It was conducted with all the French regard for theatrical ceremonials. He took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign and buried leaden plates at intervals asserting the sovereignty of France. It was a picturesque flotilla of twenty birch-bark canoes that left Montreal in that year. The passengers were equally as picturesque, including as they did soldiers in armor and dusky savages with their primitive weapons. They successfully accomplished their journey and buried their last plate at the mouth of the Great Miami River. Each plate proclaimed the "renewal of the possession we have taken of the said River Ohio, and of all those which empty into it, and of all lands on both sides as far as the sources of the said rivers." As a "clincher" a tin sheet was also tacked to a tree certifying that a plate had been so buried.

Changing his course, Celeron turned the prows of his canoes northward, and in a few days the party reached Pickawillany (Pkwileni), near Piqua. During the weeks' stay they endeavored to win the Miamis to their cause, but were not very successful, even with a plentiful use of brandy. There was much feasting and revelry, but the cause of France was not advanced. From here they portaged to the French post called Fort Miami (Fort Wayne). Celeron himself proceeded overland to Detroit, while the majority of his followers descended the Maumee. The expedition traveled "over 1,200 leagues," but added little to French prestige or dominion.

As soon as the British heard of Celeron's journey George Crogan was dispatched to undo any prestige that the French had gained. From now on they busied themselves with this great trans-Allegheny country. In order to gain a better knowledge of the country, Christopher Gist was dispatched to the Ohio country in 1750. Being a practical surveyor, he was ordered to draw plans of the country he traversed and to keep a complete journal of his travels. His journal is unusually explicit and most entertaining. He was well received everywhere by the Indians, whose sympathy seemed to be with the English. He conducted religious services at times among them and possibly conducted the first Protestant service within the state. The nearest approach that Gist made to this section was Pickawillany of which he writes: "This town consists of about 400 families and daily increasing, it is accounted one of the strongest Indian towns upon this part of the continent." He was kindly received and from here he began his return journey. He added much to the geographical knowledge of the Ohio country. In the following year Christopher Gist accomplished his memorable journey through Ohio, and at Pickawillany entered into treaty relations with the Miamis or Twightwees, as the English called them. At the same time French emissaries were dismissed and their presents refused. The chief of the Piankashaws was known as "Old Britain" by the English, as "La Demoiselle" by the French because of his gaudy dress.

During the long wars between the French and the British and their Indian allies, which extended over a period of half a century or more, and only ended in 1760, there were no battles of any consequence between these two contending forces in Northwest Ohio. There were, however, many isolated tragedies that occurred. The expedition of French and Indians under Charles Langlade, a half-breed, which captured and destroyed Pickawillany, came from Detroit and ascended the Maumee and the Auglaize on their journey. It was composed of a considerable force of greased and painted Indians, together with a small party of French and Canadians. It was on a June morning, in 1752, that the peaceful village was aroused by the frightful war whoop, as the painted horde bore down upon the inhabitants. Most of the warriors were absent, and the squaws were at work in the fields. Only eight English traders were in town. It was the work of only a few hours until Pickawillany was destroyed and set on fire. This was one of the many tragic incidents in the French and Indian war. "Old Britain" himself was

killed, his body being boiled and eaten by the victors. The Turtle, of whom we are to hear much, succeeded him as chief.

The English began to arrive in increasing numbers, following the French along the water courses to greater and greater distances. They paid increased rates for furs, and they sold their goods at lower prices. They sold rum much cheaper than the French sold brandy, and the Indian learned by experience that it took less rum to provide the delectable state of intoxication that he delighted in. They paid as much for a mink's skin as the French did for that of a beaver, and the mink were much more plentiful. In this the English traders began to undermine the French prestige. But the poor Indian was in a quandary. At an old sachem meeting Christopher Gist is reported to have said: "The French claim all the land on our side of the Ohio, the English claim all the land on the other side—now where does the Indian's land lie?" Between the French, their good-fathers, and the English, their benevolent brothers, the aborigine seemed likely to be left without land enough for even a wigwam, leaving out of consideration the necessary hunting grounds.

The English were at first loth to offer any premium for the scalps of their white enemies, but their repugnance to this was eventually overcome. The authorities had evidently profited by the reports of their emissaries, concerning the success of the French in placing a bonus upon scalps, for we discover them engaged in the same nefarious business at a little later date. If the British inflicted less injury than they experienced by this horrible mode of warfare, it was less from their desire than from limited success in enlisting the savages as their allies. Governor George Clinton, in a letter dated at New York, April 25, 1747, wrote to Col. William Johnson as follows: "In the bill I am going to pass, the council did not think proper to put rewards for scalping, or taking poor women or children prisoners, in it; but the assembly has assured me the money shall be paid when it so happens, if the natives insist upon it." On May 30th, Colonel Johnson wrote to the Governor: "I am quite pestered every day with parties returning with prisoners and scalps, and without a penny to pay them with. It comes very hard upon me, and is displeasing to them I can assure you, for they expect their pay and demand it of me as soon as they return."

Governor Clinton reported to the Duke of Newcastle, under date of July 23, 1747, the following: "Colonel Johnson who I have employ'd as Chief Manager of the Aborigines War and Colonel over all the natives, by their own approbation, has sent several parties of natives into Canada & brought back at several times prisoners & scalps, but they being laid aside last year, the natives were discouraged and began to entertain jealousies by which a new expense became necessary to remove these jealousies & to bring them back to their former tempers; but unless some enterprise, which may keep up their spirits, we may again lose them. I intend to propose something to our Assembly for this purpose that they may give what is necessary for the expense of it, but I almost despair of any success with them when money is demanded."

It would be a tedious task, and is entirely unnecessary, to follow all the events in the desperate efforts of the Indians to adapt themselves to

the new situation. The French were far more aggressive, and many complaints came to the British authorities because of their delay in heeding the appeals of the savages. These delays afforded the time to the French authorities to erect new forts and rebuild others. With Braddock's defeat in 1755 it seemed to the Indian mind that the English cause was weakening, and many of the tribes, heretofore British in sympathy, began to waver in their allegiance. William Johnson wrote: "The unhappy defeat of General Braddock has brought an Indian war upon this and the neighboring provinces and from a quarter where it was least expectant, I mean the Delawares and Shawnees." The English indeed began to think that "the Indians are a most inconsistent and unfixed set of mortals." It was just such events that made possible a federation of the Ohio tribes, together with others farther west and north, to drive the English from the western country.

In making a study of the history of Northwest Ohio, we learn that this most remarkable section of our state has produced many great and notable white men; men who have enlivened the pages of our national history and helped to establish her destiny. But we must not forget that this same territory has produced at least two of the greatest chiefs of Indian annals, Pontiac and Tecumseh. The greatest of these was born near the banks of the Maumee, on or near the site of the City of Defiance, the county seat of Williams County, before it was diminished by the creation of Defiance and Fulton counties. This makes his career of unusual interest to our readers. The Maumee Valley was his home and stronghold. It was here that he planned his treacherous campaign, and it was here that he sought asylum when overwhelmed by defeat.

Pontiac was the son of an Ottawa chief while his mother was an Ojibway (Chippewa), or Miami, squaw. The date of his birth is variously stated from 1712 to 1720. He was unusually dark in complexion, of medium height, with a powerful frame, and carried himself with a haughty mien. Judged by the primitive standards of the savages, Pontiac was one of the greatest chiefs of which we have any record. His intellect was broad, powerful and penetrating. He possessed far more than the ordinary intelligence, ambition, eloquence, decision of character, power of combination and energy. In subtlety and craft he was unsurpassed. He was not only one of the greatest of his race but one of the regnant figures in Indian history. In him were combined the qualities of an astute leader, a remarkable warrior, and a broad-minded statesman. His ambitions seemed to have no limit, such as was usually the case with the savage. His understanding reached to higher generalizations and broader comprehensions than the Indian mind usually attained. Judged from the Indian standpoint he was a true patriot—having only the good of his people at heart. He sought to shield them from the inevitable destruction which threatened if the white men were not checked before it became too late.

Although Pontiac had become a commanding personage among the savages some years earlier, and is believed to have taken a part in Braddock's defeat, the first place that we read of him is in an account of Rogers' Rangers, in the fall of 1760. Rogers himself writes of his

encounter with this Indian chief: "We met a party of Ottawa Indians at the mouth of the Chogaga (Cuyahoga) River, and that they were under 'Pontaeck', who is their present King or Emperor. * * * He puts on an air of majesty and princely grandeur, and is greatly honored and revered by his subjects." Pontiac forbade his proceeding for a day or two, but finally smoked the pipe of peace with Rogers and permitted the expedition to proceed through his country to Detroit, for the purpose of



superseding the French garrison there. This was the first assertion of British authority over this immediate region. His object was accomplished without any sanguinary conflict. He has left a journal of his expedition which affords most interesting descriptions of the lake region. He recounts the wonderful profusion and variety of game.

It was the fierce contest between the French and the English forces that afforded Pontiac the opportunity which always seems necessary to

develop the great mind. It was with sorrow and anger that the red man saw the Fleur-de-lis disappear and the Cross of St. George take its place. Toward the new intruders the Indians generally maintained a stubborn resentment and even hostility. The French, who had been the idols of the Indian heart, had begun to lose their grip on this territory. The English, who were succeeding them in many places, followed an entirely different policy in treating with the aborigines. The abundant supplies of rifles, blankets, and gunpowder, and even brandy, which had been for so many years dispensed from the French forts with lavish hand, were abruptly stopped, or were doled out with a niggardly and reluctant hand. The sudden withholding of supplies to which they had become accustomed was a grievous calamity. When the Indians visited the forts, they were frequently received rather gruffly, instead of being treated with polite attention, and sometimes they were subjected to genuine indignities. Whereas they received gaudy presents, accompanied with honeyed words from the French, they were not infrequently helped out of the fort with a butt of a sentry's musket or a vigorous kick from an officer by their successors. These marks of contempt were utterly humiliating to the proud and haughty red men.

The fact that French competition in trade had practically ended doubtless influenced English officials and unscrupulous tradesmen in their treatment of the Indians. Added to these official acts was the steady encroachment of white settlers following the end of the French and Indian war, which was at all times a fruitful source of Indian hostility. By this time the more venturesome pioneers were escaping from the confines of the Alleghenies and beginning to spread through the western forests. It was with fear and trembling that the Indian "beheld the westward marches of the unknown crowded nations." Lashed almost into a frenzy by these agencies, still another disturbing influence appeared in a great Indian prophet, who arose among the Delawares. He advocated the wresting of the Indian's hunting grounds from the white man, claiming to have received a revelation from the Great Spirit. Vast throngs were spellbound and his malicious statement aroused the fierce passions of the red men to fury. The common Indian brave simply struck in revenge for fancied or actual wrongs. But the vision of the great Pontiac assumed a wider scope, for he saw farther. If he did not originally instigate the uprising that immediately arose, he at least directed and personally commanded the movement which became almost universal among the tribes of the Middle West. Recognizing the increasing power of the British, he realized that unless France retained her foothold on the continent the destruction of his race was inevitable. It therefore became his ambition to replace British control with that of France. The result was that far-reaching movement in history known as Pontiac's Conspiracy. It was in the same year that the Seven Years' war was officially ended by the peace concluded at Fontainebleau, which probably surpasses all other treaties in the transfer of territory, including our own section. By it the Lily of France was officially displaced by the Lion of Great Britain in the Maumee basin. The war belt of wampum was sent to the farthest shores of Lake Superior, and the most distant

delta of the Mississippi. The bugle call of this mighty leader Pontiac aroused the remotest tribes to aggressive action.

"Why do you suffer these dogs in red clothing to enter your country and take the land the Great Spirit has given you? Drive them from it! Drive them! When you are in distress I will help you." These words were the substance of the message from Pontiac. That voice was heard, but not by the whites. "The unsuspecting traders journeyed from village to village; the soldiers in the forts shrunk from the sun of the early summer, and dozed away the day; the frontier settlers, resting in fancied security, sowed his crops, or, watching the sunset through the girdled trees, mused upon one more peaceful harvest, and told his children of the horrors of the ten years' war, now, thank God, over. From the Alleghenies to the Mississippi the trees had leaved and all was calm life and joy. But through the great country, even then, bands of sullen red men were journeying from the central valleys to the lakes and the eastern hills. Ottawas filled the woods near Detroit. The Maumee Post, Presque Isle, Niagara, Fort Pitt, Ligonier, and every English fort, was hemmed in by Indian tribes, who felt that the great battle drew nigh which was to determine their fate and the possession of their noble lands."

The chiefs and sachems everywhere joined the conspiracy, sending lofty messages to Pontiac of the deeds they would perform. The ordinary pursuits of life were practically abandoned. Although the fair haired Anglo-Saxons and darker Latins had concluded peace, the warriors, who had not been represented at the great European conclave, danced their war dance for weeks at a time. Squaws were set to work sharpening knives, moulding bullets and mixing war paint. Even the children imbibed the fever and incessantly practiced with bows and arrows. While ambassadors in Europe were coldly and unfeelingly disposing of the lands of the red men, the savages themselves were planning for the destruction of the Europeans residing among them. For once in the history of the American aborigines thousands of wild and restless Indians, of a score of different tribes, were animated by a single inspiration and purpose. The attack was to be made in the month of May, 1763.

"Hang the peace pipe on the wall—
Rouse the nations one and all!
Tell them quickly to prepare
For the bloody rites of War.
Now begin the fatal dance,
Raise the club and shake the lance,
Now prepare the bow and dart—
'Tis our fathers' ancient art;
Let each heart be strong and bold
As our fathers were of old.
Warriors, up!—prepare—attack—
'Tis the voice of Pontiac."

The conspiracy was months in maturing. Pontiac kept two secretaries, the "one to write for him, the other to read the letters he received

and he manages them so as to keep each of them ignorant of what is transacted by the other." It was also carried on with great secrecy, in order to avoid its being communicated to the British. Pontiac reserved to himself the beginning of the war. With the opening of spring he dispatched his fleet-footed messengers through the forests bearing their belts of wampum and gifts of tobacco. They visited not only the populous villages, but also many a lonely tepee in the Northern woods. The appointed spot was on the banks of the little river Ecorces, not far from Detroit. To this great council went Pontiac, together with his squaws and children. When all the delegates had arrived, the meadow was thickly dotted with the slender wigwams.

In accordance with the summons, "they came issuing from their cabins—the tall, naked figures of the wild Ojibwas, with quivers slung at their backs, and light war-clubs resting in the hollow of their arms; Ottawas, wrapped close in their gaudy blankets; Wyandots, fluttering in painted shirts, their heads adorned with feathers, and their leggings garnished with bells. All were seated in a wide circle upon the grass, row within row, a grave and silent assembly. Each savage countenance seemed carved in wood, and none could have detected the deep and fiery passions hidden beneath that immovable exterior. Pipes with ornamented stems were lighted and passed from hand to hand." Pontiac inveighed against the arrogance, injustice, and contemptuous conduct of the English. He expanded upon the trouble that would follow their supremacy. He exhibited a belt of wampum that he had received from their great father, the King of France, as a token that he had heard the voices of his red children, and said that the French and the Indians would once more fight side by side as they had done many moons ago.

The plan that had been agreed upon was to attack all the British outposts on the same day, and thus drive the "dogs in red" from the country. The first intimation that the British had was in March, 1763, when Ensign Holmes, commandant of Fort Miami at the head of the Maumee, was informed by a friendly Miami that the Indians in the near villages had lately received a war belt with urgent request that they destroy him and his garrison, and that they were even then preparing to do so. This information was communicated to his superior at Detroit, in the following letter to Major Gladwyn:

"Fort Miami,
"March 30th, 1763.

"Since my Last Letter to You, where I Acquainted You of the Bloody Belt being in this Village, I have made all the search I could about it, and have found it out to be true. Whereon I Assembled all the Chiefs of this Nation, & after a long and troublesome Spell with them, I Obtained the Belt, with a Speech, as You will Receive Enclosed. This Affair is very timely Stopt, and I hope the News of a Peace will put a stop to any further Troubles with these Indians, who are the Principal Ones of Setting Mischief on Foot. I send you the belt with this Packet, which I hope You will Forward to the General."

One morning an Indian girl, a favorite of Ensign Holmes, the commanding officer of the Fort Miami mentioned above, appeared at the

fort. She told him that an old squaw was lying sick in a wigwam, a short distance away, and beseeched Holmes to come and see if he could do anything for her. Although Holmes was suspicious of the Indians, he never doubted the loyalty of the girl, and readily yielded to her request. A number of Indian lodges stood at the edge of a meadow not far removed from the fort, but hidden from it by a strip of woodland. The treacherous girl pointed out the hut where the sick woman lay. As Holmes entered the lodge, a dozen rifles were discharged and he fell dead. A sergeant, hearing the shots, ran out of the fort to see what was the matter, and encountered a similar fate. The panic-stricken garrison, no longer possessing a leader, threw open the gates and surrendered without resistance.

On the 16th day of May, Ensign Pauli, who was in command at Fort Sandusky, near the present city of that name, which had been rebuilt and reoccupied, was informed that seven Indians were waiting at the gate to speak with him. Several of these were known to him, as they were Wyandots of his neighborhood, so that they were readily admitted. When the visitors reached his headquarters, an Indian seated himself on either side of the ensign. Pipes were lighted, and all seemed peaceful. Suddenly an Indian standing in the doorway made a signal by raising his head. The savages immediately seized Pauli and disarmed him. At the same time a confusion of yells and shrieks and the noise of firearms sounded from without. It soon ceased, however, and when Pauli was led out of the enclosure the ground was strewn with the corpses of his murdered comrades and the traders. At nightfall he was conducted to the lake, where several birch canoes lay, and as they left the shore the fort burst into flames. He was then bound hand and foot and taken to Detroit, where the assembled Indian squaws and children pelted him with stones, sticks, and gravel, forcing him to dance and sing. Happily an old squaw, who had lately been widowed, adopted him in place of the deceased spouse. Having been first plunged into the river that the white blood might be washed away, he was conducted to the lodge of the widow, but he escaped from such enforced matrimonial servitude at the earliest opportunity.

It would not be within the province of this history to describe in detail the prolonged siege which was undergone by the British garrison at Detroit against a host of besieging savages. At every other point the conspiracy was a success, and for the British there was only an unbroken series of disasters. The savages spread terror among the settlers throughout all the Ohio country. Cabins were burned, defenseless women and children were murdered, and the aborigines were aroused to the highest pitch of fury by the blood of their numerous victims. It was not until a letter reached Pontiac from the French commander, informing him that the French and English were now at peace, that the Ottawa chief abandoned hope. He saw himself and his people thrown back upon their own slender resources. For hours no man nor woman dared approach him, so terrible was his rage. His fierce spirit was wrought into unspeakable fury. At last he arose and, with an imperious gesture, ordered the frightened squaws to take down the wigwams. In

rage and mortification, Pontiac, with a few tribal chiefs as followers, removed his camp from Detroit and returned to the banks of the Maumee River to nurse his disappointed expectations.

Following the withdrawal of the Indians, comparative quiet prevailed for several months. Pontiac was still unconquered, however, and his hostility to the English continued unabated. He afterwards journeyed to the Illinois country, where the French still held sway, in order to arouse the western tribes to further resistance. His final submission was given to Sir William Johnson, at Oswego. That official, "wrapped in his scarlet blanket bordered with gold lace, and surrounded by the glittering uniforms of the British officers, was seen, with hand extended in welcome to the great Ottawa, who standing erect in conscious power, his rich plumes waving over the circle of his warriors, accepted the proffered hand, with an air in which defiance and respect were singularly blended." Like the dissolving view upon a screen, this picturesque pageant passed into history and Pontiac returned to the Maumee region, which continued to be his home. Here he pitched his lodge in the forest with his wives and children, and hunted like an ordinary warrior, although he yielded more and more to the seduction of "firewater." There is probably no section of the extreme northwestern part of our state where his moccasined feet did not at some time tread.

For a few years the records are silent concerning Pontiac. In 1789, however, he appeared at the post of St. Louis. He remained there for two or three days, after which he visited an assemblage of Indians at Cahokia, on the opposite side of the river, arrayed in the full uniform of a French officer, one which had been presented to him by the Marquis of Montcalm. Here a Kaskaskia Indian, bribed by a British trader, buried a tomahawk in his brain. Thus perished the Indian chief who made himself a powerful champion of his ruined race. His descendants continued to reside along the Maumee until the final removal of the remnant of his once powerful tribe beyond the Mississippi. His death was avenged in a truly sanguinary. The Kaskaskias were pursued by the Sacs and Foxes, and were practically exterminated for this vile deed. Their villages were burned, and their people either slain or driven to refuge in distant places.

Pontiac's vision of the ruin of his people was prophetic. The Indian has disappeared, together with the buffalo, the deer, and the bear. His wigwam has vanished from the banks of the streams. Today, mementoes of his lost race, such as the rude tomahawk, the stone arrowhead, and the wampum beads, when turned up by the plow of the paleface farmer, become the prized relics of the antiquary or the wonder of youth. But his prophetic eye went no further. Little did he dream that within the short space of a few human lives the blue lake over which he oftentimes sailed would be studded with the ships of commerce; that gigantic boats propelled by steam would replace the fragile canoe; that populous cities and thriving villages would arise by the score upon the ruins of the pristine forests; that the hunting grounds of his youth, and old age as well, in the Maumee region, would become a hive of industry and activity, and the abode of wealth surpassed by no section of this or adjoining states.

In the early spring of the year following the collapse of Pontiac's conspiracy, the British commander-in-chief decided to send two expeditions to the western country. One of these was to invade the lake region and the other to visit the Delaware and Shawnee settlements in South Ohio. Bouquet did not reach our region, but the successful results of his efforts had a large influence in the greater peace that followed during the next few years. A great conference was held with the Ohio savages along the Muskingum at which treaties were entered into and many captives released by the Indians. The number is estimated to exceed two hundred. Many heart rending scenes occurred. In a number of instances the dislike of the Indians to leave their white companions was almost equalled by their reluctance to return to civilization. Several white women were almost forced to quit their painted spouses.

The second expedition was commanded by Colonel John Bradstreet, a man whose reputation exceeded his exploits. Embarking in small boats at the foot of Lake Erie in the summer of 1764, the expedition set sail, numbering more than two thousand soldiers and helpers. It required a large flotilla to convey so large a party. Bradstreet had orders to attack the Indians dwelling along the Sandusky. He camped there for a time on his outward journey, but was misled by the Indian subtlety, and sailed away without either following his orders to chastise these Indians or completing the fort which he began. The Indians promised "that if he would refrain from attacking them, they would follow him to Detroit and there conclude a treaty." At Detroit the troops were royally welcomed. An Indian council was at once summoned, and Montresor reports it as follows: "Sat this day the Indian council, Present, the Jibbeways, Shawanese, Hurons of Sandusky and the five nations of the Scioto, with all the several nations of friendly Indians accompanying the army. The Pottawatomies had not yet arrived. Pondiac declined appearing here until his pardon should be granted. * * * This day Pondiac was forgiven in council, who is at present two days march above the Castle on the Miami River called la Roche de But, near Waterville, with a party of sixty or more savages." The Indians agreed to call the English king "father," the term formerly applied to the French sovereign. After several weeks spent at Detroit, Bradstreet once more embarked for the Sandusky, where they arrived in a few days. A number of prominent and lesser chiefs visited him here, but nothing was accomplished. Their subtlety was too deep for the English commander. He camped where Fremont is now located and began the work of erecting a fort. This was finally abandoned and the expedition returned to Fort Niagara.

An interesting incident in connection with the Bradstreet expedition was a journey undertaken by Captain Morris, of which he kept a complete and interesting journal. Under instructions from his superior, he "set out in good spirits from Cedar Point (mouth of the Maumee), Lake Erie, on the 26th of August, 1764, about four o'clock in the afternoon at the same time the army proceeded for Detroit." He was accompanied by two Canadians and a dozen Indians, who were to accompany him "to the Rapids of the Miami (Maumee) River, and then return to the army." There were also Warsong, a noted "Chippeway chief, and Attawang an

Uttawa (Ottawa) chief." The party proceeded up the Maumee to the headquarters of Pontiac, "whose army consisting of six hundred savages, with tomahawks in their hands," surrounded him. Pontiac squatted himself before his visitor, and behaved in a rather unfriendly fashion. The greater part of the Indians got drunk, and several of them threatened to kill him. After the savages had become more sober, Pontiac permitted the party to resume its journey up the river.

At the site of Fort Wayne, another rabble of Indians met the embassy in a threatening manner, but Morris remained in a canoe reading "The tragedy of Anthony and Cleopatra," in a volume of Shakespeare which had been presented to him by the Indian chief. This was undoubtedly one of the strangest circumstances under which the works of Shakespeare were ever perused. The journal of Morris reveals a keen insight into the Indian nature. While Bradstreet was being deceived by their duplicity, Morris recognized their real character and said: "I wish the chiefs were assembled on board a vessel, and that she had a hole in her bottom. Treachery should be paid with treachery; and it is worth more than ordinary pleasure to deceive those who would deceive us." When he reached Detroit again, Bradstreet had already departed on his journey to Sandusky.

The British continued their efforts to establish friendly relations with the Indians of the western country. In the spring of 1765 another small expedition was dispatched under Major George Croghan, who had visited the Indians on several previous occasions and thoroughly understood them. He floated down the Ohio and in May he was at the mouth of the Wabash, which he spells Ouabache. He says: "August 1st, we arrived at the carrying place between the Miamies and the Ouabache, which is about nine miles long in dry seasons, but not above half that length in freshets. * * * Within a mile of the Twightwee village, I was met by the chiefs of that nation, who received us very kindly. The most part of these Indians knew me, and conducted me to their village, where they immediately hoisted an English flag that I had formerly given them at Fort Pitt. * * * The Indian village consists of about forty or fifty cabins, besides nine or ten French houses—a runaway colony from Detroit. * * * All the French residing here are a lazy, indolent people, fond of breeding mischief, and spiring up the Indians against the English, and should by no means be suffered to remain here.

"On the sixth day of August, we set out for Detroit, down the Miamies River in a canoe. This river heads about ten miles from hence. The river is not navigable until you come to the place where the St. Joseph joins it, and makes a considerably large stream. Nevertheless, we found a great deal of difficulty in getting our canoe over the shoals, as the waters at this season were very low. * * * About ninety miles from the Miamies or Twightwee, we came to a large river that heads in a large lick, falls into the Miami River (probably the Auglaize). The Ottawas claim this country, and hunt here, where game is very plenty. From hence we proceeded to the Ottawa village. * * * Here we were compelled to get out of our canoes, and drag them eighteen miles, on account of the rifts, which interrupt the navigation. At the

end of the rifts we came to a village of the Wyandots, who received us very kindly, and from thence we proceeded to the mouth of this river, where it falls into Lake Erie. From the Miamies to the lake it is computed 180 miles, and from the entrance of the river into the lake at Detroit, is sixty miles—that is forty-two miles upon the lake, and eighteen miles up the Detroit river to the garrison of that name.” Croghan’s expedition had been very successful in accomplishing its purposes.

CHAPTER III

THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

The Indians had at last become convinced that no more reliance could be placed upon the French, and that their interests would best be served by remaining on friendly terms with the British. The acquiescence of Pontiac and his late associates gave the English an opportunity to secure possession of the Ohio country as far as the Mississippi, and the opportunity was not neglected. This expansive stretch of country was still almost an unbroken wilderness, in which the red men were the only human dwellers.

It became increasingly difficult for the British authorities to hold back the threatening tide of Caucasian invasion into the trans-Allegheny country. The marvelous reports of the abounding fertility of the soil enthused some. The abundance of game and fur-bearing animals and the natural call of the wild excited a still greater number. The Indians had hoped to retain all the region northwest of the Ohio, and in fact vague promises had been made by government representatives. A treaty was entered into with the Five Nations, but some of the Ohio tribes did not consider this treaty binding. They denied the authority of those tribes to dispose of the lands claimed and occupied by themselves. The Quebec Act, promulgated in 1763 by the King of England, had expressly forbid settlements in the Ohio country. The express purpose was to make this northwestern territory where we now live a great Indian reservation. This act was not wholly unselfish, for it seemed advisable in order to ensure the colonies from danger of Indian uprisings.

The famous Ohio Company had been formed as early as 1748, in the interests of Virginia. The Washington brothers, Lawrence and Augustine, Thomas Lee, and others, had been given a grant of half a million acres, with certain conditions. Two hundred thousand acres were to be located at once, provided the company succeeded in placing a colony of one hundred persons and building a fort sufficient to protect the settlement. This act had its part in causing the French and Indian war. During the progress of that sanguinary struggle the project lay dormant. At its close it was revived. Other companies were formed. One of these was the Mississippi Company, the articles of which are in the handwriting of the "Father of his Country". He foresaw the future of this promising country. The craving for the western land reached London, for the Earl of Selbourne, Secretary of State, wrote as follows: "The thirst after the lands of the Aboriginies is become almost universal, the people who generally want them are either ignorant of or remote from the consequences disobliging the Aboriginies, many make a traffic of lands and few or none will be at any pains or expense to get them settled, conse-

quently they cannot be losers by an Aborigini War, and should a Tribe be driven to despair, and abandon their country, they have their desire tho' at the expense of the lives of such ignorant settlers as may be upon it. * * * The majority of those who get lands, being persons of consequence (British) in the Capitals who can let them lye dead as a sure Estate hereafter, and are totally ignorant of the Aboriginies, make use of some of the lowest and most selfish of the Country Inhabitants to seduce the Aboriginies to their houses, where they are kept rioting in drunkenness till they have effected their bad purposes."

The character of the immigrants at this time is revealed by an excerpt from a report by Sir William Johnston: "For more than ten years past, the most dissolute fellows united with debtors, and persons of wandering disposition, have been removing from Pensilvania & Virginia & into the Aborigine Country, towards & on the Ohio & a considerable number of settlements were made as early as 1765 when my Deputy (George Croghan) was sent to the Illinois from whence he gave me a particular account of the uneasiness occasioned amongst the Aborigines. Many of these emigrants are idle fellows that are too lazy to cultivate lands, & invited by the plenty of game they found, have employed themselves in hunting, in which they interfere much more with the Aborigines than if they pursued agriculture alone, and the Aborigine hunters (who are composed of all the Warriors in each nation) already begin to feel the scarcity this has occasioned, which greatly increases their resentment."

As a proof that this Northwestern country was becoming of greater importance than formerly, we find that in 1767 a post, or mart, was suggested for the Maumee River, as well as one for the Wabash, whereas formerly it was thought that Detroit was sufficient for this entire territory. In his report to the Secretary of State in that year, the superintendent said among other things: "Sandusky which has not been re-established is not a place of much consequence of Trade, it is chiefly a post at which several Pennsylvania Traders embarked for Detroit. St. Joseph's (near Lake Michigan) and the Miamis at Fort Wayne have neither of them been yet re-established, the former is of less consequence for Trade than the latter which is a place of some importance. * * * At the Miamis there may be always a sufficiency of provisions from its vicinity to Lake Erie, and its easiness of access by the River of that name at the proper season, to protect which the Fort there can at a small expense be rendered tenable against any Coup du mains * * * this would greatly contribute to overcome the present excuse which draws the traders to rove at will and thereby exposes us to the utmost danger."

To meet the advances of the whites the Ohio Indians formed a great confederacy on the Pickaway Plains, in July, 1772, in which the Shawnees, Wyandots, Miamis, Ottawas, Delawares, and even western tribes had united for mutual protection. They denied the right of the Six Nations to convey a title to the English for all the hunting grounds south of the Ohio. They demanded compensation for themselves in the event settlements were insisted upon. For this attitude the Ohio Indians cannot be blamed. The purpose of this alliance was not only to hurl back from their frontiers the white invaders, but also to surpass the Iroquois both in

strength and prowess. The Shawnees were the most active in this confederation, and their great chief Cornstalk was recognized as the head of this confederation. In the year 1774 many inhuman and revolting incidents occurred. In the battle with the forces of Lord Dunmore, in what is known as Lord Dunmore's war, the power of this confederation was broken. The peace pipe was again smoked, but the armistice was not of long duration. When the war finally broke out between the colonies and the mother country the Ohio Indians, as soon as they learned of the significance of the struggle, aligned themselves on the side of the British, being partly lured to that decision by promises of the military authorities.

This decision of the savages to remain loyal to the British was destined to cost the American colonists many hundreds of additional lives, and an untold amount of suffering during the several years of bitter struggle for independence from the mother country. Previous to this time the colonies had already lost some thirty thousand lives, and had incurred an expense of many millions of dollars in their efforts for protection against the French and their Indian allies. Of this sum only about one-third had been reimbursed to them by the British Parliament. Hence it was that a large indebtedness had accumulated, and the rates of taxation had become exceedingly burdensome.

The war against the savages was almost without cessation. The campaigns were more nearly continuous than consecutive, and they seldom rose to the dignity of civilized warfare. In most instances it is difficult to tell when one Indian war ended and another began. Incursive bodies of whites and retaliatory bodies of Indians, or vice versa, kept this section of the state in an almost interminable turmoil. An attack was immediately followed by reprisal, and an invasion was succeeded by pursuit and punishment. Most of the encounters rose little above massacres by one or both belligerents. The killing of some of the family of the Mingo chief, Logan, is an instance of white brutality. Bald Eagle, a Delaware chief, and Silver Heels, a friendly Shawnee chief, were also brutally murdered. It is no wonder that the Indians began to ask: "Had the Indian no rights which the white men were bound to respect?" In Northwest Ohio the strength and aggressiveness of the savages was greater than in any of the other part of the state, because of the nearness to the British outposts and the consequent incitations of the British agents.

Under the French regime, and under the British also, until the Revolutionary war, the commandant of the military post at Detroit, to which Northwestern Ohio was tributary, exercised the functions of both civil and a military officer with absolute power. The criminal law of England was supposed to be the ruling authority, but as a matter of fact the supreme law was generally the will of the commandant or the official of his appointing. Many times the official proved cruel and remorseless, and as a result the greatest of dissatisfaction arose. When the office of Lieutenant Governor and Superintendent of Aborigine affairs was created for Detroit and the surrounding country, including this section, Henry Hamilton was appointed and arrived at his post in December, 1775. He proved to be not only tactful but also cruel and remorseless. The equip-

ment of war parties of savages was absolutely in the hands of the British officials, and everywhere war parties of these savages were thoroughly equipped and frequently commanded by British officers themselves, and sent out over this territory, as well as other sections. In one report we read that fifteen war parties had been sent out from Detroit under British officers and rangers, many of the savages coming from the Maumee region. They brought in twenty-three American prisoners and one hundred and twenty-nine scalps. The white men who accompanied the savages were frequently as cruel and debased as the red men themselves. All the scalps brought in by the savages were paid for. A scalp brought varying prices from fifty dollars upwards. The Indians were known to take an unusually large scalp, cut it in two parts, and attempt to secure two awards. Frequently the commandant himself encouraged the savages by singing the war song and by passing the weapons through his own hands, in order to show his full sympathy with them in their murderous work. On their return to Detroit they were sometimes welcomed by firing the fort's cannon.

The following is one instance of a presentation of scalps from the Indians to the commandant at Detroit: "Presenting sixteen scalps, one of the Delaware chiefs said, Listen to your children, the Delawares who are come in to see you at a time they have nothing to apprehend from the enemy, and to present you some dried meat, as we could not have the face to appear before our father empty."

During the first couple of years of the Revolutionary war, the Ohio Indians were inactive. As yet they scarcely knew with which side to affiliate, and they could not understand the quarrel. But their sympathies were undoubtedly with the British. Governor Hamilton at Detroit lost no opportunity to attract them to his cause. He danced and sang the war-song and mingled with them freely. Soon after his arrival he reported that "the Ottawas, Chippewas, Wyandots and Pottawattomies, with the Senecas would fall on the scattered settlers on the Ohio and its branches." Detroit became the great center for the Indian gatherings. All of the materials of war were supplied to them there. "They were coaxed with rum, feasted with oxen roasted whole, alarmed by threats of the destruction of their hunting ground and supplied with everything that an Indian could desire." One report shows that 17,520 gallons of the "firewater" were distributed in a single year. The Americans practically ignored them at this time. Then came the brutal murder of Cornstalk and his son Ellinipsico, in 1777, when on an errand of friendship for the colonists. The death of this brave and magnanimous chief was the signal for the Ohio tribes to go on the warpath. As there were no white settlements in Ohio as yet, their depredations were committed in Kentucky and on the Virginia border. Hence it was that this year is known as the "bloody year of the three sevens." Standing in the midst of a long series darkened by ceaseless conflict with the savages, it was darker than the darkest. It was bloodier than the bloodiest. The Shawnees, Ottawas, Wyandots, together with a few Delawares and Senecas, all took a part in the disturbances. The policy of hiring Indians by paying bounties on scalps was on a par with British employment of

mercenary Hessians. Hamilton at Detroit became known among the Americans as "the hair buyer." Many scalps and prisoners were taken down the Maumee to Detroit by parties of savages. They were assisted by a group of renegade Americans, Simon Girty, Alexander McKee, and Matthew Elliott.

A number of noted white prisoners who had been captured were taken to Detroit. One of these unfortunates was Simon Kenton whose career so excites the minds of youth. When the noted prisoner Simon Kenton reached the Upper Sandusky town, the Indians, young and old, came out to view him. His death was expected to take place here.

As soon as the grand court was organized, and ready to proceed to business, a Canadian Frenchman, one Pierre Druillard, who usually went by the name of Peter Druyer * * * made his appearance in the council. * * * He began his speech by stating: "the Americans were the cause of the present bloody and distressing war—that neither peace nor safety could be expected, so long as these intruders were permitted to live upon the earth." He then explained to the Indians: "that the war to be carried on successfully, required cunning as well as bravery—that the intelligence which might be extorted from a prisoner would be of more advantage, in conducting the future operations of the war, than would be the lives of twenty prisoners. Under these circumstances, he hoped they would defer the death of the prisoner till he was taken to Detroit, and examined by the commanding general." He next noticed, "that they had already a great deal of trouble and fatigue with the prisoner without being revenged upon him; but that they had got back all the horses the prisoners had stolen from them, and killed one of his comrades; and to insure something for their fatigue and trouble, he himself would give one hundred dollars in rum and tobacco or any other article they would choose, if they would let him take the prisoner to Detroit, to be examined by the British General." The Indians, without hesitation, agreed to Captain Druyer's proposition, and he paid down the ransom. As soon as these arrangements were concluded, Druyer and a principal chief set off with the prisoner for Lower Sandusky. From this place they proceeded by water to Detroit, where they arrived in a few days. With Kenton's escape was terminated one of the most remarkable adventures in Ohio history.

Another noted American who became acquainted with this region as a captive was Daniel Boone. While making salt at the Blue Licks he was taken captive by some Miamis and taken to Detroit. Governor Hamilton offered the savages one hundred pounds for Boone, but the offer was refused. They brought him back to Ohio and he was adopted into the tribe. Not long afterwards, however, he escaped from them and successfully made his way back to Kentucky and continued to maintain his reputation as an Indian fighter.

It was in the year 1778 that Major George Rogers Clark gathered together four small companies of brave men and headed an expedition into the Illinois country. His force boated down the Ohio to the falls and then proceeded overland. On the fourth of July they captured Kaskaskia and a few days later Cahokia was yielded without a struggle.

The British were dumbfounded to find colonial forces in this western country. The French usually welcomed the prospect of a change. They expelled the British at Vincennes and hoisted the American flag. Although he did not reach this region in person, the good effect of his successful campaign was felt all over the western country. Later in the same year the British organized a large expedition, consisting of fifteen large bateaux and several smaller boats, which were laden with food, clothing, tents, ammunition, and the inevitable rum, together with other presents for the savages. At the outset the forces consisted of one hundred seventy-seven white soldiers, together with a considerable number of Indians. This expedition started from Detroit with a destination of Vincennes. Oxen carts and even a six-pounder cannon were sent along on shore, together with beef cattle. The expedition encountered severe storms in crossing Lake Erie, and, because of the low stage of the water, it required sixteen days to make the journey from the mouth of the Maumee to its head. This force was attacked by American troops under Colonel Clark, and they were defeated. The governor, Henry Hamilton, and all of his officers were made prisoners, and conducted to Virginia, where they were closely confined and put in irons. The supplies of the expedition were also captured by the Americans, and they proved very useful in the work which was laid out before them.

It was in 1778, that the legislature of Virginia organized the Northwestern Territory into the county of Illinois. Following Clark's successes, a court of civil and criminal procedure was established at Vincennes. Col. John Todd, Jr., was named as military commandant and county lieutenant. The various claims of the Eastern states to the territory west of the Alleghenies was the cause of friction between these colonies for years. These claims were based on the colonial charters and upon treaties with the Aborigines, and were generally very indefinite regarding boundaries, because the greater part of the region had never been surveyed. It was finally advocated that each state should cede her claims to the newly organized Union. Congress passed an act in 1780 providing that the territory so ceded should be disposed of for the benefit of the United States in general. This act met a ready response from New York, which assigned her claim in 1781, but the other states did not act for several years. Virginia ceded to the United States all her right, title, and claim to the country northwest of the Ohio River in 1784. The following year the Legislature of Massachusetts relinquished all her assertions to this territory, excepting Detroit and vicinity. In 1786, Connecticut waived all her assertions of sovereignty, excepting the section designated as the Western Reserve, and opened an office for the disposal of the portion of the Reserve lying east of the Cuyahoga River. This cession cleared Northwest Ohio of all the claims of individual states.

The claim of Virginia was based upon her charter of 1609 in which her boundaries were described as follows: "Situate lying and being in that part of America called Virginia from the point of land called Cape or Point Comfort all along the sea coast to the northward two hundred miles, and all that space or circuit of land lying from sea to sea, west and northwest." Virginia statesmen and jurists interpreted this charter

as granting all that vast territory bounded on these lines and extending to the Pacific Ocean as included within that colony. Jurisdiction was exercised over it from the very beginning. Early in the eighteenth century her pioneers had crossed the Allegheny Mountains. It was at first a part of Spotsylvania County, which was afterwards sub-divided into Orange County, which included all of the present site of Ohio, as well as much more. This immense domain was afterwards sub-divided, our region became a part of Augusta County. Later, as heretofore mentioned, this section of the country was included in Illinois County, which embraced all the territory within the border limits of Virginia, northwest of the Ohio River, and east of the Mississippi. Thus it remained, so far as governmental relations were concerned, until Virginia ceded to the general government all her rights to the dominion northwest of the Ohio River.

Notwithstanding the intense fighting between the colonists and the British, and the need of every able bodied man in the revolutionary armies, many families continued to enter the trans-Allegheny country. In the spring of 1780, 300 large family boats loaded with emigrants arrived at the Falls of the Ohio, near Louisville. Although many of these were attracted by the lauded fertility of the soil, some undoubtedly fled with the hope of escaping conscription into the armies. In this same year a larger expedition than usual was gathered together to attack the isolated settlements of Americans now being established throughout Ohio. It was under the command of Capt. Henry Bird, with the three Girtys as guides and scouts. These Indians were well equipped and it is said had pieces of artillery, which was very unusual, if not without precedent among those people. These Indians passed up the Maumee River to the mouth of the Auglaize, and then traversed that river as far as it was navigable. They numbered about one thousand men when they reached Ruddell's Station, in Kentucky. Ruddell's Station yielded, and was followed by Martin's Station a few miles distant. Several hundred captives were taken. Captain Bird tried to save the captives, but many were massacred, and the expedition returned to Detroit by the way of the Maumee. It was the most successful foray undertaken by the British against the Kentucky settlements.

Under date of July 6, 1780, Governor De Peyster wrote: "I am harried with war parties coming in from all quarters that I do not know which way to turn myself." * * * On the 4th of August he again reported to Colonel Bolton, his superior officer on the lakes, that "I have the pleasure to acquaint you that Captain Bird arrived here this morning with about 150 prisoners, mostly Germans who speak English, the remainder coming in, for in spite of all his endeavors to prevent it the Aborigines broke into the forts and seized many. The whole will amount to about 350. * * * Thirteen have entered into the Rangers, and many more will enter, as the prisoners are greatly fatigued with traveling so far, some sick and some wounded. P. S. Please excuse the hurry of this letter—the Aborigines engross my time. We have more here than enough. Were it not absolutely necessary to keep in with them, they would tire my patience."

A few months after the surrender at Yorktown, and before peace was officially declared between England and the Colonies, there occurred a tragedy in this western country which startled the entire new nation. It was really a part of the revolutionary struggle, for the passions had been kept alive by British agents and the savages were still entirely pro-British. This tragic event took place within sixty miles of Wauseon and Bryan. No incident in the Indian warfare exceeds the burning of Col. William Crawford and the slaughter of his followers in bloodthirstiness and absolute cruelty. It proves to us that the bloodcurdling war cry of the savage had not yet ceased to break the stillness of the forests and prairies of the Maumee country. Children were still snatched into captivity by dark hands thrust out from secret places. The failure of the formidable expedition against the Indian stronghold in Northwestern Ohio fell like a thunderbolt from a clear sky upon the eastern settlements, where a feeling of serenity had succeeded the news of the success of the Revolution. For those dwelling west and north of the Ohio River, it seemed to portend ruin and disaster.

The Indians of this western country were aroused to fury by the massacre of the peaceful Moravians at Gnadenhutten. Even those red men to whom the Christian religion made no appeal were horrified at the thought that their people, after listening to the seductive words of white preachers, were now cold in death, and they only waited an opportunity for vengeance. Hence when word reached them of the approaching expedition under Colonel Crawford, they resorted to every wile to waylay the whites and were prepared to administer the most horrible punishment upon any captive.

It was on the twenty-fifth day of May, 1782, that the Crawford expedition set out from Mingo Bottom for the Sandusky region miles distant. The instructions were to destroy if possible the Indian town and settlement of Sandusky. The shortest route was adopted and precautions taken by these experienced men against surprise and ambush. On the ninth day of March, the men emerged from the dense woods through which they had been traveling into rolling prairie. On the following morning the men were stirring and ready for the march before the ascending sun had illumined the landscape. Throughout the entire camp there was a noticeable bustle of excitement. The men knew that they were near their destination, and they felt within themselves that a crisis was approaching. The guns were carefully examined and fresh charges placed in them. Packs were readjusted and saddle girths were carefully tightened. The army was now encamped within the county of Wyandot, and not many miles distant from the present town of Upper Sandusky. The army followed a well marked path which led down a diminutive stream, known as the Little Sandusky. Soon they reached an opening in the woods where, in a beautiful location, they could see the Wyandot town, which had been the goal of the expedition. To their intense surprise, however, not a sign of life was visible. The empty huts were silent and tenantless. The ashes of the camp fires seemed to have been beaten by many a rain since the hot coals had glowed in their midst.

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MAP OF UNITED STATES IN 1783

Upon the discovery of the abandoned Wyandott town, a council of war was immediately held. Opinion was divided upon the question of advance or retreat. The very failure to discover Indians led the wise ones to surmise that some ambuscade or surprise was being prepared. Furthermore, there remained but five days' provisions for the forces. It was, however, finally decided to continue the progression during the afternoon, and, in case the enemy was not encountered, that retrogression should be commenced during the night. In the van of the army rode a party of scouts, who had not advanced very far ahead of the main army, when they encountered a considerable body of Indians running directly toward them. These were the Delawares under The Pipe. One of the scouts galloped back to inform Crawford of the enemy's whereabouts. The others withdrew slowly as the savages advanced to the attack. In a moment the army was ablaze with enthusiasm, and all started forward at full speed.

The Indians took possession of an island grove in the midst of the prairie. The military eye of Crawford at once recognized the strategic value of this grove of timber, and a quick, forward movement forced the Indians out. Some of the Americans climbed trees, and from this vantage point took deadly aim at the feathered heads of the enemy moving about in the grass.

The battle was renewed between the contending forces at sunrise on the following day and several more of the Americans were wounded. Finally reinforcements were seen approaching. Among these were recognized white soldiers, who proved to be from the British garrison at Detroit. Some painted Shawnees came galloping across the prairies to assist their brethren. Then a council of war was held at which it was decided that the only safe recourse was retreat. It was determined that the retrogression should begin at nightfall. The dead were buried and litters made for the wounded. But the enemy were not sleeping. A hot fire was opened by them and the orderly plan of retreat was thrown into confusion. The great wonder is that it did not degenerate into an utter retreat. The party became scattered and Colonel Crawford himself became detached from his forces. On the second morning he and Doctor Knight, who had joined him, found themselves only eight miles away from their starting point. Here it was, at a place in Crawford County, that they were captured by three Delawares who came upon them unawares. Crawford and Knight were at once led captive to the camp of the Delawares. Their capture occurred on Friday afternoon. Great indeed was the joy of the Indians when they discovered that Crawford was the "big captain," and word was immediately sent to Captain Pipe. This important news demanded a grave council of the Delaware chiefs and it was decided that Crawford should be burned.

Knight and his companions were met by Captain Pipe at the old Wyandot town. With his own hand this chief painted the faces of all the prisoners black. While thus engaged he told Knight in very good English that he would be taken to the Shawnee town to see his friends. When Colonel Crawford was brought before him, he received him with pretended kindness and joked about his making a good Indian. But it was

all a subterfuge. Here was a man upon whom to wreak vengeance, for Crawford was the official leader of this expedition, which had dared to invade their precincts. Crawford was taken on June 11th to a place near what is known as Tymochtee, a few miles north of Upper Sandusky. Here he found a large fire burning and many Indians were lying about on the ground. Nevertheless, the dissembling war chiefs, both of whom well knew Crawford, told him he would be adopted as an Indian after he had been shaved. When the party conveying Crawford appeared, the scene of idleness was transformed to one of animation. After The Pipe had painted him black, a dozen warriors ran forward and seized him. They tore the clothes from him with eager hands, and he was made to sit on the ground. Surrounded by a howling mob, he at once became the object of showers of dirt, stones, and sticks. While some were



TORTURE AND DEATH OF COLONEL CRAWFORD

engaged in this—to them—sport, others quickly fixed in the ground a large stake, some fifteen feet long, which had been previously prepared. Still others ran quickly to and fro, piling up around the stake great piles of light and dry hickory wood, which has been gathered and prepared for the occasion.

The account of the burning of Colonel Crawford is related in the words of Doctor Knight, his companion, who was an unwilling eyewitness of this tragic scene, near which he stood securely bound and guarded.

“When we went to the fire the Colonel was stripped naked, ordered to sit down by the fire, and then they beat him with sticks and their fists. Presently after I was treated in the same manner. They then tied a rope to the foot of a post about fifteen feet high, bound the Colonel’s hands behind his back and fastened the rope to the ligature between his

wrists. The rope was long enough for him to sit down or walk around the post once or twice and return the same way. Captain Pipe, made a speech to the Indians, viz., about thirty or forty men, sixty or seventy squaws and boys.

"When the speech was finished, they all yelled a hideous and hearty assent to what had been said. The Indian men then took up their guns and shot powder into the Colonel's body, from his feet as far up as his neck. I think that not less than seventy loads were discharged upon his naked body. They then crowded about him, and to the best of my observation cut off his ears; when the throng had dispersed a little, I saw blood running from both sides of his head in consequence thereof.

"The fire was about six or seven yards from the post to which the Colonel was tied; it was made of small hickory poles, cut through in the middle, each end of the poles remaining about six feet in length. Three or four Indians by turns would take up, individually, one of these burning pieces of wood, and apply it to his naked body, already burnt black with powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him with the burning fagots and poles. Some of the squaws took broad boards, upon which they would carry a quantity of burning coals and hot embers, and throw on him, so that in a short time, he had nothing but coals of fire and hot ashes to walk upon. * * * Colonel Crawford at this period of his sufferings, besought the Almighty to have mercy on his soul, spoke very low, and bore his torments with the most manly fortitude. In the midst of his tortures he begged of Girty to shoot him, but the white savage made no answer. He continued in all the extremities of pain, for an hour and three-quarters or two hours longer, as near as I can judge, when at last, being almost exhausted, he lay down on his belly; they then scalped him, and repeatedly threw the scalp in my face, telling me, that 'That was my great captain.' * * *

When the news of the torture and death of Colonel Crawford reached the Shawnee village the exultation was very great. Not so, when the awful story was repeated in the settlements upon the border. A gloom was spread over every countenance. Crawford's unfortunate end was lamented by all who knew him. Heart-rending was the anguish in a lonely cabin upon the banks of the Youghiogheny. There were few men on the frontiers, at that time, whose loss could have been more sensibly felt or more keenly deplored.

CHAPTER IV

SIMON GIRTY AND HIS BROTHERS

The northwestern section of Ohio was not only the home and hunting ground of noted Indians, but it was the theater of the exploits of the most notorious of renegades known to American history. The three noted Girty brothers, Alexander McKee and Matthew Elliott formed a noted quintet of apostates who spent many years in the Maumee basin and adjoining territory and contributed largely to the hardships and sufferings of the early settlers of this delectable region. In the channel of the Maumee, near Napoleon, there is a large island which is still known as Girty's Island. It is erroneously claimed by some that this island was the retreat of Simon Girty, but it received its name because George Girty at one time lived in this vicinity.

Of all historic characters the name of the traitor to his race or to his country is most hated. His name becomes a byword and a reproach among the nations of the earth. Whether designated as turncoat, tory, apostate, or renegade, mankind have for him only universal expressions of contempt. He lives in the midst of the fiercest passions that darken the human heart. He is both a hater and the hated. The white renegade, who had abandoned his race and civilization for the company of the savages of the forest, is abhorred by all. For him there is no charity. His virtues, if he had any, pass into oblivion. His name is inscribed with that of Brutus, of Benedict Arnold, and of Judas Iscariot. He may have been really better than he seems, his vices may have been exaggerated, but of these things it is difficult to form a correct and impartial opinion, for the whirlwinds of abuse throw dust into the eyes of the most painstaking historian.

The history of our border warfare furnishes us a number of instances of white men who relapsed into a state as savage as their associates. Our region has more than its full share of these ingrates. Of all these known instances of white renegades, none equals the cruelty and absolute baseness of Simon Girty, or Gerty, as it is sometimes spelled. Girty was an Irishman, who was born in Pennsylvania not a great distance from Harrisburg. His father, who was also named Simon, was of a roving disposition and somewhat intemperate. "Grog was his song and grog would he have." Nothing so entirely commanded his deepest regard as a jug of fiery liquor. About the close of the year 1751 he was killed in a drunken frolic by an Indian known as "The Fish." One John Turnet who had lived with the family avenged the killing of Girty by putting "The Fish" away from all earthly troubles and received the hand of the widow as his reward.

The four Girty brothers owed very little to either parent. The mother had not proved herself of very high character. Thomas, the eldest, was

born in 1739; Simon, the second, first saw the light of day in 1741; James arrived in this world of trouble in 1743 and George was only two years younger. The entire family was captured by a marauding party of French and Indians at Fort Granville in July, 1756. The stepfather was put to death with horrible torture, all of which the boys and the miserable mother were compelled to witness. The Indians "tied Turner to a black post; danced around him; made a great fire; and having heated gun-barrels red hot, ran them through his body. Having tormented him for three hours, they scalped him alive, and at last held up a boy with a hatchet in his hand to give him the finishing stroke." It is difficult to imagine boys who were compelled to witness such scenes as ever adapting themselves to such customs. The separation of the boys and their mother followed soon afterwards. James was formally adopted by the Shawnees, George by the Delawares, and Simon was taken by the Senecas, whose language he speedily learned. After three years all of the brothers returned to their friends at Pittsburg, in accordance with a treaty, and these three returned at a later period, as will appear.

James Girty was not quite so much addicted to intoxication as Simon and George. He thoroughly adopted the savage life, however, married a Shawnee squaw, and became a trader with the aborigines in after years. His principal trading post for years was called Girty's Town, on the site of the present city of St. Marys. It was he who had the trading stand at a later period opposite Girty's Island, a short distance above Napoleon. George married a Delaware woman, who bore him several children. He died while intoxicated at the trading post of his brother James. The fourth brother, Thomas, who was the oldest, escaped soon after his capture, and was the only one of the family to remain loyal to the United States during all the troubles with the mother country. He made his home on Girty's Run, which was named after him, where he raised a respectable family and died in 1820 at a ripe old age. On one occasion, 1783, in company with his half-brother, John Turner, he visited Simon at Detroit. John Turner accumulated considerable property. For presenting a burial ground to the citizens of the locality in which he lived, Turner was known as "the benefactor of Squirrel Hill."

The adventures of the three Girty renegades have furnished the material for many a volume of traditional and thrilling fiction. Whether plausible or not, readers have been inclined to accept at their face value the most absurd statements regarding their reputed activities. The Indian name of Simon Girty was Katepakomen. For a number of years after his return from captivity, Simon remained loyal to the American cause and attained considerable influence. He took part in Dunmore's war in 1774, with the Virginia forces, acting as guide and interpreter. It was during this campaign he became a warm friend and bosom companion of Simon Kenton, also one of the scouts. During these years he also made the acquaintance of Col. William Crawford, to whom he was indebted for favors. He repaid these afterward by refusing the mercy shot begged for by that officer when in his deepest suffering.

Simon Girty was commissioned a second lieutenant of the militia at Pittsburg for his services on behalf of Virginia. "On the 22nd of Feb-

ruary, 1775, came Simon Girty in open court and took and subscribed the oath * * * to be faithful and bear true allegiance to his Majesty King George the Third." He is included in a special list of loyal subjects by Lord Dunmore in a report to his government. In 1775 he accompanied James Wood, a commissioner to the Indians, on a long trip through the Ohio wilderness, as guide and interpreter, at a salary of 5 shillings a day. The trip took them to the Wyandots, the Shawnees, and other Ohio tribes, and he performed his duties faithfully. His sympathies at this time were strongly with the colonies. But his loyalty to the colonial cause ended shortly after his return from this journey. Wood's command was disbanded shortly after his return and Girty lost his commission as lieutenant. He was employed in one other expedition dispatched to the Six Nations, but was dismissed "for ill behavior," after three months' service. Just what the unsatisfactory conduct was is not now known, for the records do not reveal it.

It is said that jealousy over the fact that he was not named as a captain, which commission he expected as a reward for his services, was the real reason for his desertion of the American cause in 1778. He was made a second lieutenant in a company, but did not go to the front with the organization. He remained in Pittsburg on detached duty. On one occasion he was arrested for disloyalty, but was acquitted of the charge. He was again sent to the Senecas with a message. George Girty was likewise considered loyal and joined a company of patriots, being commissioned as a second lieutenant. He took part in at least one expedition against the British. At this time there was a British representative and Indian trader by the name of Alexander McKee whose actions had become so suspicious that he was under constant surveillance. It was believed by the colonial authorities that he was preparing to join the British in the western country. Their suspicions were correct. It was on the night of March 28, 1778, that Simon Girty, in company with Matthew Elliot, Alexander McKee, Robert Surphlit, a man named Higgin, and the two negro servants of McKee, departed from Pittsburg for the Indian country on their way to Detroit. It is needless to say that great consternation followed the departure of so many well-known characters. No other three men, such as McKee, Girty, and Elliot, could have been found so well fitted to work for and among the aborigines.

The little band of traitors stopped for a brief time with the Moravian Indians by the Tuscarawas, and from there proceeded to the headquarters of the Delawares, near the present site of Coshocton. Their intrigue with this tribe nearly changed its peaceful policy into one of open hostility against the Americans. General Washington had been killed, they said, and the patriot army cut to pieces. They represented that a great disaster had befallen the American forces, so that the struggle was sure to end in a victory for Great Britain and that the few thousand troops yet remaining were intending to kill every Indian they should meet, whether friendly or hostile. Leaving the Delawares, Girty and two companions went westward to the villages of the Shawnees. That the Indians were not entirely fooled by Girty is shown by a message which the principal chief of the Delawares sent to the Shawnees. "Grand-

children!" so ran the message, "ye Shawnese! Some days ago, a flock of birds, that had come on from the east, lit at Goshhochking (Cosh-octon), imposing a song of theirs upon us, which song had nigh proved our ruin! Should these birds, which, on leaving us, took their flight toward Scioto endeavor to impose a song on you likewise, do not listen to them, for they lie!" It was here that they met James Girty, who was easily persuaded to desert his country. He went to Detroit a few weeks later, and was employed as interpreter to remain with the Shawnees. A proclamation was afterwards, and in the same year issued by Pennsylvania publicly proclaiming Alexander McKee, formerly Indian trader, Simon Girty, Indian interpreter, James Girty, laborer, and Matthew Elliot, Indian trader, as aiding and abetting the common enemy and summoning them back for trial. It was not until the following year that George Girty joined his brothers, thus completing the trio of renegade brothers. He was immediately engaged by the British Indian department as an interpreter and dispatched to the Shawnees, where he acted as disbursing agent in dealing out supplies to that tribe.

Simon Girty and Alexander McKee reached Detroit by the middle of June. It is needless to say that both were welcomed by "Hair Buyer" Hamilton, the commandant of the post. McKee was made captain and interpreter of the Indian department. Girty was also employed at a salary of about \$2.00 per day as interpreter, and sent back to Sandusky to encourage the savages there in their warfare upon the Americans. He formally took up his residence with the Wyandots in 1781, and his influence soon began to be felt among all the Indian tribes all over this region. With his perfect knowledge of the Wyandot, Delaware, and other Indian tongues, he was indeed an invaluable aid to the British. He became almost as cruel and heartless as the most hardened savage. He joined the Wyandots, the Shawnees and the Senecas in their murderous forays against the border settlements, and was always recognized as a leader. He exercised great influence over the Half King, the head chief of the Wyandots. His name became a household word of terror all over what is now the State of Ohio, for with it was associated everything that was cruel and inhuman. The only redeeming trait seems to have been a scrupulous honesty. In the payment of his debts he is said to have been punctilious and to have fulfilled his obligations to the last cent.

According to the records that come down to us Girty participated in many noted instances of border warfare, some of them extending down into the bloody battle-ground of Kentucky. In fact, his first maraud was into that country. Ruddle's Station was surrounded after Girty had been admitted and made seductive promises that the captives would be protected from the Indians. After the surrender they were either treacherously killed or made prisoners of the Indians. At Bryan's Station he sought to intimidate the garrison by telling them who he was and elaborating upon what would happen if they did not surrender. He had almost succeeded so we are told when one young man, named Aaron Reynolds, seeing the effect of this harangue, and believing this story, as it was, to be false, of his own accord answered him in the tone of rough

banter so popular with backwoodsmen: "You need not be so particular to tell us your name; we know your name and you too. I've had a villainous untrustworthy cur-dog this long while, named Simon Girty, in compliment to you; he's so like you—just as ugly and just as wicked. As to the cannon, let them come on; the country's roused, and the scalps of your red cut-throats, and your own too, will be drying on your cabins in twenty-four hours." This spirited reply produced good results. Girty in turn was disheartened and soon withdrew.

The building of Fort Laurens in Ohio awakened Hamilton to the courage and audacity of the Americans. It was in January, 1779, that Girty was dispatched at the head of a small party of Indians to reconnoiter and take some scalps. After securing some scalps and important papers, he returned to Detroit only to find Hamilton had himself been captured. He had also succeeded in securing some loyalty of some more bands of Indians. He became the directing genius in the famous siege of Fort Laurens, on the Tuscarawas River. Implacable in his hatred and tireless in his movements, he was recognized as one of the chief agents of the British. To judge from the varied information we have of him, he seems to have been anything but a loafer, but was constantly engaged in some form of activity. Although classed on British records only as an interpreter, he seems frequently to have acted as a sub-agent in his dealings with the aborigines. Of Girty's cruelty on this occasion, Col. John Johnson, the Indian agent frequently mentioned, said: "He (Simon Girty) was notorious for his cruelty to the whites, who fell into the hands of the Indians. His cruelty to the unfortunate Col. Crawford is well known to myself, and although I did not witness the tragedy, I can vouch for the facts of the case, having had them from eye-witnesses. When that brave and unfortunate commander was suffering at the stake by a slow fire in order to lengthen his misery to the longest possible time, he besought Girty to have him shot to end his torments, when the monster mocked him by firing powder without ball at him." He had evidently received this information from the Wyandots. George Girty was just as cruel as his more noted brother. In company with forty warriors he took Slover, one of Crawford's party, and tied him after stripping him and painting him black. He then cursed him, telling Slover he would now get what he had deserved. He seemed to take a delight in knowing that death was to be his doom. A sudden storm came up, however, after the Indians had tied the prisoner to the stake, and Slover escaped.

When the Moravian Indians were captured by the Wyandots and brought to Sandusky, Simon Girty seemed to take delight in treating the Christian Indians and the white missionaries with cruelty. Just before he started on an expedition with a war party, Girty commissioned a Frenchman by the name of Francis Levallie, from Lower Sandusky, to conduct the missionaries to Detroit, and drive them all the way by land as though they were cattle. The Frenchman, however, was more humane and treated them kindly. He sent word to Detroit for boats to be sent to Sandusky to carry the missionaries to Detroit. Before the boats arrived, however, Girty returned and according to Heckwelder, "behaved

like a madman, on hearing that we were here, and that our conductor had disobeyed his orders, and had sent a letter to the commandant at Detroit respecting us. He flew at the Frenchman, who was in the room adjoining ours, most furiously, striking at him, and threatening to split his head in two for disobeying the orders he had given him. He swore the most horrid oaths respecting us, and continued in that way until after midnight. His oaths were all to the purport that he never would leave the house until he split our heads in two with his tomahawk, and made our brains stick to the walls of the room in which we were! Never before did any of us hear the like oaths, or know any one to rave like him. He appeared like an host of evil spirits. He would sometimes come up to the bolted door between us and him, threatening to chop it in pieces to get at us. How we should escape the clutches of this white beast in human form no one could foresee. Yet at the proper time relief was at hand; for, in the morning, at break of day, and while he was still sleeping, two large flat-bottomed boats arrived from Detroit, for the purpose of taking us to that place. This was joyful news!"

It was in the book of fate that Simon Kenton and Simon Girty should meet once more under far different circumstances than when both were in the American service. This was due to the unfortunate capture of Kenton by his implacable enemies. Kenton had been captured by the Shawnees, and was sentenced to be burned at the stake. Girty had just returned from an expedition into Kentucky and came to see the prisoner, who was sitting upon the floor silent and dejected with his face painted black, which was the custom among the Indians when captives were doomed to the stake. Hence it was that he did not recognize Kenton until the latter spoke to him.

"What is your name?" Girty asked.

"Simon Butler," answered Kenton for that was the name he then bore.

Never did the enunciation of a name produce more electrical effect. As soon as he heard his friend's name Girty became greatly agitated. Springing up from his seat he threw himself into Kenton's arms, calling him his dear and esteemed friend. "You are condemned to die," said he, "but I will do all I can—use every means in my power to save your life." It was due to his efforts that a council was convened, at which Girty made a long and eloquent speech to the Indians in their language. He entreated them to have consideration for his feelings in this one instance. He reminded them that three years of faithful service had proved his devotion to the cause of the Indians. "Did I not," said he, "bring seven scalps home from the last expedition? Did I not also submit seven white prisoners that same evening to your discretion? Did I express a wish that a single one should be saved? This is my first and shall be my last request. From what expedition did I ever shrink? What white man has even seen my back? Whose tomahawk has been bloodier than mine?" This council decided against him by an overwhelming majority but a later one at Upper Sandusky, through the skillful manipulation of Girty, consented to place Kenton under his care and protection. Girty took him to his own wigwam and clothed

him anew. For several weeks his kindness was uniform and indefatigable. As a result he was taken to Sandusky and thence to Detroit, from whence he made his escape in safety to Kentucky. Kenton ever afterwards spoke of Girty in grateful remembrance. Girty told Kenton that he had acted too hasty in deserting his country, and was sorry for the part he had taken. It is the only expression of regret that is recorded of the renegade.

For a number of years now, very little is mentioned concerning the life of this noted desperado. He remained among the Indians, however. His last expedition against the Americans had been in 1783, when he led a band of red men to Nine Mile River, within five miles of Pittsburg. Here it was he first learned that hostilities had ended, but he did not place credence in the rumor. He remained as an interpreter in the British Indian Department on half pay, practically a pensioner. His headquarters were at first at Detroit. This leisure gave him time to think of something else besides fighting, and he resolved to marry. The object of his affections was Catherine Malott, then a prisoner among the Indians, and much younger than himself. They were married in August, 1784, in Canada, near the mouth of the Detroit River, and here they took up their abode in the neighborhood of the present town of Amherstburg. His wife is said to have been a very comely maiden, and she probably married the renegade to escape from her position as prisoner among the Indians. At the time of her marriage she was not more than half the age of her husband. His daughter, Ann, was born in 1786, a son, Thomas, another daughter, Sarah, and a second son, Prideaux, the last one being born in 1797.

After Great Britain had acknowledged the independence of the Colonies, Simon Girty was one of the leading agents in keeping the savages loyal to the British. For the succeeding decade he stands out as a very prominent figure throughout not only Northwest Ohio, but practically the entire Northwestern territory. There is probably not a county in this section of our state where there is not some record of his activities. His harangues had potent influence with the savages. He no longer lived with the red men, but constantly visited them as British emissary. He played his part well. Of this we have the testimony of General Harmar himself. When Girty attended an Indian council at the foot of the Maumee Rapids, in 1788, he was received into the conference by the Indians as one of them. He was the mouthpiece of McKee who had established a store there.

The last time that James Girty joined in an expedition against his countrymen, so far as is known, was in 1782. The point where the portage at the head of the St. Marys began was an ideal place for the establishment of a trading post. It was then a small Indian village, but is now occupied by the city of St. Marys. Girty had married a Shawnee woman, known as Betsey by the whites. He established himself there in 1783 as a trader, and it soon became known as Girty's Town. For a number of years he enjoyed a practical monopoly of the Indian trade. He shipped his peltry down the St. Marys to the Maumee. At every report of the approach of the Americans, James became alarmed, and

on several occasions had his goods packed for immediate flight. Upon the approach of General Harmar, he moved to the confluence of the Maumee and Auglaize. Here he occupied a log cabin.

An incident is related of Oliver M. Spencer, who took dinner at Girty's home after being released from Indian captivity. While regaling himself Girty came in and saw the boy for the first time. The latter said to him: "So, my young Yankee, you're about to start for home?" The boy answered: "Yes, sir; I hope so." Taking his knife, he said (while sharpening it on a whetstone): "I see your ears are whole yet; but I'm greatly mistaken if you leave here without the Indian earmark, that we may know you when we catch you again." Spencer did not wait to prove whether Girty was in jest or in downright earnest, but leaving his meal half finished, he instantly sprang from the table, leaped out of the door, and in a few seconds took refuge in the house of a trader named Ironside.

When Wayne approached in 1794, James Girty packed up his goods and fled to Canada, but came back once more to again trade with the Indians along the Maumee. Trade was not so profitable as before, and he returned to Canada. His last trading place in Ohio was at Girty's Point, near Girty's Island. Like his brother Simon, he was also too old and infirm to participate in the War of 1812. He died on the 15th of April, 1817. He was thrifty and had accumulated considerable property. His wife died first, and two children survived him, James and Ann. He was temperate in his habits, but fully as cruel as his brothers. He would boast, so it is said, that no woman or child escaped his tomahawk, if he got within reach of the victim.

George Girty, after the battle of Blue Licks, in 1782, returned to the upper waters of the Mad River. It is known that he continued to reside with the Delawares, but gave himself so completely up to savage life that he practically lost his identity. He is heard of occasionally in Indian forays. He married a Delaware squaw, and had several children. During his latter years he was an habitual drunkard and died during a spree at the cabin of James, near Fort Wayne, but his family remained with the tribe.

When war broke out between the United States and the Indians in 1790, Simon Girty again fought with the Indians against the Americans. The last battle in which he was known to have been actually engaged was at the defeat of St. Clair, in Mercer County, where he fought most courageously. Here he captured a white woman. A Wyandot squaw demanded the prisoner, on the ground that custom gave all female prisoners to the squaws accompanying the braves. Over Girty's objection this was done, and he was furious. He was present at the grand council held in October, 1792, at the Auglaize. (Defiance.) McKee, Elliot, and other whites were also there, but Simon Girty was the only white man admitted to the deliberations. Well had he earned the confidence reposed in him. It was no doubt a proud moment in his life, and one upon which he afterwards reflected with pleasure. At Fallen Timbers Girty, Elliot, and McKee were all present, but they kept at a respectable distance near the river and did not take a part

in the fighting. All three made good their escape. After this he and McKee assisted in furnishing food to the Indians, whose crops had been destroyed by General Wayne. This event practically ended his wild career in the Ohio country. On only one other occasion, a few months later, did he appear as a British emissary among the Ohio Indians. Nevertheless his influence remained strong for a long time. He continued to visit Detroit occasionally. He happened to be there when the American troops approached, but fled precipitately to the opposite bank. He could not wait for the boat, but plunged his horse into the river and swam to the opposite shore. He never again crossed to the fort, except during the War of 1812, when the British troops again occupied it. For sixteen years he did not step foot on American soil.

In his later years Girty seems to have made an effort to command a degree of respect as a decent citizen. The British government granted him some land in the township of Malden, Essex County, Canada. He was abhorred by all his neighbors, however, for the depravity of his untamed and undisciplined nature was too apparent. After the birth of the last son, Simon and his wife separated because of his cruelty toward her when drunk. In the War of 1812 he was incapable of active service, because his sight had almost left him. He is said, however, to have rallied a band of Wyandots to the standard of Tecumseh. When the British army returned he followed it, leaving his family at home. When General Harrison invaded Canada, Girty fled beyond his reach, but his wife remained at the home and was unharmed. In 1816, after peace was concluded, he returned to his farm, where he died on the 18th of February, in the year 1818. He actually gave up liquor for a few months prior to his dissolution. He is said to have been very penitent, as the end drew nigh. He was buried on his farm. A squad of British soldiers attended the funeral, and fired a parting salute over his grave. His youngest son was on one occasion a candidate for parliament, but was defeated. He became a man of considerable influence, and finally moved to Ohio, where he died. All of his children lived and married. Thomas died before his father, but left three children. The widow of Simon survived him for many years, and did not die until 1852. All of her children enjoyed unsullied reputations.

One of the most interesting narratives of Indian captivity that has been handed down to us is one by Oliver M. Spencer. He was taken captive not far from Cincinnati, but most of his captivity was spent in the Maumee region in Ohio. While at Defiance, the old Indian priestess, Coo-coo-Cheeh, with whom he lived, took him to a neighboring Shawnee village called Snaketown, on the site of Napoleon. There he saw the celebrated chief, Blue Jacket, and Simon Girty, of whom he speaks as follows: "One of the visitors of Blue Jacket (the Snake) was a plain, grave chief of sage appearance; the other, Simon Girty, whether it was from prejudice, associating with his look the fact that he was a renegade, the murderer of his own countrymen, racking his diabolic invention to inflict new and more excruciating tortures, or not; his dark, shaggy hair, his low forehead, his brows contracted, and meeting above his short flat nose; his gray sunken eyes, averting the ingenuous gaze;

his lips thin and compressed, and the dark and sinister expression of his countenance, to me, seemed the very picture of a villain. He wore the Indian costume, but without any ornament; and his silk handkerchief while it supplied the place of a hat, hid an unsightly wound in his forehead. On each side, in his belt, was stuck a silver-mounted pistol, and at his left hung a short broad dirk, serving occasionally the uses of a knife. He made of me many inquiries; some about my family, and the particulars of my captivity; but more of the strength of the different garrisons; the number of American troops at Fort Washington, and whether the President intended to send another army against the Indians. He spoke of the wrongs he had received at the hands of his countrymen, and with fiendish exultation of the revenge he had taken. He boasted of his exploits, of the number of his victories, and of his personal prowess; then raising his handkerchief and exhibiting the deep wound in his forehead (which I was afterwards told was inflicted by the tomahawk of the celebrated Indian chief, Brandt, in a drunken frolic) said it was a sabre cut, which he received in battle at St. Clair's defeat; adding with an oath, that he had 'sent the d——d Yankee officer' that gave it 'to h——l'. He ended by telling me that I would never see home; but if I should turn out to be a good hunter and a brave warrior, I might one day be a chief. His presence and conversation having rendered my situation painful, I was not a little relieved when, a few hours after ending our visit, we returned to our quiet lodge on the bank of the Maumee."

Girty's one great fear was of capture by the Americans, and he always endeavored to ascertain from prisoners what might be in store for him should he be captured by them. It seemed as though the idea of falling into the hands of his countrymen was a terror to him.

"The last time I saw Girty," writes William Walker, "was in the summer of 1813. From my recollection of his person, he was in height five feet six or seven inches; broad across the chest; strong, round, compact limbs; and of fair complexion. To any one scrutinizing him, the conclusion would forcibly impress the observer, that Girty was endowed by nature with great powers of endurance." Spencer was not favorably impressed with his visage, and leaves us the following picture: "His dark shaggy hair, his low forehead; his brows contracted, and meeting above his short, flat nose; his gray sunken eyes, averting the ingenuous gaze; his lips thin and compressed; and the dark and sinister expression of his countenance;—to me seemed the very picture of a villain."

"No other country or age," says Butterfield, "ever produced, perhaps, so brutal, depraved, and wicked a wretch as Simon Girty. He was sagacious and brave; but his sagacity and bravery only made him a greater monster of cruelty. All of the vices of civilization seemed to center in him, and by him were ingrafted upon those of either. He moved about through the Indian country during the war of the Revolution and the Indian war which followed, a dark whirlwind of fury, desperation and barbarity. In the refinements of torture inflicted on helpless prisoners, as compared with the Indians, he 'out-heroded Herod.' In treachery

he stood unrivaled. There ever rankled in his bosom a most deadly hatred of his country. He seemed to revel in the very excess of malignity toward his old associates. So horrid was his wild ferocity and savageness, that the least relenting seemed to be acts of positive goodness—luminous sparks in the very blackness of darkness.”

Of Girty's bravery there is ample testimony. He became involved in a quarrel at one time with a Shawnee, caused by some misunderstanding in trade. While bandying hard words to each other the Indian by innuendo questioned his opponent's courage. Girty instantly produced a half-keg of powder, and snatching a firebrand, called upon the savage to stand by him. The latter, not deeming this a legitimate mode of settling disputes, hastily evacuated the premises.

The last picture that we have of Simon Girty is shortly before his death. “I went to Malden,” said Mr. Daniel, “and put up at a hotel kept by a Frenchman. I noticed in the bar-room a gray-headed and blind old man. The landlady, a woman of about thirty years of age, inquired of me: ‘Do you know who that is?’ On my replying ‘No,’ she replied, ‘it is Simon Girty.’ He had then been blind about four years.”

This ended the career of the last of the three notorious Girty brothers, the ablest of the three and the one who caused more suffering among the hardy pioneers than the other two together. A large part of his history belongs to us, but it is not a record of which we can be proud.

CHAPTER V

THE HARMAR AND ST. CLAIR CAMPAIGNS

Although the war with the mother country was practically ended by the Yorktown surrender in October, 1781, the Paris treaty was not officially signed until the 3d of September, 1783. About four months later Washington resigned his commission and retired to private life. The boundaries of the new republic were Florida on the south, the Mississippi River on the west and the middle of the Great Lakes on the north. "The federal republic is born a pygmy, but a day will come when it will be a giant, even a colossus," said the Spanish representative at the Paris negotiations. His statement has proved to be really prophetic.

East of the Alleghenies the war actually ended, but in the great trans-Allegheny country it continued in a desultory way for a dozen years. At times this conflict was most sanguinary. Great Britain had specifically promised to withdraw her troops from Detroit and the Maumee country, as well as her other posts, but she neglected and refused to comply. When demand was made of her commanders, refusal was made, claiming that possession was being retained to compel payment of the claims of loyalties against the colonies. The real purpose was undoubtedly to retain the loyalty of the savages in the hope that the new government might not prove lasting. It was true that some of the southerners had attempted to offset the value of slaves impressed into the British service against claims due from them.

The Indians were undoubtedly apprehensive of their future. The Quebec Act of 1774, with its provisions prohibiting white settlements within this region, had always been objected to. The new American government, with its hands occupied by many serious questions, was very reluctant to enter into a struggle with the Indians of the Northwest Territory of which Ohio was then a part. But the frontier was gradually advanced westward by venturesome backwoodsmen and the government was drawn in by the necessity of supporting them. There was no well developed plan. Many of the leaders were averse to spreading westward; they were as strong anti-expansionists as is our American today. They were quite content to permit the red men to rove the forests in peace. They did not covet the lands of the Indians. They endeavored to prevent settlers from encroaching upon them. But backwoodsmen are naturally aggressive. They revert in a sense to primeval conditions. Rough, masterful, aggressive, and even lawless, they feared not the red man nor were they intimidated by the wrath of the government. Once established in a location, they freely appealed to the government for help. Then it was that the men east of the Alleghenies, whose

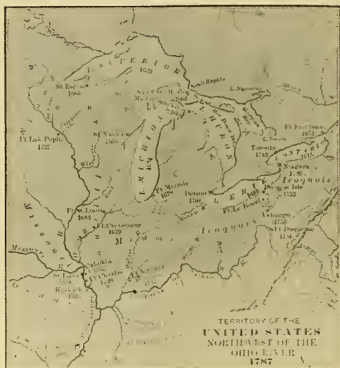
fathers or grandfathers had also been frontiersmen, rather grudgingly came to their help.

Small bands of Wyandots and Shawnees in particular continued to invade Kentucky and Western Pennsylvania with the loaded rifle and uplifted tomahawk. British emissaries, and especially the renegades heretofore mentioned, were the chief instigators of these war parties of savages. With all these provocations the American government still hesitated to make open war against the Indians of Ohio. Although the Northwestern Territory, "a vast empire larger than any country in Europe save Russia," had become the public domain of the confederated states, the aboriginal inhabitant, and the one actually in possession, had still to be dealt with. This must be done either by purchase or conquest. The Iroquois claim to these lands, which was disputed by the Ohio Indians, was extinguished by the treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1785. This treaty caused great dissatisfaction among the Ohio Indians, for they refused to acknowledge that the Six Nations could deed away the lands occupied by them. An American commissioner, by the name of Ephraim Douglas, was sent to the Indians residing in Ohio in 1783 to conclude treaties with them. Carrying a white flag of peace he passed some days with the Delawares on the Sandusky River, and then journeyed to the Wyandots, Ottawas and Miamis along the lower Maumee. This was in the month of June. From there he passed to Detroit, where he met representatives of many other tribes. Long talks were indulged in to convince them that the war was over. These Indians were perfectly willing to give their allegiance to whichever nation promised them the most presents, so it appeared. As the Americans at this time had not learned how to deal with these simple inhabitants of the forests, their allegiance was still retained by the British in most instances, and many lives were sacrificed as a consequence.

It now remained for the American government to make settlement with the Ohio tribes and this was what it was attempted to do in the council held at Fort McIntosh in January, 1785. By a treaty entered into between United States Commissioners and the chiefs and sachems of the Chippewa, Delaware, Ottawa, and Wyandot Indians at Fort McIntosh on the Ohio River below Pittsburg, the limits of their territory as agreed upon were the Maumee and Cuyahoga rivers, on the west and east respectively. Within this territory the Delawares, Wyandots, and Ottawas were to live and hunt at their heart's pleasure. They these exempt lands. "The Indians may punish him as they please," was the exact language of the treaty. On their part the Indians recognized all the lands west, south, and east of these lines as belonging to the United States, and "none of their tribes shall presume to settle upon the same or any part of it." Reservations were exempted by the United States as a tract six miles square at the mouth of the Maumee, for a military post. Three chiefs were to remain with the Americans as hostages until all American prisoners were surrendered by the savages. were authorized to shoot any person other than an Indian, whether a citizen of the United States or otherwise, who attempted to settle upon In a treaty made the following year at Fort Finney, at the mouth of

the Great Miami, the Shawnees appeared in their "war paint and feathers" and assumed a rather bellicose attitude. They finally recognized the sovereignty of the United States and accepted an allotment of lands between the Great Miami and the Wabash rivers. This treaty, as have others among the white races, proved to be merely a scrap of paper, for the Shawnees immediately disregarded it.

It was some time after the independence of the Colonies was achieved before a definite government was adopted for the Northwestern Territory. Army officers and discharged soldiers were clamoring for the lands which had been promised them. Thomas Jefferson evolved a scheme for the creation of the vast territory into a checkerboard arrangement of states, to which fanciful names were assigned. Our region narrowly escaped being a part of Metropotamia. Some of its neighbors would have been Cherronesus, Assenisipia, Illinoia, Pelisipia, Polypotamia, and Michigana. The ordinance was passed but never really went into effect,



for it was soon afterwards superseded by the famous Ordinance of 1787. The main factor in the passage of this measure was the famous Manasseh Cutler, representing the Ohio Company. This ordinance in its wise provisions ranks close to the Constitution, being preferred by the convention at the same time. The most marked and original feature in its provisions was the prohibition of slavery after the year 1800. On July 27, 1887, Congress passed the ordinance by which the Ohio Company was granted a million and a half acres, and a little more than twice as

much was set aside for private speculation, in which many of the most prominent personages of the day were involved. This was the Scioto Company. They paid two-thirds of a dollar an acre in specie or certificates of indebtedness of the government.

The Ohio Company was the first real attempt to settle Ohio, and this company had its full share of troubles. The lands granted were on the Ohio and Muskingum rivers. As Senator Hoar has said: "Never did the great Husbandman choose his seed more carefully than when he planted Ohio; I do not believe the same number of persons fitted for the highest duties and responsibilities of war and peace could ever have been found in a community of the same size as were among the men who founded Marietta in the spring of 1788, or who joined them within twelve months thereafter." Many of the settlers were college graduates, bearing classical degrees from Harvard and Yale. Arthur St. Clair was appointed the first governor of this new territory, and Winthrop Sargent was named as secretary. The ordinance required that the governor, to be appointed by Congress, must reside in the district and must be the owner of 1,000 acres of land. Governor St. Clair came of a distinguished Scotch family and had a distinguished career in the Revolution. He did not actively enter upon his duties until the summer of 1788.

The continued influx of white settlers and the creation of settlements was most displeasing to the tribesmen of the Ohio country. With unerring intuition the chiefs realized that this encroaching tide of whites meant the eventual displacement of the red men. The settlers lived in constant fear of their depredations because of the small number of soldiers stationed in the country. They numbered less than one-tenth of the warriors that could be assembled by the Ohio tribes. They paid scant adherence to the treaty obligations assented to by them. They watched the Ohio River with especial care, since most of the immigrants entered by that avenue. A great council of the tribes was held at Detroit in the summer of 1788 at which the Six Nations gathered with the western Indians to devise means for mutual defense. The tribes of the Maumee region were here represented, together with other Ohio tribes. But nothing seems to have been definitely determined at this gathering.

The American authorities were aroused by the threatening conditions and hastened to make new treaties with the Indians, the matter being left to the discretion of Governor St. Clair. Some two hundred delegates of the delegated tribes accepted invitations to assemble at Fort Harmar in the autumn of 1788, but it was not until January that the treaty was completed. Much complaint was made of the actions of the Thirteen Fires, as the Colonies were called, as to the ways in which the red men had been deceived and cheated. Among the chiefs signing the treaty were Dancing Feather, Wood Bug, Thrown-in-the-Water, Big Bale of a Kettle, Full Moon, Lone Tree, Falling Mountain and Tearing Asunder. It was signed by the Wyandots, Delawares, and Ottawas, among others. But they were not the head chiefs. The Shawnees and Miamis remained away. They were even at that time committing

depredations. A considerable sum of money was paid to the Indians as a consideration for certain concessions. It required only a few weeks, however, to demonstrate the insincerity and treachery of the Indians, for their maraudings began anew with the opening of another spring. Gen. Josiah Harmar, with a small body of troops, made a detour of the Scioto River, destroying the food supplies and huts of the hostile savages wherever they were found. Only four of the Indians, so he reported, were shot, as "wolves might as well have been pursued." Recourse was finally had to Antonine Gamelin, a French trader, who was highly esteemed by these aborigines. His long intercourse, honest dealing and good heart had given him universal popularity among the tribes. Much as they liked him, and always avowing their faith in him, the Indians passed him on from tribe to tribe, with no answer to the speech of invitation until he arrived on the Maumee among the Miamis. Here the chiefs were outspoken. "The Americans," they said, "send us nothing but speeches, and no two are alike. They intend to deceive us. Detroit was the place where the fire was lighted; there is where it ought first to be put out. The English commander is our father since he threw down our French Father; we can do nothing without his approbation." When Gamelin returned he reported the situation as hopeless. Other traders arriving brought the information that war parties were on the move. The ultimate results were three formidable campaigns against the Indians of the Maumee region. They thus become of intense interest to those residing in that section today.

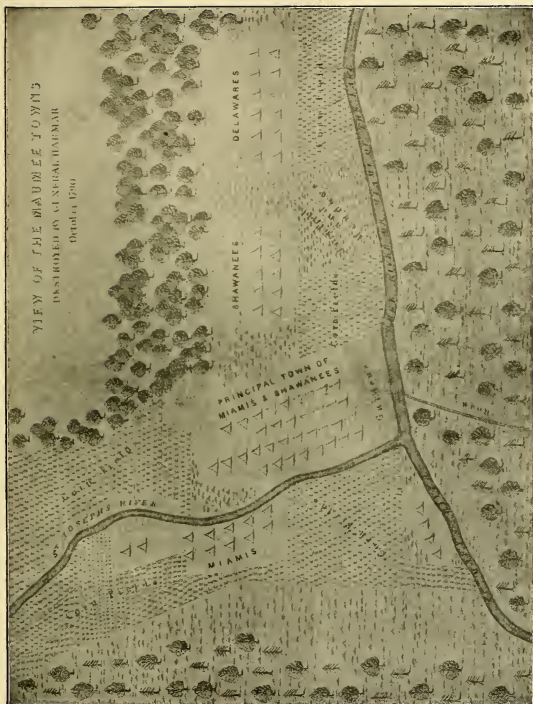
General Harmar reported to General St. Clair many raids and murders by the savages, and it was agreed between them, at a meeting held at Fort Washington, on July 11th, that Harmar should conduct an expedition against the Maumee towns, which were reported to be the headquarters of all the renegade Indians who were committing the depredations. Troops from Kentucky, New York, and from the back counties of Pennsylvania, were ordered to assemble at Fort Washington (now Cincinnati) on the 15th of September, 1790. The object of this expedition was not only to chastise the savages, but also to build one or more forts on the Maumee and to establish a connecting line of refuge posts for supplies, from which sorties could quickly be made to intercept the savages. Actuated by what might be termed by the "peace at any price" partisans, a commendable spirit, but which we now know was the sheerest folly and really suicidal, St. Clair forwarded word of this expedition to the British commander, to assure him that no hostile intentions were held towards Detroit "or any other place at present in the possession of the troops of his Britannic Majesty, but is on foot with the sole design of humbling and chastising some of the savage tribes, whose depredations have become intolerable and whose cruelties have of late become an outrage, not only on the people of America, but on humanity."

The army under General Harmar, who was the highest ranking officer in the army, marched northward from near Fort Washington on the 4th of October, 1790. It was composed of almost fifteen hundred soldiers, of whom about one-fifth were regulars, and included an artil-

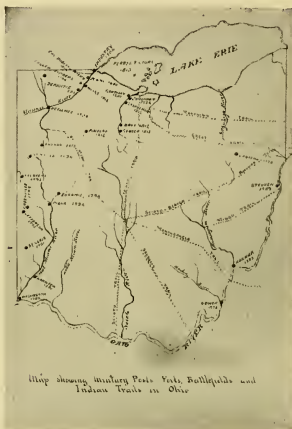
VIEW OF THE MIAMI TOWNS

DESTROYED BY GENERAL HARMAR

October 1790



lery company with three light brass cannon. The rest of his troops were volunteer infantry, many of whom were raw soldiers and unused to the gun or the woods, and some of them were indeed without guns that could be used. Between the "regulars" and the militia jealousy seemed to exist from the very start of the expedition. General Harmar was much disheartened, for at least half of them served no other purpose than to swell the number. They were poorly clad and almost destitute of camp equipment. Some of the men were too old and infirm for the contemplated duties. We have a detailed account of the march from day to day in Ebenezer Denny's Military Journal. It shows the



hardships endured from the muddy roads, marsh lands, and lack of provender for the horses. The troops averaged nearly ten miles a day. On the twelfth day, says Denny, "passed New Chillicothe, at which Girty's home, on Glaze Creek (Auglaize) or Branch of the Omea (Mau-mee) one hundred and twenty-five miles." On the 17th a scouting detachment encountered a body of Indians, and quite a number of the Americans were killed. This was the first serious incident of the campaign. The rout was due "to the scandalous behavior of the militia, many of whom never fired a shot, but ran off at the first noise of the Indians and left a few regulars to be sacrificed—some of them never halted until they crossed the Ohio."

The Harmar expedition eventually reached a place near the head waters of the Maumee, and not far from Fort Wayne, Indiana. A large village of the Indians was destroyed, and the army then proceeded on. "The chief village," says Denny, "contained about eighty houses and wigwams, and a vast quantity of corn and vegetables hid in various places, holed, etc." Other nearby towns comprised a hundred or more wigwams with gardens and adjacent fields of corn. On the representation by Colonel Hardin that he believed the town was again occupied by the aborigines, as soon as the army passed on, a detachment of "four hundred choice militia and regulars" was sent back on the night of the 21st. They encountered the Indians in strong force and, owing to the unreliability of the militia, were overwhelmingly defeated. General Harmar then lost all confidence in his troops and started for Fort Washington, which fortress they reached about ten days later. Of his troops one hundred and eighty-three had been killed and thirty-one wounded. The loss of the savages must have been severe for they did not annoy the expedition on its retreat. One of the officers wrote that "a regular soldier on the retreat near the St. Joseph's River, being surrounded and in the midst of the Indians, put his bayonet through six Indians, knocked down the seventh, and the soldier himself made the eighth dead man in the heap." The numbers of the savages were so great, however, that "while the poor soldier had his bayonet in one Indian, two more would sink their tomahawk in his head." The Indians were led by Chief Little Turtle, of whom much will be heard now. It was indeed a sad march for General Harmar back to Fort Washington.

So severe was the adverse criticism of the conduct of this expedition by its commander that President Washington appointed a board of officers to act as a Court of Inquiry. Although the verdict of this court was an acquittal, the incident proved to be General Harmar's undoing. The real causes of the disaster probably were the incompetence of some of the officers and bickerings among others which caused distrust and disorder, and the general lack of discipline among the militia. As a result of this disaster General Harmar resigned his commission, but afterwards rendered good service as Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania in furnishing troops for General Wayne's campaign.

Another natural result of this defeat was an increase of anxiety and dread among the frontier settlers. They feared the over pacific policy of sending embassies to placate the savages, instead of strong military expeditions to crush them if they would not yield. The savages greatly rejoiced that they had been able to administer such a decisive defeat upon trained troops. They became bolder in their operations in the Maumee as well as in other parts of the Northwestern Territory. The year 1791 was ushered in with a sanguinary beginning. A horrible massacre was perpetrated by the Indians along the Muskingum at Big Bottom settlement. The frontiersmen again appealed for protection. The headwaters of the Maumee (Fort Wayne) had for several years appealed to Washington as the site for a fort to protect the surrounding country. This splendid location had been the chief seat of the Miami nation almost from time immemorial. It now became the paramount

purpose to build a fort here and a chain of fortified posts between there and Fort Washington. In pursuance of this object St. Clair appointed a major general and received some general instructions as to what was expected from the new expedition of which he was placed in charge. From the government standpoint the expedition was not necessarily hostile, so that the pipe of peace was carried along in the same wagon as the grape and canister. And yet it was intended to be irresistible. In taking leave of his old military comrade, President Washington wished him success and honor and added this solemn warning:

"You have your instructions from the secretary of war, I had a strict eye to them and will add but one word,—Beware of a surprise! You know how the Indians fight. I repeat it *Beware of a surprise.*"

Many delays happened to St. Clair before his army and supplies were assembled for the advance. He had planned to advance on the 17th of September, 1791. The army, as finally assembled, was about equal to that under General Harmar. This army of 2,300 "effectives," as they were called, was fairly well provisioned, and had some courageous officers; but it was sadly deficient in arms and the necessary accoutrements. In its personnel it was almost as poor as that of Harmar. Fort Hamilton was established near the site of the present city of that name. Fort Jefferson was created in Darke County, about six miles south of Greenville.

Cutting its way through the forests and building bridges over streams, the army advanced slowly, making not more than five or six miles a day. Although signs of Indians were frequently encountered, the army was not properly safeguarded against surprise in a country of such dense forests. St. Clair did not seem to realize the extreme danger of his position so far in the enemy country. By the time the footsore and bedraggled army reached the eastern fork of the Wabash about a mile and a half east of the Ohio-Indiana line, in Mercer County, it had dwindled to about 1,400 men. Here the army camped on the night before the battle, while "all around the wintry woods lay a frozen silence". Signs of Indians were now unmistakable. During the night there was picket firing at intervals, and the sentinels reported considerable bodies of the aborigines skulking about the front and both flanks. To the officers this was a matter of great concern, and scouting parties were sent out in the early morning. A light fall of snow lay upon the ground. The army lay in two lines, seventy yards apart, with four pieces of cannon in the center of each. Across the small stream, probably twenty yards wide, a band of 300 or 400 militia were encamped. These men met the first brunt of the battle.

There was no time for the terror-stricken soldiers to properly form to meet the impending onslaught of the savages, who quickly encircled the entire camp of the Americans. Protected by logs and trees, they crowded closer and closer. The heavy firing and the blood-curdling whoops and yells of the painted enemy threw the militia into hopeless disorder. They broke and fled in panic to the body of regulars, thus spreading confusion and dismay everywhere. The drum beat the call to arms at the first shots, and the volleys brought many casualties among



GEN. ARTHUR ST. CLAIR

the Indians, but their onward rush soon surrounded the entire camp and the outlying guards and pickets were driven in. Only now and then could fearful figures, painted in red and black, with feathers braided in their long scalp-locks, be distinguished through the smoke. "They shot the troops down as hunters slaughter a herd of standing buffalo." Instead of being frightened by the thunder of the artillery, the Indians made the gunmen special objects of their attacks. Man after man was picked off until the artillery was silenced. The Indians then rushed forward and seized the guns. It is doubtful if there ever was a wilder rout. As soon as the men realized that there was some hope of safety in flight, they broke into a wild stampede. Intermixed with the soldiers were the few camp followers, and the women who had accompanied the expedition. Neither the commands of the officers nor their brave example seemed to have the slightest effect.

From a report made by Ebenezer Denny, who was adjutant to General St. Clair, I quote as follows: "The troops paraded this morning (4 November, 1791) at the usual time, and had been dismissed from the lines but a few minutes, the sun not yet up, when the woods in front rung with the yells and fire of the savages. The poor militia, who were but three hundred yards in front, had scarcely time to return a shot—they fled into our camp. The troops were under arms in an instant, and a smart fire from the front line met the enemy. It was but a few minutes, however, until the men were engaged in every quarter. The enemy from the front filed off to the right and left, and completely surrounded the camp, killed and cut off nearly all the guards and approached close to the lines. They advanced from one tree, log, or stump to another, under cover of the smoke of our fire. The artillery and musketry made a tremendous noise, but did little execution. The Aborigines seemed to brave everything.

"As our lines were deserted the Aborigines contracted theirs until their shot centered from all points and now meeting with little opposition, took more deliberate aim and did great execution. Exposed to a cross fire, men and officers were seen falling in every direction; the distress, too, of the wounded made the scene such as can scarcely be conceived—a few minutes longer, and a retreat would have been impossible—the only hope left was, that perhaps the savages would be so taken up with the camp as not to follow. Delay was death; no preparation could be made; numbers of brave men must be left a sacrifice, there was no alternative. It was past nine o'clock when repeated orders were given to charge toward the road. The action had continued between two and three hours. Both officers and men seemed confounded, incapable of doing anything; they could not move until it was told that a retreat was intended.

"During the last charge of Colonel Darke," says Major Fowler, "the bodies of the freshly scalped heads were reeking with smoke, and in the heavy morning frost looked like so many pumpkins through a cornfield in December." It is no wonder that green troops, unused to scenes of carnage, became panicky before such horrible sights.

General St. Clair behaved gallantly through the dreadful scene. He was so tortured with gout that he could not mount a horse without assistance. From beneath a three-cornered cocked hat, his long white locks were seen streaming in the air as he rode up and down the line during the battle. He had three horses shot from under him, and it is said that eight balls passed through his clothes, and one clipped his gray hair. He finally mounted a pack horse and upon this slow animal, which could hardly be urged into a trot, joined the army in the retreat which became almost a rout.

Guns and accoutrement were thrown away by hundreds in their frantic haste. For miles the march was strewn with fire-locks, cart-ridge-boxes, and regimentals. The retreat proved to be a disgraceful flight. Fortunate indeed was it that the victorious savage followed them only a few miles and then returned to enjoy the spoils of the battlefield. This was rich, indeed, for they secured great quantities of tents, guns, axes, clothing, blankets, and powder, and large numbers of horses—the very thing that the savages prized highest. "A single aborigine," wrote Denny, "might have followed with safety on either flank. Such a panic had seized the men that I believe it would not have been possible to have brought any of them to engage again." The number of savages actually engaged and their losses has never been learned. Simon Girty is said to have told a prisoner that there were 1,200 in the attack. Good authorities place the number at 2,000. Little Turtle was again the acknowledged leader and Blue Jacket was next in authority. It is quite likely that Tecumseh was also an active participant. The principal tribes engaged were Delawares, Shawnees, Wyandots, Miamis and Ottawas, with a few Chippewas and Pottawatomies.

"Oh!" said an old squaw many years afterwards, "my arm that night was weary scalping white men."

There were many individual instances of heroism and marvelous escapes. None were more thrilling than those of William Kennan, a young man of eighteen. Becoming separated from his party, he saw a band of Indians near him. McClung, in his "Sketches of Western Adventures" says:

"Not a moment to be lost. He darted off with every muscle strained to its utmost, and was pursued by a dozen of the enemy with loud yells. He at first pressed straight forward to the usual fording-place in the creek, which ran between the rangers and the main army; but several Indians who had passed him before he rose from the grass threw themselves in the way and completely cut him off from the rest. By the most powerful exertions he had thrown the whole body of pursuers behind him, with the exception of one chief who displayed a swiftness and perseverance equal to his own. In the circuit which Kennan was obliged to take the race continued for more than 400 yards. The distance between them was about eighteen feet, which Kennan could not increase nor his adversary diminish. Each for the time put his whole soul into the race.

"Kennan as far as he was able, kept his eye upon the motions of his pursuer, lest he should throw the tomahawk, which he held aloft in

a menacing attitude. * * * As he slackened his pace for a moment the Indian was almost in reach of him when he recommenced the race; but the idea of being without arms lent wings to his feet, and for the first time he saw himself gaining ground. He had watched the motions of his pursuer too intensely, however, to pay proper attention to the nature of the ground before him, and he suddenly found himself in front of a large tree which had been blown down, and upon which brush and other impediments lay to the height of eight or nine feet.

"The Indian (who heretofore had not uttered the slightest sound) now gave a short, quick yell, as if secure of his victim. Kennan had not a moment to deliberate. He must clear the impediment at a leap or perish. Putting his whole soul into the effort he bounded into the air with a power which astonished himself, and clearing limbs, brush and everything else, alighted in perfect safety upon the other side. A loud yell of astonishment burst from the band of pursuers, not one of whom had the hardihood to attempt the same feat. Kennan, as may be readily imagined, had no leisure to enjoy his triumph, but dashing into the bed of the creek (upon the banks of which his feat had been performed), where the high banks would shield him from the fire of an enemy, he ran up the stream until a convenient place offered for crossing, and rejoined the rangers in the rear of the encampment, panting from the fatigue of exertions, which have seldom been surpassed. No breathing time was allowed him, however. The attack instantly commenced, and, as we have already observed, was maintained for three hours with unabated fury."

The prediction of General Harmar before the army set out on the campaign that defeat would follow was founded upon his own experience and particular knowledge. He saw the poor material that the bulk of the army was composed of. They were men collected from the streets and prisons of the cities, who were hurried out into the enemy's country. The officers commanding them were totally unacquainted with the business in which they were engaged, so that it was utterly impossible that they could win against a wily foe. Besides, not any one department was sufficiently prepared; both the quartermaster and the contractors were extremely deficient. It was a matter of astonishment to General Harmar that the commanding general St. Clair, who was acknowledged to be a perfectly competent military officer, should think of hazarding with such people and under such circumstance his reputation and life, and the lives of so many others, knowing as he did the enemy with whom he was going to contest.

In this overwhelming defeat General St. Clair's army lost 593 privates killed and missing; thirty-nine officers were killed, and the artillery and supplies, consisting of clothing, tents, several hundred horses, beef cattle, etc., together with muskets and other equipment, were thrown away and gathered up by the savages. It was a greater loss than that incurred by Washington in any battle of the Revolution, even if the numbers do seem insignificant when compared with the terrible sacrifices during some of the prolonged battles of the Great war. The casualties exceeded half of the forces actually engaged. Many women were

along, which would look as though no serious opposition had been expected. The cause of the disaster is variously stated, but its completeness is the one overwhelming and undisputed fact that stands out clearly on the page of history. The war department had been negligent in sending supplies, and it had become necessary to detach one regiment, the real flower of the army, to bring up provisions and military stores. It was during its absence that the conflict occurred. Mistakes had also been made in the labeling of boxes. A box marked "flints" was found to contain gun-locks. A keg of powder, marked "for the infantry" was cannon powder so damaged that it could be scarcely ignited. The army was on practically half rations during the entire campaign. The undisciplined character of the soldiers and the inexperience of the officers in border warfare undoubtedly had a great deal to do with it. The one glaring fault that might be charged to the commanding general was that he failed to keep scouting parties ahead in order to prevent the ambush against which he had been warned by his commander-in-chief.

It was toward the close of a winter's day in December that an officer in uniform was seen to dismount in front of the President's house, in Philadelphia. Handing the bridle to his servant, he knocked at the door of the mansion. Learning from the porter that the President was dining he said that he was on public business, having dispatches which he could deliver only to the commander-in-chief. A servant was sent into the dining-room to give the information to Tobias Lear, the President's private secretary, who left the table and went into the hall where the officer repeated what he had said. Mr. Lear replied that, as the President's secretary, he would take charge of the dispatches and deliver them at the proper time. The officer made answer that he had just arrived from the western army, and his orders were explicit to deliver them with all promptitude, and to the President in person; but that he would await his directions. Mr. Lear returned, and in a whisper imparted to the President what had passed. General Washington rose from the table and went to the officer. He was back in a short time, made a word of apology for his absence, but no allusion to the cause of it.

General Washington's hours were early, and by 10 o'clock all the company had gone. Mrs. Washington left the room, soon afterwards, the President and his secretary remaining. The nation's chief now paced the room in hurried strides and without speaking for several minutes. Then he sat down on the sofa by the fire, telling his secretary to sit down. He rose again, and, as he walked backward and forward, Mr. Lear saw that a storm was gathering. In the agony of his emotion, he struck his clenched hands with fearful force against his forehead, and, in a paroxysm of anguish, exclaimed:

"It's all over! St. Clair's defeated—routed; the officers nearly all killed—the men by wholesale—that brave army cut to pieces—the rout complete! too shocking to think of—and a surprise in the bargain!"

Washington's agitation was indeed intense. After uttering some more expressions of his disappointment, he became calmer. Then he said in a tone quite low:

"General St. Clair shall have justice. I looked hastily through the dispatches—saw the whole disaster, but not all the particulars. I will hear him without prejudice, he shall have fully justice; yet, long, faithful, and meritorious services have their claims." And absolute justice was accorded him. One of the strongest records in St. Clair's favor is the fact that he retained the undiminished esteem and good opinion of President Washington. The popular clamor was tremendous and General St. Clair demanded a court of inquiry. This request was complied with, and the court exonerated him of all blame. He followed the example set by General Harmar and resigned his commission.

About a year later General Wilkinson visited this battlefield, with his command. They found scattered along the way the remains of many Americans, who had been pursued and killed by the savages, or who had perished of their wounds while endeavoring to escape. The field was thickly strewn with remains showing the horrible mutilations by the bloodthirsty savages. Limbs were separated from bodies and the flesh had been stripped from many bones, but it was impossible to tell whether this had been the work of wolves or the Indians. It was at this time that Fort Recovery was erected upon the site of the disaster. The defeat was indeed a staggering blow to the new government at the head of which was the "Father of his Country."

CHAPTER VI

THE CAMPAIGN OF "MAD ANTHONY" WAYNE

The Maumee Valley is justly entitled to the appellation of "The Bloody Ground." It has possibly been the theater of a greater number of sanguinary battles and has caused the expenditure of more treasure than any equal extent of territory in the United States. It was in this region that the Iroquois won their most complete victories over the Miamis and other Ohio tribes which caused them to claim sovereignty over the Ohio country. The Indian conspiracy of Pontiac, with its bloody accompaniments together with the decisive defeats of Generals Harmar and St. Clair have heretofore been described. Other decisive engagements will follow in the course of the history.

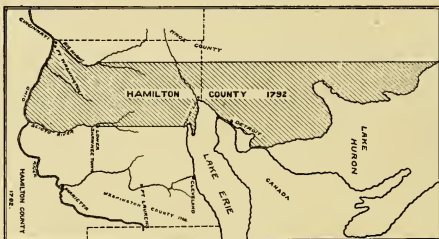
As a matter of fact the Revolutionary war had never ceased in this western country. There had not been a single year of absolute peace. The Indians continued their hostilities against the Americans, aided and abetted by the British authorities. Detroit had been retained. The Maumee basin had remained under their control through the influence exerted with the powerful Indian tribes residing along its banks and those of its affluents. It remained for "Mad Anthony" with his army of impetuous soldiers to break the power of the Indian confederacy at Fallen Timbers. The Revolutionary war which began in New England had its ending along the Maumee River. Hence it is that this epochal campaign deserves extended mention. By it peace was secured from savage raids which lasted for seventeen years, or until the outbreak of the conspiracy formed by Tecumseh and his brother, The Prophet.

Me-au-me was the way the French explorers understood the Indians of the Maumee basin to pronounce the name of their tribe. Hence it was that the French recorded the name as Miami. On account of this tribe having a village by the upper waters of this river, the French referred to it as the River of the Miamis. As the same name had been bestowed upon a river emptying into the Ohio River, this northern Miami became familiarly known as the Miami of the Lake. The peculiar and rapid pronunciation of the three syllables as Me-au-me led the English settlers who located in this basin to pronounce it in two syllables, and so it was that the name finally fixed as Maumee. It is also occasionally referred to or written as Omi or Omee, which was evidently another misspelling of the French designation. No definite Indian name of the great river has descended to us, although the Shawnees sometimes referred to it as Ottawa Sepe, and the Wyandots referred to it as Was-o-hah-con-die.

That the civil authorities of the newly-organized Northwestern Territory had no intention of yielding this splendid region to the red men

is shown by the establishment of Hamilton County in February, 1792, by Governor St. Clair. It included the greater part of Northwestern Ohio and its boundaries extended northward to Lake Huron. Its authority was only nominal, however, for the red men were in actual possession.

Closely following the rout of St. Clair, the Maumee Valley was the theater of many tragic occurrences. Previous to the defeat of General Harmar's army, the savages did not court peace; much less were they inclined to welcome the overtures made to them for peace after that disaster and the equally serious repulse of St. Clair. They rallied all the available warriors of the neighboring tribes—the Miamis under Little Turtle, the Delawares under Buckongehelas, the Shawnees under Blue Jacket, and bands of Wyandots, Ottawas, Pottawatomies, Kickapoos, and other small and insignificant tribes. The great number of scalps and



other rich booty secured filled their savage breasts with the greatest joy, and everything seemed ominous of final victory in driving the hated Americans from this bountiful country. As a local poet expressed it:

"Mustered strong, the Kas-kas-kies,
Wyandots and the Miamis,
Also the Pottawatomies,
The Delawares and Chippewas,
The Kickapoos and Ottawas,
The Shawnees and many strays,
From almost every Indian nation,
Had joined the fearless congregation,
Who after St. Clair's dread defeat,
Returned to this secure retreat."

As almost daily reports of savage outrages reached the national capital, General Washington and his advisors decided that another campaign must be undertaken against the Maumee region. Unusual care

was taken in the selection of a commander and the choice finally fell upon Gen. Anthony Wayne, the hero of Stony Point. It was this dare-devil exploit which had fixed upon him the sobriquet of "Mad Anthony." He had a reputation for hard fighting, dogged courage and daring energy hard to equal. His head was always cool in an emergency. It was also decided that the men under his command should receive a training and discipline according to the difficulty and peculiarity of the service which they were called upon to undertake. The wisdom shown in the choice of commanders quickly became apparent.

General Wayne started to organize his legion in Pittsburg in the summer of 1792. Here he gathered together a motley crowd, mostly adventurers from the larger eastern towns and cities. He was compelled to take whatever human material he could secure. As Pittsburg was but a frontier post, infested with the usual evils attendant on such places, and as he did not have the power of creating a prohibition zone, he soon found that whisky and military discipline did not mix. Hence it was that he removed his troops down the river on flat boats about twenty miles, and here in the open country he established a camp which afterwards became known as Legionville. This was the first training camp ever undertaken by our Federal Government, and it became the precursor of the many training camps established by the United States during the Great war. Here the men were put through a thorough school of military training such as might be adapted to frontier fighting. On this spot also Wayne raised the first flag of the United States with its thirteen stars and stripes.

At Legionville they encamped until the following spring, when they floated down the Ohio River and landed at Hobson's Choice, a point not far from Cincinnati. This was so named "because it was the only ground which was in any degree calculated for the purpose." Here they remained several months before permission was granted to proceed farther north. During all these months Wayne drilled both officers and men with unceasing patience. It is interesting to read the log of this army in its march through the rich Miami Valley, now studded with thriving cities and prosperous villages. There were no roads, not even paths, and the only landmarks to indicate their journey were such places as "Five-mile Spring," "Seventeen-mile Tree," "Twenty-nine Mile Tree," etc. At length they reached Fort Jefferson.

In April of this year (1793) General Wilkinson sent two messengers with a peace message to the Miamis of the Maumee, and two other messengers were dispatched on a like mission to points farther north. Not one of these four, all of whom were men of note, returned to civilization, and all of them suffered violent deaths. Councils were held with the Indians in 1792 and 1793, at Sandusky, Miami of the Lake, and the Auglaize. Lengthy debates were indulged in, as well as elaborate ceremonies. British, Americans, and Indians all took part. The raidings of the savages upon the unprotected settlements continued unabated. The Shawnees were especially implacable toward the Americans. Finally William May started out from Fort Hamilton to treat with the Miamis of the Maumee. As was expected, he was captured by the Indians, but,

instead of being killed, he was sold as a slave to the British. After serving them for several months in the transportation service between Detroit and the lowest Maumee rapids, where Alexander McKee maintained a large supply house for firearms and ammunition, he finally succeeded in escaping and made a report to General Wayne at Pittsburg.

From the sworn testimony of Mr. May, it was learned that there had gathered in the summer of 1792 by the Maumee River, at the mouth of the Auglaize, which was then the headquarters of neighboring tribes, more than 3,000 warriors of many nations, all of whom were fed with rations supplied by the British from Detroit. These had been seen by May himself, and he reported that others were arriving daily. This is said to have been the largest council of the aborigines ever held in America.

"Up and down the great Maumee,
The Miami of the Lake,
O'er the prairie, through the forest,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and the Miamis,
Came the Ottawas and the Hurons,
Came the Senecas and Shawnees,
Came the Iroquois and Chippewas,
Came the savage Pottawatomies,
All the warriors drawn together
By the wampum for a council
At the meeting of the waters,
Of the Maumee and the Auglaize,
With their weapons and their war-gear
Painted like the leaves of autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning."

To the British who looked upon the scene with anxious eyes from their post at Detroit, it seemed as though the fruition of their hopes and schemes was about to come. The only friends of the American were Corn Planter and forty-eight other chiefs of the Six Nations. All of the Ohio tribes were present in numbers and there were representatives assembled from nations so distant that "it took them a whole season to come; and twenty-seven nations from beyond Canada." This is according to the report of Corn Planter to General Wayne.

A like council was called for the following year—1793—at the foot of the Maumee Rapids. Runners had been sent to the most remote tribes summoning them to this council. President Washington decided to have representatives present and appointed Gen. Benjamin Lincoln of Massachusetts, Beverly Randolph of Virginia and Timothy Pickering of Pennsylvania as his representatives. They proceeded to Fort Niagara and from there embarked on a British sloop and were taken to Detroit, where they remained for several weeks. At this time the great council was in progress at the foot of the Maumee Rapids, but these commis-



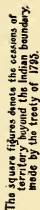
"MAD ANTHONY" WAYNE

sioners were not allowed to attend it. In its place, a deputation of some twenty Indians, with the notorious Simon Girty as interpreter, proceeded to Detroit to see them. They presented a brief written communication from the council, of which the most important part was this: "If you seriously design to make a firm and lasting peace, you will immediately remove all your people from our side of the river" (the Ohio). This was undoubtedly directly instigated by the British agents. The commissioners had received reliable information that all of the tribes represented at this council, with the exception of the Shawnees, Wyandots, Miamis, and Delawares, were favorable to peace, and that many others were chafing at the long delays. Owing to these commissioners not being able to visit the council, and probably to unfaithful translations by the interpreter, which was not an uncommon occurrence, they were unable to make any progress. They, therefore, presented a long statement in defense of the American settlements on the ground that they were absolutely justified by previous treaties with the aborigines. As the British still refused to allow the commissioners to proceed to the Maumee, they announced that negotiations were at an end and returned to Fort Erie. They then reported to General Wayne.

It became the firm conviction of General Wayne that it was useless to make any further delay in his proposed expedition. Although his forces were not so numerous as he expected, he decided to advance, and so left Fort Jefferson. The first blood was shed near Fort St. Clair, south of Hamilton, where a detachment was attacked and a number of men killed. The savages also carried off about seventy horses. This demonstrated to Wayne that his advance was likely to be contested step by step. A little later he established Fort Greenville, on the present site of the town of that name, which he named in honor of his friend of the Revolutionary war, Gen. Nathaniel Green. This encampment was about fifty acres in extent, was fortified, and a part of the army passed the winter at the stockade. The fixed determination of this man, known as "Mad Anthony," is shown by a report in which he says: "The safety of the Western frontiers, the reputation of the legion, the dignity and interest of the nation, all forbid a retrograde manoeuvre, or giving up one inch of ground we now possess, until the enemy are compelled to sue for peace." Regular drill and teaching of the devices known to backwoods warfare were continued during the entire winter. A detachment under Maj. Henry Burbeck was dispatched to the battlefield of General St. Clair's defeat and instructed to erect a fortification there. They reached the site of this tragedy on Christmas Day, 1793. The stockade enclosure with blockhouse erected by them was given the name of Fort Recovery. A reward was offered for every human skull discovered, and several hundred were thus gathered together and interred.

The Indians watched with apprehension the steady advance of the troops of General Wayne toward their retreat hitherto so secure. The building of the various stockades were reported to them promptly by their watchful observers. The chiefs kept in close communication with the British officials at Detroit and with McKee, who was in charge of a trading post and supply station at the rapids near the present village

The army consisted of a legion of regular troops & a detachment of Kentucky Militia, in all about 3000.



GENERAL WAYNE'S ROUTE ALONG THE MAUMEE

of Maumee. The British were gradually changing from passive to active hostility. They told the Indians that the peace with the United States was only a temporary truce, and at its expiration "their great fathers would unite with them in the war, and drive the long knives (as they called the Americans) from the lands they had so unjustly usurped from his red children."

On April 17th we read as follows in a communication from Detroit: "We have lately had a visit from Governor Simcoe; he came from Niagara through the woods. * * * He has gone to the foot of the (Maumee) rapids and three companies of Colonel England's regiment have followed him to assist in building a fort there." This fort was a veritable stronghold, and it was named Fort Miami. One official wrote that this fort "put all the Indians here in great spirits" to resist the Americans. It was situated on the left bank of the Maumee River, within the limits of the present village of Maumee, which was a long advance into United States territory. He reported with the greatest pleasure the rapid growth of the warlike spirit among the redskins. "This step," referring to Fort Miami, said he, "has given great spirit to the Indians and impressed them with a hope of our ultimately acting with them and affording a security for their families, should the enemy penetrate to their villages." Guns, gun-locks, flints, and the other necessities of warfare of the best design were freely supplied through this post. McKee's agency house was one mile and a half above this fort and near the foot of the lowest rapids. Fort Miami received regular reports of the advance of General Wayne's command, and the fort was strengthened and further garrisoned to meet the anticipated conflict. The Indians reported that the army marched twice as far in a day as St. Clair's, that his troops marched in open order ready for battle, and that the greatest precaution was exercised at night by breastwork of fallen trees, etc., to guard against ambush and surprise.

On July 7, 1794, General Wayne reported that a few days previously one of his escorts had been attacked by a numerous body of the aborigines under the walls of Fort Recovery, which was followed by a general assault upon that fort and garrison. The enemy was soon repulsed with great slaughter, but immediately rallied and continued the siege for several days, keeping up a very heavy and constant fire at a respectable distance. They were ultimately compelled to retreat, however, at a considerable loss, and the Upper Lake Indians were so disheartened that they began to return home. The American loss was twenty-two killed, thirty wounded, and three missing. The loss of horses was very large, for the savages were very anxious to gain mounts. It was apparent that the Indians were reinforced by a considerable number of the British; likewise they were armed and equipped with the very latest style of firearms, and seemed to be provided with an abundance of ammunition. "There was a considerable number of armed white men in the rear," said General Wayne in his dispatch, "whom they frequently heard talk in our language, and encouraging the savages to persevere in the assault; their faces generally blacked."

It seems as though the attack upon Fort Recovery was not a part of the British and Indian program. The trader McKee wrote to Detroit as follows:

("Maumee) Rapids, July 5, 1794.

"Sir:—I send this by a party of Saganas (Saginaws) who returned yesterday from Fort Recovery where the whole body of Aborigines, except the Delawares who had gone another route, imprudently attacked the fort on Monday, the 30th of last month, and lost 16 or 17 men besides a good many wounded.

"Everything had been settled prior to their leaving the fallen timber, and it had been agreed upon to confine themselves to take convoys and attacking at a distance from the forts, if they should have the address to entice the enemy out; but the impetuosity of the Mackinac Aborigines and their eagerness to begin with the nearest, prevailed with the others to alter their system, the consequences of which from the present appearance of things may most materially injure the interests of these people. * * *

"The immediate object of the attack was three hundred pack horses going from this fort to Fort Greenville, in which the Aborigines completely succeeded, taking and killing all of them. Captain Elliott writes that they are immediately to hold a council at the Glaize in order to try if they can prevail upon the Lake Aborigines to remain; but without provisions, ammunitions, &c, being sent to that place, I conceive it will be extremely difficult to keep them together.

"With great respect, I have the honor to be

"Your obedient and humble servant,

"A. McKEE."

On August 13th, McKee again wrote: "A scouting party from the Americans carried off a man and a woman yesterday morning between this place and Roche de Bout. * * * They killed a Delaware woman. Scouts were sent up to view the situation of the army; and we now muster 1,000 Indians."

In the spring General Wayne's forces were increased by about 1,600 Kentucky cavalymen, until the total number of troops under his immediate command exceeded 3,000. General Wayne and every man under him keenly realized that this was to be a momentous campaign. If this third army was defeated, the entire country within the boundaries of the Alleghenies, the Ohio, and the Mississippi would be completely dominated by the British, and absolutely lost to the Americans. These men were not knights in burnished steel on prancing steeds, they were not even regularly trained troops, but they were determined men who were sturdy and weather-beaten. Most of them wore the individual costume of the border. They may not have been drilled in the art of scientific warfare, as practiced in Europe, but in physical power and patient endurance they were absolutely unsurpassed in any country. The army broke camp at Fort Greenville, on July 28, 1794, and proceeded by the way of Fort Recovery. The route led through what was long known as the Black Swamp country. It was indeed a tedious progress, for roads had to be cut, swampy places made passable by throwing in brush and timber, and

streams bridged with logs. He halted at Girty's Town long enough to build Fort Adams. Lieutenant Boyer has left us a detailed account of this expedition, which is most interesting reading. While marching through this country, so inhospitable for an army, we find the following entry:

"The weather still warm—no water except in ponds, which nothing but excessive thirst would induce us to drink. The mosquitos are very troublesome, and larger than I ever saw. We are informed there is no water for twelve miles." "Camp St. Mary River, August 2nd, 1794. An accident took place this day by a tree falling on the Commander-in-Chief and nearly putting an end to his existence; we expected to be detained here for some time in consequence of it, but fortunately he is not so much hurt as to prevent him from riding at a slow pace. No appearance of the enemy today, and think they are preparing for a warm attack. The weather very hot and dry, without any appearance of rain."

"Camp Grand Oglaze, 8th August, 1794. Proceeded in our march to this place at five o'clock this morning, and arrived here at the confluence of the Miami and Oglaze Rivers at half past ten, being seventy-seven miles from Fort Recovery. This place far excels in beauty any in the western country, and believes equalled by none in the Atlantic States. Here are vegetables of every kind in abundance, and we have marched four or five miles in corn fields down the Oglaze and there are not less than one thousand acres of corn round the town. The land is generally of the fir nature.

"This country appears well adapted for the enjoyment of industrious people, who cannot avoid living in as great luxury as in any other place throughout the states. Nature having lent a most bountiful hand in the arrangement of the position, that a man can send the produce to market in his own boat. The land level and river navigable, no more than sixty miles from the lake."

Wayne had planned to surprise the enemy at the junction of the Auglaize and Maumee. He found the headquarters of the red men absolutely deserted. The vegetables and fruits growing there furnished much needed food for the weary soldiers, for the corn was in just the stage of the roasting ear. He sent detachments up and down the river to destroy the crops and burn the Indian villages. A smoking ruin scene of desolation quickly supplanted what had before been a picture of plenty and peace. On a prominence overlooking the confluence of the Auglaize and the Maumee, General Wayne erected a fortress where he could defy the hostile aborigines and the British. This was the strongest fortification constructed by him on this expedition, and he styled it "an important and formidable fort." He said this location was "the grand emporium of the hostile Indians of the West." Here began a string of Indian towns that extended along the banks of "the beautiful Miami of the Lake." This fort was begun on August 9th and completed on the 17th of the same month. Thus only eight days were occupied in its building.

"I defy the English, Indians, and all the devils in h—l to take it," said General Wayne after surveying its blockhouses, pickets, ditches and fascines.

"Then call it Fort Defiance," suggested General Scott, who chanced at that very instant to be standing at his side.

Hence the name of Fort Defiance affixed itself to this advance outpost in this wilderness. "Thus, Sir," wrote General Wayne to the Secretary of War, "we have gained possession of the grand emporium of the hostile Indians of the West, without loss of blood. The margin of those beautiful rivers in the Miamis of the Lake and Auglaize—appear like one continued village for a number of miles, both above and below this place; nor have I ever before beheld such fields of corn in any part of America from Canada to Florida."

There was not a great delay at Fort Defiance, for we read in Lieutenant Boyer's diary, "Camp Forty-one miles from Grand Oglaze (Roche de Bout) 18th August, 1794. The legion arrived on this ground, nothing particular taking place. Five of our spies were sent out at three o'clock—they fell in with an advanced body of the enemy, and obliged to retreat; but May, one of our spies, fell under the enemy's hold. What his fate may be must be left to future success."

We learn of his fate through a published account of John Brickell, who was then a captive among the Indians. He says: "Two or three days after we arrived at the Rapids, Wayne's spies came right into camp among us. I afterwards saw the survivors. Their names were Wells, Miller, McClelland, May, Mahaffy and one other whose name I forgot. They came into camp boldly and fired upon the Indians and Miller was wounded in the shoulder. May was chased by the Indians to the smooth rock in the bed of the river, where his horse fell, and he was taken prisoner. The others escaped. They took May to camp where they recognized him as having been a captive among them, and having escaped (mentioned earlier), they said: 'We know you; you speak Indian language; you not content to live with us; tomorrow we take you to that tree (pointing to a large oak) we will tie you fast, and make a mark on your breast, and we will see which one of us can shoot nearest to it.' It so turned out. The next day, the day before the battle, they riddled his body with bullets, shooting at least fifty into him."

Upon his return to this place, after his successful battle with the enemy, Wayne reinforced Fort Defiance, as a study of the British Fort Miami had suggested some improvements. At each of the four angles there was a blockhouse. Outside of the palisades and the blockhouse there was a wall of earth eight feet thick, which sloped outwards and upwards, and was supported on its outer side by a log wall. A ditch encircled the entire works excepting the east side, which was near the precipitous bank of the Auglaize River. The ditch was some fifteen feet wide and eight feet deep and was protected by diagonal pickets eleven feet long, secured to the log walls at intervals of a foot and projected over the ditch. At one place there was a falling gate, or drawbridge, which was raised and lowered by pulleys. There was also a protected ditch leading to the river so that water could be procured from the river without exposing the carrier to the enemy. How different is the scene today about the confluence of the Maumee and the Auglaize.



FORT DEFIANCE AS IT APPEARS TODAY

Wayne thoroughly understood border warfare and guarded his marching forces carefully against any savage surprise. To the Indians he became known as the "chief who never sleeps." He constantly maintained a body of trained scouts whose duty it was to apprise him of every move of the Indians. These men became known as his "eyes," and they were indeed tireless in their vigilance. They were men who had been cradled in frontier cabins. Some of them had been captives from childhood in the wigwams. They thoroughly knew the language, customs, and habits of these children of the forests. They were husky athletes, fleet-footed and keen-eyed. They were skilled marksmen and destitute of fear. To them the yell of the savage had no terror. They were skilled in the arts of woodcraft, in which the savages were so proficient, and frequently excelled their preceptors. On their excursions the scouts were generally mounted on elegant horses, for they had the pick of the stables and they usually attired themselves in Indian style with their faces painted. They proved themselves of inestimable service to General Wayne.

The chief of Wayne's scouts, and the one on whom he depended most, was William Wells. He was a man of unwavering courage and was endowed with unusual intelligence. Of his birth we have no record. He had been captured by the Indians when only twelve years of age, while an inmate of the family of Nathaniel Pope, in Kentucky. He had spent his early manhood among the Miamis, was formally adopted into the tribe, and had espoused a sister of the great chief, Little Turtle. (Some accounts say his daughter.) He was the father of three daughters and one son, whose descendants live in and around Toledo and Fort Wayne. One became the wife of Judge Wolcott of Maumee. The Indian name of Wells was Black Snake. He fought against Harmar and St. Clair, with the Indians, and he now found himself opposed to his former friends. For a long time Wells was worried for fear he may have killed some of his friends or kindred. He recalled the dim memories of his childhood home, of his brothers and his playmates, and sorrow seemed to fill his soul. The approach of Wayne's army, in 1794, stirred anew conflicting emotions, based upon indistinct recollections of early ties, of country and kindred on the one hand, and existing attachments of wife and children on the other. He resolved to make his history known. With true Indian characteristics, the secret purpose of leaving his adopted nation was, according to reliable tradition, made known in a dramatic manner. Taking with him the war chief, Little Turtle, to a favorite spot on the banks of the Maumee, Wells said: "I leave now your nation for my own people. We have long been friends. We are friends yet, until the sun reaches a certain height (which he indicated). From that time we are enemies. Then, if you wish to kill me, you may. If I want to kill you, I may." At the appointed hour, crossing the river, Captain Wells disappeared in the forest, taking an easterly direction to strike the trail of Wayne's army.

The bonds of affection and respect which had bound these two singular and highly-gifted men, Wells and Little Turtle, together were not severed or weakened by this abrupt declaration. They embraced "and the large tears coursed down the sun-bronzed cheeks of the chieftian, who

was unused to manifesting emotion." Captain Wells soon after joined Wayne's army, and his perfect knowledge of the Indian haunts, habits, and modes of Indian warfare, became an invaluable auxiliary to the Americans.

On one of Captain Wells' peregrinations through the Indian territory, as he came to the bank of the River St. Mary, he discovered a family of Indians coming up the river in a canoe. He dismounted and concealed his men near the bank of the river, whilst he went himself to the bank, in open view, and called to the Indians to come over. As he was dressed in Indian style, and spoke to them in their own language, the Indians, not expecting danger, went across the river. The moment the canoe struck the shore, Wells heard the cocks of his comrades' rifles cry, "nick, nick," as they prepared to shoot the Indians; but who should be in the canoe but his Indian father and mother, with their children! As his comrades were coming forward with their rifles cocked, ready to pour in the deadly storm upon the devoted Indians, Wells called to them to hold their hands and desist. He then informed them who those Indians were, and solemnly declared, that the man who would attempt to injure one of them, would receive a ball in his head. He said to his men, that "that family had fed him when he was hungry, clothed him when he was naked, and kindly nursed him when he was sick; and in every respect was as kind and affectionate to him as they were to their own children."

"Those hardy soldiers approved of the motives of Captain Wells, in showing leniency to the enemy. They drew down their rifles and tomahawks, went to the canoe, and shook hands with the trembling Indians in the most friendly manner. Captain Wells assured them they had nothing to fear from him; and after talking with them to dispel their fears, he said, 'that General Wayne was approaching with an overwhelming force; that the best thing the Indians could do was to make peace; that the white men did not wish to continue the war.' He urged his Indian father for the future to keep out of the reach of danger. He then bade them farewell; they appeared grateful for his clemency. They then pushed off their canoe, and went down the river as fast as they could propel her."

On one occasion Wells and his party rode boldly into an Indian village near Maumee. Dressed in Indian style, as they were, and speaking the Indian tongue perfectly, their true character was not suspected. Passing through the village the scouts made captive an Indian man and woman on horseback. With the prisoners they then set off for Fort Defiance. Passing by a camp of Indians they decided to attack it. Tying and gagging their captives, the scouts boldly rode into the Indian encampment with their rifles lying across the pommels of their saddles. They inquired about General Wayne's movements and the Indians freely answered. One Indian was suspicious, however, and Wells overheard him speaking to another. Wells gave the preconcerted signal, and each man fired his rifle into the body of an Indian. They then put spurs to their horses and dashed away. McClellan was shot through the shoulder and Wells through the arm. Nevertheless they succeeded in reaching Fort Defiance with their prisoners, and the wounded all recovered.

During Wayne's campaign alone his spies brought in a score of prisoners and killed an equal or greater number of the enemy. After the campaign ended Wells settled near the confluence of the St. Mary and St. Joseph Rivers, on a stream since called "Spy River," where he was subsequently granted a half section of land by the Government. He enlisted again during the War of 1812 and was slain at Fort Dearborn in August, 1812. The Indians are said to have eaten his heart and drunk his blood, from the superstitious belief that in this way they should imbibe his warlike endowments.

CHAPTER VII

FALLEN TIMBERS AND THE GREENVILLE TREATY

Although General Wayne was convinced that a conflict was inevitable, he omitted no effort to conciliate the savages and effect a peace without bloodshed. In reporting the situation to the Secretary of War, he wrote: "Should war be their choice, that blood is upon their heads. America shall no longer be insulted with impunity. To an all powerful and just God I therefore commit myself and gallant army."

Wayne decided to send one final and formal offer of peace to the Indians who were assembled near and around Fort Miami, about forty miles below Fort Defiance. Here the military commander and trade agents were freely distributing weapons, ammunition and food to their dusky allies. He warned them not to be misled "by the false promises and language of the bad white men at the foot of the rapids." The bearer of this message was Christopher Miller, one of his "eyes." Miller was a naturalized Shawnee and had been captured only a few months earlier under most dramatic circumstances, near Greenville. A body of scouts had been dispatched to bring in a prisoner from whom it was hoped valuable information might be obtained. Along the Auglaize they discovered three Indians around a camp fire. Two of the trio were shot and a dash was made for the third. The Indian was captured and was sulky, refusing to converse either in English or Indian. When thoroughly washed he proved to be a white man, but still he refused to answer any questions. One of the captors was Henry Miller, who had also been an Indian prisoner, and he began to have suspicions that this might be his brother. He spurred his horse alongside and called him by his Indian name. At the unexpected sound the captive was startled and finally admitted his identity. It was several weeks, however, before he consented to abandon the savage life and rejoin the whites. His decision once made, he proved an invaluable acquisition.

As security for Miller's safe return word was sent that several Indians were being held as hostages. With characteristic impatience Wayne refused to delay until his messenger returned but began his march down the river. When Miller met the advancing command he reported that the Indians asked ten days' delay, within which time they would decide for peace or war. It was at the rock known as Roche d' Bouef that the scout encountered his commander, on the 15th of August, and delivered his message. This massive rock still rises above the western edge of the river, about a mile above the village of Waterville, where an electric railroad now crosses the stream. Here some light works were thrown up as a place of deposit for the heavy baggage, which was named Fort Deposit.

Wayne recognized this request for delay as only a savage ruse to secure delay so that more warriors might be assembled. Hence it was that he decided to press on with his troops, who now numbered about 3,000 men. One thousand of these men were mounted Kentucky riflemen, while the others were regulars, both infantry and cavalry. Through his spies and captives, Wayne learned that at least 2,000 braves, Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandots, Ottawas, Miamis, Pottawatomies, Chippewas, and Iroquois, were gathered near Fort Miami. Associated with them were the infamous trio of renegades, McKee, Girty, and Elliot, together with some seventy white rangers from Detroit, who were dressed in Indian costume and could scarcely be distinguished from the savages themselves. The Indians were in command of Blue Jacket, a Shawnee chieftain, and Little Turtle, the head chief of the Miamis. As a warrior Little Turtle was fearless, but not rash; shrewd to plan, bold and energetic to execute. No peril could daunt him, and no emergency could surprise him. Like Pontiac, he indulged in gloomy apprehension of the future of his people, and had been one of the leaders in the defeat of both Generals Harmar and St. Clair.

It is said that Little Turtle was averse to battle, and in council said: "We have beaten the enemy twice under separate commanders. We cannot expect the same good fortune always to attend us. The Americans are now led by a chief who never sleeps. The night and the day are alike to him. During all the time that he has been marching upon our villages, notwithstanding the watchfulness of our young men, we have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. There is something whispers me it would be well to listen to his offers of peace." Blue Jacket leaped up in the council, however, and silenced Little Turtle by accusing him of cowardice. Little Turtle then replied: "Follow me to battle."

The Indians swept up through the woods in long columns and established themselves in what seemed to them an impregnable position, on and around Presque Isle Hill, about two miles above Maumee. Only a year or two previously a tornado had torn down the forest trees, interlacing them in such a manner as to form a secure covert for the savages, and rendering it very difficult for cavalry to operate. It was also a rainy morning. The drums could not communicate the concerted signals with sufficient clearness, so that some contemplated maneuvers were not executed. The Indians formed in three long lines, their left resting on the river and their right extending some two miles into the forest at right angles to the Maumee. About 8 o'clock in the morning of the 20th Wayne marched down the river farther, realizing that the Indians were near and that a battle could not be delayed much longer. As a precaution he sent forward a battalion of the mounted Kentuckians, with instructions to retreat in feigned confusion as soon as they were fired upon, in order to draw the Indians out of their covert and increase their confidence. The order of the advance as stated by Wayne in his subsequent official report was: "The legion on the right, its right flank covered by the Miamis (Maumee), one brigade of mounted volunteers on the left, under Brigadier-General Todd, the other in the rear, under Brigadier-General Barbie. A select battalion of mounted volunteers

moved in front of the legion, commanded by Major Price, who was directed to keep sufficiently advanced, so as to give timely notice for the troops in case of action, it being yet undetermined whether the Indians would decide for peace or war."

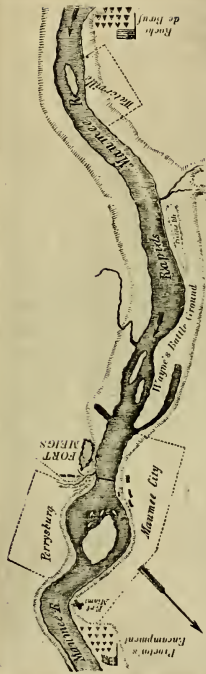
The Kentuckians kept far enough in advance to give Wayne time to form his troops in perfect order after the shooting should begin. After about an hour's march, they received such a hot fire from the Indians concealed in the woods and high grass as to compel them to retreat. Wayne immediately drew up his forces in two lines, placing one troop of cavalry near the Maumee and the other farther inland near the right flank. He then gave orders to his front line to advance and charge with trailed arms. They were to rouse the savages from their covert at the point of the bayonet, to deliver a close and well-directed fire at their backs, and then to charge before the Indians had a chance to reload.

"General Wayne," said Lieut. William Henry Harrison, then an aide on that officer's staff, just as the attack was ordered, "I am afraid you'll get into the fight yourself and forget to give me the necessary field orders." He knew that in the heat of the battle Wayne was apt to forget that he was the general and not a soldier.

"Perhaps I may," replied Wayne, "and if I do, recollect the standing order for the day is, charge the d—d rascals with the bayonets."

In the face of a deadly fire the American troops dashed upon the savages among the fallen trees, and prodded them from their hiding with cold steel. What a sight it was! A host of painted and plumed warriors, the very pick of the western tribes, with their athletic and agile bodies decked in their gay strappings, with their coarse raven hair hanging over their shoulders like netted manes, met their white foes face to face. Each carried his flint, ready for instant use, while hung over his shoulders were the straps of the powder horn and shot-pouch. The frontiersmen among Wayne's troops also carried the deadly tomahawk and scalping knife, as well as their dusky opponents. It was truly a tragic tableau here among the fallen timbers that nature had prepared for this historic event.

All the orders of General Wayne were obeyed with promptness and alacrity. It was not long until the savages and their white allies were fleeing precipitously from their enemy "who never sleeps." Wayne heaped encomiums upon all his officers in his official reports, saying that the bravery and conduct of every officer merited his highest approbation. They followed up the fleeing and painted savages with such swiftness and fury, and poured such a destructive fire upon their backs, that but few of the second line of Wayne's forces arrived in time to participate in the action. "Such was the impetuosity of the first-line of infantry," reported Wayne, "that the Indians, and Canadian militia, and volunteers, were drove from all their coverts in so short a time, that, although every possible exertion was used by the officers of the second line of legion, and by Generals Scott, Todd, and Barbie, of the mounted volunteers, to gain their proper positions, but part of each could get up in season to participate in the action, the enemy being drove, in the course of one hour, more than two miles, through the thick woods already mentioned,



PLAN ILLUSTRATING THE BATTLES OF THE MAUMEE

Explanations.—The map shows about 8 miles of the country along each side of the Maumee, including the towns of Perryburgh, Maumee City and Waterville.

Just previous to the battle of the Fallen Timbers, in August, 1794, Wayne's army was encamped at a locality called *Roche de Boue*, a short distance above the present site of Waterville. The battle commenced at the *Presque Isle* hill. The routed Indians were pursued to even under the guns of the British *Fort Miami*.

Fort Meigs, memorable from having sustained two sieges in the year 1813, is shown on the east side of the Maumee, with the *British batteries* on both sides of the river, and above the British fort, the position of *Proctor's encampment*.

by less than one-half of their numbers." Many of the Indians endeavored to escape by swimming the river, but they were cut down in the midst of the stream by the cavalry. The woods were strewn for miles with dead and wounded savages and the Canadian rangers. In the course of one hour, the whole force of the enemy was driven back more than two miles through the thick woods.

The shrewd scheme of Wayne had proved most successful. The sudden and systematic attack from all points stamped the savage warriors, forcing them into a promiscuous flight which their chiefs tried in vain to check. It is certain that the enemy numbered at least 2,000 combatants. The troops actually engaged against them were less than half that number. The battle was too brief to be sanguinary in its results. The Americans lost 33 killed and about 100 wounded. The death loss occurred almost entirely at the first fire of the savages, who took deadly aim as the Americans swept down upon them. The cavalry galloped boldly among the Indians, leaping their horses over the fallen logs and dodging in and out among the trees. They swung their long sabres with telling effect among the dismayed and yelling Indians. The loss of the Indians was far more serious than that of the Americans, but the number has never been definitely reported. At least a hundred bodies were found upon the field, but many of the killed and wounded were dragged away by their friends. The Indian tribes were represented about as follows: Wyandots 300, Shawnees 350, Delawares 500, Miamis 200, Tawas 250. There were also small bands of other tribes. The garrison numbered probably 400 and a couple of hundred other mixed troops under Girty and his associates who remained at a respectful distance.

A number of instances have been preserved to us showing the desperate character of the fighting which took place at Fallen Timbers. Much individual heroism was displayed on both sides. A soldier who had become detached a short distance from the army met a single Indian in the woods. The two foes immediately attacked each other, the soldier with his bayonet, the Indian with his tomahawk. Two days after they were found dead. The soldier had his bayonet imbedded in the body of the Indian, the Indian had his tomahawk in the head of the soldier.

The victorious Americans pursued the flying savages to the very palisades of Fort Miami. The Indians evidently expected the British to throw open the gates of the fortress and admit them to its protection. To their surprise and indignation, however, the British basely abandoned them in the hour of their sore defeat, and they were obliged to scatter in the forest for safety from the American bayonets. The British looked on with apparent unconcern at this humiliation and defeat of their late allies. The Indians were astonished at the lukewarmness of their white allies; that they had regarded the fort as a place of refuge in case of disaster was evident from circumstances.

General Wayne had definite instructions from General Washington to attack and demolish Fort Miami. Seriously contemplating storming Fort Miami, he rode up with his aides to within a few hundred feet of it, from which vantage point he surveyed it with his glasses from all

sides. The extreme danger and narrow escape of the general was revealed by a British deserter on the following day. A captain of the marines, who happened to be in the garrison, resented the approach so strongly that he seized a gun and trained it upon Wayne. Just as he was about to apply the fire Major Campbell hove in sight and threatened to cut him down with his sword if he did not immediately desist. The major might have been led to such action by fear for his own safety, knowing that the American commander had a large force with him.

Independent of its results in bringing on a possible war with Great Britain, Wayne knew that Fort Miami was garrisoned by a force of several hundred men and mounted ten pieces of artillery. Against this he had no suitable artillery. Hence he wisely concluded not to sacri-



FORT MIAMI AS IT IS TODAY

fice his troops and precipitate war between the two countries by making the attack. The Americans contented themselves with proceeding immediately to burn and destroy all the supplies and buildings without the walls of the fort, including the residence of the trader, Alex McKee. While this ravaging and burning was going on, it is said that the British stood sullenly by their guns and lighted torches, but not daring to fire, well knowing what the result would be. Wayne sent out his cavalry, and they destroyed the Indian villages for miles up and down the river.

A little war of blustering words upon the part of the British commander and tart rejoinders upon the part of the American commander followed. No blood was spilled and not a single shot was fired.

"MIAMI (MAUMEE) RIVER, August 21st, 1794.

Sir:—An army of the United States of America, said to be under your command, having taken post on the banks of the Miami (Maumee)

for upwards of the last twenty-four hours, almost within the reach of the guns of this fort, being a post belonging to His Majesty the King of Great Britain, occupied by His Majesty's troops, and which I have the honor to command, it becomes my duty to inform myself, as speedily as possible, in what light I am to view your making such near approaches to this garrison. I have no hesitation, on my part, to say, that I know of no war existing between Great Britain and America.

I have the honor to be, sir, with great respect,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

Major 24th Reg't Comd'g a British Post on the banks of the Miami To Major-General Wayne, etc."

"CAMP ON THE BANKS OF THE MIAMI,

August 21st, 1794.

"Sir:—I have received your letter of this date, requiring from me the motives which have moved the army under my command to the position they at present occupy, far within the acknowledged jurisdiction of the United States of America. Without questioning the Authority or the propriety, sir, of your interrogatory, I think I may without breach of decorum, observe to you, that were you entitled to an answer, the most full and satisfactory one was announced to you from the muzzles of my small arms, yesterday morning, in the action against the horde of savages in the vicinity of your post, which terminated gloriously to the American arms; but, had it continued until the Indians, etc., were driven under the influence of the post and guns you mention, they would not have much impeded the progress of the victorious army under my command, as no such post was established at the commencement of the present war, between the Indians and the United States.

"I have the honor to be, sir, with great respect,

"Your most obedient and very humble servant,

"ANTHONY WAYNE,

Major General, and Commander-in-Chief of the Federal Army. To Major William Campbell, etc."

On the following day there came a second letter from Major Campbell saying: "I have forborne for these two days past, to resent those insults you have offered to the British flag flying at this fort, by approaching it within pistol shot of my works * * * should you, after this, continue to approach my post, * * * the honor of my profession will oblige me to have recourse to those measures, which thousands of either nation may have cause hereafter to regret." General Wayne retorts by requesting him to withdraw his "troops, artillery, and stores * * * to the nearest post occupied by his Britannic Majesty's troops at the peace of 1783." To this Major Campbell replied that his position was purely military, that he acted only under orders and could not discuss the propriety or justness of the British claims or occupation. Thus the matter ended.

Jonathan Adler, who was at that time living with the Indians, has given in a manuscript left by him the Indian account of the Battle of Fallen Timbers. It is as follows:

"Now the Indians are very curious about fighting; for when they know they are going into battle, they will not eat anything just previous. They say that if a man is shot in the body when he is entirely empty, there is not half as much danger of the ball passing through the bowels as when they are full. So they started the first morning without eating anything, and moving up to the end of the prairie, ranged themselves in order of battle at the edge of the timber. There they waited all day without any food, and at night returned and partook of their suppers. The second morning, they again placed themselves in the same position, and again returned at night and supped. By this time they had begun to get weak from eating only once a day, and concluded they would eat breakfast. Some were eating, and others, who had finished, had moved forward to their stations, when Wayne's army was seen approaching. Soon as they were within gunshot, the Indians began firing upon them; but Wayne, making no halt, rushed on upon them.

"Only a small part of the Indians being on the ground, they were obliged to give back, and finding Wayne too strong for them, attempted to retreat. Those who were on the way heard the noise and sprang to their assistance. So some were running from and others to the battle, which created great confusion. In the meantime, the light horse had gone entirely around and came upon their rear, blowing their horns and closing in upon them. The Indians now found that they were completely surrounded, and all that could made their escape, and the balance were all killed, which was no small number. Among these last, with one or two exceptions were all the Wyandots that lived at Sandusky at the time I went to inform them of the expected battle. The main body of the Indians were back nearly two miles from the battle-ground and Wayne had taken them by surprise, and made such a slaughter among them that they were entirely discouraged, and made the best of their way to their respective homes."

Not long after this defeat a trader met a Miami warrior, who had fled before the terrible onslaught of Wayne's soldiers.

"Why did you run away?" the trader asked the Indian.

With gestures corresponding to his words, and endeavoring to represent the effect of the cannon, the Indian replied:

"Pop! pop! pop—boo! woo! woo!—whish! wish! boo! woo! kill twenty Indians one time—no good by dam!"

Immediately following the battle of Fallen Timbers, many of the savages fled to Detroit, the British headquarters. The following winter was a time of great suffering in the Maumee Valley. Their crops had been destroyed by General Wayne's army, so that they were rendered more than ever dependent upon the British, and they were not prepared for so great a task. They remained huddled together along the Maumee River near the mouth of Swan Creek, where much sickness prevailed on account of exposure, scant supplies, and the want of sanitary regulations.

An entry in Lieutenant Boyer's diary reads as follows: "Camp Deposit 23rd August, 1794. Having burned everything contiguous to the fort without any opposition, the legion took up the line of march, and in the evening encamped on this ground, being the same they marched from the 20th. It may be proper to remark that we have heard

nothing from the savages or their allies the Canadians, since the action. The honors of war were paid to those brave fellows who fell on the 20th, by a discharge of three rounds from sixteen pieces of ordnance charged with shells. The ceremony was performed with the greatest solemnity.

"General Wayne remained in the scene of the decisive battle only three days, after which he started on his return journey to Fort Defiance, where he arrived on the 27th. Here was a safe camping place and the cultivated fields afforded plentiful food for both man and beast. So intent were the soldiers on foraging that several were killed or captured by skulking savages. This led to very stringent regulations. Any soldier caught half a mile outside the lines of sentinels without a proper pass was to be treated as a deserter, and the sentry permitting a soldier to go by without this pass was subject to a punishment of fifty lashes. The soldiers were much troubled with fever and ague, and these ailments caused much distress.

"Fort Defiance 4th September, 1794. The number of our sick increase daily; provision is nearly exhausted; the whisky has been out for some time, which makes the hours pass heavily to the tune of Roslin Castle, when in our present situation they ought to go to the quick step of the Merry Men Down to His Grave. Hard duty and scant allowance will cause an army to be low spirited, particularly the want of a little wet. * * * If it was not for the forage we get from the enemy's fields, the rations could not be sufficient to keep soul and body together."

These statements appear in the diary of Lieutenant Boyer. He was evidently not one of the "dry" persuasion, for a week later he writes: "The escort arrived this day about 3 o'clock, and brought with them two hundred kegs of flour and nearly two hundred head of cattle. Captain Preston and Ensigns Strother, Bowyer, and Lewis, joined us this day with the escort. We received no liquor by this command, and I fancy we shall not receive any until we get into winter quarters, which will make the fatigues of the campaign appear double, as I am persuaded the troops would much rather live half rations of beef and bread, provided they could obtain their full rations of whisky. The vegetables are as yet in the greatest abundance."

That the Tiffin River which flows through Williams and Fulton counties was also much frequented by the Indians is shown by the testimony of Antoine Lasselle, a Canadian trader captured on the day of the great battle. He testified that he had lived along the Maumee twenty-one years; that he had at first lived at the Miami villages and "that he has since lived chiefly at Bean Creek or Little Glaize (now Tiffin River) at the Little Turtle's town. * * * That the Delawares have about 500 men including those who live on both rivers—the White River and Bean Creek."

From Fort Defiance the major portion of General Wayne's Legion marched to the head of the Maumee. This place was reached without any encounter with the savages. Here Colonel Hamtramck was placed in charge and he erected a fort which he called Fort Wayne, after the hero of Fallen Timbers. Some of his Kentucky volunteers were very

troublesome, for we read: "The volunteers are soon tired of work and have refused to labor any longer; they have stolen and killed seventeen beeves in the course of these two days past." This act compelled half rations for the entire force for several days. A few weeks later Wayne conducted his troops to Greenville, where they arrived on the 2d of November. In the three months since his previous visit a vast transformation in the frontier situation had taken place. A feeling of security now pervaded the settlements.

An interesting light upon army discipline at this time is shown in the following communication from Colonel Hamtramck:

"Fort Wayne, December 5, 1794.

"Sir:—It is with a great degree of mortification that I am obliged to inform your excellency of the great propensity many of the soldiers have for larceny. I have flogged them until I am tired. The economic allowance of one hundred lashes, allowed by government, does not appear a sufficient inducement for a rascal to act the part of an honest man. I have now a number in confinement and in irons for having stolen four quarters of beef. * * * I shall keep them confined until the pleasure of your excellency is known."

The disastrous results of Wayne's victory had convinced the savages that they could not successfully wage war with the Americans when led by a competent commander. They also recognized the hollowness of the British promises of assistance when the British crept into Fort Miami like whipped curs and closed its protecting gates to their red brethren. Hollow promises did not allay the pangs of hunger as winter crept on. Under these circumstances the Indians began to turn toward the Americans who welcomed their advances. Some of their chiefs visited Fort Wayne and Fort Defiance as well as the general himself at Greenville. The Wyandots showed the greatest solicitude. One of the chiefs called upon General Wayne and said: "I live in Sandusky. We Wyandots are determined to bury the hatchet and scalping knife deep in the ground. We pray you have pity on us and leave us a small piece of land to build a town upon. The Great Spirit has given land enough for all to live and hunt upon. We have looked all around for a piece to move and cannot find any. We want to know your mind. We intend to build a stockade (on Sandusky River) and blockhouse to defend ourselves till we hear from you. We don't know whether we are right or wrong in doing it, but have pity on us."

The diplomatic warfare waged by these untutored aborigine chiefs would have reflected credit upon the statesmanship of an enlightened people. They clung to every vital principle affecting their interests with the same desperate tenacity with which they had fought their last battle at Fallen Timbers.

Colonel Hamtramck's correspondence shows that there were almost daily calls from the Indians at Fort Wayne. On March 5th we read: "A number of Pottawattonie Indians arrived here from Huron River, Michigan. * * * I informed them that I was not the first chief, and invited them to go to Greenville; to which they replied that it was a

very long journey, but from the great desire they had to see The Wind (for they called you so) they would go. I asked them for an explanation of your name. They told me that on the 20th August last you were exactly like a whirlwind, which drives and tears everything before it."

General Wayne was most diplomatic in all his intercourse with the chiefs who called upon him. Almost worshipping bravery the Indians had a wholesome respect for him. On the 1st of January, 1795 he sent a message to the petitioning Wyandots at Sandusky that the chiefs of various other tribes would soon visit him at Greenville in the interests of peace, and inviting them to join the others. The Delawares visited Fort Defiance and exchanged a number of prisoners. As word reached General Wayne of the great number of Indian chiefs who were on their way to visit him, a large council house was constructed at Greenville for the deliberations. A great quantity of clothing and other useful articles were obtained for presents, and bountiful supplies were accumulated for the feeding and entertainment of large numbers. The chiefs began to arrive the first of June. Each day brought new additions, and the general council was opened on June 16th with a goodly attendance. In all more than 1,000 chiefs and sachems gathered together. The tribes represented were the Delawares, Wyandots, Pottawatomies, Shawnees, Chippewas, Miami, Eel River, Weas, Piankeshaws, Kickapoos, and Kaskaskias. Half a dozen interpreters were kept busy during the fifty days that the council lasted. The chiefs complained much of the bad faith of the citizens of the "fifteen fires"—so-called because fifteen guns were always fired as a salute, one for each state of the Union.

After smoking the Calumet of Peace, an oath of accuracy and fidelity was administered to the interpreters. The flow of oratory was interminable. A large number of belts and strings of wampum were passed by the various tribes during the deliberations. Some of these contained a thousand or more beads of wampum. As many of these beads represent a day's work each, their value to the aborigines was very great. The Indians continued to arrive during all the month of June and even later. Little Turtle was one of the slowest to enter into the spirit of the meeting, but he gradually became one of its warmest participators, making many addresses. On the 7th of August, 1795, the famous Treaty of Greenville was entered into between General Anthony Wayne and the sachems and war chiefs of the participating nations. The boundary line established by the treaty were as follows: The general boundary line "between the lands of the United States and the lands of the said Indian tribes, shall begin at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, and run thence up the same, to the portage between that and the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum; thence down that branch to the crossing place, above Fort Lawrence (Laurens); thence westerly, to a fork of that branch of the Great Miami River running into the Ohio, at or near which fork stood Loramie's store and where commences the portage between the Miami of the Ohio, and St. Mary's River, which is a branch of the Miami, which runs into Lake Erie; thence a westerly course to Fort Recovery, which stands on a branch of the Wabash; thence, south westerly in a direct line of the Ohio, so as to intersect that river, oppo-

Anty Wayne

Tar-hi
(in Crane)

Se

William Lorr

Tey-yagh-taw

st

Har-is-en-you a
(or half king's son)

Te-huaw to rens

La

Chu-me-yee-ray

st

layetah

st

SIGNATURES TO THE GREENVILLE TREATY

site the mouth of the Kentucke, or Cuttawa river." In order to facilitate intercourse between the whites and Indians, the tribes ceded to the United States several tracts of land, one tract "twelve miles square, at the British fort on the Miami of the Lake, at the foot of the Rapids." This reached down into the heart of the present city of Toledo. Among the tracts reserved was "one piece six miles square at the confluence of the Auglaize and Miami rivers." This is now included within the present city of Defiance.

"And the said Indian tribes will allow to the people of the United States a free passage, by land and by water, as one and the other shall be found to be convenient, through their county, along the chain of posts hereinbefore mentioned; that is to say, from commencement of the portage aforesaid, at or near Loramie's store, thence along said portage to the St. Mary's, and down the same to Fort Wayne, and thence down the Miami to Lake Erie; again, from the commencement of the portage, at or near Loramie's store along the portage, from thence to the river Auglaize, and down the same to its junction with the Miami, at Fort Defiance; again, from the commencement of the portage aforesaid, to Sandusky river, and down the same to Sandusky bay and Lake Erie, and from Sandusky to the post which shall be taken at or near the foot of the rapids of the Miami of the Lake; and from thence to Detroit. And the said Indian tribes will also allow to the people of the United States the free use of the harbors and mouths of the rivers, along the lake adjoining the Indian lands, for sheltering vessels and boats, and liberty to land their cargoes where necessary for their safety."

So pleased were the Indians with their treatment by General Wayne that each of the more prominent chiefs desired to have the last word with him. Budk-on-ge-he-las, the great war chief of the Delawares, seemed to voice the sentiments of all when he said:

"Your children all well understand the sense of the Treaty which is now concluded. We experience daily proofs of your increasing kindness. I hope we may all have sense enough to enjoy our dawning happiness. Many of your people are yet among us. I trust they will be immediately restored. Last winter our King (Te-ta-boksh-he) came forward to you with two (captives) and when he returned with your speech to us, we immediately prepared to come forward with the remainder, which we delivered at Fort Defiance. All who know me, know me to be a man and a warrior, and I now declare that I will for the future be as true and steady a friend to the United States as I have heretofore been an active enemy. We have one bad man among us who, a few days ago, stole three of your horses; two of them shall this day be returned to you, and I hope I shall be able to prevent that young man from doing any more mischief to our Father of the Fifteen Fires."

General Wayne did not long survive to enjoy the great reputation earned by him during his famous campaign and equally famous treaty. One of his last acts was to receive, as representing the United States authority Fort Miami early in 1796, when the British authorities surrendered their northern posts in pursuance of a treaty negotiated by Chief Justice Jay. On his passage down Lake Erie he was seized with

a violent attack of the gout and died at Fort Presque Isle on the 15th of December, 1796, in the fifty-first year of his age.

The numbers of the Indians present at the Greenville Treaty are given as follows: Wyandots, 180; Delawares, 381; Shawnees, 143; Ottawas, 45; Chippewas, 46; Pottawatomies, 240; Miamis and Eel Rivers, 73; Weas and Piankeshaws, 12; Kickapoos and Kaskaskies, 10. The sworn interpreters were Isaac Zane, Abraham Williams, Cabot Wilson, Jacques Lasselle, Christopher Miller, M. Morans, Bt Sans Crainte and William Wells.

The most noted chiefs of this western country participated in the council at Greenville. At the head of the list of Indian signatures, and directly under that of General Wayne, appears that of Tarhe or The Crane, head chief of the Wyandots, the guardians of the Calumet. He was the greatest chief of the Wyandots within historic times. His wisdom in council, as well as his bravery in war, gave him great influence among all the neighboring tribes. He seems to have reached the position of head chief of this nation after the death of Half King, who disappears from history not long after the disastrous Crawford expedition. His humanity was ever marked. In 1790 he saved Peggy Fleming from a band of Cherokee Indians at Lower Sandusky and he is credited with saving a white boy from burning at the same place. He was wounded in the Battle of Fallen Timbers and shortly afterwards General Wayne addressed a letter to "Tarhe, and all other Sachems and Chiefs of Sandusky," in which he promises to erect a fortification "at the foot of the rapids at Sandusky" for their protection against the Indian allies of the British.

Of Tarhe, General Harrison wrote: "I knew Tarhe well. My acquaintance with him commenced at the treaty of Greenville, in 1795. His tribe was under my supervision in 1810. All the business I transacted with it was through him. I have often said I never knew a better man. * * * Tarhe was not only the Grand Sachem of his tribe, but the acknowledged head of all the tribes who were engaged in the war with the United States, which was terminated by the treaty of Greenville; and in that character the duplicate of the original treaty, engrossed on parchment, was committed to his custody, as had been the Grand Calumet, which was the symbol of peace. Tarhe had accompanied him throughout his entire Canadian campaign, for he was a bitter opponent of Tecumseh's war policy. He was far in advance of most of his fellows. He was cool, deliberate, and firm. He was tall and well proportioned, and made a fine appearance. He was affable and courteous as well as kind and affectionate. It is said that all who knew him, whether white or red, deeply venerated the character of the old chief. His attainments seem to have been as a great counselor and wise sachem rather than as a warrior. This surrounded him with a peculiar dignity. Chief Crane died at the Indian village of Crane Town, near Upper Sandusky, in November, 1818, being at that time seventy-six years of age."

The Indian figure which stands out most prominently on the canvas of Northwestern Ohio is Little Turtle, chief of the Miamis. We have

seen that his home for a time was along the old Bean Creek, now Tiffin River. This name was not given the chief because of his stature for he was nearly six feet in height. As a warrior the Little Turtle was bold, sagacious and resourceful, and he was not only respected by his people, but their feeling almost approached veneration. When fully convinced that all resistance to the encroaching whites was in vain, Little Turtle brought his nation to consent to peace and to adopt agricultural pursuits. Few indeed are the Indian leaders who accomplished so much abolishing the rite of human sacrifice among their people. He became very popular and highly esteemed by the whites, among whom he was known as a man whose word could be depended upon. Furthermore,



LITTLE TURTLE

he was endowed with unusual wit, enjoyed good company, and was still fonder of good eating. During the presidency of Washington he visited that great man at the capitol, and during his whole life thereafter spoke of the pleasure which that visit afforded him.

Col. John Johnson speaks of the Little Turtle in the highest terms. He was, says he, "A companionable Indian,—Little Turtle was a man of great wit, humor and vivacity, fond of the company of gentlemen, and delighted in good eating. When I knew him he had two wives living with him under the same roof in the greatest harmony; one, an old woman about his own age—fifty—the choice of his youth, who performed the drudgery of the house, the other a young and beautiful creature of eighteen who was his favorite; yet it was never discovered by

anyone that the least feeling existed between them. The Little Turtle used to entertain us with many of his war adventures." Thirty years after the Treaty of Greenville he died at Fort Wayne, of the gout (!) which would seem a marvelous fact, did we not remember that the Turtle was a high liver, and a gentleman; equally remarkable was it that his body was borne to the grave with military honors by enlisted troops of his great enemy, the white man. The muffled drum, the funeral salute, announced that a great soldier had fallen, and even enemies paid their mournful tribute to his memory."

CHAPTER VIII

OHIO BECOMES A STATE

The tide of immigration into the territory northwest of the Ohio began with the settlement of Marietta in 1788. After the effects of the Treaty of Greenville began to be felt the stream of immigration increased each year. Prior to this the only white men in the country were straggling groups of traders, trappers and hunters—men who were a law unto themselves and set about driving out the Indians. Their dress differed but little from that of the Indian. Boone and Kenton were men of this type as was Gen. Duncan McArthur, who afterwards became governor of Ohio.

The later immigrants were people of a different type. They were men and women who had been used to civilization. They were attracted by the opportunity to secure cheap lands and better their fortunes. New Englanders settled at Marietta and vicinity. Virginians flocked to the Scioto region. New Jerseyites betook themselves to the Miami country, while people from Connecticut and New York sought the Western Reserve. Northwestern Ohio was still considered Indian country and so avoided by these earlier immigrants, except in isolated instances. Although there was dross among these settlers, the great majority were sturdy men and brave women well worthy to become the founders of a great state.

By the close of 1796, the year following the famous Wayne treaty, it was estimated that the number of white people dwelling within the present limits of the State of Ohio was about five thousand. Most of these were located along the Ohio River and its tributaries, and within fifty miles of that stream. When the Maumee country was first organized in that year, it was made a part of Wayne County, which included all of Michigan, as well as a part of Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin. It also extended east to the Cuyahoga River. Detroit was the place for holding court. The original Wayne County—for it must be remembered that the outlines of this division were changed several times—was divided into four townships, of which this basin was in the one named Hamtramck.

Under the provisions of the Ordinance of 1787, a population of "five thousand free male inhabitants of full age" entitled the territory to representative government. Accordingly Governor St. Clair issued a proclamation calling for an election in December, 1798, for representatives to the Territorial Legislature, as it was estimated that the population of the entire territory then fulfilled that requirement. It was necessary for a voter to be a freeholder of fifty acres. The man who could not meet this requirement in that day did not deserve the ballot and could not

complain of this requirement. The first election in Wayne County was held at Detroit and one or two other places on the first Monday of December, according to the proclamation. The three men elected were Solomon Sibley, Jacob Visgar, and Charles F. Chabert de Joncaire, all from Detroit and vicinity.

The first Territorial Legislature convened at Cincinnati on September 16, 1799, and at once selected ten names of citizens who were sent to the President of the United States from whom he was to nominate a legislative council, or senate, for the territory, to be composed of five



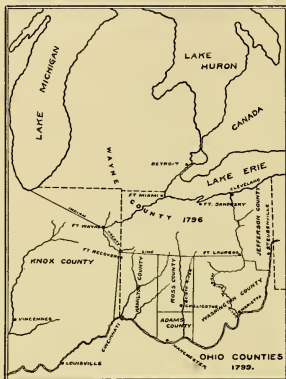
MAP OF WAYNE COUNTY
ORGANIZED 1796.

members. This was the inauguration of representative government in the Northwest Territory, and it made Cincinnati the capital of an empire reaching from the Ohio to the Mississippi, and as large as modern Texas.

Cincinnati was then but a straggling and unprepossessing village. It was surrounded by the dense forests of the Miami country. In 1805 it only numbered 960 inhabitants. There were then 53 log cabins, 109 frame, 6 brick and 4 stone houses. Fort Washington was the most substantial building and was still occupied by troops. The moral and social condition was not of the highest type when the assembly convened there. The armies of St. Clair and Wayne had left a military flotsam and jetsam which was neither helpful to the community nor elevating to the morals of the village. "The average soldier was wedded more to the bottle, dicebox and cards than to his arms, drills or discipline." The men elected to the assembly, however, were generally men of high character and acknowledged ability.

The lower house consisted of twenty-two members of whom seven came from the old French settlements of Illinois, Michigan, and Indiana.

Northwestern Ohio had a single delegate. The Senate, as finally chosen, consisted of Jacob Burnett and James Findlay of Hamilton, Robert Oliver of Washington, David Vance of Jefferson, and Henry Vanderbery of Knox counties. The members of the Legislature were compelled to carry their provisions and blankets, camp at night, swim their horses



across streams, and penetrate the gloomy forests guided only by blazed trees and the compass. The only roads were bridle paths or Indian trails. Prior to this time Governor St. Clair and three associate judges had exercised all the executive, legislative, and judicial powers under the Ordinance of 1787. The Governor not only was commander-in-chief of the military forces, but he appointed all the magistrates and civil officers, and he was the chief executive in the enforcement of law.

William Henry Harrison was selected by the Legislature as the first delegate to Congress from the vast territory northwest of the Ohio River. He received twelve votes in joint ballot of the two houses, on October 3, 1799, while Arthur St. Clair, Jr., son of the Governor, received ten votes. He at once proceeded to Philadelphia and took his seat in Congress, which was in session in that city. No single event of this period in western history had so far reaching and so beneficial an influence in the future welfare of Ohio as this choice. Harrison at this time was only twenty-six years of age, but he had already established an enviable name for himself in the army. He instituted measures for the benefit of this territory without delay, and succeeded in opening up lands in small tracts of

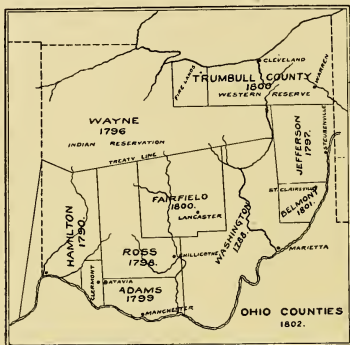
sections and half sections, which quickly brought thousands of hardy and industrious farmers across the Alleghenies. This far-seeing policy gives him claim to rank among our great statesmen.

The difficulties attending the organization and administration of government for so vast a territory were immediately recognized. A committee in Congress reported that there had been but one setting of a court having jurisdiction over crimes, in five years; and the immunity which offenders experienced had attracted to it the vilest and most abandoned criminals, and likewise had deterred useful citizens from making settlements therein. Lawyers from Cincinnati were compelled to attend court in Detroit. Five or six of them usually traveled together on horseback and took along a pack horse to carry their provisions and personal effects. There were no bridges so that each horse was a tried swimmer. The journey took from eight to ten days through the wilderness. Judge Burnett of Cincinnati in describing a journey wrote as follows: "On the outward journey they took the route by Dayton, Piqua, Loramie, St. Marys, and the Ottawa town on the Auglaize, and thence down this river to Defiance, thence down the Maumee to the foot of the rapids, and thence to and across the River Raisin to Detroit. On their return they crossed the Maumee at Roche de Boeuf by the advice of Black Beard who lived in that neighborhood and with whom the party breakfasted. As a matter of precaution they hired his son to accompany them in the capacity of guide. He led them through a succession of wet prairies over some of which it was impossible to ride, and it was with great difficulty they were able to lead or drive their horses through the deep mud which surrounded them on all sides."

In an effort to better the situation all that part of the Northwest Territory lying to the westward of a line beginning at the Ohio River, opposite to the mouth of the Kentucky River and then running north to Fort Recovery and then to Lake Huron was eliminated from this territory and created into the Territory of Indiana. By this ordinance Wayne County was reduced to about one-half of its original size. The first post road between Cincinnati and Detroit was established in 1801. For a couple of years, however, on the north end of this route there was not a single postoffice, so that the mail was carried as a military or semi-military express as formerly. It was in 1801 that the first capital building for Ohio was built at Chillicothe, which city had been designated by Congress as the seat of government. This first capitol was of hewn logs, two stories in height and 24 by 36 feet in dimensions. Its grand feature was fifteen glass windows, each containing a dozen small panes of glass, which was indeed a degree of splendor for that day. At the first session of the second general assembly held there, Wayne County was again represented wholly by delegates from Detroit.

From the very beginning almost the Governor and Legislature clashed. St. Clair held that he alone had the authority to create new counties and locate county seats, and in this attitude he ran counter to the pet projects of some of the members. So many persons both in and without the assembly, were engaged in laying out county seats that a great rankling ensued. It was the clash of autocracy and democracy. By the time

of the second session of the Legislature the contest had reached a white heat. To the arbitrary methods of Governor St. Clair was due the inauguration of proceedings to have Ohio admitted as a state. Failing in their efforts to prevent the appointment of the governor, Edward Tiffin, Thomas Worthington, and several others set on foot the movement which finally displaced the disliked governor. These men were adherents of the party of Jefferson, who came into office at this opportune time. Edward Tiffin, a physician by profession, stood head and shoulders above all the others. Each party used every possible means to further its interests, but Tiffin took the lead in the assaults upon the Governor, and the latter found him a foeman worthy his steel. President



Jefferson was anxious for more republican states, and welcomed the opportunity to create another. Congress approved the proposition and, although there had never been a vote of the people to be affected, that body passed an enabling act in April, 1802, thus ending a five years struggle for statehood. There were at that time seven counties in the entire state. The census of 1800 gave the territory a population of 45,028, of whom 3,206 lived in Wayne County, but Wayne lay mostly in what is now Michigan. The majority of these lived in the several French settlements within this county.

On the fourth of March, 1802, a convention of representatives was called to frame a constitution for the proposed State of Ohio. No assembly in any commonwealth ever approached and performed its work with a greater realization of its responsibility than did this one. In its ranks were men who afterwards rose to the highest distinction. An exceedingly democratic constitution was finally agreed upon and signed

with commendable promptness, the entire session continuing but twenty-five days. Ohio was admitted into the galaxy of states on the 19th of February, 1803, being the seventeenth state in numerical order. In reality it was the first actual addition to the original colonies. Vermont (1791) had been cut off from New York, while Kentucky (1792) and Tennessee (1796) had been carved from territory claimed by Virginia. Ohio was admitted by virtue of her rights under the Ordinance of 1787. The first election was held on January 11th, and the premier Legislature under the constitution convened at Chillicothe, on the first Tuesday of March, 1805. Edward Tiffin was elected the first governor without opposition.

The public career of Governor St. Clair ended most ignominiously. The rest of his life was embittered by unrelenting persecution. He was reduced to direst poverty by the failure of Congress to return to him money advanced during times of need while he was in the nation's service. He undoubtedly erred grievously in the administration of his great office, his judgment was frequently erroneous, perhaps he was not equal to the demands made upon him, but he was undoubtedly conscientious in what he did. His fidelity and devotion to Washington were most praiseworthy.

At the beginning of statehood the number of white settlers resident in the Maumee region was very small. A few traders and settlers had established themselves near the watercourses, but Northwestern Ohio had no representation in the government until after the organization of counties in April, 1820. Previous to this it was included in two or three counties at different times. Wayne County disappeared with the territory. Immediately following statehood it became a part of Hamilton County, but that unit exercised little jurisdiction, if any, over the settlers because it was still Indian territory. Following statehood the population of the state, and the southern half in particular, increased very rapidly. In 1810 the enumeration approached a quarter of a million. In the northern part even Cleveland, the most important settlement, was a very small place.

Following the decisive defeat of the Indians at Fallen Timbers, and the Treaty of Greenville closely following, the Indians remained in comparative quiet for several years, seemingly being satisfied with the annuities paid to them by the United States Government. For several years a number of forts were maintained in the Maumee Valley. There were Fort Defiance, Fort Adams, Fort Recovery, Fort Loramie, and Fort Head of the Auglaize, each of which were garrisoned by small bodies of troops, in order to hold the aborigines in check. Fort Miami was evacuated by the British, in 1796, and turned over to Colonel Hamtramck, but a garrison was not maintained there for long. The report of Hamtramck is as follows:

"Sir:—On the 7th instant two small vessels arrived from Detroit in which I sent a detachment of artillery and infantry consisting of sixty-five men, together with a number of cannon with ammunition, &c., the whole command of Captain (Moses) Porter. On the 9th a sloop arrived from Detroit at Swan Creek, purchased by Captain Henry De

Butts, which carries fifty tons, and which is now loaded with flour, quartermaster's stores and troops. That, together with eleven batteaux which I have, will be sufficient to take all the troops I have with me, leaving the remainder of our stores deposited at this place, which was evacuated (by the British) on this day, and where I have left Captain Marschalk and Lieutenant Shauklin with fifty-two men, infantry, and a corporal and six of artillery, that is, including the garrison at the head of the Rapids (Roche de Bout?). I have endowed Fort Miami with one month's provision for both the troops and the Shawnees. The latter, you recollect, you promised subsistence until the crops were ripe. The number of Shawnees is about one hundred and eighty, besides twenty-six or thirty Ottawas. I shall embark in two hours, with all the troops for Detroit."

Almost at the beginning of the nineteenth century a stockade fort was built at the confluence of Swan Creek and the Maumee River. The exact year is not known, but it was not later than 1804. Fort Industry was placed in charge of Capt. J. Rhea. The remains of this fortification were not entirely obliterated as late as 1836. Many early settlers had distinct recollections of this fort, which, in the natural features of the country, occupied a prominent position on the bluff, on the site near the south side of Summit between Jefferson and Monroe streets in Toledo. In 1805, a treaty was held with the Indians at Fort Industry. At this conference, there were present chiefs and warriors of the Wyandots, Ottawa, Chippewa, Delaware, Shawnee, Pottawattomie and Seneca tribes. By the treaty made here another adjustment of the land question was made with the natives upon the payment of certain sums of money to them. None of the territory of Northwestern Ohio was included, but the Indians ceded all of their claims to the Western Reserve and the Firelands.

The next most important treaty with the Indians was effected at Detroit on the 17th of November, 1807. The Chippewas, Ottawas, Pottawattomies and Wyandots here quit claimed to the United States all their claims to the country north of the middle of the Maumee River, from its mouth to the mouth of the Auglaize, and thence extending north as far as Lake Huron. For this territory they received ten thousand dollars in money and goods, and an annuity of twenty-four hundred dollars. Certain tracts of land were also reserved for the exclusive use of the Indians. These reservations within this territory were six miles square on the north bank of the Maumee, above Roche de Boeuf, "to include the village where Tondagame, or the Dog, now lives." Another reservation of three miles square included what is known as Presque Isle, and still another of "four miles square on the Miami (Maumee) Bay including the villages were Meskemau and Waugau now live." It was furthermore provided that in the event the reservations could not be conveniently laid out in squares, they should be surveyed in parallelograms or other figures found most practicable to obtain that are specified in miles.

By a treaty with the Indians at Brownstown, Michigan, in 1808, a road one hundred and twenty feet in width was reserved to connect the fort at the Maumee Rapids with the line of the Connecticut Reserve,

which is the old and much traveled road now running from Perrysburg to Fremont, then called Lower Sandusky. It also provided for a tract of land, for a road only, of one hundred and twenty feet in width to run southwardly from what is called Lower Sandusky to the boundary line established by the Treaty of Greenville, with the privilege of taking, at all times, such timber and other materials from the adjacent lands as may be necessary for making and keeping in repair the said road, with the bridges that may be required along the same." * * * No compensation was given the aborigines in money or merchandise for these roadways, as they were both desirable and beneficial to the Indians as well as to the United States, reads a clause on the cession. Congress failed to construct the east and west road, but eventually ceded its right to the State. The contract was finally let in 1824, and the road was completed in 1826. For years it was the main thoroughfare over which thousands passed in their search for a western paradise. Many of the early settlers of Williams and Fulton counties reached their destinations by this thoroughfare. In his search for a land flowing with milk and honey, the pioneer certainly was obliged to undergo torture in crossing this "black swamp" country. On the desert a traveler can stop almost anywhere and pitch his tent, but here, in certain seasons, the travelers were wading all day in mud and water, and could with difficulty find a dry place where they might rest their weary limbs. On this route, however, there was a tavern for about each mile of road between Perrysburg and Lower Sandusky. The right to mud holes was recognized. A young man started with a wagon and a team of mules for Michigan, with one hundred dollars in his pocket. He became mired so often, and was obliged to pay one dollar so frequently to people living near the mud holes to extricate him from his difficulties, that his money was exhausted long before his journey had ended. Not discouraged in the least, this traveler decided that the place to find what you have lost is right where you have lost it. He accordingly located near a mud hole and remained there until he had earned his hundred dollars back. Such a good financier must certainly have accumulated a fortune in his later years. He certainly exhibited signs of financial genius.

General Harrison, writing to the War Department, says: "An idea can scarcely be formed of the difficulties with which land transportation is effected north of the 40th degree of latitude (including our section), in this country. The country beyond that is almost a continual swamp to the Lake. Where streams run favorable to your course a small strip of better ground is generally found, but in crossing from one river to another the greater part of the way at this season is covered with water. Such is actually the situation of that space between the Sandusky and the Miami Rapids, and from the best information that I could acquire the road over it must be causewayed at least one-half of the way."

Shortly after the opening of the nineteenth century, reports of many kinds concerning the activities of Tecumseh commenced to reach the officials in the Northwestern Territory. This chief aimed to repeat the history of Pontiac, excepting that his conspiracy was directed against the Americans instead of the British. His reputed brother, Elkswatawa,

generally known as the Prophet, had gained something of notoriety as a sorcerer. He began to relate stories of his dreams and visions, which he claimed were inspired by the Great Spirit, and these greatly aroused the aborigines. Tecumseh aimed to unite his followers with the British, in an effort to drive the Americans from this territory. All efforts to pacify him failed.

Tecumseh was a son of a Shawnee chieftain. He was born in the



TECUMSEH

Shawnee village of Piqua, on the banks of the Mad River, in 1768. The name signifies "one who passes across intervening space from one point to another," and this well expresses his extraordinary career. He ever evinced a burning hostility to the Americans. He refused to attend the council at Greenville. He likewise declined to attach his name to that treaty and never ceased to denounce it. It was about that time that he and his followers removed to the White River, in Indiana, but he continued in close relation with all the tribes of Northwest Ohio. At several councils with the Americans, Tecumseh exhibited the remarkable power of oratory for which he became noted. His brother likewise

began to come into prominence among the Indians, among whom he was known as the "Loud Voice." During the course of his revelations he said that the Great Spirit directed the Indians to cast off the debasing influence of the whites and return to the customs of their fathers. His audiences numbered thousands, and many were recalled to the neglected and almost forgotten practices of their fathers. The Prophet's Town, as it was called, on the bank of the Tippecanoe, was visited by thousands of savages, who were roused to the highest pitch of fanaticism. The two brothers wandered from the everglades of Florida to the headwaters of the Mississippi and in words of greatest eloquence impressed upon the natives the necessity of united action against the pale faced intruders. In 1810 General Harrison summoned Tecumseh and his followers to Vincennes. Tecumseh rose to the highest pitch of eloquence, as he set forth the wrongs of the red men. In the War of 1812 which followed a short time afterwards, Tecumseh allied himself with the British. With his death vanished the hopes of the aborigines ever to regain their lost hunting grounds in Northwestern Ohio.

Bodies of savages were continually passing to and from Malden, the British headquarters after the evacuation of Detroit, and they always returned liberally provided with rifles, powder, and lead. One savage was found to have been given an elegant rifle, twenty-five pounds of powder, fifty pounds of lead, three blankets and ten shirts, besides quantities of clothing and other articles. The British agent addressed a Miami chief to whom he had made a present of goods, as follows: "My son, keep your eyes fixed on me; my tomahawk is now up; be you ready, but do not strike until I give the signal." Capt. John Johnson, agent of the Fort Wayne Trading Post, wrote that "since writing you on the 25th ultimo, about one hundred Sawkeys (Sacs) have returned from the British agent who supplied them liberally with everything they stood in want of. The party received forty-seven rifles and a number of fusils (flintlock muskets) with plenty of powder and lead. This is sending firebrands into the Mississippi country inasmuch as it will draw numbers of our Aborigines to the British side in the hope of being treated with the same liberality."

William Henry Harrison, then governor of Indiana Territory, was not idle during this time. He instituted preparations for defense, and was visited by many of the leaders of the hostiles. Tecumseh himself came on a visit to Harrison at Fort Wayne, accompanied by several hundred followers. He intended some treachery, but the Americans were too alert.

Meetings of citizens were held at many places in 1811, and petitions for protection were forwarded to the national government. Governor Harrison was allowed additional troops, after which he advanced against the savages and won his great victory at the battle of Tippecanoe, during the absence of Tecumseh himself among the southern tribes. This defeat did not stop the depredations and isolated murders, so that the whole country was kept under the gravest apprehension. We do not have absolute record of many murders in Northwestern Ohio, although John Johnson reported that three Americans had been killed at Defiance. A

committee of Congress reported to that body that the British had been working among the savages with the intention of securing them as allies against the Americans.

Of the movements of Tecumseh, William Wells wrote from Fort Wayne on the 1st of March, 1812: "In my letter of the 10th ultimo I informed you that the Indian chief Tecumseh had arrived on the Wabash. I have now to state to you that it appears he has determined to raise all the Indians he can, immediately, with the intention no doubt to attack our frontiers. He has sent runners to raise the Indians on the Illinois and the upper Mississippi; and I am told has gone himself to hurry on the aid he was promised by the Cherokees and Creeks. The Prophet's orator, who is considered the third man in this hostile band, passed within twelve miles of this place on the 23rd ultimo with eight Shawanese, eight Winnebagoes and seven Kickapoos, in all twenty-four, on their way as they say to Sandusky, where they expected to receive a quantity of powder and lead from their father the British."

It is possible that if a more vigorous policy had been undertaken, the succeeding war might have been less bloody in this section. Had more and stronger forts been erected and larger garrisons been installed, the marauding bands could have been arrested and imprisoned and many American lives saved. The trouble was that the authorities at Washington could not be fully impressed with the threatening dangers, and when once convinced they were very slow to act.

CHAPTER IX

A YEAR OF DISASTERS

It was in the year 1812 that Ohio was first called upon to participate in war. Although disastrous in the beginning and bloody throughout its continuance, it eventually brought distinguished honor to the commonwealth. The state now boasted a population of a quarter of a million. Forty counties had been created by the Legislature. The lands in the Western Reserve and the Firelands were being rapidly sold by the land commissioners appointed by Connecticut. But the greater part of the population were living in Southern Ohio along the Ohio River or its larger tributaries.

That some settlers had established themselves along the Maumee is proved by the following from the "History of the Late War in the Western Country" by Robert B. McAfee: "Colonel Cass was sent with his regiment (June, 1812) to cut the remainder of the road to the Rapids * * * and in a few days encamped on the banks of the Miami of the Lake, opposite the battle ground of General Wayne, and in view of a small village at the foot of the rapids. Here the army was cheered with a view of civilized habitations, after a tedious march through a dreary wilderness (from Urbana). Having delayed a day, they marched down through the village in regular order, and encamped just below the ruins of the old British Fort Miami." With the exception of some people living at Fort Wayne, this was probably the only settlement of Americans along the Maumee, although there may have been a few traders near the small stockades called forts.

The war clouds in the new republic, and especially in this western country, had been growing heavier year after year. Although a formal declaration of war was not issued until the 18th of June, 1812, Ohio's governor had issued a call for 1,200 volunteers in April. More volunteers responded than could be accepted. "Citizens of the first respectability enrolled themselves, and prepared for the dangers of the field, contending with each other who should first go into the service of their country." Thus wrote a contemporary. Duncan McArthur, James Findley and Lewis Cass were elected colonels by their respective regiments.

The ostensible reason given for the war was the interference with American trade and the impressing of American seamen into the British service. But one of the strongest moving causes was the encouragement given the savages in their attacks upon the Americans, and the maintenance of fortified posts upon American soil. This has been called the real war for independence to distinguish it from the first war which was the Revolution. In the three decades succeeding Yorktown overt and hostile actions had at no time wholly ceased. The necessity of such

operations as should wrest from the enemy the command of the upper lakes and the northwest frontier at once became apparent and was promptly acted upon. From every American living within that territory came urgent appeals for protection. It was not fear of the British enemies that actuated them, but dread of the outrages of their savage allies.

By reason of her location on the exposed frontier the young state of Ohio was placed in a most trying situation. The war was destined to be fought largely within or adjacent to her boundaries, and especially in Northwestern Ohio. Circumstances demanded of her the very best both in men and money. In no respect did she fail, and Ohio did more than her full share in this second conflict with Great Britain, generally known as the War of 1812. It was indeed fortunate that such a vigorous and able man as Return Jonathan Meigs, Jr., occupied the gubernatorial chair at this period. He was one of the type of men who did so much to lay the foundations of the state. He had had some military experience, and was a man of unusually strong executive power. In his promptness and effectiveness in enrolling troops he was not equaled by the governor of any other state.

It so happened that William Hull, a superannuated relic of revolutionary days, was territorial governor of the Northwest, with headquarters in Detroit. He found favor with the Secretary of War in the cabinet of President¹ Madison and was appointed brigadier-general and commander of the western department. Protests were without avail. It was said that he was too old, too broken down in body and mind to conduct such a rigorous campaign. Furthermore, the people resident there had no confidence in him, and the Indians were said to despise him. "On the very same day it passed the Senate," says a report, "the poor, weak, vain old man was seen in full dress uniform, parading the streets of Washington, making calls." A little later, General Hull arrived at Dayton, the place of rendezvous, and assumed command of the volunteer army assembled there. Governor Meigs congratulated the men on the fact that they were to serve under a distinguished officer of the Revolutionary War, and one who was especially fitted both by training and experience to conduct successfully just such a campaign as they were about to enter upon. It was a fact that General Hull had won honors at Stony Point. He addressed his troops as follows: "In marching through a wilderness memorable for savage barbarity, you will remember the causes by which that barbarity have been heretofore excited. In viewing the ground stained by the blood of your fellow-citizens, it will be impossible to suppress the feelings of indignation. Passing by the ruins of a fortress, erected in our territory by a foreign nation in times of peace, and for the express purpose of exciting the savages to hostility, and supplying them with the means of conducting a barbarous war, must remind you of that system of oppression and injustice which that nation has continually practiced, and which the spirit of an indignant people can no longer endure."

The army of General Hull moved northward on June 1st, to Urbana, where it was joined by another regiment of regulars under Lieutenant

Colonel Miller, a veteran of Tippecanoe. The army now numbered about nineteen hundred men. A council was held with a number of Shawnee, Delaware and Wyandot chiefs to secure their permission to march through their country. This was readily granted and they were promised every possible assistance. It was the intention and desire of General Hull to proceed to Detroit as directly as practicable. He seemed to doubt that war between the United States and Great Britain would follow. The course of the army led through an almost trackless forest and impassable swamp until it reached the Maumee River. Ague chills shook the sturdy frames of the pioneer soldiers. Danger lurked by the river bank and on the trail everywhere. Progress was extremely slow. One regiment was detailed to cut a road through the woods and to build blockhouses which should be used as deposit stations and to protect the line of communications.

In obedience to orders a road was carved out of the primeval wilderness from Urbana to the Scioto River, and there were built two blockhouses connected by palisades, which later received the name of Fort McArthur after the colonel. The site was about three miles southwest of Kenton. The fort enclosed about half an acre. One of the blockhouses was in the northwest and the other at the southeast angle. A part of the pickets were of split timber and lapped at the edges; others were of round logs set up end ways and touching each other. The rows of huts for the garrison were placed a few feet from the walls. It was a post of danger, and must have been an exceedingly dreary spot. Not a vestige of the fort now remains, but the graves of sixteen of the garrison are adjoining. The road cut by this army, and generally known as Hull's Trail, was for many years the principal highway from Bellefontaine to Detroit.

When the main army arrived at Fort McArthur, "Colonel Findlay was ordered to proceed with his regiment and cut the road as far as Blanchard's fork of the Auglaize * * * the whole army follows, except a part of Captain Dill's company, which was left to keep the fort and take care of the sick. It now rained for several days excessively, so as to render the road almost impassable for wagons. After marching only 16 miles, the army halted again, in the midst of a swampy country, in which the water courses, both of the Ohio and the lakes, have their sources. A blockhouse was erected here, which was honored with the name of Fort Necessity. The mud was deep, and from every appearance the whole army was likely to stick in the swamps." Thus writes McAfee. This fort was situated near the south line of Hancock County. Here word was brought by Robert Lucas (afterwards governor) and William Denny of increased activity among the British and Indians and that their alliance had a threatening attitude. General Lucas had been present at a number of councils with the Indians and was well informed upon their attitude. Although war had been declared at this time, it was several days afterwards before the news reached the army. After a few days delay the army advanced, and in a three days march arrived at the Blanchard River. Here an advance detachment had already nearly completed another palisade enclosure, 150 feet square, with a blockhouse at

each corner. General Hull bestowed the name of Fort Findlay upon this fort. The site was within the present city of Findlay, and only a few squares north of the courthouse. Its service was that of a resting place and temporary storage of supplies. It was abandoned late in 1814.

Col. Lewis Cass was directed to take his troops and prepare the road north to the Maumee. In order to move rapidly much of the heavy luggage was stored at Fort Findlay. After a few days' march the army arrived at the Maumee, opposite to the field where was fought the Battle of Fallen Timbers. Forging the rapids the next encampment was near Fort Miami. So absolutely imbecillic was General Hull that when he arrived at the Maumee, in the latter part of June, he decided to send his baggage, stores, and sick by vessel to Detroit. He was warned against this, but stubbornly refused to heed the advice. He seemed to treat the probability of war as a joke. Hence it was that on the 1st of July, he embarked his disabled men and most of his impedimenta on board a packet which proceeded down the Maumee bound for Detroit. Thirty soldiers were detailed to guard the vessel. Another open boat was sent along in which were placed the sick. Complete muster rolls of every company in the brigade were deposited in a trunk which was put aboard the larger boat. It is almost needless to say that it was captured by a British gunboat when opposite Malden.

Leaving a few men to erect a block house the army advanced on the 1st of July. When they reached the River Raisin, "on which there is a handsome village of French inhabitants," information was received of the capture of the schooner. Definite news of the declaration of war also arrived. On the fifth the army reached Detroit. Says McAfee: "The town of Detroit contains 160 houses and 700 inhabitants. It is handsomely situated on the west side of the River Detroit, about nine miles below Lake St. Clair the opening of which can be seen from the town. Fort Detroit stands on an elevated spot of ground." A high-sounding proclamation was at once issued to the "Inhabitants of Canada," by the American commander. The wavering of Hull now began. It was not long until both officers and men had lost all confidence in their commander. "At one moment he seemed determined to make an obstinate defense, and save his army from disgrace and his Territory from invasion; then again he would discover symptoms of the greatest fear and pusillanimity." An advance was made into Canada towards Malden, but the men were quickly recalled.

It would not be within the scope of this writing to detail the waverings and cowardice of General Hull, which has been elaborated upon so frequently. With scarcely a show of resistance Detroit was surrendered to the British with nearly two thousand American soldiers on the 16th of August. The white flag of surrender was raised without consulting his officers. As most of the troops were from Ohio, this state felt the disgrace and humiliation more keenly than any of the other commonwealths. It was a terrible loss and gave the British wonderful prestige with the natives. As a result of this action, Hull was accused of both treason and cowardice, and was found guilty of the latter.

Capt. Henry Brush and a company of 230 volunteers, with a hundred beef cattle and other supplies, had been sent by Governor Meigs to reinforce the army at Detroit. They were restrained by the British from advancing beyond the River Raisin from the first days of August, without relief from Detroit. General Hull included this force in his surrender; but when Captain Elliot, son of the notorious Capt. Matthew Elliot, came to claim this prize, Captain Brush placed him under arrest and immediately started his command and supplies southward, deftly conducting them back to Governor Meigs.

The surrender of General Hull exposed all Northwestern Ohio to incursions of the enemy. All eyes turned toward William Henry Harrison as the man of the hour. Governor Scott of Kentucky swept aside technicalities and appointed Harrison to the command of the state troops being raised to wipe out the disgrace of Hull's surrender. At the head of these troops Harrison proceeded northward. When just north of Dayton he received word from Washington that General Winchester had been appointed to the chief command, but that he himself had been raised to the rank of brigadier-general. He was naturally disappointed, and his men were even more chagrined. As immediate action seemed necessary, and without awaiting either the arrival or orders of General Winchester, Harrison dispatched relief to Fort Wayne, then being besieged by the Indians. He accompanied these troops and every precaution was taken against a surprise by the savages. The siege was raised and the Indian villages in the vicinity destroyed. By this prompt action another bloody massacre was doubtless averted. General Harrison, under orders from his superiors, turned over his command to Winchester without a murmur, although it was known that he had much more experience in Indian fighting than had his successor. Few men understood the dusky native of the forests as did Harrison. Gen. James Winchester was a Tennessean and a revolutionary officer, but he was little known among the frontier men of this section. In charge of several thousand troops, most of whom were from Kentucky, he entered upon an extensive campaign in Northwestern Ohio. He was authorized to call upon Governor Meigs for reinforcements. He soon afterwards asked for two regiments of infantry to join him at the "Rapids of the Miami of the Lake about the 10th or the 15th of October next, well clothed for a fall campaign."

A volunteer company of spies was organized under Captain Ballard, Lieutenant Munday and Ensign Liggett. Liggett and four other men obtained permission to advance as far as the old Fort Defiance. Being surprised by a Frenchman and eight Indians they surrendered but all were traitorously murdered. Other spies brought back information of considerable bodies of hostiles along the Maumee. Many British regulars were also with the savages. Captain Elliot commanded the Indians while Major Muir was in chief command. General Winchester advanced cautiously in order to provide against surprise. He found evidence of the recent retreat of British troops at one or two places along the Maumee, not far from Defiance. In their haste, the British threw one cannon into the river which was afterwards recovered and used in

the campaign. The march along the Auglaize was made under the most distressing conditions. The rain fell in torrents. The flat beech woods were covered with water, and the horses sank up to their knees in the mud at almost every step. "From Loraine on the south to the River St. Mary, and then to Defiance at the north, was one continuous swamp knee deep to the pack horses, and up to the hubs of the wagons." At times it was impossible to move a wagon without a ford. Happy indeed were they who could find a dry log at night in which a fire could be kindled. Many passed the night sitting in the saddles at the root of trees against which they leaned, and thus obtained a little sleep.

Late in September, the position of the two officers was reversed, and General Harrison was given the supreme command of the Northwestern Army. The letter of notification, which reached him at Piqua, read: "The President is pleased to assign to you the command of the Northwestern Army, which in addition to the regular troops and rangers in that quarter, will consist of the volunteers and militia of Kentucky, Ohio, and three thousand from Virginia and Pennsylvania, making your whole force ten thousand men. * * * Exercise your own discretion, and act in all cases according to your own judgment."

When General Harrison received the notification of his appointment there were about 3,000 troops at Fort Barbee (St. Marys), a considerable number of which were cavalry. The cavalry were under the command of Gen. Edward W. Tupper. This army was at once set in motion for Defiance with three days ration. Receiving word that the enemy had retreated, a part of the troops were sent back. General Harrison continued down the Auglaize with his cavalry. When he reached the camp of General Winchester, he found a sad state of affairs, as one of the Kentucky regiments was on the point of mutiny. He ordered a parade of the troops and addressed them in his characteristic way. He said that any troops that wanted to retire could do so as he already had soldiers to spare. But he likewise spoke of the scoring that would await them at home. Their fathers would order their degenerate sons back to the field of battle to recover their wounded honor, while their mothers and sisters would hiss them from their presence. The mutinous Kentuckians soon subsided and gave three hearty cheers for the popular commander.

General Winchester immediately issued the following order:

"Camp at Defiance, October 3, 1812.

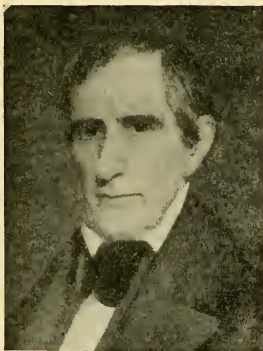
"I have the honor of announcing to this army the arrival of General Harrison who is duly authorized by the executive of the Federal Government to take command of the Northwestern Army. This officer is enjoying the implicit confidence of the States from whose citizens this army is and will be collected and, possessing himself great military skill and reputation, the General is confident in the belief that his presence in the army, in the character of its chief, will be hailed with unusual approbation.

J. Winchester, Brig.-Gen. U. S. Army."

General Harrison planned a three column march into the enemy's country. The right wing of his army was to be composed of three

brigades from Virginia and Pennsylvania, together with some Ohio troops, and was to proceed down the Sandusky River. General Tupper's command was styled the center, and was to move along Hull's trail. The main command devolved upon General Winchester, and was known as the left wing. It included the United States troops, six regiments of Ohio and the Kentucky militia. They were "to proceed down the Auglaize and Miami from St. Marys and Defiance to the Rapids." St. Marys was intended to be the main supply depot for provisions. They were also to superintend the transportation of supplies in readiness for the advance movement.

General Harrison had suggested that General Tupper with all the cavalry, almost one thousand in number, should be sent down the Maumee



GEN. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON

and beyond the Rapids to disperse any of the enemy found there. They were to return to Fort Barbee by way of the Tawa towns, on the Blanchard River. These orders were never executed. At first General Tupper alleged he was waiting until his Indian spies should return with desired information. He then stated that he would prefer to reverse the route to the Rapids. Some of the cavalry became so disgusted that they deserted. Tupper followed his own course without regard to orders. He went as far as Urbana where some of his troops were discharged. He then proceeded towards the Rapids by Hull's Trail. He finally reached the Rapids where he reported that there were 300 to 400 Indians and about seventy-five British. His men attempted to cross the river and attack the enemy but "when nearly two hundred had gone over, the greater

part of one section were washed off their feet and lost their guns. The water was waist deep, and ran very swift." The attempt was then abandoned and Tupper withdrew because of a shortage of provisions. His arrest was ordered by the military authorities. McAfee says: "A court of inquiry was afterwards demanded by General Tupper at Fort Meigs, when no person acquainted with these transactions was there—he was, of course, honorably acquitted. The failure, however, appears to have been caused chiefly by his want of energy and decision, and in some measures by the insubordination of the troops, proceeding from a want of confidence in their general."

When the troops under General Winchester reached the confluence of the Auglaize and the Maumee rivers, they found Fort Defiance in ruins. Even had it remained in good condition, that stockade would have been inadequate for the larger army which it was now called upon to shelter. The entire area embraced within the palisades of the fort built by General Wayne almost a score of years earlier, would not exceed one-quarter of an acre. General Harrison, who had by this time joined the army, drew a plan for a new fort a dozen times as extensive as Fort Defiance. A force of men were detailed with axes to cut timber for the buildings and the palisades. This new fort was named Fort Winchester by General Harrison, in deference to the superseded commander. For a considerable length of time, this fortress was the only obstruction against the incursions of the British and the aborigines in Northwestern Ohio. Fort Winchester was located along the high and precipitous west bank of the Auglaize River, about eighty rods south of Fort Defiance. It was in the form of a parallelogram, and enclosed three acres or more of land. There was a strong two-story blockhouse at each corner, and a large gate midway on each side with a sentinel house above. The whole enclosure was surrounded by a strong palisade of logs set on end, deep in the ground, snugly matched together, pointed at the upper ends, and rising twelve or fifteen feet above ground. A cellar was excavated under the blockhouse at the northeast corner, from which an underground passageway was made to the river, where there was also a barrier of logs in order to protect the water supply of the garrison. It fulfilled its mission during the war as an important stronghold as a rendezvous for troops and for the storing of supplies to be boated down the Maumee River as wanted by the advancing troops.

Shortly after the Tupper expedition to the Rapids, a tragical incident happened in the army of General Winchester. As a result the name of an Indian, faithful to the whites, deserves to be recorded high in the annals of Northwestern Ohio. John Logan was a Shawnee warrior whose mother is said to have been a sister of Tecumseh. When a boy this Shawnee lad had been taken prisoner by some Kentuckians, and had lived for several years with the family of General Logan. Hence the name Logan, to which the title of "Captain" was eventually attached. Although he returned to his people, he ever remained a true friend of the whites who had treated him so kindly. He subsequently rose to the rank of a civil chief in his tribe. His personal appearance was commanding, being six feet in height, and weighing near two hundred pounds.

When General Harrison reached Piqua, he requested Colonel Johnson to furnish him some reliable spies. It was then that Captain Logan entered the service of the American commander. In November Harrison directed Logan to take a small party and reconnoitre the country in the direction of the Rapids of the Maumee. When near their destination the three scouts were met by a body of the enemy superior to their own, and compelled to retreat. Logan, Captain Johnny and Bright Horn effected their escape to the army of General Winchester, who was duly informed of the circumstances of their adventure. A thoughtless officer of the Kentucky troops without the slightest ground for such a charge, accused Logan of giving intelligence to the enemy. Wounded to the quick by this foul accusation, the red man at once resolved to meet it in a manner that would leave no doubt as to his loyalty.

"Accordingly on the morning of the 22d," so runs the account, "he started down the Maumee, attended by his two faithful companions, Captain Johnny and Bright Horn. About noon, having stopped for the purpose of taking rest, they were suddenly surprised by a party of seven of the enemy, among whom were young Elliott, a half-breed, holding a commission in the British service, and the celebrated Pottawatomie chief, Winnemac. Logan made no resistance, but, with great presence of mind, extending his hand to Winnemac, who was an old acquaintance, proceeded to inform him that he and his two companions, tired of the American service, were just leaving General Winchester's army, for the purpose of joining the British. Winnemac, being familiar with Indian strategy, was not satisfied with this declaration, but proceeded to disarm Logan and his comrades, and placing his party around them, so as to prevent their escape, started for the British camp at the foot of the rapids. In the course of the afternoon Logan's address was such as to inspire confidence in his sincerity, and induce Winnemac to restore to him and his companions their arms. Logan now formed the plan of attacking his captors on the first favorable opportunity and while marching succeeded in communicating the substance of it to Captain Johnny and Bright Horn. Their guns being already loaded, they had little further preparation to make than to put bullets into their mouths, to facilitate the reloading of their arms. In carrying on this process Captain Johnny, as he afterwards related, fearing that the man marching by his side had observed the operation, adroitly did away the impression by saying 'Me chaw heap toback.'

"The evening being now at hand, the British Indians determined to encamp on the bank of Turkey Foot Creek, about twenty miles from Fort Winchester. Confiding in the idea that Logan had really deserted the American service, a part of his captors rambled around the place of their encampment in search of blackshaws. They were no sooner out of sight than Logan gave the signal of attack upon those who remained behind; they fired, and two of the enemy fell dead—the third, being only wounded, required a second shot to dispatch him; and in the meantime the remainder of the party, who were near by, returned the fire, and all of them 'treed.' There being four of the enemy, and only three of Logan's party, the latter could not watch all the movements of their

antagonists. During an active fight, the fourth man of the enemy passed around until Logan was uncovered by his tree, and shot him through the body. By this time Logan's party had wounded two of the surviving four, which caused them to fall back. Taking advantage of things, Captain Johnny mounted Logan, now suffering the pain of a mortal wound, and Bright Horn also wounded, on two of the enemy's horses, and started them for Winchester's camp, which they reached about midnight. When the news of the gallant affair had spread through the camp, and, especially, after it was known that Logan was mortally wounded, it created a deep and mournful sensation. No one, it is believed, more deeply regretted the fatal catastrophe than the author of the charge upon Logan's integrity, which had led to this unhappy result."

Logan's popularity was very great, and he was almost universally esteemed in the army for his fidelity to the American cause, his recognized bravery, and the nobleness of his nature. He lived two or three days after reaching camp, but in extreme bodily agony. His body was borne by the soldiers to Wapakoneta, where his family lived, and there he was buried with mixed military honors and savage rites. Previous to his death he related the particulars of this fatal enterprise to a friend, declaring to him that he prized his honor more than life. Having now vindicated his reputation from the imputation cast upon it, he died satisfied.

A number of ambuscades by the savages occurred around Fort Winchester. These generally happened to soldiers who had strayed away from the fort either to gather food or to shoot game. Five soldiers were killed and scalped while after the plums that were so plentiful. "Some breaches of discipline were noted, and their punishment relieved the monotony of camp life. On the 8th of October Frederick Jacoby, a young man, was found asleep while posted as guard. He was sentenced by court martial to be shot. A platoon was ordered to take places before the paraded army and twenty paces from the prisoner who, blindfolded, was on his knees preparing for the order to the soldiers to fire. A great stillness pervaded the army. Just as the suspense was at its height a courier arrived with an order from General Winchester saving his life by changing the sentence. This sentence and scene produced a profound effect upon the soldiers. It was their first real view of the sternness of military discipline; and they recognized its necessity and justness while in the country of the stealthy and savage enemy."

The greatest suffering was caused by the lack of provisions and inadequate clothing. Fort Winchester was completed on the 15th of October, 1812. Nevertheless a large number of troops continued to camp outside the enclosure. The longest stay was made at Camp Number Three, several miles down the Maumee, for here there was an abundance of firewood, and the ground was dry. Of this place, one who was with the army said: "On the 25th of December, 1812, at sunrise we bade adieu to this memorable place, Camp Number Three, where lie the bones of many a brave man. This place will live in the recollection of all who suffered there, and for more reasons than one. There comes up before the mind the many times the dead march was heard in the Camp, and

the solemn procession that carried our fellow sufferers to the grave; the many times we were almost on the point of starvation; and the many sickening disappointments which were experienced by the army from day to day, and from week to week, by the failure of promised supplies." Most of the soldiers were provided only with summer clothing, and it was well into the winter before any heavier outfitting was received. Army life was certainly deprived of its glamor. The rations were constantly short. Some days the rations consisted only of beef and other days only of flour, or some hickory nuts which were gathered near the camp. The lack of salt was also greatly felt. It is no wonder that sickness increased from the inadequate food and the thin clothing worn by the soldiers. Their weakened conditions made the men an easy prey to pestilence. Three or four deaths a day with the constant succession of funeral rites greatly depressed the soldiers. Hunger drove many away from the camp in search of food.

The army contractors were largely to blame for the shortage of necessities, but there were contributing causes. "The roads were bad beyond description but those who have actually seen the state of the country seem to have formed a correct estimate of the difficulties to be encountered. The road * * * to Defiance was one continued swamp, knee-deep to the packhorses and up to the hubs of the wagons. It was found impossible in some instances to get even the empty wagons along, and many were left sticking in the mire and ravines, the wagoners being glad to get off with the horses alive. * * * The only persons who could be procured to act as packhorse drivers, were generally the most worthless creatures in society, who took care neither of the horse nor the goods with which they were entrusted."

General Harrison, from his headquarters in Franklinton, now Columbus, was kept fully informed, and he in turn advised the department, but communications were slow and the War Department was so demoralized that supplies did not reach this outlying fortress. No other troops operating in this part of the state had to endure such hardships as befell this army in the fall and early winter of 1812. There was one attempt to send food which is reported as follows:

"About the first of December, Major Bodley, an enterprising officer who was quartermaster of the Kentucky troops, made an attempt to send near two hundred barrels of flour down the River St. Marys in pirogues to the Left Wing of the army below Defiance. Previous to this time, the water had rarely been high enough to venture in a voyage on these small streams. The flour was now shipped in fifteen or twenty pirogues and canoes, and placed under the command of Captain Jordan and Lieutenant Cardwell with upwards of twenty men. They descended the river and arrived about a week afterwards at Shane's Crossing upwards of one hundred miles by water but only twenty by land from the place they started. The river was so narrow, crooked, full of logs, and trees overhanging the banks, that it was with great difficulty they could make any progress. And now in one freezing night they were completely ice bound. Lieutenant Cardwell waded back through the ice and swamps to Fort Barbee with intelligence of their situation. Major Bodley

returned with him to the flour, and offered the men extra wages to cut through the ice and push forwards; but having gained only one mile by two days' labor, the project was abandoned, and a guard left with the flour. A few days before Christmas a temporary thaw took place which enabled them with much difficulty and suffering to reach within a few miles of Fort Wayne, where they were again frozen up. They now abandoned the voyage and made sleds on which the men hauled the flour to the Fort (Wayne) and left it there."

General Harrison himself reported to the Secretary of War as follows: "Obstacles are almost insuperable; but they are opposed with unabated firmness and zeal. * * * The prodigious destruction of horses can only be conceived by those who have been accustomed to military operations in the wilderness during the winter season. I did not make sufficient allowance for the imbecility and inexperience of the public agents, and the villainy of the contractors. * * * If the plan of acquiring the naval superiority upon the lakes, before the attempt is made on Malden or Detroit, should be adopted, I would place fifteen hundred men in cantonment at Miami Rapids—Defiance would be better if the troops had not advanced from there."

Following a custom of the day captives were occasionally brought in to give information. In one official report to Governor Meigs by General Tupper we find as follows:

"Camp, Near McArthur's Block-house,
November 9th, 1812.

"Sir:—I have for some time thought a prisoner from near the Maumee Rapids would at this time be of much service, and highly acceptable to General Harrison. For this purpose, I ordered Captain Hinkton to the Rapids, with his company of spies, with orders to take a prisoner if possible. He had just returned and brought in with him Captain A. Clark, a British subject, who resides two miles above Malden, and was out with a party of about five hundred Indians and fifty British, with two gunboats, six bateaux, and one small schooner at the foot of the Rapids, to gather in and carry over to Malden the corn. Captain Clark had but just arrived with the van of the detachment. The vessels and boats had not yet anchored when the spies surprised him as he advanced a few rods from the shore to reconnoitre, and brought him off undiscovered; and this from a number of Indians, who were killing hogs and beginning to gather corn. At the same time, several of Captain Hinkton's spies lay concealed on the bank within five rods of the place where some of the first boats were landing. Captain Hinkton has conducted this business with great skill and address. Captain Clark was taken prisoner on the 7th instant, a little before sun setting. * * *

I am, very respectfully,
Your Excellency's Most Obedient Servant,
Edward W. Tupper,
Brigadier Gen. Ohio Quota."

In a letter, dated January 8, 1813, Harrison wrote to the Secretary of War: "My plan of operation has been, and now is, to occupy the

Miami Rapids, and to deposit there as much provisions as possible, to move from thence with choice detachment of the army, and with as much provision, artillery and ammunition as the means of transportation will allow, make a demonstration towards Detroit and, by a sudden passage of the strait upon the ice, an actual investiture of Malden. * * * It was my intention to have assembled at the Rapids from 4,500 to 5,000 men, and to be governed by circumstances in forming the detachment with which I should advance."

General Winchester had been authorized to proceed to the Maumee Rapids as soon as he had accumulated sufficient supplies to make the advance safe. On his way from Defiance a dispatch reached him from Harrison recommending the abandonment of this project. But Harrison treated Winchester as an equal and not as an under officer. Hence Winchester followed his own ideas and continued the march. On the tenth of January, 1813, he reached a point above the site of the Battle of Fallen Timbers. He had with him an army of 1,300 men. Here he established an improvised encampment and storehouse. The soldiers were able to gather corn from the fields, which was boiled whole and supplied them with some additional food. Some improvised devices were made to pound corn into meal. The enemy were encamped in considerable numbers around and about the site of Fort Miami, but they retreated. A number of messengers arrived at his camp from Frenchtown (now Monroe) representing the danger to which the inhabitants were exposed from the hostility of British and Indians and almost tearfully begging for protection. These representations excited the sympathies of the Americans and turned their attention from the main object of the campaign, causing them to forget to a great extent proper military precaution. These messengers reported that the Indians had threatened to kill the inhabitants and burn the town. A council of officers was called by General Winchester and a majority were in favor of sending a strong detachment to the relief of Frenchtown.

Col. William Lewis was first dispatched with 550 men on January 17th. A few hours later Col. John Allen followed with 110 men, and overtook the others at the mouth of the river. Marching along the frozen borders of the bay and lake they reached there on the afternoon of the following day. Attacking the enemy who were posted in the village, they gained possession of it after a spirited engagement. Learning that the savages were collecting in force, General Winchester became alarmed and started from the Maumee Rapids on the 19th with all the troops that he could detach to the relief of that settlement, in all about 250 men. They arrived there on the 20th instant. As soon as General Harrison received word of Winchester's advance he was alarmed and made a quick advance to the Rapids. The artillery was ordered to follow and droves of hogs started. He arrived there on the 20th and immediately sent a courier to Frenchtown.

Had General Winchester followed the advice of those wiser than himself, a disaster might have been prevented. But he relaxed himself in the good home of Colonel Navarre, where he was established, and was not as vigilant as he should have been. He left his troops in

open ground, and took no precautions against surprise. Scouts reported that a large body of British and Indians were approaching and would attack him that night. Other information of a similar nature was brought in, but he was unmoved by these reports. He seemed to be under an evil spell. As a result, an attack was made upon him in the early morning of the 22d. The British and their dusky allies approached entirely undiscovered. General Winchester attempted to rejoin his troops but was captured by an Indian and led to Colonel Proctor. Winchester was persuaded to order his troops to surrender under promise of protection, but the gallant Major Madison refused until the third request was received. Only a shortage of ammunition induced them to surrender at all. Several hundred of his men were killed in battle or afterwards massacred and the dreaded Indian yell was heard on every side. One troop of a score of men under Lieutenant Garrett were compelled to surrender while retreating and were all massacred except the lieutenant himself. Of another party of thirty which surrendered half were shot or tomahawked. The remainder of his troops were taken prisoners and marched to Amherstburg. Most of them were afterwards released upon parole. General Winchester was kept as a prisoner for more than a year.

The surrender was doubtless induced by the statement of the British commander that an Indian massacre could hardly be prevented in case of continued resistance, and a promise of help to all the wounded. But the promise was not kept. Only thirty-three of the Americans escaped death or captivity. This great disaster at the River Raisin was most lamentable, but it was not without its good results. The loss of the enemy has never been known, but it must have been heavy. "Remember the Raisin" became a slogan that spurred many to enlist in the army, and do valiant service for their country. It had the same effect upon them as did "Remember the Alamo" among the Texans. General Harrison was blamed by his enemies for permitting the advance and then for not sending reinforcements. The advance was made without his knowledge and he arrived too late to be of assistance. If he erred at all it was in permitting too great a latitude to General Winchester, when he was the commander-in-chief.

The situation for the Americans did indeed begin to look lugubrious. For a year there had been only a succession of disasters. All the military operations in the Northwest had resulted favorably for the enemy. Mackinac had been surrendered. There had been a bloody massacre at Fort Dearborn (Chicago); General Hull had yielded to cowardice; now came the overwhelming defeat and massacre of the troops under General Winchester. Nothing had been achieved to mitigate these losses. The entire frontier was greatly alarmed. From every settlement there came urgent and almost pitiful appeals for protection. The settlers lived in daily fear of war parties of the savages. The man who left home feared he would never again behold his loved ones. Many indeed did flee to Kentucky to escape the dangers of the Ohio country.

CHAPTER X

A YEAR OF VICTORIES

General Harrison was not dismayed by the disasters that had overtaken his forces. All the combativeness in his nature was aroused and he bent his energies to retrieving the Northwestern Army from the year of disasters for which he was not in any sense responsible. Reinforcements were demanded and precautions taken to prevent any further unfortunate happenings to the troops under his command. His earliest efforts were devoted to freeing Northwestern Ohio from the enemy.

General Harrison wrote to the Secretary of War from "headquarters, Foot of the Miami (Maumee) Rapids, February 11, 1813," as follows: "Having been joined by General Leftwich with his brigade, and a regiment of the Pennsylvania quota at the Portage River on the 30th ultimo, I marched thence on the 1st instant and reached this place on the morning of the 2nd with an effective force of sixteen hundred men. I have since been joined by a Kentucky regiment and part of General Tupper's Ohio Brigade, which has increased our numbers to two thousand non-commissioned officers and privates. I have ordered the whole of the troops of the Left Wing (excepting one company for each of the six forts in that quarter) the balance of the Pennsylvania brigade, and the Ohio brigade under General Tupper, and a detachment of regular troops of twelve months volunteers under command of Colonel Campbell, to march to this place as soon as possible.

"I am erecting here a pretty strong fort (Meigs) capable of resisting field artillery at least. The troops will be placed in a fortified camp covered on one flank by the fort. This is the best position that can be taken to cover the frontier, and the small posts in the rear of it, and those above it on the Miami (Maumee) and its tributaries. The force placed here ought, however, to be strong enough to encounter any that the enemy may detach against the forts above. Twenty-five hundred would not be too many. But, anxious to reduce the expenses during the winter within as narrow bounds as possible I have desired the Governor of Kentucky not to call out (but to hold in readiness to march) the fifteen hundred men lately required of him. * * * Attention will still be paid to the deposit of supplies for the ensuing campaign. Immense supplies of provisions have been accumulating along the Auglaize River, and boats and pirogues prepared to bring them down as soon as the river opens."

The experience of General Harrison in frontier warfare, especially under General Wayne in this valley, induced him to select as the site of a fort in this section the high right bank of the Maumee River, just a short distance below the lowest fording place and near the foot of the lowest rapids. The original plan of this fort embraced something over

eight acres of ground, and the irregular circumference of the enclosure measured about a mile and a third in length. At short intervals there were blockhouses and batteries, and between these the entire space was picketed with timbers 15 feet long, from 10 to 12 inches in diameter, and placed 3 feet into the ground. It was built under the personal supervision of Capt. Eleazer D. Wood, chief engineer of the army. As soon as the outlines of the fort were decided upon, the different branches of labor were assigned to the various corps in the army.

"To complete the picketing," says Captain Wood, "to put up eight blockhouses of double timbers, to elevate four large batteries, to build all the storehouses and magazines required to contain the supplies of the army, together with the ordinary fatigues of the camp, was an undertaking of no small magnitude. Besides, an immense deal of labor was likewise required in excavating ditches, making abatis and clearing away the wood about the camp; and all this was done, too, at a time when the weather was inclement, and the ground so hard that it could scarcely be opened with the mattock and pickaxe."

General Harrison himself was untiring in his movements. He was kept busy visiting the various camps in his work of supervision, for we find dispatches dated from various headquarters. About the 1st of March word reached Fort Meigs that General Proctor had ordered the assembling of the Canada militia and the Indian allies early in April, preparatory to an attack on Fort Meigs. To encourage the Indians, he had assured them of an easy conquest, and had promised that General Harrison should be delivered up to Tecumseh himself. That Indian chief had an unquenchable hatred for the American commander since the Battle of Tippecanoe. The mode of attack, so it was reported, would be by constructing strong batteries on the opposite side of the river, to be manned by British artillerists, while the savages would invest the fort on that side of the river. "A few hours action of the cannon would smoke the Americans out of the fort into the hands of the savages," confidently said one of the officers.

It was a very difficult matter to maintain an effective force on this frontier owing to the short terms of enlistment and the irregularity of their expirations. The forces within Fort Meigs were so seriously weakened by the expiration of the term of the enlistment of many of the Virginians and Pennsylvanians, that not more than five hundred effective soldiers remained. The Kentucky Legislature passed an act adding \$7.00 a month to the pay of any fifteen hundred Kentuckians already in the service, who would remain until others were sent to relieve them. General Harrison was almost discouraged at times, for in one communication he writes: "I am sorry to mention the dismay and disinclination to the service, which appears to prevail in the western country." As soon as the ice broke, advantage was taken of the high water to transport supplies down the river to Fort Meigs from the supply depots farther up on the Maumee and Auglaize.

The British kept themselves informed of the American preparations through their savage allies. As Fort Meigs enjoyed comparative quiet for several weeks, the soldiers gradually became more venturesome. In

March a small party of soldiers while hunting game near old Fort Miami were shot at by a British reconnoitering party, and Lieutenant Walker was killed. Another bullet lodged in a Bible or hymn-book, carried by a soldier in his breast pocket, saving him from death or a severe wound. Intense excitement again arose about the first of April over a desperate encounter of about a dozen French volunteers who, while reconnoitering by boat in the channels about the large island below the fort, were surprised and violently assailed at close quarters by two boatloads of savages. In the encounter that ensued only one Indian escaped death, but several of the Frenchmen were also slain, and only three came away unscathed.

The Canadian militia assembled at Sandwich on the seventh of April, pursuant to call. On the 23d of that month General Proctor's army, consisting of almost one thousand regulars and militia, embarked at Malden on several vessels and sailed for Fort Meigs, being convoyed by two gunboats with artillery. The savages, amounting to fully fifteen hundred, crossed the Detroit River and made their way to the rendezvous on foot, although a few sailed the lakes in small boats. The vessels arrived at the mouth of the Maumee River on the 26th inst., and a couple of days later the army landed near the ruins of Fort Miami, about two miles below Fort Meigs, and on the opposite side of the river.

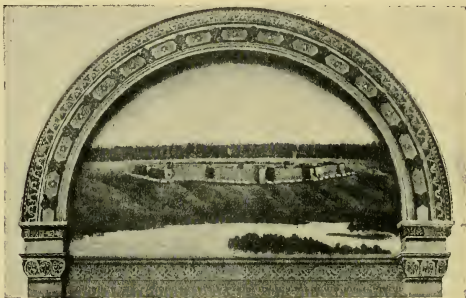
"Yesterday the British let loose a part of their savage allies upon the fort from the opposite shore, whilst the former were concerting plans below. There is little doubt the enemy intends erecting batteries on the opposite shore. No force can reduce the fort. All are in fine spirits, anxiously waiting a share of the glory to be acquired over the British and their savage allies; though one thing is certain, whilst their forces are so far superior they cannot be driven from their position on the opposite shore. Captain Hamilton, who was detached with a discovering party estimated their forces at three thousand—independent of the Indians lurking in the neighborhood."

The effective force at Fort Meigs at this time numbered about eleven hundred soldiers, which was really inadequate to cope with such a large, well trained, and far better equipped army. General Harrison himself had arrived on the 12th. Most of the savages immediately crossed the river and began to invest and harass Fort Meigs at every possible point, filling the air with their hideous yells and the firing of musketry both day and night. For the purpose of protection the timber had been cleared from the fort on all sides for about three hundred yards, with the exception of stumps and an occasional log. Behind these the savages would advance at night and sometimes disable a picket. These wily foes also climbed the trees at the rear of the fort, from which vantage points they were finally routed with far greater losses than they inflicted.

"Can you," said General Harrison in a stirring appeal to his troops, "the citizens of a free country who have taken arms to defend its rights, think of submitting to an army composed of mercenary soldiers, reluctant Canadians goaded to the field by the bayonet, and of wretched naked savages? Can the breast of an American soldier, when he cast his eyes

to the opposite shore, the scene of his country's triumphs over the same foe, be influenced by any other feelings than the hope of glory? Is not this army composed of the same materials as that which fought and conquered under the immortal Wayne?"

The news of Harrison's danger had already reached General Clay and his command of 1,200 men, part of whom were under Col. William Dudley. They dispatched Leslie Combs and some soldiers, together with a Shawnee guide, to inform General Harrison of their approach. Combs and his party began their journey at Defiance on the first of May. His companions were two brothers named Walker, two others named respectively Paxton and Johnson, also young Black Fish, a Shawnee warrior. With the latter at the helm, the other four engaged with the rowing, and himself at the bow in charge of the rifles



FORT MEIGS, 1812

and ammunition, the party pushed off from Defiance, amid cheers and sad adieus, determined to reach Fort Meigs before daylight. The voyage was full of danger. Rain was falling heavily, and the night was intensely black. They passed the rapids in safety, when heavy cannonading was heard in the direction of the fort. For a moment Combs was perplexed. To return would be prudent, but would expose his courage to doubts; to remain until the next night, or proceed at once, seemed equally hazardous. A decision was soon made by the brave youth. He went forward with many misgivings, for he knew of the weakness of the garrison, and doubted its ability to hold out long. Great was his satisfaction, therefore, when on sweeping around the last bend in the river he saw the stripes and stars waving over the beleaguered camp. Suddenly a solitary Indian appeared in the edge of the woods, and a moment afterward a large body of them were observed in the gray

shadows of the forest, running eagerly to a point below to cut the party. The gallant captain attempted to dart by them on the swift current, when a volley of bullets from the savages severely wounded Johnson and Paxton—the former mortally. The fire was returned with effect, when the Shawnee at the helm turned the prow toward the opposite shore. There the voyagers abandoned the canoe and, with their faces toward Defiance, sought safety in flight. After vainly attempting to take Johnson and Paxton with them, Combs and Black Fish left them. At the end of two days the captain reached Defiance, where General Clay had just arrived. The Walkers were also there, having fled more swiftly, because unencumbered. Combs and his dusky companion had suffered terribly.

Excessive rains hindered the British in planting their cannon as they wished. At times as many as two hundred men and several oxen would be engaged in the work of pulling a single 24-pounder through the mud. At first the work was carried on only by night but a little later, owing to the impatience of the commander, the work was continued by day, although some of the men were killed by shots from Fort Meigs. By the 30th of April they had completed two batteries nearly opposite Fort Meigs. The first battery contained two 24-pounders, while the other mounted three howitzers. A third battery of three 12-pounders was afterwards placed, as well as several mortars, in strategic positions. General Harrison ordered earthworks to be thrown up to protect the men from any cannon shots which might be fired at them from these newly erected batteries. Thus the shots from the enemy's cannon were opposed by solid walls of earth 12 feet high and 20 feet thick at the base. Behind these ramparts the defenders were placed, so that they were fairly well protected from the guns of the enemy. A few guns were placed by the British on the fort side, and to meet this new danger other traverses of earth were thrown up. A well was also dug behind the Grand Traverse, in order to provide a certain supply of water in case the investment should become close. The British fired almost incessantly with their cannon at Fort Meigs on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of May. Two Americans were killed on the first day, and one man was so severely wounded that he died of tetanus ten days later. No fewer than five hundred balls and shells were thrown on the first day so it was estimated.

The supply of balls and shells within the fort was limited, and the defenders replied only occasionally when a good target offered. In order to increase the supply a reward of a gill of whisky was offered to the soldiers for every British ball brought in by them of a size to fit their guns. At night the soldiers might have been seen outside the stockade searching around for balls whose location they had noticed during the day. It is said that more than a thousand gills of whiskey were paid out as rewards. Before completing their plans, the British constructed a third battery of three 12-pounder cannon between the two batteries mentioned above.

One of the militiamen voluntarily stationed himself on the embankment, and gratuitously forewarned the Americans of every approaching

shot. In this he became so skillful that he could in almost every case predict the probable destination of the missile. As soon as the smoke issued from the muzzle of the gun, he would cry out "shot" or "bomb" as the case might be. Consider the contempt with which a gunner in the Great War who fired a monster that hurled half a ton or more of steel and explosive for a distance of twenty-five miles, would regard these pigmy cannon. It was all these guns could do to heave a six or eight pound ball across the river, a distance of a quarter of a mile. So leisurely was its flight that this man from the embankment could gauge the direction and warn his comrades. It seems like an absurdity to us today in the light of modern development in the matter of man-killing machines.

"Hey, there, block-house number one," he cried out. Then the boys of that defense would promptly duck for cover.

"Main battery, look out," would come his stentorian voice over the palisades. The men of that battery then had warning to seek shelter and would follow his advice "now for the meat-house."

"Good bye, old boy, if you will pass by," was the greeting to a wild shot that missed the fort altogether.

But even these leisurely flying iron balls were deadly, when a human target interposed in their flight. One day, while he was watching and jocularly commenting on the course of the balls, there came a shot that seemed to defy all the militiaman's calculations. He could not gauge the angle. He stood motionless and perplexed. No word of warning or jesting came from his lips. His eyes seemed transfixed. But the ball was approaching nearer and nearer, and in an instant he was swept into eternity. The gunners had hit their mark.

"The aborigines," says Rev. A. M. Lorraine, who was with the Americans, "climbing up into the trees, fired incessantly upon us. Such was their distance that many of their balls barely reached us but fell harmless to the ground. Occasionally they inflicted dangerous and even fatal wounds. The number killed in the fort was small considered the profusion of powder and ball expended on us. About eighty were slain, many wounded, and several had to suffer amputation of limbs. The most dangerous duty which we performed within the precincts of the fort was in covering the magazine. Previous to this the powder had been deposited in wagons and these stationed in the traverse. Here there was no security against bombs; it was therefore thought to be prudent to remove the powder into a small blockhouse and cover it with earth. The enemy, judging our designs from our movements, now directed all their shot to this point (particularly from their 24-pounder battery). Many of their balls were red-hot. Wherever they struck the raised a cloud of smoke and made a frightful hissing. An officer passing our quarters said, 'Boys, who will volunteer to cover the magazine?' Fool-like away several of us went. As soon as we reached the spot there came a ball and took off one man's head. The spades and dirt flew faster than any of us had before witnessed."

A white flag approached the fort and the bearers asked for a parley. A demand was then made for the surrender of the fortress by General

Proctor. This was answered by a prompt refusal. "I believe I have a very correct idea of General Proctor's force," said General Harrison. "It is not such as to create the least apprehension for the result of the contest, whatever shape he may be pleased hereafter to give to it. Assure the general, however, that he will never have this post surrendered to him upon any terms. Should it fall into his hands, it will be in a manner calculated to do him more honor, and to give him larger claims upon the gratitude of his government, than any capitulation could possibly do."

Things had begun to look dark for the besieged when Capt. William Oliver, accompanied by Maj. David Trumble and fifteen soldiers who had evaded the encircling savages, arrived on the night of the 4th with the welcome news that Gen. Green Clay's command in eighteen large flatboats, had reached the left bank of the Maumee at the head of the grand rapids. The river was so high that the pilot declined to run the boats over the rapids at night. Captain Hamilton, with a subaltern and canoe, was immediately dispatched to meet General Clay and convey to him this command: "You must detach about eight hundred men from your brigade, who will land at a point I (Hamilton) will show, about one or one and a half miles above Fort Meigs, and I will conduct them to the British batteries on the left bank of the river. They must take possession of the enemy's cannon, spike them, cut down the carriages, then return to their boats and cross over to the Fort. The balance of your men must land on the fort side of the river, opposite the first landing, and fight their way to the fort through the savages. The route they must take will be pointed out by a subaltern officer now with me, who will land the canoe on the right bank of the river to point out the landing for the boats."

General Clay himself remained in charge of the troops landing on the right bank of the Maumee. But the subaltern was not at the rendezvous and some confusion resulted. Sorties were made from the garrison to aid these. They were subjected to a galling fire from the British infantry and the Indians under Tecumseh, but safely reached the fortress. Another detachment under Colonel Boswell landed and drove away the threatening savages. For their relief General Harrison dispatched several hundred men under command of Col. John Miller, who attacked the nearest battery and drove away the enemy four times as numerous. The troops advanced with loaded but trailed arms. The first fire of the enemy did little damage. Then it was that a charge was ordered, and the enemy fled with great precipitation. The American troopers and militia alike covered themselves with glory in this encounter. Twenty-eight Americans were killed in this sortie and twenty-five were wounded. Forty-three prisoners were brought back to the fort. It was one of the bravest incidents of the entire siege.

Had the wise orders of General Harrison been carried out in full, the terrible massacre which occurred would have been avoided. Colonel Dudley executed his task gallantly and successfully up to the point of the capture of the batteries, and without the loss of a man. He reached them unobserved, the gunners fleeing precipitately. The Americans rushed forward and spiked eleven of the largest guns, hauling down the enemy's

flag. Great and loud was the applause that reached them from the fort across the river. But most of Dudley's troops were unused to warfare with the savages. They were extremely anxious for a combat—and they were Kentuckians. Colonel Dudley had landed with 866 men. Of these only 170 escaped to Fort Meigs. Elated with their initial success, and being fired upon by some of the Indians, the Kentuckians became infuriated and boldly dashed after their wily opponents without any thought of an ambushade. The commands of Colonel Dudley and warnings from the fort were alike unheeded by these impetuous southerners.

General Harrison offered a reward of \$1,000 to any man who would cross the river and apprize Colonel Dudley of his danger. This duty was promptly undertaken by an officer, but the enemy had arrived on the opposite bank before he could reach it. Many, indeed, were those killed, including Colonel Dudley himself, in the fierce contest that waged for about three hours. Many more were wounded, and the others were taken prisoners. Those who could walk were marched toward Fort Miami. Those who were wounded too badly to move were immediately slain and scalped by the savages, and an equally sad fate met those who were taken to the fort. The Kentuckians had become demoralized and it developed into each man fighting for himself as best he could in the confusion.

Lieutenant Underwood has left a vivid account of the battle, from which the following is taken:

"While passing through a thicket of hazel, toward the river in forming line of battle, I saw Colonel Dudley for the last time. He was greatly excited; he railed at me for not keeping my men better dressed (in better line). I replied that he must perceive from the situation of the ground, and the obstacles that we had to encounter, that it was impossible. When we came within a small distance of the river we halted. The enemy at this place had gotten in the rear of our line, formed parallel with the river, and were firing upon our troops. Having nothing to do, and being without orders, we determined to march our company out and join the combatants. We did so accordingly. In passing out we fell on the left of the whole regiment and were soon engaged in a severe conflict. The Indians endeavored to flank and surround us. We were from time to time ordered to charge. The orders were passed along the lines, our field officers being on foot. * * * We made several charges afterwards and drove the enemy a considerable distance. * * * At length orders were passed along the lines directing us to fall back and keep up a retreating fire. As soon as this movement was made the Indians were greatly encouraged, and advanced upon us with the most horrid yells. Once or twice the officers succeeded in producing a temporary halt and a fire on the Indians, but the soldiers of the different companies soon became mixed, confusion ensued, and a general rout took place. The retreating army made its way towards the batteries, where I supposed we should be able to form and repel the pursuing Aborigines. They were now so close in the rear as to frequently shoot down those who were before me. * * * In emerging from the woods into an open piece of ground near the battery we had taken,

and before I knew what had happened, a soldier seized my sword and said to me, 'Sir, you are my prisoner!' I looked before me and saw, with astonishment, the ground covered with muskets. The soldier, observing my astonishment, said 'your army has surrendered,' and received my sword. He ordered me to go forward and join the prisoners. I did so."

Tecumseh was far more humane than his white allies. While the bloodthirsty work was proceeding a thundering voice in the Indian tongue was heard from the rear, and Tecumseh was seen approaching as fast as his horse could carry him. He sprang from his horse, rage showing in every feature. Seeing two Indians butchering an American, he brained one with his tomahawk and felled the other to the earth. He seemed torn with grief and passion.

After this incident the prisoners were not further molested. It is certainly convincing proof that the British authorities did not discourage the inhumanities of their savage allies, and it is believed that many of the officers encouraged them in their savagery and atrocities. Inimical as was Tecumseh toward the Americans, insatiable as was his hatred of us, we cannot but admire him as a man. In personal courage he was excelled by none. In oratory few were his peers, but in humanity he stood out in striking contrast to the customs of his own tribe, one of the most savage of all. He was never guilty of wanton bloodshed, and ever used every effort to restrain his followers from all deeds of cruelty and torture in dealing with their captives.

A British officer, who took part in the siege, tells of a visit to the Indian camp on the day after the massacre. The camp was filled with the clothing and plunder stripped from the slaughtered soldiers and officers. The lodges were adorned with saddles, bridles, and richly ornamented swords and pistols. Swarthy savages strutted in cavalry boots and the fine uniforms of American officers. The Indian wolf dogs were gnawing the bones of the fallen. Everywhere were scalps and skins of hands and feet stretched on hoops, stained on the fleshy side with vermillion, and drying in the sun.

"As we continued to advance into the heart of the encampment," says Major Richardson, "a scene of a more disgusting nature arrested our attention. Stopping at the entrance of a tent occupied by the Minoumini (Menomeni) tribe we observed them seated around a large fire over which was suspended a kettle containing their meal. Each warrior had a piece of string hanging over the edge of the vessel, and to this was suspended a food, which, it will be presumed we heard not without loathing, consisted of a part of an American. Any expression of our feelings, as we declined the invitation they gave us to join their repast, would have been resented by the savages without ceremony; we had, therefore, the prudence to excuse ourselves under the plea that we had already taken our food, and we hastened to remove from a sight so revolting to humanity."

Some of the soldiers, who finally escaped from their captivity, have left us terrible tales of their treatment by the savages, all of which was done without a word of protest from the English officers. The young

men were generally taken by the savages as prisoners back to their villages, and some of them were never heard of afterwards by their friends. Most of them, however, were taken on board boats bound for Malden.

"I saved my watch by concealing the chain," says Lieut. Joseph R. Underwood, "and it proved a great service to me afterwards. Having read, when a boy, Smith's narrative of his residence among the Indians my idea of their character was that they treated those best who appeared the most fearless. Under this impression, as we marched down to the old garrison (Fort Miami) I looked at those whom we met with all the sternness of countenance I could command. I soon caught the eye of a stout warrior painted red. He gazed at me with much sternness as I did at him until I came within striking distance, when he gave me a severe blow over the nose and cheek-bone with his wiping stick. I abandoned the notion acquired from Smith. On our approach to the old garrison I perceived that the prisoners were running the gauntlet and that the Indians were whipping, shooting and tomahawking the men as they ran by their line. When I reached the starting place, I dashed off as fast as I was able, and ran near the muzzles of their guns, knowing that they would have to shoot me while I was immediately in front or let me pass, for to have turned their guns up or down the lines to shoot me would have endangered themselves as there was a curve in their line. In this way I passed without injury except some strokes over the shoulders with their gun-sticks. As I entered the ditch around the garrison the man before me was shot and fell, and I fell over him. * * * How many lives were lost at this place I cannot tell, probably between twenty and forty."

"We heard frequent guns at the place during the whole time the remainder of prisoners were coming in," wrote Leslie Combs. "Some were wounded severely with war clubs, tomahawks, etc. The number who fell after the surrender was supposed by all to be nearly equal to the killed in the battle. Their bloodthirsty souls were not yet satiated with carnage. One Indian shot three of our men, tomahawked a fourth, and stripped and scalped them in our presence. * * * Then all raised the war-hoop and commenced loading their guns. * * * Tecumseh, more humane than his ally and employer (Proctor), generously interfered and prevented further massacre."

The Dudley massacre was the third great loss suffered by the American armies of the Northwest in less than a year after the beginning of the War of 1812. Harrison said that "excessive ardor * * * always the case when Kentucky militia were engaged * * * was the source of all their misfortunes." The main body of the savages now withdrew from the British command, partly because they were tired of the continued siege, and partly because their thirst for blood and butchery was satiated. But Proctor did not retire until he had dispatched another white flag, with a demand upon General Harrison to surrender. The reply was such as to indicate that the demand was considered an insult. Because of the withdrawal of his dusky allies General Proctor felt himself compelled to give up the siege on the 9th instant and return with his

remaining forces to Amherstburg, Canada, where he disbanded the militia. Before finally withdrawing he gave a parting salute from his gunboats, which killed ten or a dozen and wounded twice that number. The British forces are estimated to have numbered more than three thousand men. Of these, 600 were British regulars, 1,800 were Canadian militia, and 1,800 were Indians. Harrison's forces at the maximum did not much exceed 1,000 effective men, this does not, of course, include those under Colonel Dudley.

The total loss at the fort during the entire siege was 81 killed and 189 wounded. The British reported loss was only 15 killed, 47 wounded, and 41 taken prisoners. The men welcomed the relief from the terrible tension to which they had been subjected. They were glad to get to the river and wash themselves up, for there had been a great scarcity of water within the stockade. Many had scarcely any clothing left, and that which they wore was so begrimed and torn that they looked more like scarecrows than human beings. Of the part taken by his troops, General Harrison had only words of commendation. In his reports to the Secretary of War, he described the savages as the most effective force. A long list of names received special mention.

After the enemy had withdrawn, Fort Meigs was greatly strengthened. The damage which the British guns had wrought was repaired, the British battery mounds were leveled, while the open space in front was extended; better drainage and sanitary conveniences were also established, for the lack of which the garrison had suffered considerable sickness. Reinforcements were hurried forward from Upper Sandusky, while General Harrison made a tour of the various other fortresses within his jurisdiction. The extent of the frontier under his command was indeed extensive, and it required constant watchfulness as well as great executive ability to guard against invasion and to prevent the advance of the enemy within it.

Comparative calm followed the abandonment of the siege of Fort Meigs for a couple of months. But Harrison was not inactive during this time. He fully appreciated the strength of the Indian allies of Britain. Heretofore it had been the American policy not to employ friendly Indians in its service, except in a few instances. This policy the Indians could not understand. In order to clarify the situation a council was called at Franklinton (Columbus) on June 21st. The Wyandots, Delawares, Shawnees, and Senecas were represented by fifty of their chief and head men. Tarhe, Chief Sachem of the Wyandots, became the spokesman of all tribes present. Harrison said that the time had come for an expression of the tribes as to their stand, for the Great Father wanted no false friends. As a guarantee of their good intentions, the friendly tribes should either move into the settlements or their warriors should accompany him in the ensuing campaign. To this proposal all the warriors present unanimously agreed, asserting that they had been anxious for an opportunity to fight for the Americans. Harrison promised to let them know when their services were wanted. Although the tribes were not called upon to take part in the war, many of the Indians of their own free will did accompany Harrison in his later campaigns.

In July General Proctor again headed an expedition for the mouth of the Maumee. On the 20th of the month the boats of the enemy were discovered ascending the Maumee toward Fort Meigs. With him was an army estimated to number at least 5,000. The Indians also began to appear in the neighborhood in considerable numbers. A picket guard, consisting of a corporal and ten soldiers, was surprised about 300 yards from Fort Meigs on the night of their arrival, and all but three were killed or captured. Fourteen soldiers, whose term of enlistment had expired, desired to return home on foot by way of Fort Winchester. They were attacked by savages when only a few miles above the fort, and only two escaped. Reinforcements arrived at the fort, which greatly added to its strength. Among these were Lieutenant Montjoy with twenty United States troops. The American force within the fort was small and numbered only a few hundred. They were in charge of General Clay, who immediately sent word to General Harrison at Lower Sandusky. Harrison said that he was unable to send additional troops at once, but advised great precaution against surprise and ambuscade by the wily enemy.

Proctor and Tecumseh had formulated a plan for the capture of Fort Meigs by strategy. A sham battle was staged by Tecumseh along the road toward Lower Sandusky, near enough so that the noise might be distinctly heard by the troops in the fort. When the Indian yells, intermingled with the roar of musketry, reached the garrison, the men instantly flew to arms. Thinking that a severe battle was being fought, the men could hardly be restrained from marching out to the defense, as they supposed, of their gallant commander-in-chief. This was precisely the purpose of the enemy. The shooting was intended to convey the impression to the besieged that an advancing force of reinforcements was being attacked by the Indians, thus hoping to draw out the garrison. General Clay had had too much experience, however, in Indian warfare, and refused to be drawn into their plans. Furthermore, he did not think that Harrison would come thus unannounced so soon after the messenger. After several futile attempts to draw the Americans from their protection, the enemy departed from Fort Meigs on July 27th, having been in its vicinity less than two days. After leaving Fort Meigs for the second time, a part of the British army sailed around through Lake Erie and up the Sandusky River to Fort Stephenson, hoping to find it an easy prey.

It is rather interesting to read of the doings about camp in this early day. There were a number of court martials that we have a record of for drunkenness and insubordination at Fort Meigs. Herewith are two general orders issued at that fortress that make interesting reading in this day of national prohibition. The first relates to what was probably the first official celebration of our national natal day in this vicinity.

(General Order)

Camp Meigs, July 4, 1813.

The General commanding announces to the troops under his command the return of this day, which gave liberty and independence to the United States of America; and orders that a national salute be fired under the superintendence of Captains Gratiot and Cushing. All the troops reported fit for duty shall receive an extra gill of whisky. And

those in confinement and those under sentence attached to their corps, be forthwith released and ordered to join their respective corps.

The General is induced to use this lenience alone from consideration of the ever memorable day, and flatters himself that in future, the soldiers under his command will better appreciate their liberty by a steady adherence to duty and prompt compliance with the orders of their officers, by which alone they are worthy to enjoy the blessings of that liberty and independence, the only real legacy left us by our fathers.

All courts martial now constituted in this camp are hereby dissolved. There will be fatigue this day.

Robert Butler, A. Adj.-Gen.

(General Order)

Camp Meigs, July 8, 1813.

The commanding General directs that the old guard, on being released, will march out of camp and discharge their arms at a target placed in some secure position, and as a reward for those who may excel in shooting, eight gills of whisky will be given to the nearest shot, and four gills to the second. The officer of the guard will cause a return, signed for that purpose, signifying the names of the men entitled to the reward.

G. Clay, Gen. Com.

Robert Butler, A. Adj.-Gen.

For a moment let us turn our attention to another momentous event of Northwestern Ohio, although not taking place within the Maumee region. The event was so heroic and the success so wonderful that it will greatly interest all those interested in the history of this section. The defense of Fort Stephenson at Lower Sandusky (now Fremont) by George Croghan, a Kentucky youth who had barely passed his majority, ranks high among the achievements of the brave Northwestern Army. In historical sequence this section took place shortly after the siege of Fort Meigs had been lifted.

Fort Stephenson was a ramshackle old stockade which had been begun by Major Wood in April but not wholly completed. It was built of piles 16 feet high, and surrounding them was a dry ditch about 8 or 9 feet wide and 5 or 6 feet deep. About an acre of ground was within the enclosure, with a blockhouse at the northeast corner and a guardhouse at the southeast corner. The piles of logs were set close together and each one was sharpened at the top. In this day we would consider it a very flimsy structure, but it was the ordinary fort stockade of the frontier days where artillery had little part in the conflicts. When General Harrison visited the fort, even after Croghan had labored day and night to strengthen it, he was extremely dubious about its efficiency in resisting such an attack as might be brought by the enemy. The general had his headquarters at Fort Seneca, only nine miles above on the Sandusky River.

Definite orders were finally sent to Croghan to destroy Fort Stephenson, as follows: "Immediately on receiving this letter you will abandon Fort Stephenson, set fire to it, and repair with your command this night to headquarters. Cross the river and come up on the opposite side. If you should deem and find it impracticable to make good your march to this place, take the road to Huron, and pursue it with the utmost cir-

cumspection and dispatch." When Croghan received this curt and peremptory command, belated over night, he felt that a retreat could not be safely undertaken, for the Indians were already hovering around the fort in considerable numbers. For this reason, he sent back the following answer: "Sir, I have just received yours of yesterday, ten o'clock P. M., ordering me to destroy this place and make good my retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. We have determined to maintain this place, and by Heaven! we can." This reply made General Harrison extremely angry and he summoned Croghan before him at Fort Seneca. But when the gallant Croghan appeared at headquarters and made his explanation, the commanding general's wrath was quickly appeased. He again received orders to destroy the fort, but the swift approach of the enemy prevented their execution.

The first sight of the approaching enemy was on the evening of July 31, 1813. It was not many hours before the advance guard of the enemy made their appearance. There were at least five hundred British regulars, veteran troops of European wars, and one or two thousand Indians, according to the best reports. As soon as the Indians appeared on the hill across the river, they were saluted by a charge from the 6-pounder, which soon caused them to retire. Indians showed themselves in every direction, demonstrating that the entire fort was surrounded and a retreat was absolutely impossible. General Proctor sent a flag of truce demanding a surrender. The mettle of the youthful commander, when told that the Indians could not be restrained in the event of the certain capture, reveals his mettle. His envoy told the British officer that "the commander says that when the fort is taken, there will be no survivors left to massacre. It will not be given up so long as there is a man able to resist."

With these words the parley ended, and the men retired to their respective lines. The enemy promptly opened fire with their howitzer and 6-pounders, the firing continuing throughout the night with little intermission, and with little effect as well.

During the battle Croghan occasionally fired his 6-pounder, changing its position from time to time in order to convey the impression that he had several cannon. From apparent indications he decided that the enemy would attack the fort from the northwest angle. Hence it was that he removed his 6-pounder to a blockhouse, from which he could cover this angle. The embrasure thus made was masked; the piece was loaded with half a charge of powder, and a double charge of slugs and grape shot. He also strengthened his little fort as much as possible with bags of sand and flour and whatever else was available. Late in the evening the enemy proceeded to make an assault. It was only when the columns were quite near that the men could be distinguished by the besieged. They were then thrown into confusion by a galling fire of musketry directed toward them from the fort. Colonel Short, who was at the head of the advancing column, soon rallied his men, however, and led them with commendable bravery to the brink of the ditch. Pausing for a moment he leaped into the ditch and called upon his men to follow him.

"Cut away the pickets, my brave boys and show the d—d Yankees no quarter," Short shouted, and his words were carried across the palisades. In a few minutes the ditch was filled with men. Then it was that the masked porthole was opened and the 6-pounder, at a distance of only thirty feet, poured such destruction upon the closely packed body of "red coats" that few were fortunate enough to escape. This brief assault, which lasted about half an hour, cost the British twenty-seven lives. Colonel Short fell mortally wounded. A handkerchief raised on the end of his sword was a mute appeal for the mercy which he had a few moments before denied to the Americans.

A precipitate retreat of the enemy followed this bloody encounter. The whole of the attacking troops fled into an adjoining woods where they were beyond the reach of the guns of the fortress. The loss of the British and Indians was 150, including about twenty-six prisoners, most of them badly wounded. The casualties of the garrison were one man killed and seven slightly wounded. The one man who was killed met his death because of his recklessness, by reason of his desire to shoot a red coat. For this purpose he had climbed to the top of the blockhouse, and, while peering over to spot his victim, a cannon ball took off his head.

This long planned and carefully arranged assault by a powerful enemy lasted less than an hour. With it the storm cloud which had been hovering over this section passed northward and westward.

Before daybreak the entire British and Indian forces began a disorderly retreat. So great was their haste that they abandoned a sailboat filled with clothing and military stores, while some seventy stands of arms and braces of pistols were gathered about the fort. Croghan immediately sent word to Harrison of his victory and the departure of the enemy, and it was not long until Harrison himself was on the road to Fort Stephenson.

"It will not be among the least of General Proctor's mortifications that he has been baffled by a youth who has just passed his twenty-first year," wrote General Harrison in his official report. The rank of lieutenant-colonel was immediately conferred upon Croghan by the President of the United States for his courageous defense on this occasion. His gallantry was further acknowledged by a joint resolution of Congress approved in February, 1835, and by which he was ordered to be presented with a gold medal, and a sword was awarded to each of his officers under his command.

The third of the great victories of this year of victories in Northwestern Ohio occurred on the water. Its significance was fully as great as the successful land campaigns of which we have just read, and it occurred only a little more than a month after the Fort Stephenson repulse. Thus the most wonderful naval victory of the War of 1812 occurred within threescore miles of our homes. While General Harrison and his officers were winning their victories inland along the Maumee and the Sandusky, the construction of an American fleet of war vessels was in process of building at Erie, Pennsylvania, in order to co-operate with the land army in offensive operations. This important undertaking was entrusted to Oliver Hazard Perry, then a navy captain at Newport,

Rhode Island, and only twenty-eight years of age. It was his judgment that Lake Erie was the place where Great Britain could be struck a severe blow. Within twenty-four hours after his order to proceed was received, in February, 1813, he had dispatched a preliminary detachment of fifty men and he himself quickly followed. There was nothing at Erie out of which vessels could be built, excepting an abundance of timber still standing in neighboring forests. Shipbuilders, naval stores, sailors, and ammunition must be transported over fearful roads from Albany or from Philadelphia. It was indeed a discouraging situation that confronted the youthful officer. Under all these embarrassments, and hampered as he was in every way, by August 1, 1813, Commodore Perry had provided a flotilla, consisting of the ships *Lawrence* and *Niagara*, of twenty guns each, and seven smaller vessels, to wit: the *Ariel* of four guns, the *Caladonia* of three, the *Scorpion* and *Somers* with two guns each and three of one gun each named *Tigress*, *Porcupine* and *Trip*. In all he had a battery of fifty-four guns.

Having gotten his fleet in readiness, Commodore Perry proceeded to the head of Lake Erie and anchored at Put-in-Bay, opposite to and distant about thirty miles from Malden, where the British fleet lay under the guns of protection of the fort. He remained at anchor here several days, determined to give battle at the first favorable opportunity. On September 10th, at sunrise, the British fleet, consisting of one ship of nineteen guns, one of seventeen, one of thirteen, one of ten, one of three, and one of one—amounting to sixty-three and exceeding the Americans by ten guns, appeared off Put-in-Bay and distant about ten miles. Commodore Perry immediately weighed anchor. Commodore Perry, on board the *Lawrence*, then hoisted his Union Jack, having for a motto the dying words of Captain Lawrence, "Don't Give Up the Ship." Before he hoisted the ensign he turned to his crew and said: "My brave lads, this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?" The answer came from all parts of the ship, "Ay! Ay! Sir!" The act of raising was met with the hearty cheers of the men.

Perry formed his line of battle, and started for the enemy. The day was a beautiful one, without a cloud on the horizon. The lightness of the wind enabled the hostile squadrons to approach each other but slowly, and for two hours the solemn interval of suspense and anxiety which precedes a battle was prolonged. The American commander had never heard the thunder of a hostile ship, but he was versed in the theory of naval war. At fifteen minutes before twelve the enemy opened his fire but it was not returned for ten minutes by the American fleet, which was inferior in long-range guns. Then the battle began on both sides. The British fire was found to be the most destructive. It was chiefly directed against the flagship *Lawrence*. In a short time every brace and bowline of the *Lawrence* was shot away, and she became unmanageable. In this situation she sustained the conflict upwards of two hours until every gun was rendered useless, and the greater part of her crew were either killed or wounded. Perry himself, assisted by his chaplain and the purser, fired the last shot. Fortunately, one might almost say, providentially, at half past two the wind raised and enabled the captain of the *Niagara* to bring her up in gallant style. Perry then entrusted the *Lawrence* to the com-

mand of Lieutenant Yarnell, and proceeded toward the Niagara standing erect in an open boat bearing his flag with the motto: "Don't Give Up the Ship."

Perry expressed his fears to Captain Elliot that the day was lost, because the light wind prevented the other vessel from approaching nearer to the enemy. As the breeze again stiffened, Captain Elliot volunteered to bring up the other vessels. He embarked in a small boat, exposed to the gun-fire of the enemy, and succeeded in bringing up the remotest vessels so that they could participate in the final encounter. Protected by the stouter vessels, they poured in a destructive fire of grape and canister, wreaking terrible destruction upon the enemy.

Commodore Perry now scented victory. He gave the signal to all the boats for close action. The small vessels, under the command of Captain Elliot, set all their sails. Finding that the Niagara had been only slightly injured, the commander determined upon the bold and desperate expedient of breaking the enemy's lines. Accordingly he bore up and passed the head of three of the enemy vessels, giving them a raking of fire from his starboard guns. "Having gotten the whole squadron into action he luffed and laid his ship alongside of the British commodore. The small vessels having now got up within good grape and canister distance on the other quarter, enclosed the enemy between them and the Niagara, and in this position kept up a most destructive fire on both quarters of the British until every ship struck her colors."

"Cease firing," came the order from Perry as he saw the white flag. "Call away a boat, and put me on board the Lawrence. I will receive the surrender there."

The entire engagement lasted about three hours, and never was a victory more decisive and complete. It was found that more prisoners had been taken than there were men on board the American squadron at the close of the action. The greatest loss in killed and wounded was on board the Lawrence. Of her crew, twenty-two had been killed and sixty wounded. At the time her flag was struck, only a score of men remained on deck fit for duty. The killed on board all the other vessels numbered only five and there were thirty-six wounded. The British loss must have been much more considerable. The commander himself was dangerously wounded.

Immediately after the action, the slain of the crews of both squadrons were committed to the waters of Lake Erie. On the following day the funeral obsequies of the American and British officers, who had fallen during the engagement, took place at an opening on the margin of the bay in an appropriate and affecting manner. The crews of both fleets united in the ceremony. At the time of the engagement General Harrison was at his headquarters at Fort Seneca. A couple of days later, just as he was about to set out for Lower Sandusky, filled with anxiety for the fleet because he had received reports of a terrific cannonading on the 10th, the short and laconic message of Commodore Perry reached him. All of Northwestern Ohio was aroused by this remarkably victory and the residents began to have visions of the peace and quiet which did actually follow.

As time passes the victory of Commodore Perry assumes greater and greater proportions in the eyes of the students of history. This is not because of the numbers of vessels or men engaged. In the light of modern warfare, judged by the standard of the superdreadnaught, and its monster guns, it was a small affair. Nine small sailing vessels on the one side and six on the other, with probably a thousand men all told, the greater part of whom were not even seamen—such were the forces that met at Put-in-Bay. One gun from a modern man-of-war would throw more metal in one charge than an entire broadside from the 117 guns of the opposite fleets. It is by its results that the action must be judged. It cleared the waters of Lake Erie of hostile vessels and made possible the invasion of Canada that followed. Likewise because of the heroism displayed as a struggle between man and man, it deserves to be remembered.

After the victory of Put-in-Bay General Harrison lost no time in preparing to embark his army for Canada. On September 20th his army commenced to embark at the mouth of the Portage River, at Port Clinton. Perry's vessels were used as transports, including the captured British vessels. A quarter of a thousand Wyandots, Shawnees, and Senecas sailed with him as regularly enlisted troops. They had pledged themselves to follow the methods of civilized warfare. He promised to deliver General Proctor to them if they would put petticoats on him, which greatly pleased the Indians. The little fleet sailed on the 27th and seven hours later had touched Canadian soil. The Battle of the Thames followed on October 5th, in which Tecumseh was killed. General Proctor escaped by a swift flight. The casualties were not large on either side, but several hundred British prisoners were left in Harrison's hands. A few days later Detroit was occupied by the American troops.

Harrison's campaign freed Northwestern Ohio from danger. Actual peace did not come at once, for the peace treaty was not signed until December, 1814. But the death of Tecumseh, their fiery leader, broke the spirit of the hostile red men. With Detroit, Mackinac and Fort Wayne in American hands, there were no British to disturb the quiet of this region. The principal troubles along the Maumee were economic. "I think I would hang half of the quartermasters and all the contractors," wrote one general. Eighty soldiers were reported sick at Fort Meigs in January, 1814. Two months later the supplies there were reported as follows: "9,461 rations of meat; 29,390 of flour; 25,688 of whisky; 1,271 quarts of salt; 1,018¾ pounds of soap; 948 pounds candles; and 1,584 pounds tallow and grease."

The discharge of volunteers and drafted militiamen quickly followed the official news of peace with Great Britain. The forts in this region were rapidly dismantled and abandoned. Fort Winchester (Defiance) was abandoned in the spring of 1815, the equipment being taken down the Maumee to Detroit. The garrison at Fort Meigs had already been reduced to forty men and four small cannon. In May the garrison and all the military stores were loaded on a schooner and taken to Detroit. Fort Wayne was thus left as the only military post in the Maumee region.

CHAPTER XI

OHIO-MICHIGAN BOUNDARY DISPUTE

Northwestern Ohio was the theater of one of the most unique clashes between governmental jurisdictions that the United States has witnessed. As we look backward and review the events that transpired, many are inclined to smile at the controversy and dismiss the incident. Although it possessed both serious and comic phases, the tragic far outweighed the lighter features. On several occasions the shedding of blood was narrowly averted. It only needed the throwing of the firebrand, for the tinder had already been prepared. Passions were aroused and a hot-headed leader might have started a bloody affray in which American would have been fighting American in a civil war.

"A disputed jurisdiction," wrote Lewis Cass to Edward Tiffin, in 1817, "is one of the greatest evils that can happen to a country. There is nothing that will so arouse the combativeness of an individual as the belief that someone is infringing on the boundaries of his individual and exclusive domain. This has been proved many times by the bloody scrimmages which have taken place between adjoining owners over the location of a seemingly unimportant line fence. In the prolonged litigation that has followed in the courts, even the victor has been the loser. The same bellicose spirit was aroused in the State of Ohio and the territory of Michigan by an imbroglio over the sovereignty of a strip of ground extending from the Maumee River to the western boundary of Ohio. This disputed land was eight miles in width at Toledo, and five miles broad at the western boundary. The problem was recognized as early as 1802, when the first constitution of Ohio was formed. Congress should have settled the question at that time, as it was well within the power of that body, but like many others it was neglected. As Ohio and Michigan increased in wealth and political importance, however, the factious boundary question began to protrude itself upon the horizon in a threatening manner. Toledo was the chief cause and Lucas County was the chief result of this dissension.

The Ohio-Michigan boundary dispute was not a struggle between two bellicose governors, Mason of Michigan and Lucas of Ohio. The real disputants were not the Territory of Michigan and the State of Ohio. They were the sovereign State of Ohio and the Government of the United States. Governor Lucas said: "As I have before stated to you, we have no controversy with the Territory of Michigan. A territory can have no sovereign rights, and no arrangement that could be made with territorial authorities on the subject of boundary would be obligatory." It was the most serious boundary question that has occurred in the Northwest. The question arose through a previous grant in which one of the lines of demarkation began at "a line drawn East and West, through the southerly extreme of Lake Michigan." The old maps were



MAP MADE IN 1834, SHOWING "HARRIS LINE"

not very accurate, for the latitude and longitude had not been well established and the uncertainty was caused by inaccurate knowledge as to where the exact southern boundary of Lake Michigan lay. In the act of Congress granting to Ohio the right to form a constitution, the northern boundary was described as follows: "On the north by an east and west line drawn through the southerly extreme of Lake Michigan, running east after intersecting the due north line from the mouth of the Great Miami, until it shall intersect Lake Erie, or the territorial line, and thence with the same through Lake Erie to the Pennsylvania line." When Michigan was organized as a territory from the northern part of Indiana territory, in 1805, the description of its southern boundary was very similar. "An East and West line, drawn through the Southerly extreme of Lake Michigan, running East until it shall intersect Lake Erie, or the Territorial line; provided, That if the Southerly bend or extreme of Lake Michigan should extend so far South, that a line drawn due East from it would not intersect Lake Erie, or if it should intersect Lake Erie East of the mouth of the Miami of the Lake, then, and in that case, with the assent of Congress, the Northern boundary of this State shall be established by, and extending to, a direct line running from the Southern extremity of Lake Michigan to the most Northerly Cape of Miami Bay, after intersecting the due North line from the mouth of the Great Miami River."

The Ohio Constitution was approved by Congress as prepared by the convention. The great issue of a foreign war, threatening a common danger, united all the people of the frontier in the support of the general interests. The number of persons whose interests were involved were also extremely few. The attention of Congress was attracted, however, for two surveys were made under congressional authority. It was not many years before official notice is recorded of the disputed claims which gave all of the site of the present City of Toledo, with its wonderful harbor, to Michigan. This is shown by the following letter to Governor Meigs:

Miami Rapids, January 23, 1812.

Sir:—It appears to be the general wish of the people in this settlement (which consists of about fifty families), to have the laws of the State of Ohio extended over them, as we consider ourselves clearly within the limits of said State. The few who object, are those who hold offices under the Governor of Michigan, and are determined to enforce their laws. This is considered by a great majority of the inhabitants as usurpation of power which they are under no obligation to adhere to. If no adjustment should take place, I fear the contention will ere long become serious. Sir, will you have the goodness to inform the people here, whether there has been any understanding between the State of Ohio and the Governor of Michigan on the subject of jurisdiction, together with your advice?

I am sir, with high esteem, Your obedient servant,

Amos Spafford, Collector of Fort Miami.

To His Excellency, Return Jonathan Meigs, Esq.

N. B. The foregoing letter is written at the request of the inhabitants.

The question undoubtedly became dormant for a while because of the war which followed between England and the United States, in which many important actions and events occurred in this vicinity. For several years Ohio's representatives in Congress endeavored to induce that body to settle the boundary question, but it could not be brought to consider a question so unimportant as the boundary of so distant a state. While the Michigan authorities were also worrying themselves about this question Indiana was formed with a boundary ten miles north of this Lake Michigan-Erie line, thus depriving her of a thousand square miles of territory. But it was a sparsely settled region and little known to the territorial inhabitants. The Ohio territory was different. It was near the center of the territory's population. One of these which laid off the northern boundary of the state practically as it is today, was known as the Harrison Line; the other, which more nearly conformed to the claims of Michigan, was called the Fulton Line. William Harris made his survey in 1817, under appointment of Governor Cass of Michigan. As he had been provided with a copy of the Ohio Constitution, and had followed its provision, his report caused much ill feeling in that territory. In 1819 President Monroe commissioned John Fulton to make the survey, and his line, following the Ordinance of 1787, was just as displeasing to Ohio. In 1821 the matter became somewhat acute when the assessor of Waynesfield Township (now Maumee), Wood County, undertook to list for taxation the property in the disputed region. It began to be recognized that the line designated by Congress was an impossible one, for it would have placed parts of the lake counties east of Cleveland in Michigan. This made the issue more than a local one. In December, 1823, Dr. Horatio Conant wrote from Fort Meigs to Senator Ethan A. Brown: "The jurisdiction of the Territory of Michigan is extended to the territory between the two lines with the decided approbation of the inhabitants of the disputed ground, which makes it impossible for the State officers of Ohio to interfere with the exciting disturbance. We are anxious to have some measure adopted to ascertain the limits of our jurisdiction. * * * Almost any line that could be run would be preferred to the present, cutting off, as it does, the bay and mouth of the river."

The mooted problem was brought to a head by the prospect of securing the location of the terminus of the Miami and Erie Canal. Toledo naturally offered the most desirable terminus for the canal, but the thought of Ohio constructing so expensive an undertaking, and turning its traffic into a Michigan port, was not to be entertained. Maumee City and Perrysburg were not worried. They both declared that the proper finality was there. But year-old Toledo was wide awake. The advantage of a canal in those days was of inestimable advantage in building up a town. This in a measure explains the excessive zeal manifested by these early Toledoans. Unless under the jurisdiction of Ohio, they felt there was no canal for them. A public meeting was held in Toledo in 1834, and the majority of those present expressed themselves in favor of the jurisdiction of Ohio. A petition to that effect was signed and forwarded to the executive of the state.

Sentiment was not unanimous, however, for the following letter was sent to Governor Mason:

Monroe, March 12, 1835.

To Hon. Stevens T. Mason,

Acting Governor of Michigan Territory:

We, the citizens of the Township of Port Lawrence, County of Monroe, Territory of Michigan, conceive ourselves in duty bound to apply for a special act of the place appointed for holding our Township meetings. By a vote of the last Town meeting (1834) our meeting of this year must be held at Toledo, on the Maumee River. We apprehend trouble, and perhaps a riot may be the consequence of thus holding the meeting in the heart of the very hot-bed of dissatisfaction.

We therefore pray your Excellency and the Legislative Council to aid us in our endeavors to keep the peace and sustain our claims to the soil as part of the Territory of Michigan, by an act removing the place for the Town meeting from Toledo to the Schoolhouse on Ten-Mile Creek Prairie, to be held on the — day of April, in preference to the usual day and place appointed.

J. V. D. Sutphen,
Coleman I. Keeler,
Cyrus Fisher,
Samuel Hemmenway.

Delegates from Port Lawrence to the County Convention at Monroe.

Because of the urgent demands from the citizens of Toledo, Governor Lucas made the boundary question the subject of a special message to the Legislature. That body passed an act extending the northern boundaries of the counties of Wood, Henry and Williams to the Harris Line. That part west of the Maumee River was created into Sylvania Township and that part east into Port Lawrence Township. The authorities of Michigan had previously exercised jurisdiction over the territory lying between the two lines. Under this act three commissioners were designated to resurvey and mark the Harris Line. The men appointed by the Governor were Uri Seely of Geauga, Jonathan Taylor of Licking and John Patterson of Adams counties. The 1st of April (1835) was named as the time of commencement.

Urgent appeals were sent to the authorities at Washington by the territorial officials of Michigan that protection be afforded from Ohio which "has swollen to the dimensions of a giant." The Legislative Council of Michigan rashly passed an act called "The Pains and Penalties Act," which provided severe penalties for anyone within the limits of the territory who should acknowledge any other sovereignty. A challenge followed when an election was ordered in the disputed strip by the Ohio authorities. Benjamin F. Stickney, Platt Card and John T. Baldwin acted as judges of this election, which caused excitement to run very high. Michigan at once retaliated by appointing officials who were instructed to enforce "The Pains and Penalties Act." That the acts of the Legislature of Ohio and of Governor Lucas thoroughly aroused the

Governor of Michigan is clearly indicated by the following letter to his chief military officer:

Executive Office, Detroit, March 9, 1835.

Sir:—You will herewith receive the copy of a letter just received from Columbus. You now perceive that a collision between Ohio and Michigan is inevitable, and will therefore be prepared to meet the crisis. The Governor of Ohio has issued a proclamation, but I have neither received it nor have I been able to learn its tendency. You will use every exertion to obtain the earliest information of the military movements of our adversary, as I shall assume the responsibility of sending you such arms, etc., as may be necessary for your successful operation, without waiting for an order from the Secretary of War, so soon as Ohio is properly in the field. Till then I am compelled to await the direction of the War Department.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,
Stevens T. Mason.

Gen. Jos. W. Brown.

Although not having a direct bearing upon this controversy, it may be said that the inhabitants of Michigan were belligerent in more ways than one. Having been denied permission to form a state in January, they were at that very time engaged in an effort to form an organization in accordance with the Ordinance of 1787. A convention was called to "form for themselves a constitution and State government," whether Congress consented or not. Thus it was that the territory being refused permission to become a state was about to establish a state government for itself. By these acts Michigan did not gain friends in Washington. The Michiganders even went so far as to elect their state officials in the autumn of 1835.

Governor Lucas came to Toledo, accompanied by his staff and his boundary commissioners. Gen. John Bell of Lower Sandusky, who was in command of the seventeenth division of the Ohio militia, had under him a voluntary force of about six hundred men fully armed and equipped. This force went in camp at old Fort Miami, and there awaited the orders of the Governor. In order to enlist recruits General Bell sent a drummer, named Odle, to Perrysburg, believing that the best way to stir up the requisite enthusiasm. Accompanied by a man carrying a flag, Odle marched up and down the streets of that village beating his drum with the greatest vigor. The courthouse was on his route, and court was in session. The judge ordered the sheriff to stop the noise. The drummer said he was under orders to "drum for recruits for the war," and that he should not stop until assured that the court had more authority than had his office. Even while replying he did not stop his beating. Odle was arrested and Captain Scott summoned. Scott replied that Governor Lucas was at Spafford's Exchange Hotel, Perrysburg, and had sanctioned the course. Judge Higgins ordered the captain and drummer to jail. Captain Scott said that when the state was invaded the military authority was paramount, and that he would declare martial law if the imprisonment was made and arrest the court. The outcome was that the judge simply continued the case at hand and Odle resumed

his drumming more vigorously than ever. As a result, the number of recruits was greatly increased.

General Brown, in command of the Michigan forces, issued orders to the militia of Michigan stating that if there is an officer "who hesitates to stake *life, fortune and honor* in the struggle now before us, he is required promptly to tender his resignation. * * * We are determined to repel with force whatever strength the State of Ohio may attempt to bring into our Territory to sustain her usurpation." He had under his command a body estimated from eight to twelve hundred men, ready to resist any advance of the Ohio authorities to run the boundary line or do anything upon the disputed territory. With him was Governor Mason. The two executives eyed each other (at a safe distance) like pugilists preparing for battle. The "Pains and Penalties Act" of the Legislative Council of Michigan provided a fine of \$1,000 and five years' imprisonment for any person other than United States or Michigan officials to exercise or attempt to exercise any official authority in the disputed territory. Both parties were in a belligerent attitude and the excitement was most intense.

Governor Lucas had fully made up his mind to order General Bell to Toledo with his troops as soon as the necessary preparations had been made and risk the consequences, whatever they might be. But before his preparations were completed two commissioners from the President of the United States, Richard Rush of Pennsylvania, and Colonel Howard of Baltimore, arrived, and used their personal influence to stop all warlike demonstration. A conference was held on April 7, 1835. The commissioners submitted the two following propositions for the assent of both parties.

"1st. That the Harris Line should be run and remarked, pursuant to the act of the last session of the Legislature of Ohio without interruption. 2nd. The civil elections under the laws of Ohio having taken place throughout the disputed territory, that the people residing upon it should be left to their own judgment, obeying the one jurisdiction or the other, as they may prefer, without molestation from the authorities of Ohio or Michigan, until the close of the next session of Congress." To this armistice Governor Lucas assented, but Governor Mason refused to acquiesce, insisting that he could not honorably compromise the rights of his people.

"Believing that no obstruction would be placed in the way of making the survey, Governor Lucas permitted his commissioners to proceed upon their work and disbanded his military. Things did not run smoothly, as is shown by report at Perrysburg, dated May 1, 1835, of which the following is a copy in part: * * * "We met at Perrysburg on Wednesday, the 1st of April last, and after completing the necessary arrangements, proceeded to the Northwestern corner of the State, and there succeeded in finding the corner as designated in the field notes of Surveyor Harris. * * * Thence your commissioners proceeded eastwardly along said line, which they found with little difficulty, and re-marked the same as directed by law in a plain and visible manner, the distance of thirty-eight miles and a half, being more than half the length

of the whole line. During our progress we had been constantly threatened by the authorities of Michigan, and spies from the territory, for the purpose of watching our movements and ascertaining our actual strength, were almost daily among us. On Saturday evening, the 25th ult., after having performed a laborious day's service, your commissioners, together with their party, retired to the distance of about one mile south of the line, in Henry County (now Fulton), within the State of Ohio, where we thought to have rested quietly and peaceably enjoy the blessings of the Sabbath—and especially not being engaged on the line, we thought ourselves secure for the day. But contrary to our expectations, at about twelve o'clock in the day, an armed force of about fifty or sixty men hove in sight within musket shot of us, all mounted upon horses, well armed with muskets and under the command of General Brown of Michigan. Your commissioners observing the great superiority of force, having but five armed men among us, who had been employed to keep a lookout and as hunters of the party, thought it prudent to retire, and so advised our men. Your commissioners with several of their party, made good their retreat to this place. But, sir, we are under the painful necessity of relating that nine of our men, who did not leave the ground in time after being fired upon by the enemy, from thirty to fifty shots, were taken prisoners and carried away into the interior of the country. Those who were taken were as follows, to wit:—Colonels Hawkins, Scott and Gould, Major Rice, Captain Biggerstaff and Messrs. Ellsworth, Fletcher, Moale and Rickets. We are happy to learn that our party did not fire a gun in turn and that no one was wounded, although a ball from the enemy passed through the clothing of one of our men."

One of the men arrested, J. E. Fletcher, refused to acknowledge the authority and jurisdiction of Michigan by giving bail. He wrote to Governor Lucas as follows:

"Lenawee County Jail, Tecumseh, May 5, 1835.

"Sir:—I am at present incarcerated in jail—was committed yesterday. * * * I dined with General Brown yesterday. Governor Mason was there. He strongly urged me to give bail. * * * My reply has been that the right to demand bail is the question at issue. * * * Governor Mason expressed himself as being very anxious that the difficulties might be settled without further hostilities. General Brown was silent upon the subject. There is reason to believe that he does not wish to have this case amicably settled, but that he secretly wishes a collision between the State and Territory that he may have an opportunity to distinguish himself. * * * The Sheriff expressed regret that the citizens of Ohio were fired upon. General Brown replied 'it was the best thing that was done; that he did not hesitate to say he gave the order to fire.' * * * I will add, that I shall remain as I am until further instructions, which I doubt not will be forwarded in due time.

"I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

J. E. Fletcher."

Maj. Benj. F. Stickney sent the following letter to the editor of the Toledo Gazette, dated April 13, 1835:

* * * "On the morning of the 9th, then on my return home, I was met by some gentlemen some 14 miles from Toledo, with the intelligence that a band of ruffians of 30 or more, had at dead of night come to my house from Monroe, and in a ferocious manner demolished the door leading to the principal avenue of my house and seized a gentleman (Mr. Naaman Goodsell), bore him off and treated his lady and daughter (the only females in the house), with brutish violence, notwithstanding I had exhorted all to exercise moderation. * * * When my daughter gave out the cry 'murder,' she was seized by the throat and shaken with monstrous violence, and the prints of a man's hand in purple were strongly marked, with many other contusions. Mrs. Goodsell exhibited marks of violence also. This Michigan banditti proceeded likewise to the sleeping quarters of another gentleman (Mr. George McKay), burst in the door, seizing him in bed; and as the first salutation, one of the villians attempted to gouge out one of his eyes with a thumb. * * * After two days of Court-mockery at Monroe, these gentlemen were admitted to bail.

"On the 10th, it was reported than an armed force was assembling under General Brown, to march to Toledo, and take as prisoners such as accepted office under Ohio (about a dozen). On the 11th, they arrived in force, about 200 strong, armed with muskets and bayonets. The officers of Ohio having been lulled into security by assurances of the Commissioners of the United States (Messrs. Rush and Howard), were not prepared for defense, and retired, giving them full space for the display of their gasconading, which was exhibited in pulling down the flag of Ohio, and dragging it through the streets at the tail of a horse, with other similar acts.

"Cyrus Holloway of Sylvania Township, a very good man, was elected Justice of the Peace, under the laws of Ohio, and with others was spotted for vengeance. Apprehending that Michigan officers were after him, he took to the woods, hiding for several days in a sugar-camp shanty. He being a pious man, some of his partisan friends, fond of the marvelous, reported that Providence had wrought a miracle in his behalf; that little robins daily went to his home, there got food and took it to him during his seclusion in the forest. Many believed this, and accepted it as strong proof of the justness of the claim of Ohio to the disputed territory. The miraculous part of the story had a very slight foundation in the fact, that Mr. Holloway's children, who daily carried food to their father, had a pet robin, and usually took it with them on such visits; hence, the robin-story."

In addition to the outrages upon the surveying party, there were numerous assaults upon individuals. Throughout the entire spring and summer Toledo was the center of incessant excitement. Each incursion of Michigan officials for the purpose of making new arrests was the occasion for renewed excitement. Attempts were made by Wood County to arrest Michigan partisans, but the proposed victims somehow would get advance information and remain out of sight. Major Stickney went to

Monroe on the Detroit steamer to pay some social calls. He was there arrested and imprisoned for acting as a judge in an Ohio election. He was considered an important prisoner. He wrote to Governor Lucas:

"Monroe Prison, May 6th, 1835.

"Here I am, peeping through the grates of a loathsome prison, for the monstrous crime of having acted as the Judge of an election within the State of Ohio. From what took place the other day at Port Miami, at a conference between yourself and the Commissioners of the United States wherein we had the honor of being present, we were led to believe that a truce at least would be the result. In this we were again deceived. I left my residence in Toledo in company with a lady and gentleman, from the interior of Ohio, to visit my friend, A. E. Wing of Monroe, and others, conceiving that respect for the ordinary visits of hospitality would have been sufficient for my protection under such circumstances. But vindictiveness is carried to such extremes, that all the better feelings of men are buried in the common rubbish. The officer who first took me, treated me in a very uncivil manner; dragging me about as a criminal through the streets of Monroe, notwithstanding there are a number of exceptions to this virulent mass."

"7th, 7 o'clock A. M.—Have been here fourteen hours, and no refreshment of any kind yet furnished. It appears probably that it is intended to soften us by starvation. Those bands of ruffians of the United States, hanging upon the northern border of Ohio, require chastisement. They have become very troublesome * * * kidnapping and abducting individuals who have become offensive to them. * * *

"I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

B. F. Stickney."

Mr. Goodsell wrote to Governor Lucas concerning his experiences after being captured by the Michigan authorities. He says:

"My journey was rendered unpleasant by the insolence of some of the party, and my life jeopardized by being obliged to ride upon a horse without a bridle, which horse being urged from behind became frightened and ran with me until I jumped from him. I arrived at Monroe, and was detained there until next day, as they refused me any bail from day to day. I was taken before the grand jury, then in session, and questioned concerning our meeting officers, etc., etc. During the second day a large military force, or posse, was raised, armed and started for Toledo. After they had gone nearly long enough to have reached Toledo, I was admitted to bail, and returned—passed the force on the road—inquired of the Sheriff whether that was to be considered an armed force or a Sheriff's posse. He answered that he considered it an armed force at this time, but it was so arranged that it might be either—as circumstances should require; that General Brown and aide were along, who would act in case they assumed a military force. * * * When about half way from this place to Monroe, on the morning of my abduction, our party was joined by the one having Mr. McKay in custody, who had also been abducted, or made prisoner as they termed it. About his person there were marks of violence. He rode with his feet tied under his horse."

The Legislature of Ohio was convened in extra session by Governor Lucas "to prevent the forcible abduction of citizens of Ohio." The members were greatly aroused by the illegal arrests, and passed an act providing heavy penalties for any attempted forcible abduction of a citizen of Ohio. The offense was made punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than three nor more than seven years. In spite of all this, a posse of about two hundred and fifty armed men again visited Toledo, on July 18th, and made seven or eight arrests, chiefly for individual grievances. This posse also committed several overt acts, among which was damage to a newspaper office. The office of the Toledo Gazette was visited by a posse bearing muskets. The door was demolished and a "pi" made of the type already set for the next issue. "We have barely enough type and materials enough saved from the outrages, we are about to relate, to lay the particulars before the public," said the Gazette in its next issue.

An act was also passed by the Ohio Legislature to create the new County of Lucas out of the northern part of Wood County, including the disputed territory, together with a portion of the northwestern corner of Sandusky County. Of this county, Toledo was made the temporary seat of justice. The Court of Common Pleas was directed to hold a session there on the first Monday of the following September, at any convenient house in the village. Three hundred thousand dollars was appropriated out of the public treasury, and the governor was authorized to borrow on the credit of the state \$300,000 more to carry out the laws in regard to northern boundary. Governor Lucas called upon the division commander of this state to report as soon as possible the number of men in each division, who would volunteer to sustain him in enforcing the laws over the disputed territory. Fifteen of these divisions reported over one hundred thousand men ready to volunteer. These proceedings on the part of Ohio greatly exasperated the authorities of Michigan. They dared the Ohio "million" to enter the disputed ground, and "welcomed them to hospitable graves." Prosecution of citizens within this territory for holding offices under the laws of Ohio were prosecuted with greater vigor than ever. For a time the Monroe officials were kept busy. Most of the inhabitants of that village were employed in the sheriff's posse making arrests in Toledo. The commencement of one suit would lay the foundation for many others. There are few towns in the United States in which the citizens have suffered as much for their allegiance to a state as did those of Toledo.

The highly inflammable condition of public sentiment in Michigan is revealed in the following extract from The Detroit Free Press of August 26, 1835:

OHIO CONTROVERSY.—The Legislative Council yesterday had this subject under consideration. They have made an appropriation of \$315,000 to meet any emergency which may arise, and we learn that every arrangement will be made to afford a warm reception to any portion of the "million" of Ohio, that may visit our borders. Michigan defends her soil and her rights, and we wish our fellow citizens of Ohio to recollect that "thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just."

WAR! WAR!!—Orders have been issued for volunteers to rendezvous at Mulholland's in the County of Monroe, on the 1st of September next, for the purpose of resisting the military encroachments of Ohio, The Territory, it is expected, will be on the alert, and we understand services will be accepted from all quarters.

The latter movement evidently had reference to preventing the holding of the court at Toledo, September 7th.

On June 8th Governor Lucas called an extra session of the Legislature and delivered a message of which the following is a part:

"It appears to me the honor and faith of the State is pledged, in the most solemn manner, to protect these people in their rights, and to defend them against all outrages. They claim to be citizens of Ohio. The Legislature by a solemn act has declared them to be such, and has required them to obey the laws of Ohio, which, as good citizens, they have done, and for which they have been persecuted, prosecuted, assaulted, arrested, abducted and imprisoned. Some of them have been driven from their homes in dread and terror, while others are menaced by the authorities of Michigan. These things have been all done within the constitutional boundaries of the State of Ohio, where our laws have been directed to be enforced. Are we not under as great an obligation to command respect and obedience to our laws adjoining our northern boundary as in any other part of the State? Are not the inhabitants of Port Lawrence, on the Maumee Bay, as much entitled to our protection as the citizens of Cincinnati, on the Ohio River? I feel convinced they are equally as much. Our commissioner appointed in obedience to the act of the 23d of February, while in discharge of the duty assigned them, were assaulted while resting on the Sabbath day, by an armed force from Michigan. Some of the hands were fired on, others arrested, and one, Colonel Fletcher, is now incarcerated in Tecumseh, and for what? Is it for crime? No; but for faithfully discharging his duty, as a good citizen of Ohio, in obedience of our laws. * * * The question necessarily arises, what shall be done? Shall we abandon our just claim, relinquish our indisputable rights and proclaim to the world that the acts and resolutions of the last session of the General Assembly were mere empty things? Or rather, shall we not prepare to carry their provisions into effect? The latter, I doubt not, will be your resolution; and I trust that by your acts, you will manifest to the world that Ohio knows her constitutional rights; that she has independence enough to assert them; and that she can neither be seduced by flattery, baffled by diplomatic management, nor driven by menaces from the support of those rights."

The loyal citizens of Toledo were "getting discouraged having no arms, nor succor sent them, which they construed to neglect. It was difficult to comfort them." The confusion is revealed in an old copy of *The Toledo Gazette*, published in "Toledo, Wood County, Ohio," in which there is an administrator's notice of "the estate of John Babcock, late of Toledo, in the County of Monroe and the Territory of Michigan," as well as other official notices of the same purport.

The arrests by Michigan authorities continued. The following affidavit by a Michigan officer who had a warrant for the arrest of Two

Stickney, a son of B. F. Stickney, and the rearrest of Mr. McKay, affords most interesting reading and sheds light upon the intensity of public feeling:

Territory of Michigan, ss.
Monroe County,

Personally came before Albert Pennett, a Justice of the Peace within and for the county aforesaid, Lyman Hurd, who, being duly sworn, said that on the 15th day of July, 1835, this deponent who is a constable within the county aforesaid, went to Toledo in said county, for the purpose of executing a warrant against Geo. McKay in behalf of the United States.

This deponent was accompanied by Joseph Wood, deputy sheriff of said county. Said Wood had in his hands a warrant against Two Stickney. This deponent and said Wood went into the tavern of J. B. Davis, in the village of Toledo, where they found said Stickney and McKay. This deponent informed McKay that he had a warrant for him, and there attempted to arrest McKay. The latter then sprang and caught a chair, and told this deponent that unless he desisted, he would split him down. This deponent saw McKay have a dirk in his hand. At the time this deponent was attempting to arrest McKay, Mr. Wood attempted to arrest Stickney. Wood laid his hand on Stickney's shoulder, and took him by his collar, and after Wood and Stickney had scuffled for a short time, this deponent saw Stickney draw a dirk out of the left side of Wood, and exclaim, "There, damn you, you have got it now." This deponent then saw Wood let go from Stickney, and put his hand upon his side, apparently in distress, and went to the door. This deponent asked Wood if he was stabbed. Wood said, very faintly, that he was. This deponent then went with Wood to Ira Smith's tavern. A physician thought it doubtful whether Wood could recover. This deponent thinks there were from six to eight persons present at the time this deponent and Wood were attempting to arrest McKay and Stickney. None of them interfered. At the time Wood informed Stickney that he had a precept against him, Stickney asked Wood whether his precept was issued under the authority of Ohio or Michigan. When Wood showed him the warrant, Stickney said he should not be taken; but if it was under Ohio, he would go.

This deponent thinks that at the time Wood was stabbed it was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, and this deponent remained there about three hours. Before this deponent left the inhabitants of Toledo, to the number of forty or fifty, collected at Davis' tavern. This deponent was advised, for his own safety to leave the place, and also by the advice of Wood, he returned to Monroe, without having executed his precept. And further deponent saith not.

Lyman Hurd.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this sixteenth day of July, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five.

Albert Burnett, J. P.

The proceedings of this case were reported by Governor Mason to President Jackson, who realized that it was necessary to take some action in order to prevent serious trouble. Governor Lucas himself conferred with the President on the subject of the boundary difficulties. The result of this mission was the urgent plea of the President for the mutual suspension of all action by both parties, until the matter could finally be settled by Congress, and that no prosecutions be commenced for any violations of the acts.

As court had been ordered held in Toledo, as county seat of the new County of Lucas, the Michigan authorities were determined to prevent it. For this purpose the Detroit militia arrived in Monroe on the evening of September 5th. Together with volunteers these forces rendezvoused near Toledo, and marched into that city on the 6th. Their numbers were variously estimated at from eight to twelve hundred, and they were led in person by Governor Mason and General Brown. The associate judges had assembled at the village of Maumee, with Colonel Van Fleet and one hundred soldiers sent by Governor Lucas for their protection; but wise peace counsels prevailed, and Ohio won the victory without shedding a drop of valiant Michigan blood. Strategy was adopted instead. As September 7th was the day set for holding the court, it was decided that the day began at midnight, and as no hour was specified, one hour was as good as another.

At 1 o'clock in the night the officers accompanied by the colonel and twenty soldiers, each carrying two cavalry pistols, started on horseback down the Maumee. They arrived about three and went quietly to a schoolhouse. About 3 o'clock the judges opened the court. The three associated judges were Jonathan H. Jerome, Baxter and William Wilson. They appointed a clerk and three commissioners for the new County of Lucas. They transacted a little other necessary business and "no further business appearing before said court," it adjourned in due form. The clerk's minutes, hastily written on loose sheets of paper, were deposited in his hat according to the custom of men in those days. All present then quickly started through the woods up the Maumee River to the town of the same name. In their haste the clerk's hat was knocked from his head as a result of coming in contact with the limb of a tree. Not a little apprehension was experienced until the scattered papers, containing the invaluable minutes of the court, were found. The entire session had been held between two days. All arrived safely at Maumee City, clearly outside the disputed territory, but yet within Lucas County, where Michigan civil officers or troops dare not pursue. Here the first victory was quietly enjoyed, and plans matured for complete discomfiture of the enemy. Colonel Van Fleet signalized their success by firing two salutes.

This is the account that appeared in the Michigan Sentinel, published at Monroe, under date of September 12, 1835:

"**WOLVERINES OF MICHIGAN!**—In anticipation of the proposed organization of the Court of Ohio at Toledo, and the approach of Lucas's

'Million' Acting Governor Mason made a large requisition on the brave Wolverines of Michigan; and on Saturday last (September 5th) they approached our Town under arms by hundreds, from the Counties of Monroe, Wayne, Washtenaw, Lenawee, Oakland, Macomb and St. Joseph. The whole body entered the disputed territory on Monday, accompanied by Governor Stevens, Generals Brown and Haskall, and Colonels Davis, Wing and others, to the number of 1,200 to 1,500 and encamped on the plains of Toledo. Governor Lucas did not make his appearance. The Court is said to have been held at the dead of night, by learned Judges dressed in disguise; and the insurgents of Toledo precipitately fled from the scene of action."

The Michigan authorities continued to make trouble, but the success of the above strategy practically closed the contest. An order came from Washington removing Governor Mason from the office of chief executive of the territory of Michigan because of his excessive zeal for its rights. His secretary, John S. Horner, immediately became acting governor. This had little effect upon the people of Michigan. Mason had been elected governor under the election held without authority and he still proceeded to administer the affairs of state until the mortified Horner betook himself into the wilds beyond Lake Michigan. Senators had been elected and immediately went to Washington and demanded admission to the Senate. But the representatives of Indiana and Illinois worked against Michigan, for their own boundary lines were affected. While the advocates of Michigan called it tyranny to keep 80,000 people shackled by a territorial government its opponents prophesied the eventual destruction of the federal government when its people were allowed to make states for themselves. But behind all was the disputed boundary question. On June 15th, 1836, Michigan was admitted into the Union with her southern boundary next to Ohio limited to the Harris line. The disputed territory was given to Ohio. As compensation for her loss Michigan was awarded the northern peninsula, with its rich beds of mineral ore, which had proved to be a most valuable possession. The new state lost 400 miles of territory but 9,000 were added to it. Nevertheless the State Legislature when it met would not agree to the conditions. The bill of admission was called a "Bill of Abomination" for Michigan was "mutilated, humbled and degraded" and it was not desirable to enter a union with "Gamblers and Pickpockets." A convention was called to which delegates were elected and consented to the conditions imposed. It was not until January, 1837, that Michigan became in fact a state.

Thus it was that the angry strife which for a time threatened a sanguinary war, was happily settled, and fraternal relations have ever since existed between the authorities of Ohio and Michigan. The Ohio Legislature in 1846 passed an act appropriating \$300 to compensate Major Stickney for damage to property and for the time he passed in prison at Monroe. Michigan afterwards bestowed \$50 upon Lewis E. Bailey for the loss of a horse while in the service of the territorial militia. The

people of both states immediately took the matter good naturedly, and treated the whole affair as a joke. Songs were sung, of which a couple of verses of the Michigan "War Song" are as follows:

Old Lucas gave his order all for to hold a Court,
And Stevens Thomas Mason, he thought he'd have some sport.
He called upon the Wolverines, and asked them for to go
To meet this rebel Lucas, his Court to overthrow.

Our independent companies were ordered for the march,
Our officers were ready, all stiffened up with starch;
On nimble-footed coursers our officers did ride,
With each a pair of pistols and sword hung by his side.

CHAPTER XII

THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN

Prior to the War of 1812, there were comparatively few Americans in Northwest Ohio and not a great number of French or British. On the right bank of the Maumee, on a site now within the City of Toledo, there was a French settlement consisting of a number of families. There were probably three score of white families living at or near the foot of the rapids at Maumee. Of these Amos Spafford was the most prominent, since he was collector of customs at that port. Some of these were also French, and Peter Manor, or Manard, did valiant service for the American cause. There were a number of white traders residing at Defiance, and other points along the Maumee and Auglaize. The entire number, however, was very inconsiderable. The red man as yet felt no crowding in the vast domain over which he hunted. For the thirty years succeeding the second war with Great Britain the principal history of this region relates to the various treaties with the Indian tribes by which the sovereignty of the rich Maumee Valley was transferred from the red man to his white successor.

The total number of Indians residing in Ohio at the time of the incoming of their successors was not great, as we reckon numbers today. At the time of Pontiac's Conspiracy, it was estimated that 15,000 Indians lived in Ohio, who were capable of putting 3,000 warriors on the war-path. More than one-half of these doubtless resided in Northwestern Ohio, for none made their homes along the Ohio River. This probably conflicts with the prevalent notion that the forests literally swarmed with the savages. There were a few Indian villages, many isolated groups of lodges in the forests, which were the homes of hunters, and narrow trails winding among the trees and bushes. So thin and scattered was this native population that, even in those parts where they were most numerous, one might journey for days together through the twilight forests without encountering a single savage form. Escaped captives have traveled from the Maumee River to Wheeling or Pittsburg in day-time without casting eyes upon a single human being.

There were many Indian tribes resident in Northwestern Ohio. In fact, tribal relations were constantly changing among the aborigines. Tribe was giving place to tribe, language yielding to language all over the country. Immutable as were the red men in respect to social and individual development, the tribal relations and local haunts were as changeable as the winds. The Hurons, or Wyandots, were scattered during the French occupation of Canada through the animosity of the Iroquois. The Eries along the southern shores of Lake Erie had been exterminated by the same implacable foes. Their blood was constantly

being diluted by the adoption of prisoners, whether white or red. In fact it was the policy of many tribes to replenish their losses in war by adopting the young braves captured from the enemy. The tribes most intimately associated with the Maumee region are the Wyandots, Shawnees, Miamis, Ottawas, Senecas and Delawares.

At the time of the settlement of Northwestern Ohio, the Wyandots were admitted to be the leading nation among the Indian tribes of the Northwest. This was not because of numbers, but for the reason that they were more intelligent and more civilized in their manner of life. To them was entrusted the Grand Calumet, which united the Indians in that territory into a confederacy for mutual protection. They were authorized to assemble the tribes in council, and to kindle the council fires. The signature of Tarhe, the Crane, is the first signature under that of General Wayne in the Treaty of Greenville. The name Wyandot is the Anglicized form for Owendots, or Yendats. They were divided



GOOD-BYE TO THE OLD HUNTING GROUNDS

into tribes or totemic clans, and their head chief was taken from the Deer Tribe until the Battle of Fallen Timbers. This tribe was so decimated at that battle that the chiefs thereafter were selected from the Porcupine Tribe. The descent always followed in the female line. The principal home of the Wyandots was along the Sandusky River, but many dwelt along the Blanchard and their hunting ground covered the entire Maumee region. In fact, they claimed it all and only permitted the other tribes to reside here through sufferance.

The Wyandots were always a humane and hospitable nation. This is clearly manifested in permitting their former enemies to settle on their lands, when driven back before the advancing white population. They kindly received the homeless or exiled Senecas, Cayugas, Mohegans, Mohawks, Delawares, and Shawnees, and spread a deer skin for them

to sit down upon. They allotted a certain portion of their country, the boundary of which was designated by certain rivers, or points on certain lakes, to these outcasts, which was freely given for their use, without money and without price. This fact was clearly developed when the different tribes came to sell their lands to the Government, when the Wyandots pointed out these bounds. Although never behind other tribes in their wars against the whites, they were far more merciful toward their prisoners. They not only saved the lives of most prisoners taken by them, but they likewise purchased many captives from other tribes. Thus they became allied with some of the best families in this and other states. The Browns, an old Virginia family, the Zanes, another well-known family, the Walkers of Tennessee, the Armstrongs and Magees of Pittsburg, were all represented in the tribe.

The Wyandots was the last Indian tribe to be removed from Ohio. It therefore remained longest on the borders of the incoming white population. Many of this once noble tribe therefore sank into degrading vice, becoming the worst as well as most ignoble and worthless of their race. This is not very much to the credit of the Caucasians, who should have protected the weak aborigine and endeavored to show him a better life, instead of trying to exploit him and enrich himself at the expense of his weaknesses. The tribe numbered about twenty-two hundred at the time of the Greenville treaty, including the men, women, and children. From that time until their removal, almost a half a century later, they lost but few men in battle. It is a fact, nevertheless, that during these fifty years through drunkenness, with its accompanying bloody brawls, and other vices the tribe was reduced to fewer than half the original members.

The Wyandots were great hunters and wandered all over extreme Northwestern Ohio in their winter hunting expeditions. Bear hunting was the favorite sport. During the winter the bears were generally hibernating, but one would occasionally be discovered in a hollow tree. When they found such a tree they would examine the bark to see if one had ascended. Their keen eyes would soon detect the scratches of his claws upon the bark. It might be thirty or forty feet up to the entrance to his winter dormitory. A sapling was quickly felled against the tree and an agile hunter would ascend. He would then cut a branch and scrape the tree on the opposite side of the hole, crying like a young bear. If a bear was inside, he would either make a noise or come out. If inside and he failed to appear, a piece of rotten wood would be lighted and dropped inside. This would fire the tree. It would not be long until Mr. or Mrs. Bear appeared in great wrath, sneezing and wheezing, and blinded by the smoke. A bullet or arrow would quickly soothe his troubles.

They were also experts at trapping, and especially at ensnaring the raccoon. When other game was difficult to obtain they subsisted largely on these little furry animals. "One man will have, perhaps, 300 raccoon traps, scattered over a country ten miles in extent. These traps are 'dead falls,' made of saplings, and set over a log which lies across some branch or creek, or that is by the edge of some pond or marshy place.

In the months of February and March the raccoons travel much, and frequent the ponds for the purpose of catching frogs. The hunter generally gets round all his traps twice a week, and hunts from one to the other. I have known a hunter to take from his traps thirty raccoons in two days, and sometimes they take more. From three to six hundred is counted a good hunt for one spring, besides the deer, turkeys, and bears."

The Wyandots understood the art of making sugar from the sap of the maples, and devoted themselves to this industry for several weeks after the sap began to run. They fashioned bark troughs, which held a couple of gallons, for the trees that they tapped, and larger troughs to hold the collections. These were shaped like canoes. They cut a long perpendicular groove, or notch in the tree, and at the bottom struck in a tomahawk. This made a hole into which they drove a long chip,



INDIANS AND PIONEERS

down which the sap flowed into the bark vessel. As an instance of life in a Wyandot camp, Rev. James Finley says: "The morning was cold, and our course lay through a deep forest. We rode hard, hoping to make the camps before night, but such were the obstructions we met with, from ice and swamps, that it was late when we arrived. Weary with a travel of twenty-five miles or more through the woods, without a path or a blazed tree to guide us—and, withal, the day was cloudy—we were glad to find a camp to rest in. We were joyfully received by our friends, and the women and children came running to welcome us to their society and fires. It was not long after we were seated by the fire, till I heard the well-known voice of Between-the-Logs. I went out of the camp, and helped down with two fine deer. Soon we had placed before us a kettle filled with fat raccoons, boiled whole, after the Indian style, and a pan of good sugar molasses. These we asked our heavenly Father to bless, and then each carved for him-

self, with a large butcher knife. I took the hind-quarter of a raccoon, and holding it by the foot, dipped the other end in the molasses, and ate it off with my teeth. Thus I continued dipping and eating till I had pretty well finished the fourth part of a large coon. By this time my appetite began to fail me, and thought it was a good meal, without bread, hominy, or salt."

The Shawanees, Shawanoes or Shawnees were a tribe that command considerable attention in the history of Northwestern Ohio. Fearless and restless, wary and warlike, they were the vagrants of the trackless forests. Nomadic as were all the savages, the Shawnees bear off the palm for restlessness, and they were the equal of any in their undying hostility to the whites. They had wandered from the waters of Lake Erie to the warm shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Prior to that they are known to have been along the Delaware River. They were proud and haughty, and considered themselves superior to the others. The Shawnee traditions said that the Creator made them before any other tribe of people, and that from them all red men were descended. Their arrogant pride and warlike ferocity made them the most formidable of all the nations with which the white settlers had to contend in Ohio. They reveled in their prowess and cunning. When driven from the Carolinas and Georgia, the Shawnees decided to repossess their former hunting grounds. Instead of resorting to force, however, they betook themselves to diplomacy. At a council of reconciliation, they were given permission to settle on the lands of the Miamis and Wyandots. They first established themselves along the Scioto, and later along the Auglaize and Miami. This matter of ownership was raised by both the Miamis and Wyandots at the Greenville Treaty.

When the Miamis moved to Indiana, after the burning of Pickawillany in 1782, the Shawnees under Blue Jacket and Blackhoof established themselves at Wapakoneta and others settled at St. Mary's, Lewistown, and the mouth of the Auglaize (Defiance). Skulking bands were ever harassing the whites along the Ohio River. As a famous council house was located at Wapakoneta, many of their captives were brought there. At least one hundred and fifty Shawnee warriors took part in the defeat of St. Clair. Blue Jacket lived in the style befitting a great chief. At the Treaty of Greenville, the Shawnees withheld participation for several weeks through their obstinacy. When the chiefs finally decided to join with the other tribes, they were reserved and haughty. But the warm-heartedness of General Wayne was irresistible. When they left Blue Jacket, Blackhoof and Red Pole expressed their undying personal regard for Wayne, and they never again took up arms against the United States. The Shawnees returned to their former vocations of hunting and trapping, with an increased cultivation of the soil. The men lounged about during the summer, when the skins and furs were not fit for market.

In the fall season nearly all the villages commenced making elaborate preparations for their winter's hunt. When everything was ready, the whole village, men, women and children, together with their dogs, cats, and ponies, with as much of their furniture as they could conveniently

carry, set off for the lonely woods. "I have seen many of these companies moving off in cold weather," says a pioneer, "among whom were to be seen the aged, gray-headed grandmother, the anxious care-worn, and nearly forlorn mother with her half-naked children, and often a little infant on her back, with its little naked head to the cold wind over its mother's shoulder; the whole company headed by a nimble-footed and stout-hearted warrior, with his blanket drawn close around his body, a handkerchief curiously twisted to a knot on his head, with his gun on his shoulder and gunstick in his hand, his tomahawk in his belt, which is so constructed that the poll is his pipe and the handle the stem, and he carries his tobacco in the skin of some little animal, often a polecat skin."

The Ottawas were a Canadian tribe which formerly dwelt along the river of that name. Accompanying the Wyandots, with whom they were on friendly terms, they went west only to be again hurled back by the Sioux. Scattering bands finally found asylums along an affluent of the Maumee, and there gave their name to the river also known as the Auglaize. The Delawares also occupied lands with the Wyandots. They called themselves Lenape, or Leni-Lenape, meaning "real men." They were in many respects a remarkable people. They were generally peaceable and well disposed towards the whites and religious teachers. When the Iroquois subdued them they "put petticoats on the men," to use their expression, and made "women" of them. They were deprived of their right to make war, change their habitation or dispose of their land without the consent of their overlords. Those found in Northwestern Ohio had fled there to escape the humiliation of such surroundings.

One of the smaller of the tribes was the Senecas, who dwelt along the lower Sandusky. Prior to the incoming of the white man, they remained there by the sufferance of the hospitable Wyandots. They were renegades from the Iroquois nation. Among them were also a few Oneidas, Mohawks and Tuscaroras. About the beginning of the nineteenth century, these "Senecas of the Sandusky," as they were frequently called, numbered about four hundred souls. At this time they were more dissipated than their neighbors, the Wyandots. Virtue was indeed at a low ebb, for the marriage relation was maintained in name only, and their free practices led to many quarrels and difficulties of a serious nature.

Along the Maumee River the dominant tribes were the Miamis. The British called them Twightwees, meaning "the cry of the crane." They were one of the most powerful tribes of the west, numbering many hundreds of warriors. Members of this tribe were reported as far as Illinois and Wisconsin. Of his people, Little Turtle, their famous chief, said: "My fathers kindled the first fire at Detroit; thence they extended their lines to the head waters of the Scioto; thence to its mouth; thence down the Ohio to the mouth of the Wabash and thence to Chicago over Lake Michigan." The tribe gave its name to three rivers, Big Miami, Little Miami, and Maumee. They are said to have been above the average of the aborigines in intelligence and character. They were also credited with better manners and dispositions than most of the savages.

Their chiefs also had a greater degree of authority over their warriors. About the time of Pontiac's Conspiracy they settled along the Maumee. A French traveler early in the eighteenth century wrote of them as follows: "The Miamis are sixty leagues from Lake Erie, and number 400, all well-formed men, and well tattooed; the women are numerous. They are hard working, and raise a species of Maize unlike that of our Aborigines at Detroit. It is white of the same size as the other, the skin much finer and the meat much whiter. This Nation is clad in deer and when a married woman goes with another man, her husband cuts off her nose and does not see her any more. This is the only nation that has such a custom. They love plays and dances, wherefore they have more occupation. The women are well clothed, but the men use scarcely any covering and are tattooed all over the body."

"Each Indian," wrote the British agent at Detroit to the home office, "consumes daily more than two ordinary men amongst us, and would be extremely dissatisfied if stinted when convened for business." Consider the agent's distress when almost a thousand had already arrived for a treaty, and they were still coming in hungry groups. All those who had charge of Indian treaties bear witness to the same characteristics of these aborigines. They were like grown-up children, and like youngsters they expected to be fed and fed well. Even Little Turtle, one of the wisest of the chiefs, and extremely abstemious in the use of alcoholic spirits, was as uncontrolled as his followers in the matter of eating.

The virtues as well as the vices of these aborigines were those of primitive man. The men spent their time in hunting and fighting, while the women performed the household work and cultivated the fields. The squaws did all the menial work. But they had commendable sense of justice among themselves, and they were far better before the white man came in contact with them.

It is no wonder that the squaws, who were frequently comely when young, soon lost all their comeliness and degenerated into smoke-begrimed, withered and vicious hags, whose ugliness and cruelty frequently showed itself toward the white captives. About the only actual labor that the warriors would deign to perform was in the making of bark canoes or the dug-outs, called pirogues, in both of which they were very proficient. Before the white men brought horses the squaw on the land and the canoe on water were the Indians' beasts of burden. In infancy the males were generally placed on boards, and wrapped with a belt of cloth, or skin, in order to make them straight. In early life they were stimulated to acts of courage and activity. That the men possessed a lively imagination is shown by their speech. One of the astonishing things is the retentiveness of the memory. In a speech made to them, every point was retained, considered and answered distinctly. Their history and traditions were all preserved in this same way. They were calm and cool in their deliberations and, when their minds are once made up, are almost immovable.

From the "superior race" the Indians imbibed the vices of civilization rather than the virtues. "Every horror is produced," says General

Harrison, "among these unhappy people by their intercourse with the whites. This is so certain that I can at once tell, upon looking at an Indian whom I chance to meet, whether he belongs to a neighboring or more distant tribe. The latter is generally well clothed, healthy, and vigorous, the former half naked, filthy, and enfeebled by intoxication; and many of them without arms, excepting a knife, which they carry for the most villainous purposes."

Of the vices received from the civilized white man the taste for "firewater" was not the least. For their own selfish purpose the traders cultivated this taste with diabolical persistency. When the red man's head was muddled with liquor, he recognized neither friend nor foe. He did not always consider the color of the skin, for his befuddled brain could not distinguish tints. As a result, there were innumerable murders



INDIAN ARROW HEADS

of his own kin, as well as of his white friends and enemies. It has been estimated that fully 500 deaths from murders and accidents occurred among the Maumee alone in the decade following the close of the War of 1812, and most of them were traceable to liquor. This is the worst condemnation that can be brought against the malevolent influence of the whites. A trader at Fort Miami reported (1802) that the Indians were then growing worse year after year. That spring he said that he had known them to lay drunk around the trading stations as much as ten or fifteen days, during which time scarcely a mouthful of victuals would be taken.

Many of the Indian chiefs recognized this evil. Little Turtle did all that he could to eradicate this unnatural and depraved appetite. But the great Wyandot chief Monocue expresses himself in the following telling words: "You, my friends, must leave off bringing your water

of death (meaning whisky), and selling to my people, or we never can live in peace, for wherever this comes, it brings fire and death with it; and if you will still give or sell it to Indians, it will take away all their senses; and then, like a mad bear, they may turn around and kill you, or some of your squaws and children; or if you should escape, they will go home, and be very apt to kill a wife, a mother, or a child; for whenever this mad water gets into a man, it makes murder boil in his ear, and he, like the wolf, want blood all the time, and I believe it makes you white people as bad as it makes us Indians, and you would murder one another as we do, only that you have laws that put those people in jail, and sometimes hang them by the neck, like a dog, till they are dead; and this makes white people afraid. We have no such laws yet; but I hope that by and by we shall have. But I think they ought first to hang all people that make and send this poison abroad, for they do all the mischief. What good can it do men to make and send out poison to kill their friends? Why, this is worse than our Indians killing one another with knife and tomahawk. If the white people would hang them all up that make it and sell it, they would soon leave it off, and then the world would have peace."

The Indians were just as intemperate in their eating as in their drinking. When a hunting party returned home after the long winter hunt, burdened with large quantities of bear oil, sugar, dried venison, etc., they were improvident both in the eating and the giving away of their spoils. Such a thing as a regular meal was unknown but, if anyone visited a house several times in a day, he would be invited each time to partake of the best. After his etiquette it was impolite to decline food when offered, for refusal was interpreted as a sign of displeasure or anger. Through this lack of foresight they were often reduced to great distress, and sometimes actually perished from hunger and exposure, even though they were capable of enduring great hunger and fatigue. They seem to have believed literally in the injunction to take no thought for the morrow. It was not uncommon for the Indians to be without sustenance for days at a time, but they never seemed to profit by such experiences. They were sometimes compelled to boil the bones thrown from the feasts of their prosperous days, and even to gnaw the skins upon which they slept.

That the Indian was naturally kind hearted and hospitable is testified to by nearly all the early settlers and missionaries. While cruel, crafty and treacherous in dealing with enemies, he could be generous, kind and hospitable among friends, and oftentimes magnanimous to a foe. Although a savage by nature, he was not a stranger to the nobler and tenderer sentiments common to humanity. He was not always the aggressor by any means, for history records no darker or bloodier crimes than some of those which have been committed by our own race against the poor Indians.

The testimony of the missionaries as to the disposition of the Wyandots is most favorable. Says Mr. Finley: "I do not recollect that I was ever insulted by an Indian, drunk or sober, during all the time I was with them, nor did any of them ever manifest any unkindness toward

me. The heathen party did not like my religion, nor my course in establishing a Church; but still I was respected, for I treated all with kindness and hospitality. Indeed I do not believe there are a people on the earth, that are more capable of appreciating a friend, or a kind act done toward them or theirs, than Indians. Better neighbors, and a more honest people, I never lived among. They are peculiarly so to the stranger or to the sick or distressed. They will divide the last mouthful, and give almost the last comfort they have, to relieve the suffering. This I have often witnessed."

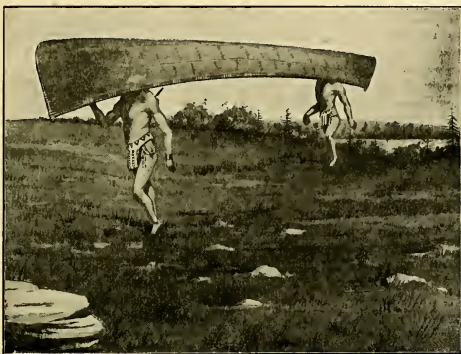
With a white race, the British, actually offering a bonus for every American or French scalp brought into their posts, and feasting the returning war parties upon rich foods and exciting drinks, the ideas of the "palefaces" and their ideals must have been sadly confused in the poor benighted brain of the ignorant savage.

"Running the gauntlet" was one of the most savage amusements of the Indians. Heckewelder describes this trying ceremony as follows: "In the month of April, 1782, when I was myself a prisoner at Lower Sandusky, waiting for an opportunity to proceed with a trader to Detroit, three American prisoners were brought in by fourteen warriors from the garrison of Fort McIntosh. As soon as they had crossed the Sandusky River to which the village lay adjacent they were told by the captain of the part to run as hard as they could to a painted post which was shown to them. The youngest of the three without a moment's hesitation immediately started for it and reached it fortunately without receiving a single blow; the second hesitated for a moment, just recollecting himself, he also ran as fast as he could and likewise reached the post unhurt. The third, frightened at seeing so many men, women and children with weapons in their hands ready to strike him, kept begging the captain to spare him, saying that he was a mason and would build him a fine large stone house or do any work for him that he would please.

"'Run for your life,' cried the chief to him, 'and don't talk now of building houses.' But the poor fellow insisted, begging and praying to the captain, who at last finding his exhortations vain and fearing the consequences turned his back upon him and would not hear him any longer. Our mason now began to run, but received many a hard blow, one of which nearly brought him to the ground, which, if he had failed would have decided his fate. He, however, reached the goal, and not without being sadly bruised and he was besides bitterly reproached and scoffed at all around as a vile coward, while the others were hailed as brave men and received tokens of universal approbation."

The Indian did not greatly esteem some of the American customs for he believed that his own were better. An aged Indian, who for many years had spent a great deal of time among the white people, observed that the Indians had not only a much more easy way of getting a wife than the paleface, but they were also much more certain of getting a satisfactory one. "For," said he, in his broken English, "white man court—court—maybe one whole year—maybe two year, before he marry. Well, maybe, then he get a very good wife—maybe not, maybe very cross. Well, now suppose cross; scold as soon as get awake in the morning!

Scold all day! Scold until sleep—all one, he must keep him! (The pronoun in the Indian language has no feminine gender.) White people have law against throwing away wife, be he ever so cross—must keep him always (possibly not so true today). Well, how does Indian do, Indian when he sees good squaw, which he likes, he goes to him, puts his forefingers close aside each other—make two look like one—look squaw in the face see him smile—which is all one; he say yes. So he take him home—no danger he be cross! No! No! Squaw know very well what Indian do if he cross. Throw him away and take another. Squaw love to eat meat. No husband, no meat. Live happy! Go to Heaven!”



INDIAN PORTAGE

Many captives were formally adopted into the Indian families. Almost invariably they formed such attachments for their foster parents and relatives that they could scarcely be induced to return to their own people in after years. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to revert to the primitive ways and customs of their foster parents. The Indians treated them indulgently, and in exactly the same way as they did their own offspring. There was an old white woman living among the Shawnees, who had been taken a prisoner when very young. Several years afterwards her friends tried to induce her to return, but in vain. She had then become more of a squaw than any other female in the tribe. Similar instances will be found along every section of our former frontier.

John Brickell was captured by the Indians of Northwestern Ohio at the immature age of nine, and remained with them until he had reached manhood. In accordance with a treaty he was taken to the white encampment to be delivered over to his own people. His own account reads as follows: "On breaking up of spring, we all went to Fort Defiance and arriving on the shore opposite, we saluted the fort with a round of rifles, and they shot a cannon thirteen times (for thirteen states). We then encamped on the spot. On the same day Whingy Pooshies told me I must go over to the fort. The children hung around me, crying, and asked me if I was going to leave them. I told them I did not know. When we got over to the fort and were seated with the officers, Whingy Pooshies told me to stand up, which I did. He then arose and addressed me in about these words: 'My son, these are men the same color with yourself, and some of your kin may be here, or they may be a great way off. You have lived a long time with us. I call on you to say if I have not been a father to you; if I have not used you as a father would a son.'

" 'You have used me as well as a father could use a son,' was the answer.

" 'I am glad you say so. You have lived long with me; you have hunted for me; but your treaty says you must be free. If you choose to go with people of our own color I have no right to say a word; but if you choose to stay with me your people have no right to speak. Now reflect on it and take your choice and tell us as soon as you make up your mind.'

"I was silent for a few minutes, in which time I seemed to think of most everything. I thought of the children I had just left crying; I thought of the Indians I was attached to, and I thought of my people whom I remembered; and this latter thought predominated, and I said, 'I will go with my kin.' He then sank back in tears to his seat. I heartily joined him in his tears, parted with him, and have never seen or heard of him since."

On his return from his captivity Brickell settled in Columbus, and became one of her esteemed citizens. Not every father or foster father of the Caucasian race treats his son with such marked affection, or regrets parting so sincerely as did this simple unlettered red man of the wilderness.

We get another first-hand description of the character of those Indians who either roamed or dwelt along the Maumee, together with the trials and discouragements attending the efforts of the missionaries among them, from the journal kept by Reverend McCurdy, a missionary along the Maumee: "They have been collecting for ten days past (1808) from different places and tribes, and this is to be the week of their Great Council. Hundreds more are yet expected. The plains are now swarming with them, and they appear to be full of devilish festivity, although they can scarcely collect as much of any kind of vegetables as will allay the imperious demands of nature. They are here almost every hour begging for bread, milk, meat, melons, or cucumbers; and if they can get no better, they will eat a ripe cucumber with as little ceremony as a

hungry swine. And, notwithstanding this state of outward wretchedness and these mortifying circumstances, they are swollen with pride, and will strut about and talk with an air as supercilious as the Great Mogul. Their ceremonies, also, are conducted with as much pomposity as if they were individually Napoleons or Alexanders.

"Their houses, when they have any, are wretched huts, almost as dirty as they can be, and swarming with fleas and lice. Their furniture, a few barks, a tin or brass kettle, a gun, pipe, knife and tomahawk. Their stock are principally dogs. Of these, they have large numbers, but they are mere skeletons, the very picture of distress. These unhappy people appear to have learned all the vices of a number of miserable white men, who have fled to these forests to escape the vengeance of the law, or to acquire property in a way almost infinitely worse than that of highwaymen. They are so inured to white men of this description that it is next to impossible to make them believe you design to do them good, or that your object is not eventually to cheat them. It is vain to reason with them. Their minds are too dark to perceive its force, or their suspicions bar them against any favorable conclusions. Such is their ingratitude, that whilst you load them with favors they will reproach you to your face, and construe your benevolent intentions and actions into intentional fraud or real injury. They will lie in the most deliberate manner and to answer any selfish purpose. They will not bear contradiction, but will take the liberty to contradict others in the most impudent and illiberal manner."

Edmund Burke, a Catholic priest was sent from Detroit to the Indians living near Fort Miami in 1796. Within the limits of the present village of Maumee, he constructed and occupied a long house as his chapel. Here he resided for a time, ministering to the few Catholic soldiers in the fort, and endeavoring to Christianize the Indians in the neighborhood. His efforts met with little success, so that he remained only about a year. From that time no priest was stationed in this territory for a score of years.

The Friends, or Quakers, early became interested in the Indians of Northwestern Ohio. As early as 1793, a commission from that religious body started to attend an Indian council on the lower Maumee River, in company with the United States Commissioners. They reached Detroit but did not succeed in getting any farther. In 1798, a belt of Wampum, and ten strings of white beads, with a speech attached, was sent by a number of Indian chiefs to the yearly meeting of the Friends held in Baltimore. Appended to this letter were the names of Tarhe the Crane, Walk-on-the-Water and a number of other chiefs. They invited the Friends to visit the Wyandots and Delawares at their villages on the Sandusky River. When the designated representatives of the Friends arrived at Upper Sandusky in the following year, they found shocking and terrible scenes of drunkenness, and were subjected to indignities. Tarhe himself was not able to meet them for a day or two because of his intoxicated condition. These men returned to the East without any satisfactory result for their long and tedious journey. Nothing was heard from the Wyandots in response to their visit.

The good name of the Society of Friends had spread by degrees to many western tribes. In 1796 Chief Little Turtle visited Philadelphia with Capt. William Wells, his brother-in-law, as interpreter, and endeavored to enlist the assistance of the Friends in civilizing the Miamis living at Fort Wayne and in its vicinity. No immediate result followed, but the matter was not dropped. Some agricultural implements were forwarded. At a meeting held in 1804 it was decided to make a visit to the Miamis in order to decide on the best course to follow. Four men were named as a committee for this visit, and they made a little more progress than had any of the other emissaries dispatched to the Maumee Basin. Philip Dennis was left with the tribe as a permanent instructor. This was the first serious effort to instruct the aborigines of the West in agriculture, and it was not very successful. When the novelty had worn away, the warriors refused to work.

At the close of the War of 1812, the work of the Friends commenced among the Shawnees at Wapakoneta in a permanent form. A dam was constructed across the Auglaize River, and a flouring-mill and saw-mill were erected for their instruction and benefit in 1819. The expense of building and operation of the mill was borne by the Society of Friends, while the corn of the Indians was ground free of toll. The women soon learned to bake bread, which was much easier than pounding hominy. The Indians were furnished with plow irons and taught how to cultivate corn, beans, pumpkins, etc. Cows were furnished them and they were taught how to use them. As a result of their work, the Indians in that neighborhood began to improve and to build better homes. They wandered after game less and less, and turned to the rearing of domestic animals.

The faithful and devoted Friends worked diligently and faithfully without compensation. Many times they divided the last morsel of food with the needy Indians, whether the subject of their alms were worthy or unworthy. An annual payment of \$3,000 did not keep starvation and want away from these improvident people. They taught the Bible and religious ethics by example as well as by word, and they taught the industrial arts to as great an extent as possible. A school in manual training was organized, which was the first school of its kind in Ohio. Friend Isaac Harvey moved there in 1819, and took charge of the work. He was a man of good judgment and good policy, and got on very well with his charges. It was not long until the holdings of the Indians around Wapakoneta numbered 1,200 cattle and as many hogs, which speaks very well indeed for the work done among them.

Much superstition existed among the Shawnees. Soon after Harvey's arrival, it was aroused to an unwonted pitch by The Prophet, brother of Tecumseh. A woman of the tribe named Polly Butler was accused of witchery. One night Harvey was startled by the hasty arrival of Polly Butler, a half-breed, who came with her child to his house asking protection from the Shawnees, who were seeking to put her to death as a witch. "They kill-ee me! they kill-ee me!" she cried in terror. They were taken into the house by Harvey who at once strangled a small dog accompanying them that it might not betray their where-

abouts. The next day Chief We-os-se-cah or Captain Wolf came and told Harvey the occurrences and the resulting excitement, whereupon Harvey told him of the sinfulness of such proceedings. We-os-se-cah went away much disturbed in mind, but soon returned and, intimating that Harvey knew the whereabouts of the woman, was told that she was out of their reach; and if they did not abandon her with desire to put her to death, he would remove his family and abandon the mission entirely. We-os-se-cah desired Harvey to go with him to the Council House, where twenty or more chiefs and head men, painted and armed were in session. Harvey went to the United States blacksmith, an important man with the aborigines, on account of his keeping their guns and knives in repair, and took him and his son along as interpreters. Upon their entering the Council House, where some of the Indians were already in their war paint, Chief We-os-se-cah commanded the Council "to be still and hear," whereupon he repeated what had transpired between Harvey and himself, which caused great commotion.

"Harvey then addressed them in a composed manner through the interpreter, interceding for the life of the woman who had been so unjustly sentenced to be put to death. But seeing them determined to have blood, he felt resigned and offered himself to be put to death in her stead; that he was wholly unarmed and at their mercy. We-os-se-cah stepped up, took Harvey by the arm, and declared himself his friend, and called upon the chiefs to desist, but if they would not, he would offer his life for the Qua-kee-lee (Quaker) friend. This brave and heroic act of Harvey, and the equally unexpected offer of this brave chief checked the tide of hostile feelings. The chiefs were astonished, but slowly, on by one, to the number of six or eight they came forward, took Harvey by the hand and declared friendship. "Me Qua-kee-lee friend," they would say. They promised if the woman was restored to her people, that she would be protected; and they called on the blacksmith to witness their vow—and he became surety for its fulfillment. It required considerable effort to assure the woman of her safety, but eventually she returned to her dwelling and was not afterwards molested.

The Protestant missionary work was begun along the Maumee on or about the year 1802, when the Rev. D. Bacon, under the auspices of the Connecticut Missionary Society, visited this region. With two companions he set out from Detroit for the Maumee River in a canoe, and was five days in making the trip. He found here a good interpreter by the name of William Dragoo, who had been with the Indians since he was 10 years of age. Upon arrival at the mouth of the river, he found most of the chiefs drunk at a trading post above and then concluded to pass on to Fort Miami, where he stored his belongings. The next day he returned to the mouth of the river, where most of the chiefs were still drunk. Little Otter, the head chief, was a little more sober than the rest, and he replied in friendly terms that Mr. Bacon should have a hearing with the tribe. Owing to the death of a child, another period of debauch followed, and the missionary was delayed still longer.

After about ten days delay Mr. Bacon secured a hearing for his cause, which he eloquently presented. But he found many objections.

One of the most potent was that they would subject themselves to the fate of the Moravians, if they should embrace the new religion. One objection, says he, "I thought to be the most important, and the most difficult to answer. It was this: That they could not live together so as to receive any instructions on account of their fighting and killing one another when intoxicated. Two had been killed but a few days before at the trader's above; and I found that they seldom got together without killing some; that their villages were little more than places of residence for Fall and Spring, as they were obliged to be absent in the Winter on account of hunting, and as they found it necessary to live apart in the Summer on account of liquor; and that the most of them were going to disperse in a few days for planting, when they would be from 10 to 15 miles apart, and not more than two or three families in a place." Becoming convinced that any further attempt he then might make would be fruitless, Mr. Bacon abandoned the field and journeyed on to Mackinac.

The Presbyterian Church was the next denomination, in order of priority, to send missionaries into Northwest Ohio. At the opening of the nineteenth century, the Rev. Thomas E. Hughes made two missionary tours throughout these regions. On one of these journeys he was accompanied by James Satterfield, and on the other by Rev. Joseph Badger. One of these early missionaries in speaking of the Indians on the Lower Maumee writes as follows: "My interpreter advised me to go with him to see them that evening; and I had a desire to be present as I supposed I might acquire some information that might be useful. But I thought it would be imprudent to be among them that night as I knew some of them were intoxicated and that such would be apt to be jealous of me at that time, and that nothing would be too absurd for their imaginations to conceive, or too cruel for their hands to perform.

"Anderson a respectable trader at Fort Miami told me that they had been growing worse every year since he had been acquainted with them, which is six or seven years; and that they have gone much greater lengths this year than he has ever known them before. He assured me that it was a fact that they had lain drunk this spring as much as fifteen days at several different traders above him, and that some of them had gone fifteen days without tasting a mouthful of victuals while they were in that condition."

It cannot be said that the Presbyterians ever gathered unto themselves a very large following among the Indians of this section. Their principal station was along the lower Maumee, about half way between Fort Meigs and Grand Rapids, then called Gilead. There the mission owned a farm, a part of which was a large island, and ministered unto the Ottawa tribes. Upon this was erected a large mission house and a commodious school building. It was established in the year 1822. The aim of the missionaries was to make the mission as near self sustaining as possible, and to benefit the Indians in every way. The children were given board and clothing, educated and trained in farming. The report of this mission, published by the United States in 1824, gives the number of the mission family as twenty-one. Some taught domestic science,

others instructed in agriculture, while others attempted to instill book learning and religious truth into their pupils. It was allowed \$300 every six months from the congressional fund for the civilization of the aborigines. The only ordained missionary for this faith was the Rev. Isaac Van Tassel, although there were several assistants.

The mission church was organized in 1823 with twenty-four persons, nine of whom were aborigines. All were pledged to abstain from the use of spirituous liquors. The mission closed in 1834, when the Indians were removed to the West. At that time, there were thirty-two pupils in attendance at this school. Fourteen of these were full-blooded aborigines, and sixteen of them were recorded as mixed blood. The records reveal that the whole number which had been under instruction at this station during the dozen years of its existence, most of them for brief periods of time, was ninety-two. While the aborigines did not antagonize the missions directly, the general attitude of the warriors, and the large number of drunks among them, particularly at the time of the payment of the annuities, kept up an excitement of blood and evil that greatly detracted from the quiet influence which the missionaries attempted to throw around their pupils and converts. It was such things as these that made the work of the Christian missionaries one of such great difficulty. White men and half-breeds would continue to sell the "firewater" to the Indians, and even bribe the Indians to keep their children from the schools. Many would leave between two days after a few days experience. But the missionaries and the teachers persisted, and the attendance gradually increased. Most of those that remained took to education readily enough, but they absorbed the religion sparingly and rather doubtfully.

The widow of Rev. Isaac Van Tassel has given an account of the mission, from which I quote the following: "It has been said that the Maumee Mission was a failure. If the hopeful conversion of about thirty souls, and the triumphant deaths of at least nine of these, who were known to the missionaries to have died trusting in the Savior, besides much seed sown, the result of which can only be known in the light of eternity, was not worth the few thousands expended there, then might the mission be called a failure. The Indians were at first shy and distrustful; they could not believe that white people intended them any good. As they became acquainted, however, they were very friendly, and never gave us any trouble by stealing or committing any depredation. They were always grateful for any favors bestowed on them by the missionaries."

After the close of the mission school, Rev. Isaac Van Tassel and his wife continued to live in the buildings for several years, and conducted a boarding and day school for the children of the white settlers who were then beginning to come in in increasingly large numbers. Missions to the Wyandots have been described in the chapter devoted to that tribe. The Baptist Church conducted a mission for several years at Fort Wayne, with Rev. Isaac McCoy as the missionary in charge. This denomination doubtless conducted some religious services within Northwestern Ohio, but no regular mission under its auspices was ever

established here. The Fort Wayne mission was opened in 1820, with a school for both white and Indian youths, and was removed about a hundred miles northwest three years later at the special request of the Pottawattomies, who donated a section of land for its use.

The most noted and successful effort to elevate the Indians of Northwestern Ohio to a better life was through the missionary efforts of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Upper Sandusky. This mission was begun by John Stewart, an ignorant mulatto, with a mixture of Indian blood. Having become converted following a long debauch, he resolved to go out into the wilderness and preach the gospel. In his wanderings he reached Upper Sandusky in 1816, and began to preach to the Wyandots. A colored man, named Jonathan Pointer, living with the Indians, became his interpreter, and at first an unwilling one. Stewart was an excellent singer, and he thus attracted the attention of the red men, who dearly loved music. At the first formal meeting, called at Pointer's house, his audience was one old woman. On the following day the same woman and an old chief, named Big Tree, came. The following day, which was the Sabbath, the meeting was called at the council house, and eight or ten Indians gathered. From this time the congregation continued to increase and many songs were intermixed with the prayer and exhortations. With this feature the Indians were delighted.

When he began work Stewart was not a licensed minister, but he was afterwards duly ordained. The mission was taken over by the Methodist Episcopal Church in August, 1819, the first Indian mission of that denomination. Stewart remained with the Wyandots until his death from tubercular trouble on December 17, 1823. The most noted missionary at this station was the Rev. James B. Finley, who labored there a number of years, and has left us his experiences and observations in several interesting books. A number of chiefs became converted and developed into exemplary men. Between-the-Logs and Mononou were comparatively early converts and became licensed preachers. They greatly endeared themselves to the whites with whom they came in contact. One of the chiefs, Scuteash gave his testimony in the following quaint way:

"I have been a great sinner and drunkard, which made me commit many great crimes, and the Great Spirit was very angry with me, so that in here (pointing to his breast) I always sick. No sleep—no eat—not walk—drink whisky heap; but I pray the Great Spirit to help me quit getting drunk, and forgive all my sins, and he did do something for me. I do not know whence it comes, or whither it goes. (Here he cried out, 'Waugh! Waugh.' as if shocked by electricity.) Now me no more sick—no more drink whisky—no more get drunk—me sleep—me eat—no more bad man—me cry—me meet you all in our great Father's house above."

The Wyandots were very emotional, and were excellent singers. Some of their members were prone to prolixity in speaking, and "some times," said Mr. Finley, "they had to choke them off. On one occasion I saw one of the sisters get very much excited during one of their

meetings, when Between-the-Logs, an ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a native Wyandot, struck up a tune and put her down. Then several speakers spoke and without interruption. Between-the-Logs followed them, and had uttered but a few words, when the squelched sister, who had a loud, ringing voice, began, at the top of her register, singing—

‘How happy are they
Who their Saviour obey.’

“Between-the-Logs was fairly drowned out, and took his seat, as much overcome by the merriment as the music.”

During the year 1823, Col. John Johnston, United States Indian Agent, visited the Wyandots on their reservations. He passed several days among them, and at the close of his visit reported as follows:

“The buildings and improvements of the establishment are substantial and extensive, and do this gentleman (Mr. Finley) great credit. The farm is under excellent fence, and in fine order; comprising about one hundred and forty acres, in pasture, corn and vegetables. There are about fifty acres in corn, which from present appearances, will yield 3,000 bushels. It is by much the finest crop I have seen this year, has been well worked, and is clear of grass and weeds. There are twelve acres in potatoes, cabbage, turnips and garden. Sixty children belong to the school of which number fifty-one are Indians. These children are boarded and lodged at the mission house. They are orderly and attentive, comprising every class from the alphabet to readers in the Bible. I am told by the teacher that they are apt in learning, and that he is entirely satisfied with the progress they have made. They attend with the family regularly to the duties of religion. The meeting house, on the Sabbath, is numerously and devoutly attended. A better congregation in behavior I have not beheld; and I believe there can be no doubt, that there are very many persons, of both sexes, in the Wyandot nation, who have experienced the saving effects of the Gospel upon their minds. Many of the Indians are now settling on farms, and have comfortable houses and large fields. A spirit of order, industry and improvement appears to prevail with that part of the nation which has embraced Christianity, and this constitutes a full half of the population.”

The effect of the mission work was really wonderful upon the Wyandot youths, for they grew up much better in their habits and manners than their elders. The parents began to build better log houses with real brick chimneys, and also devoted much more time to their agriculture. Some families really raised enough from their little farms to support them. It was not until 1824 that the old mission church was erected. At times the council house was used, and on other occasions the meetings were held in the schoolhouse, which was much too small.

The Delawares, as well as the Wyandots, when journeying from their reservations in search of game, almost invariably stopped at the houses of the white settlers along their route. When they came to a

white man's cabin they expected to receive the hospitality of its inmates as freely as of their own tribe. If such was not the case the red man was much offended. He would say "very bad man, very bad man," in a contemptuous way. They would never accept a bed to sleep upon. All that was necessary was to have a good back-log on the fireplace, and a few extra pieces of wood near by, if in cold weather, for them to put on the fire when needed. They usually carried their blankets, and would spread them upon the floor before the fire, giving no further trouble. Not infrequently they would leave those who had sheltered them a saddle of venison, or some other commodity which they had to spare.

After peace was declared with Great Britain most of the settlers who lived along the Maumee previous to the war returned to their former possessions. They were accompanied by friends and former soldiers who sought desirable sites for settlement with their families. Many of them lived in the blockhouses at Fort Meigs for a while. Contentions arose, however, regarding the pickets and other timber of the fort, and one of the parties to the controversy finally set the remaining ones on fire. The last settler to be killed by the Indians was Levi Hull in 1815. He left the house to bring the cattle from the woods. Several gun reports were heard, and a searching party found his body, dead and scalped, on a spot within the present limits of Perrysburg. The settlement of the Maumee Valley was at first slow, but the "foot of the rapids" and vicinity was settled earliest. In 1816 the government sent an agent to lay out a town at the point on the Miami of the Lake best calculated for commercial purposes. After thoroughly sounding the river from its mouth, he decided upon the site of Perrysburg. The town was laid out that year on the United States Reservation, and named after Commodore Perry. The lots were offered for sale in the following spring at the land office in Wooster. From about this time the encroachment upon the Indian domain may be said to date.

After the War of 1812, the Indians were left in a serious condition. As at the close of the Revolutionary War, they turned at once, with little or no apparent regret for their past, to the Americans for their support. In this they were like naughty and spoiled children. Begging to have their physical cravings supplied, they gathered at Detroit in such great numbers that they could not be fed from the limited supplies on hand. Hence we are told that they went about the city devouring rinds of pork, crumbs, bones, and anything else with nutriment in it that was thrown out by either the soldiers or the civil population. Believing that there was a chance to place the relations of the Indians and the Americans on a better basis, because of the very necessities of the savages, General Harrison arranged for a treaty council to be held at Greenville in 1814. The Indians agreed to deliver all the prisoners in their hands at Fort Wayne. His pacific efforts were so satisfactory that when he and General Cass reached Greenville, on July 22, several thousand Indians were assembled there to greet them. On this occasion, a treaty was entered into with the Wyandots, Delawares, Shawnees and Senecas, by which these tribes engaged to give their

aid to the United States as against Great Britain and such of the tribes as still continued hostile.

In the year 1816, the number of Indians of all ages and both sexes in Northwestern Ohio, together with their location, was reported to the Government as follows: Wyandots residing by the Sandusky River and its tributaries numbered 695; of the Shawnees dwelling by the Auglaize and Miami rivers, with their principal village at Wapakoneta, there were 840; the Delawares living by the headwaters of the Sandusky and Muskingum rivers number 161; of the Senecas and others of the Six Nations having their habitations between Upper and Lower Sandusky, at and near Seneca Town, only 450 were enumerated; the Ottawas about Maumee Bay and Lake Erie and by the Auglaize River



WIGWAMS

were estimated at about 450. This would make a total resident Indian population at that time of about 2,600.

The condition of the Indians dwelling along the Maumee River at this time was extremely miserable. They dwelt in what are generally termed villages but, as a rule, they had no uniform place of residence. During the fall, winter and part of the spring they were scattered in the woods hunting. Some of them had rude cabins made of small logs, covered with bark, but more commonly some poles were stuck in the ground tied together with plants or strips of bark, and covered with large sheets of bark or some kind of a woven mat. The great enemy of these Indians was an insatiable thirst for intoxicating liquors. There were always depraved citizens of the United States capable and willing of eluding the vigilance of the government and supplying this thirst. When the supply of grog at home failed, they would travel any distance to obtain it. There was no fatigue, no risk, and no expense too great to obtain it. With many of them the firewater seemed to be valued higher than life itself. Many of the murders by Indians of

their own brethren, as well as of the whites, could be attributed to the effect of liquor.

But there were white monsters who were willing to murder or rob the poor red man who was trying to live honestly. One of these tragedies occurred about 1841, or 1842, in what was then Henry County, which included most of present Fulton. Sum-mun-de-wat, a Wyandot chief and a Christian convert, with a party of friends left the Wyandot reservation for their annual hunt in Williams County to secure raccoon skins, which then brought a good price. Sum-mun-de-wat, accompanied by his nephew and niece, had with them two excellent coon dogs. Two white men who met the Indians found that they had money. A day or two afterwards some more of the Wyandot party coming along found the murdered bodies of their chief and his two relatives. This murdered chief was one of the most enlightened and noble chiefs of the Wyandots, and was a licensed preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The whites were aroused at the foul deed and arrested the suspected parties. One of them, Lyons, was lodged in jail at Napoleon, as the murder had occurred just within the Henry County line. The other, Anderson, confessed to as cold and brutal a murder as was ever conceived. But both men escaped punishment through the influence of white friends.

As soon as the authority of the United States was well established in this section of our state, it adopted the policy of narrowing the limits of the range of the Indians in order to render them less nomadic. When this was accomplished, it was hoped to be able to incline them to agricultural pursuits. The excluded lands were then opened to prospective settlers. With this purpose in view, a council was called to meet at the "Foot of the Rapids of the Miami of Lake Erie," the place designated undoubtedly being near the site of the present village of Maumee. The date was September 29, 1817. At this time Generals Lewis Cass and Duncan McArthur met the sachems and other chiefs of the Wyandot, Seneca, Delaware, Shawnee, Pottawattomie, Ottawa and Chippewa tribes. They succeeded in negotiating a treaty which in importance ranks second only to the great Treaty of Greenville concluded in 1795.

The Wyandots agreed to forever cede to the United States an immense area of land, including a large part of the Maumee. This grant is described as follows in the treaty: "Beginning at a point on the southern shore of Lake Erie where the present Indian boundary line intersects the same, between the mouth of Sandusky Bay and the mouth of Portage River; thence, running south with said line to the line established in the year 1795 by the Treaty of Greenville which runs from the crossing place above Fort Laurens to Loramie's store; thence westerly with the last mentioned line to the eastern line of the Reserve at Loramie's store; thence with the lines of said Reserve north and west to the northwestern corner thereof; thence to the northwestern corner of the Reserve on the River St. Mary, at the head of the navigable waters thereof (St. Marys); thence, east to the western bank of the St. Mary River aforesaid; thence, down on the western bank

of said river to the Reserve at Fort Wayne; thence, with the lines of the last mentioned Reserve, easterly and northerly, to the north bank of the said river to the western line of the land ceded to the United States by the Treaty of Detroit in the year 1807; thence, with the said line south to the middle of said Miami (Maumee) River, opposite the mouth of the Great Au Glaize River; thence down the middle of said Miami River and easterly with the lines of the tract ceded to the United States by the Treaty of Detroit aforesaid; so far that a south line will strike the place of beginning."

The other tribes gathered at this council also released their claim to all the lands within this territory, with the exception of certain specified reservations. For these concessions, the United States agreed to pay annually forever, the sum of \$4,000 in specie at Upper Sandusky; to the Seneca tribe annually forever, the sum of \$500 in specie at Lower Sandusky; to the Shawnee tribe, the sum of \$2,000 at Wapakoneta; to the Pottawatomies, the sum of \$1,300; to the Ottawas \$1,000, and to the Chippewas \$1,000 annually for a period of fifteen years, payments to be made in specie at Detroit. To the Delawares, the sum of \$500 in specie was to be made at Wapakoneta during the year 1818, but there was no annuity. A number of specific reservations of land were made to the Indians most of which were along the Sandusky and Auglaize rivers. Grants were also made to a number of persons connected with the savages either by blood or adoption. Most of these were former prisoners who had lived with the tribes and finally been adopted by them. Most of them had been prisoners of the Wyandots. The late Shawnee chief, Captain Logan, who had fallen in the service of the United States, was remembered by the grant of a section of land on the east side of the "Great Au Glaize River adjoining the lower line of a grant of ten miles at Wapakoneta on the said river." Saw-En-De-Bans, or the Yellow Hair, or Peter Minor (Manor) who was the adopted son of Tondaganie, or the Dog, was granted a section of land to be located in a square form on the north side of the Miami (Maumee) at the Wolf Rapids, above DeBoeuf. This is near the village of Providence, in Lucas County. The United States obligated itself to appoint an agent for the Wyandots to reside at Upper Sandusky, and an agent for the Shawnees at Wapakoneta. This agent was to protect the Indians in their persons and property, and to manage their intercourse with the American Government and its citizens. It also specially exempted all these reservations from taxes of any kind, so long as they continued to be the property of the Indian and reserved to the United States the right to construct roads through any part of the land granted and reserved by this treaty.

When it came time to sign the treaty, so we are told, all looked toward the mother of Otusso and a direct descendant of Pontiac. He was the last war chief of the Ottawas remaining along the Maumee. She was a sort of Indian Queen who was held in great reverence by the Indians. When the treaty was agreed upon, the head chiefs and warriors sat round the inner circle, and the aged woman had a place among them. The remaining Indians, with the women and children

comprised a crowd outside. The chiefs sat on seats built under the roof of the council house, which was open on all sides. The whole assembly kept silence. The chiefs bowed their heads and cast their eyes to the ground; they waited patiently for the old woman until she rose, went forward, and touched the pen to the treaty, after it had been read to them in her presence. Then followed the signatures of all the chiefs.

It is said that there were 7,000 Indians present at this treaty at Foot of the Rapids of the Maumee, including the women and children. It must have been a strange assemblage. By this treaty the title to most of the land in the Maumee Basin was granted to the United States. Of all the great treaties ever made with the Indians this one held at the Maumee Rapids was of the greatest interest to Northwestern Ohio. A line drawn from Sandusky Bay to the Greenville Treaty line, near Mount Gilead, thence westerly along that line to the Indiana boundary and north to Michigan, would about embrace the Ohio land purchased at this council. It has since been divided into about eighteen counties. Almost three decades had elapsed since the Marietta colony was planted on the Ohio. Now for the first time could it be said that Northwestern Ohio stood on an equality with the rest of the state, and was practically free from the fetters and dominance of a race whose interest and habits, customs and mode of life, were entirely opposed to those of the rest of the country. Heretofore it had been partially a blank place on the map, labeled Indian country and Black Swamp. Its very name brought a shrug of terror to many. Following this treaty the civil jurisdiction of Logan County, with court at Bellefontaine, became operative until the organization of counties in 1820.

A number of additional treaties were made with the Indians at councils held in various places, but they are not of great importance for the purposes of this history, excepting the one convened at St. Marys in Auglaize County, in September, 1818. This was held at Fort Barbee, the present site of St. Marys, between the same parties, and some changes were made by which the Indians were given much more extensive allotments, because of a gathering dissatisfaction. Although the council did not commence until the 20th, the chiefs and warriors of seven nations began to assemble in the latter part of August. This council lasted until the 6th of October. It was intended to be supplementary to the one made the previous year at the Foot of the Rapids of the Maumee. The Wyandots were given a large increase in land, consisting of two tracts of 56,680 and 16,000 acres respectively. The Shawnees received 12,800 additional acres to be laid off adjoining the east line of their reservation at "Wapaghkonetta." The Senecas also received 10,000 more acres along the Sandusky. Additional annuities were granted as follows: To the Wyandots \$500; to the Shawnees and Senecas, of Lewiston, \$1,000; to the Senecas \$500; to the Ottawas \$1,500; all of these were to run "forever."

The traders did a thriving business, and many thousands of dollars worth of furs were exchanged for rifles, powder, lead, knives, hatchets,

gaudy blankets, tobacco, etc. Pony races and ball games were daily diversions among the Indians, who were well fed by the Government. For this purpose droves of cattle and hogs had been driven in and great stocks of cornmeal, salt and sugar laid in upon these and with the game brought in by the Indian hunters they fared sumptuously every day.

It was not many years after the treaties described above until the removals of the Indians to reservations farther west were initiated. In fact, at the same treaty at St. Marys, some of the Delawares agreed to their removal to a reservation by the James tributary of White River, in Missouri. The Delawares living at Little Sandusky quitclaimed to the United States their reservation of three miles square on August 3, 1829, and consented to remove west of the Mississippi to join those Delawares already transferred. In 1829, by a treaty concluded at Saginaw, the Chippewas ceded to the United States land claimed by them running from Michigan to the "mouth of the Great Auglaize River." Two years later the Senecas along the Sandusky River relinquished their reservations in exchange for lands west of the Mississippi, and the Indians were removed in accordance with this treaty. There were just 510 of them, as mixed up a mess of humanity as could be found, so we are told by contemporaneous chronicles. A portion of them traveled overland, and the others journeyed to Cincinnati, where they proceeded by water down the Ohio.

It was in 1831 that negotiations were begun with the Shawnees for the purchase of their lands. The Indians were greatly divided in their opinions. James Gardner, who began the negotiations, greatly deceived the Indians, evidently for personal profit. Some were bribed by the traders and the dissipated ones knew that a removal meant much ready money. The tribe insisted upon the payment of all its debts as a preliminary. At last an agreement was reached. Because Gardner informed the Shawnees that they would be removed early in the spring, the Indians sold off their cattle and hogs and many other things. As a matter of fact it was almost a year, and the Indians meanwhile suffered great privation. Many came almost to the point of starvation. When the money finally came it was transported in ten wooden kegs on horseback from Piqua. After receiving their annuity, the Indians entered upon a round of festivities and dissipation, that lasted in most instances until their money was spent. After recuperating from their dissipation, they began making preparations for their removal to their western home. They destroyed or buried the property that they could not sell. David Robb, one of the commissioners who assisted in their removal, has left an interesting account of the ceremonies incident to the occasion.

"After we had rendezvoused, preparatory to moving, we were detained several weeks waiting until they had got over their tedious round of religious ceremonies, some of which were public and others kept private from us. One of their first acts was to take away the fencing from the graves of their fathers, level them to the surrounding surface, and cover them so neatly with green sod, that not a trace of the graves could be seen.

"Among the ceremonies above alluded to was a dance, in which none participated but the warriors. They threw off all their clothing but their breechclouts, painted their faces and naked bodies in a fantastical manner, covering them with the pictures of snakes and disagreeable insects and animals, and then armed with war clubs, commenced dancing, yelling and frightfully distorting their countenances; the scene was truly terrific. This was followed by the dance they usually have on returning from a battle, in which both sexes participated. It was a pleasing contrast to the other, and was performed in the night, in a ring, around a large fire. In this they sang and marched, males and females promiscuously, in single file around the blaze. The leader of the band commenced singing, while all the rest were silent until he had sang a certain number of words, then the next in the row commenced with the same, and the leader began with a new set, and so on to the end of their chanting. All were singing at once, but no two the same words. I was told that part of the words they used were hallelujah! It was pleasing to witness the native modesty and graceful movements of these young females in this dance.

"When their ceremonies were over, they informed us they were ready to leave. They then mounted their horses, and such as went in wagons seated themselves, and set out with their 'high priest' in front, bearing on his shoulders 'the ark of the covenant,' which consisted of a large gourd and the bones of a deer's leg tied to its neck. Just previous to starting, the priest gave a blast of his trumpet, then moved slowly and solemnly while the others followed in a like manner, until they were ordered to halt in the evening and cook supper. The same course was observed through the whole of the journey. When they arrived near St. Louis, they lost some of their number by cholera. The Shawnees who emigrated numbered about 700 souls."

It was on November 20, 1832, that they commenced their journey of 800 miles, and proceeded as far as Piqua the first day, where they remained two days to visit the graves of their ancestors. They traveled until Christmas of that year, when they encamped at the junction of the Kansas and Missouri rivers. They suffered much on the journey from the severity of the winter. They immediately commenced the construction of cabins, and, by the latter part of February, these were so far completed as to protect them from the cold western winds. They were joined the next spring by the Hog Creek tribe, under the direction of Joseph Parks. This second contingent fared much better than those who preceded them, as they had the advantage of season.

The Ottawas along the Lower Maumee, at Wolf Rapids and Roche de Bout, and also those by the Auglaize River and Blanchard River, near the present town of Ottawa, about two hundred in number, gave up their lands and consented to remove to a reservation of 40,000 acres in consideration of an annuity and presents of blankets, horses, guns, and agricultural implements, etc. It was especially stated that this relinquishment did not include the square mile of territory previously granted to Peter Manor, the Yellow Hair. A three years' lease was also granted to Chief Wau-be-ga-ka-ke for a section of land adjoining Peter

Manor, and a section and a half of land below Wolfe Rapids was given to Mcuk-qui-ona, or the Bear Skin. A quarter section each was set off to Himar Thebault, a half-breed Ottawa, to William Ottawa, and to William McNabb, another half-breed. The last remnant of the once powerful Ottawa tribe of Indians removed from this valley to lands beyond the Mississippi in 1838. They number some interesting men among them. There was Nawash, Ockquenox, Charloe, Ottoke, Petonquet, men of eloquence who were long remembered by many of our citizens. Their burying grounds and village sites are scattered along both banks of Miami of the Lakes, from its mouth to Fort Defiance. They left on the steamboat Commodore Perry for Cleveland on August 21, 1837, to go from there by canal to Portsmouth, and thence by the Ohio and Mississippi to their new western home. There were about one hundred and fifty in the party, and a few hundred remained behind with the white neighbors. A couple of years later another hundred, who had been eking out a precarious existence, consented to follow the others, and they were accordingly transported west by the same route.

The Wyandots of the Big Spring Reservation, or those of Solomon's town, ceded their lands, amounting to about sixteen thousand acres, to the United States at a council held at McCutchenville, Wyandot County, on January 19, 1832. James B. Gardner was the specially appointed commissioner on the part of the Government. It was stipulated that when sold the chiefs should be paid in silver the sum of \$1.25 per acre, for the land and also a fair valuation for all improvements that had been made. The Indians went to Huron, in Michigan, or any place that they might obtain the privilege of settling with other Indians. Some did in fact join the other Wyandots on their principal reservation. Chief Solomon went west with his tribe, but returned and passed his last days among the whites. The Wyandots were the last Indian tribe to leave Ohio. Final negotiations were concluded at Upper Sandusky on March 17, 1842. By this time the white settlers had completely encircled the reservation with towns and cultivated fields. The tribe had been reduced to fewer than eight hundred persons of all ages and both sexes. At the last vote, more than two-thirds of the male population voted for the transposition. By the terms of the treaty, the tribe was given 148,000 acres of land opposite Kansas City. In addition they were regranted a permanent annuity of \$17,500, together with a perpetual fund of \$500 per annum for educational purposes, and an immediate appropriation of \$23,860 to satisfy the debts of the tribe.

The preparations for the departure of the Wyandots began in the spring of 1843, but their actual removal took place in July. The arrangements were made by Chief Jacques. The final scenes at Upper Sandusky were filled with pathos. The love of the Wyandots for their ancestral homes was indeed great. Frequent councils were held, and religious worship in the old Mission Church was conducted for weeks prior to the removal. Their dead were brought from other places and solemnly reinterred in the mission cemetery. All unmarked graves were signified by either a stone or a marker. Squire Grey Eyes, who was an intelligent and Christian chief, importuned as follows:

"He exhorted them to be good Christians, and to meet him in Heaven. In a most sublime and pathetic manner he discoursed upon all the familiar objects of a home—no longer theirs. He bade adieu to the Sandusky, on whose waters they had paddled their light bark canoes and in whose pools they had fished, laved and sported. He saluted in his farewell the forest and the plains of Sandusky, where he and his ancestors had hunted, roved and dwelt for many generations. He bade farewell to their habitations, where they had dwelt for many years and where they still wished to dwell. With mournful strains and plaintive voice he bade farewell to the graves of his ancestors, which now they were about to leave forever, probably to be encroached upon ere the lapse of many years by the avaricious tillage of some irreverent white man. Here, as a savage, untutored Indian, it is probably Grey Eyes would have stopped, but as a Christian he closed his valedictory by alluding to an object yet dearer to him; it was the church where they had worshipped, the temple of God, constructed by the good white men for their use, and within those walls they had so often bowed down in reverence under the ministrations of Finley and his co-laborers."

The farewells having been said, the long cavalcade, with the chiefs on horseback and several hundred on foot, and many wagons loaded with their effects, began its journey. Among the chiefs were Jacques, Bull Head, Split-the-Log, Stand-in-the-Water, Mud Eater, Lump-on-the-Head, Squire Grey Eyes, and Porcupine. On the first day they had traveled to Grassy Point, in Hardin County, and on the seventh day they reached Cincinnati. Here they were taken on boats down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and up the Missouri to their new homes. A few of the chiefs, including the head chief, Jacques, visited Columbus, where they called upon Governor Shannon to thank him for courtesies and farewell speeches were delivered. As this last of all the once numerous Ohio tribes ascended the steamships that were to convey them from the place of their nativity, "they seemed to linger, and to turn to the north as if to bid a last farewell to the tombs in which they had deposited the remains of their deceased children, and in which the bones of their fathers had been accumulating and moulding for untold ages." The number who migrated at this time was 664, and about fifty journeyed west in the following year.

As the Indians began to disappear the tide of immigration, which had begun after the War of 1812, was still more increased. By 1820 the population of Ohio had risen to more than half a million. The state now ranked fifth, being outranked only by New York, Virginia, Pennsylvania and North Carolina. She had outstripped in the race for population every other one of the original thirteen colonies. Northwestern Ohio began to develop even more rapidly than the other sections, because of the long repression and the fertility of soil which attracted settlers. It was in 1820 that county outlines were established and fourteen counties officially created. Williams, Henry and Wood were the three counties bordering on the Territory of Michigan. Lucas, Defiance and Fulton counties were still unborn.

The country was still miserably poor. The money was at a discount because of the inflation of the currency following the war. Transportation was so bad that the produce of the western country was worth little because of the absence of markets. Butter was worth only 6 cents a pound and eggs could be purchased at 4 cents a dozen. Pork was 2 cents a pound and beef only a cent higher. Under such conditions there could be no great prosperity, even though there might be a goodly population. It was then that plank roads were constructed in some places. The question was not satisfactorily adjusted until the canals were constructed. These artificial waterways answered the needs of the communities, assisted by the navigable streams, until the advent of railways. The Miami and Erie Canal opened up the Maumee country with the southern section of the state. Lake communication reached Buffalo and the Erie Canal, which had been completed, gave access to eastern markets. An era of prosperity gradually developed which has never failed the richly endowed basin of the Maumee.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PREHISTORIC AGE

To the untrained mind the ages prior to the incoming of the white man, and the few things learned from the savages then inhabiting the country, are a sealed book. The historic period occupies but a very brief period in comparison with the untold ages consumed in the formation of the topography of our beloved Northwestern Ohio as we now view it. It is not within the province of this work to take up the geology of the Maumee country in detail as it would be discussed by the learned geologist to whom the various rocks with the fossils found imbedded in them speak with almost audible voice. All that can be related in this chapter is just enough to briefly outline the subject and to stimulate, if possible, an impetus for further reading upon the subject.

In Northwestern Ohio occurs the most expansive area of level country in the State of Ohio, the region of the old lake bed. In fact, if the investigator goes back far enough, he finds unmistakable evidence that it was once a part of the ocean bed. In a broad area, reaching from Ottawa and Lucas counties southwest to Paulding, Van Wert, and Defiance counties, the change in elevation frequently does not exceed a foot to the mile. In no part of Northwestern Ohio are there hills of any magnitude, but certain sections are slightly rolling, and there are points where the elevation is a few hundred feet above the level of Lake Erie.

The historic period of this region is very short in the chronology of the earth, in comparison with the great length of time covered by the geological ages. Whether these periods occupied 50,000,000 or 60,000,000 years is of very little interest to us, for whichever statement is accepted, the length of years is sufficiently impressive for our minds. In very early geological ages, the Gulf of Mexico extended to this region. The greatest influence in the conformation of the topography of this vast level area of land occurred during the glacial periods. It is quite probable that prior to this time Northwestern Ohio may not have differed greatly from the hilly region of the southeastern section of our state. This character of the underlying strata is evinced by the revelations of the oil driller. The dips of these strata are sometimes steep and sudden, fairly convincing proof that the original surface was most uneven. The deposits of oil and gas have been found within or below the Trenton limestone, a formation which is well understood among geologists. Hence these drillings have furnished geological students with much valuable information about this section.

The remarkable change in the surface of this region is almost wholly due to the effect of glaciers in prehistoric times. Immense glaciers formed somewhere in the upper regions of Canada, and moved down slowly toward the south. Neither trees, rocks nor any natural obstruction permanently impeded their movement. The glaciers scooped out the basin of Lake Erie and, when they reached what is now Northwestern Ohio, the general movement was in a southwesterly direction. The fact of these glacial movements is established in a number of ways. On Kelley's Island there are the most remarkable glacier grooves that are found in Ohio. In some places the boulders which were imbedded in the glaciers cut grooves in the limestone rocks that abounded there to a depth of two feet. The same groovings, although not so deep, are found on many of the rocks along the lake shore at Marblehead and Lakeside. To a geologist these grooves speak as audibly as do the tracks of an elephant to the hunter. Hence it is that the rocky shores of Lake Erie have been carefully studied for many decades by geologists from all over the world. Six of these glacial epochs have been identified by these students of rocks.

One of these is known as the Harrison Boulder, lying a few miles southwest of Fremont. This is a species of granite known to come from the highlands of Canada, directly north of Lake Erie, which is said to be the oldest land in the world. The age of this particular rock is estimated by geologists to be from 25,000,000 to 150,000,000 years. It was transported here, so they affirm, not more than 10,000 or 12,000 years ago. In size it is 13 feet long, 10 feet wide and about 7 feet thick, of which one-half is out of the ground. It would weigh probably eighty ton, and has withstood the influence of climate all these years. The place of its origin is several hundred miles distant, in the Labrador or Hudson Bay region, and it could have been transported in no other way than by a glacier. There are many other smaller boulders scattered over the Maumee region. The valued rocks of this region are much younger, and were deposited when this was the bottom of the sea, so that they became filled with sea shells and shell fish and a vast accumulation of marine deposits. The superficial deposits all belong to the glacial age.

Still another evidence of the movements of glaciers across Northwestern Ohio is in the terminal moraines, which are found in several places. It has been estimated that the thickness of the glacier over Lake Erie was about eleven thousand feet. It is known from watching the movements of the glaciers of today on the Alps, as well as in Alaska and other places, that these great masses of ice and snow move almost as a semi-fluid substance. Their progress is exceedingly slow, but they are just as sure as they are slow. They freeze onto the rocks, never letting go, but carrying them along. The annual movements of glaciers which have been observed range from 130 to 330 feet in a single year. These glacial movements cut off the top of mountains, filled up the valleys, and made the surface of Northwest Ohio what it is today. They were like huge planes in their effect, leveling the high points, pushing everything breakable and movable before them, crushing and grinding the softer rocks. In many places the depth of the deposit exceeds 100

feet. The rocks, which were thus exposed to the air, frost and water were decomposed and formed the rich soil of this section, one of the richest in existence. As the surface was in places a little uneven, and in some places even depressed, it created the swamps which used to be so numerous.

The term moraine is given to a ridge of pulverized and transported material which is left by a glacier. The moraine marks where the front of the glacier rested, for it was the front that had accumulated most of the detritus. The glaciers in their movements gathered up rocks and soil, which were gradually ground up, so that a fair proportion of the mass of the glacier was sometimes made up of this material. At times the glaciers were halted in their movements for periods which might have covered centuries, and the surface being exposed to a warmer climate gradually melted. The detritus which had been gathered up was deposited in ridges, which can be still plainly distinguished. There are three or four of these moraines, either wholly or partly in Northwestern Ohio, which are in a cup shape, with the bottom of the cup projecting toward the southwest. All of them are nearly parallel. The approach is generally so gradual that it is scarcely perceptible to the traveler. The first of these is known as the Defiance Moraine, which extends northward and eastward from Defiance. The next one is known as the St. Joseph-St. Marys Moraine, because it follows these two rivers, with the apex near Fort Wayne, Indiana. The third one is only a few miles distant from this, and extends in the same general direction. A fourth, known as Salamonie Moraine, is still a little farther distant, and crosses the southern boundary of Northwestern Ohio near Fort Recovery and Kenton. The many little lakes in Northern Indiana were caused by the irregular deposition of the glacial detritus, leaving depressions which became filled with water. It is still an unsettled question whether the different glacial epochs were separated by long intervals of mild climate or whether they were simply advances and recessions separated by only comparatively short intervals, as geological ages are measured.

The glaciers have exercised the greatest influence in determining the flow of the water, and the direction of the streams. Although the entire basin at one time may have drained into Lake Erie, with the onward movement of the glaciers the outlet in this direction was obstructed. It then became necessary for the water to seek an outlet in another direction, and so the streams which flow to the southwest were formed. At one time a great lake covered the central portion of this region. It is known to geologists as Maumee Glacial Lake, which was crescent in shape, and lay between the Defiance Moraine and the St. Joseph-St. Marys Moraine. It drained through the Tymochtee gap into the Scioto River, and through the Wabash. Another of these glacial lakes known as Whittlesey, was found between the Defiance Moraine and Lake Erie, and was really a later stage of the water. The numerous sand ridges, which are found running across Northwestern Ohio in different directions, were the successive shores of Lake Erie as it gradually receded to its present dimensions. Near Fort Wayne there is a

broad channel, easily distinguished, which formerly connected the Wabash River and the Maumee, through which the pent-up waters found its outlet to the Gulf of Mexico. As the lake level declined, the waters of the rivers St. Joseph and St. Marys followed the receding lake, thus organizing and forming the Maumee River. The Defiance Moraine became for a long time the shore of the glacial lake. "Much of the shore line can now be seen with more or less distinctness at or near the following places: Beginning at Ayersville, five miles southwest of Defiance, and extending northward along the convex west side of the Defiance Moraine to Archbold, the most northerly point; thence irregularly in a general southwesterly course along the slope east of Bryan and of Hicksville to Antwerp, whence it turns southeast to Scott and near Delphos, thence again in a curving and northeasterly course."

The initial appearance of man upon the stage of life in Ohio has been a matter of much speculation. There have been many speculations and theories advanced regarding the length of time that man has existed. Many evidences of prehistoric man are found in Ohio. The oldest of these have been discovered in Southern Ohio, for during a long period it was impossible for the human race to live north of the upper lake ridge, which passes through Bellevue, Tiffin, Fostoria, and Van Wert, where the former shore is marked by a sand ridge. At that time the whole region between that ridge and the lake was covered with a body of water estimated to be from 50 to 100 feet in depth. At a later period, as the water level fell, it is quite likely that the races then existing followed up the retreating waters and established their temporary habitations.

There are remains of a prehistoric population, which are evidenced by enclosures and mounds found along the Maumee River. Most of the outlines have now been obliterated, and there is nothing whatever to establish their antiquity. Some rudely shaped knives and other crude tools, together with stone axes, flint arrow heads and rude pottery, have been found, which have evidence of great age, because they have been discovered near the fossil remains of animals known to exist shortly following the glacial period. Although the Maumee Valley was probably never the headquarters of so great a number of early peoples as Southern Ohio, yet it was no doubt a thoroughfare of travel for prehistoric people, and they erected low conical mounds above the bodies of certain of their dead.

The late Dr. Charles E. Slocum, who made an extensive study of the subject, states in his "History of the Maumee River Basin" that there are more than fifty mounds and earthworks in this basin that can probably be classed as the work of prehistoric men. Their situation is on high ground in small groups and widely scattered. Some twenty of these mounds have been located in the Indian counties of De Kalb and Steuben. The remains of the mastodon have been found there, one of them at a depth of 4 feet in blue clay. In Auglaize County parts of these prehistoric monsters have been discovered, but the most perfect one of all was unearthed a few miles southeast of Wauseon. Several of the mounds have been identified on the south bank of the

Maumee, near Antwerp, and one not far from Defiance. This last mentioned mound was about 4 feet above the surrounding land, and about 30 feet in diameter. It was covered with oak trees about 20 inches in diameter. Upon opening the mound, a small quantity of bony fragments were found, which readily crumbled between the fingers on being handled. Human teeth of large size were also unearthed. There are two mounds along the Maumee River, just above the City of Toledo. In one of these a pick-shaped amulet was unearthed, which was 18 inches in length. Several have been identified along the Auglaize River, near Defiance. In one mound the decaying bones of eight or ten persons in sitting posture were discovered. On the headwaters of Bad Creek, Pike Township, in Fulton County, about ten miles northeast of Wauseon, eleven mounds of small size, arranged in somewhat circular form, have been discovered. Most of these mounds were opened by curiosity seekers. A few human bones, some charcoal and a few indifferent articles of flint and slate were unearthed.

Doctor Slocum further states that there are three prehistoric circles and four semi-circles in the Maumee River Basin. One of these, with a diameter of about 200 feet, is in De Kalb County, Indiana, and another near Hamilton, Indiana. This latter is known as the mystic circle, with a diameter of 68 yards, and averages between 3 and 4 feet in height. A third is in a bend of the River St. Joseph, in Allen County, Indiana. Three semi-circles were found along the Lower Maumee River. The first of these was observed between the years 1837 and 1846, and is mentioned in a book published in 1848, which was the first volume of the Smithsonian contributions. This account reads as follows: "This work is situated on the right bank of the Maumee River, two miles above Toledo, in Wood County, Ohio. The water of the river is here deep and still, and of the lake level; the bank is about 35 feet high. Since the work was built, the current has undermined a portion, and parts of the embankment are to be seen on the slips. The country for miles in all directions is flat and wet, and is heavily timbered, as is the space in and around this enclosure. The walls, measuring from the bottom of the ditches, are from 3 to 4 feet high. They are not of uniform dimensions throughout their extent; and as there is no ditch elsewhere, it is presumable that the work was abandoned before it was finished. Nothing can be more plain than that most of the remains in Northern Ohio are military works. There have not yet been found any remnants of the timber in the walls; yet it is very safe to presume that palisades were planted on them, and that wood posts and gates were erected at the passages left in the embankments and ditches. All the positions are contiguous to water; and there is no higher land in their vicinity from which they might in any degree be command. Of the works bordering on the shore of Lake Erie, through the State of Ohio, there are none but may have been intended for defense; although in some of them the design is not perfectly manifest. They form a line from Conneaut to Toledo, at a distance of from three to five miles from the lake, and all stand upon or near the principal rivers. * * * The most natural inference with respect to the

northern cordon of work is, that they formed a well-occupied line, constructed either to protect the advance of a nation landing from the lake and moving southward for conquest; or a line of resistance for people inhabiting these shores and pressed upon by their southern neighbors." None of the discoveries yet made convey to us any definite information concerning the early dwellers in the Maumee country. Practically everything is left to conjecture. It is barely possible that discoveries will yet be made that will shed light upon this subject which is still so obscure.

CHAPTER XIV

IN THE LAP OF A CENTURY

In the light of recent developments, February 13, 1920, was the first day in a new century in the annals of Williams County. Old Father Time has opened up a fresh, clean page in the Book of Life in which residents of the northwesternmost county in Ohio may write their future history.

By an act of the Ohio Assembly February 12, 1820, provision was made for the organization of fourteen counties lying north of the Greenville Treaty line and west of the Connecticut Reserve boundary, and from that time dates the history of Williams County.

On Lincoln's birthday, 1920, metaphorically speaking, Williams County came under the wire at the end of its first century run, this part of the moral heritage having been 100 times around the sun, with Mother Nature busy shaping its future destiny. While speed regulations may not please everybody, all will admit that time flies and the mission of this Centennial History of Williams County is to tabulate and record the events of 100 years ago of local history. In beginning this second century, it is an opportune time to linger by the wayside and register some of the most important changes that have taken place in the first century, and when you "count your many blessings, name them one by one," in the light of human progress you may conclude it is worth while to begin another century by erecting milestones more frequently.

The historian of today finds so little data of the past that he is reminded of the ancient story of when the nations of the earth were given their religions, and each one inscribed the sacred creed upon either metal, parchment or stone, but methinks the Williams County pioneer must have been akin to the Gypsy who is reputed to have written his creed upon cabbage leaves when the donkeys were browsing in that direction, so meager is the record left behind him. Lord Byron once said: "Tis strange but true; truth is always strange; stranger than fiction," and while a great deal of fiction may be written about one single fact, where there is no local historical society interested in assembling facts they are most elusive characters.

The best an historian can do is to approach accuracy, and while there are sins of commission they cannot be worse than the sins of omission in writing history. Great human interest attaches to the use of the word first, and who is not thrilled at the first feeble cry of the babe; the first tottering steps of the child; the first short trousers on the boy and the first long skirts on the girl; the first day at school; the first consciousness of beauty and the dawn of love; the first earning of labor and the accumulations of capital; the first sermon, client or patient; the first battle, the

first sorrow—in short, the opening incidents in every earthly career have a thrill of their own out of proportion to that belonging to a thousand greater things, but we know:

“There are gains for all our losses,
There is balm for all our pain,
But when from youth the dream departs,
It takes something from our hearts.
And it never comes again.”

—Stoddard.

In the following pages the attempt will be to write everything in terms of Williams County as a whole rather than with references to any given locality, and those familiar with the lengthy township chapters in earlier Williams County publications may feel disappointed, but on further examination they will discover all the major facts although the presentation is changed, the different townships having the same recognition in the various county-wide chapters. “I am the vine and ye are the branches,” and in writing these pages the county is regarded as a unit and the townships as integral parts, intermarriages and social relations obliterating all differences in past history. The birds, the trees, the wild life of the forest—none recognize township boundary lines, and the rain falls and the sun shines on all, and Williams County as a unit is the plan in relating the development of 100 years.

While Williams County history began 100 years ago, the Williams County of today really began its separate existence twenty years later. Old Williams County and Williams County of today have different boundaries, and the schoolboy of today only thinks of Williams County with its present outline. The Williams County of today began in 1840 when the seat of government was changed from Defiance to Bryan, and “Thereby hangs a tale,” for five years later Defiance was again a county seat, and Defiance County was on the map of Ohio. In the office of the Williams County auditor are old records made in Defiance, and today residents of Defiance County must visit the courthouse in Bryan to obtain early statistical information about themselves and their property interests. Until 1845 Defiance was part of Williams County.

Although Williams County was created February 12, 1820, it was attached to Wood County for civil purposes, this provision being enacted April 1st, that year and the temporary seat of justice for the “County of Wood” was Maumee until commissioners were appointed by the Ohio General Assembly to fix the permanent seat of justice—a matter about which there has always been a difference of opinion in Williams County. However, the county seat remained at Maumee for three years when it was moved across the river to Perrysburg, this action taken March 19, 1823, but “this was of concern to Williams County for only a short time, as in a few months she was destined to blossom forth as a fully organized county, and be given civil jurisdiction over a surface that now embraces portions of six well-settled and prosperous counties.”

While Williams County as constituted at the time of the U. S. census of 1820 had 387 inhabitants within its territory, it is estimated today that

there was not a white inhabitant within the present county limits 100 years ago. It was in the fourth census that Williams County was first enumerated, and ten years later the population had almost trebled itself. The Williams County census covering 100 years in history is as follows:

1820.....	387
1830.....	1,039
1840.....	4,464

Before another official census was taken the dimensions of Williams County were greatly reduced by losses to Defiance and Fulton counties, and since 1850, the boundary of the county has remained unchanged with the following census reports:

1850.....	8,108
1860.....	16,633
1870.....	
1880.....	23,821
1890.....	24,897
1900.....	24,953
1910.....	25,198
1920.....	24,627

While liars may sometimes figure, it is said: "Figures do not lie," although Williams County folk were surprised to note a falling off in population in the decade just passing of 571 persons. Enthusiasts had all estimated a gain in citizenship in ten years. Until four decades ago the Williams County population was mostly from older counties in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and from New England, but the biographer who always does the advance work on any county history finds that the names of the first settlers in any county as old as Williams are on the tombstones in the cemeteries, rather than in the directories found in the places of business in such communities.

This Centennial year in Williams County is also the Tercentenary of the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers to Plymouth Rock, which was the real beginning of civilization in the New World. While Columbus discovered America in 1492, and there was a colony planted in 1607 at Jamestown, Mrs. Felicia Dorothy Hemans writes: "The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rockbound coast," in describing the Landing of the Pilgrims, December 21, 1620, at Plymouth Rock in Massachusetts, and the real aggressive American spirit was brought to the wild New England shores by the passengers in the Mayflower.

In every community there are families who have pride in their descent from some passenger in the Mayflower 300 years ago, although one Williams County citizen remarked that the emigration laws were not so strict when the Pilgrim Fathers came, and while there is no Congregational church in Williams County today an old account says there was one organized in a schoolhouse in St. Joseph Township in 1856, and for a time this oldest church in the New World had a flourishing organization there. Before landing at Plymouth Rock the passengers who come in the Mayflower all signed a compact which was in reality the first church in Amer-

ica, although it is not represented in Williams County today. The one Congregational church in Williams County was served by a minister from Ligonier, Indiana.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and no matter where Williams County settlers came from they had mutual desires—a community of interests, and by the silent process of assimilation they soon became one big Williams County family with interests in common, and their past was never held in evidence against them. Many of them had come into the wilderness of Northwestern Ohio in order to better their conditions in life, and they soon became land owners and permanent citizens in Williams County. While some foreigners have become naturalized citizens, and some have claimed citizenship without properly understanding American institutions, and Americanism, that old riddle:

"Black upon black and black upon brown,
Three legs up and six legs down,"

had no local significance at all. The negro riding a brown horse with a black kettle on his head seems never to have passed through Williams County.

While there were Indians in the Williams County forest as elsewhere detailed in the Centennial history, they came as silently as the shadows and vanished as silently as they came, and—

"Like the cares that infest the day,
Will fold their tents like the Arabs,
And silently steal away,"

and while they vanished from Williams County long ago, it is said there were Miamis, Wyandots and Pottawatomies among them. There are men and women today who are in sympathy with the American Indian, the Red Man of the Forest who followed the Mound Builders and who was summarily removed to western reservations by the United States Government, notwithstanding their hunting grounds in the great Northwest Territory. In proportion to the number of inhabitants there is a greater foreign population in Williams County at the beginning of its second century in local history than at any time in the last 100 years. Some of them have not yet acquired a sufficient knowledge of English to speak it.

Early in the nineteenth century settlers began crossing the Allegheny Mountains in numbers, thus peopling the Northwest Territory thrown on the market under provisions of the famous Ordinance of 1787, and in a short time Ohio was asking for statehood. It was the first of five little republics—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, carved out of the old Northwest, the exclusion of slavery and the special provision for educational advantages rendering all these states attractive to settlers. In speaking of the Northwest Territory today people are inclined to think of the Dakotas or of the Canadian Northwest, and historians now designate it as the Old Northwest and when linked with the Ordinance of 1787, the student of history is not confused about it. In the same sense Old Williams County comprehends the domain of 100 years ago

before its area had been reduced by other ambitious counties who must gain recognition from the standpoint of area in order to be accorded a place on the map of Ohio.

In dispossessing the Indians found in the forests of Northwestern Ohio, the Greenville Treaty made under the direction of "Mad Anthony" Wayne, August 3, 1795, providing for the organization of the fourteen counties lying north of Greenville it was agreed that \$20,000 worth of goods should be given, and that \$10,000 worth should be given them annually forever, and the treaty secured the free use of all waterways by the encroaching settlers, but this provision did not mean much to Williams County. While the United States Senate ratified the treaty, it was almost a quarter of a century later that the Ohio Assembly took action in the matter. However, the political pot was boiling and the first Ohio constitutional convention was called in March, 1802, and on February 19, 1803, Ohio was admitted into the Union as the seventeenth in the galaxy of states, and from that time forward developments were rapid in Northwestern Ohio, and now for a full century there has been a Williams County.

Since the beginning of local history was February 12, 1820, the citizens of Williams County 100 years later do well in erecting this first century milestone—the Centennial History of Williams County. The records show that it was formulated and given its name 100 years ago—that one full century has cycled into eternity since Williams County has been on the map of the world. The statute providing for the formation of these fourteen counties, of which Williams is the northwesternmost, is entitled: "An Act for the erection of certain counties therein named," and it reads as follows: "Be it enacted, etc., that all that part of lands lately ceded by the Indians to the U. S., which lies within this state shall be and the same is hereby erected into fourteen separate and distinct counties to be bounded and named as follows," and the description applied to the fourteenth includes all of the first, second, third and fourth ranges north of the third townships north in said ranges, and to run north with the same to the state line, and to be known by the name of Williams.

In selecting the names of these newly created counties the Ohio Assembly evidently had in mind the galaxy of Revolutionary patriots, Williams, Paulding and Van Wert counties being named in honor of the three captors of Major Andre, Williams County being named in honor of David Williams, and his companions in the adventure were John Paulding and Isaac Van Wert. All were Holland Dutch and did not have a good mastery of the English tongue, and yet Major Andre was not in doubt about their meaning when on September 23, 1780, they made of him a prisoner of war. David Williams was the senior of the trio and took the initiative in the capture. He was only twenty-three years old so that Major Andre was taken by mere boys, and it is little wonder he put up an argument. When he encountered the three young militiamen by the wayside, he said: "Gentlemen, I hope you are of our party."

The three young Revolutionary patriots were engaged in a game of cards under the shade of some bushes, thus whiling away a little time when one of them looking up saw a man riding toward them in the dis-

tance. They exchanged glances and abandoned the card game for something more exciting, and as the stranger approached they interviewed him. He was a trim built man small of stature, wearing a broad hat, blue surtout, crimson coat and the pants and vest of nankeen, and he had dark eyes and a bold, military countenance. He was astride a large brown horse branded on one shoulder: "U. S. A.," and it was their opportunity for investigation. When they had exchanged words with the stranger they understood their own signals, and at once they were on picket duty. They cocked and aimed their muskets at the rider who seemed determined to pass them. This brought from his lips the greeting: "Gentlemen, I hope you are of our party."

"What party?" inquired young Williams.



CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRE

"The lower party," said Major Andre.

"We are," said young Williams, encouraging the confidence of the stranger.

"I am a British officer," was the lie that fell from the lips of Major Andre. "I have been up the country on particular business and do not wish to be detained a single moment."

Not inclined to form a truce with the stranger young Williams answered: "We are Americans."

Finding himself at the mercy of his captors, Major Andre exclaimed: "God bless my soul! A man must do anything to get along," in seeming extenuation, and then becoming more confident he asserted: "I am a Continental officer going down to Dobbs Ferry to get information from below ——" and at this stage in the proceedings he produced a pass signed by Gen. Benedict Arnold, but the subterfuge was of no avail with three sturdy young American soldiers.

At this juncture, Major Andre warned them: "You will get yourselves into trouble."

"We care not for that," answered the three sturdy militiamen in one voice. They had Major Andre where they wanted him and they were undismayed about it. They compelled him to dismount while they searched him. When they asked him to remove his boots his face changed color and he was obstinate about it. When he hesitated young Williams relieved him of the left boot, exclaiming: "My God, he's a spy," when they found three sheets of closely written paper enclosed for protection in a blank sheet, and marked: "Contents Westpoint." When they removed the other boot they found another similar package, and in answer to their questions Major Andre told them he obtained the papers from a man at Pines Bridge. Williams, Paulding and Van Wert were not inclined to believe the story.

As a last resort Major Andre tried to bribe his captors and buy his liberty. He offered his horse and equipage, and 1,000 guineas for his release, but they were firm in the matter, and he was wholly at their mercy. Growing desperate under the pressure of circumstances Major Andre assured the young militiamen he would give then 10,000 guineas and all the drygoods they wished for his release, and these things would be deposited for them at any point they might designate, but to his sorrow he found that he was dealing with American soldiers and there was no price on their integrity. He promised them anything and everything for his liberty. They might carry his order to New York where they would obtain all those things unmolested, but in him they recognized the traitor and they did not release him. It was twelve miles to the nearest military station at Newcastle, and they turned their captive over to the officers there.

When Major Andre was executed Williams, Paulding and Van Wert were witnesses. They stood in the ring and saw him hanged by the neck, and when the hangman informed him that his time was short and asked for an explanation or any special preparation, he answered: "Nothing for those captors only to witness to the world that I died like a brave man," and the hangman, who was painted black because of the hideousness of his requirement, was ready to adjust the noose when Major Andre, game to the last, said: "Take off your black hands," and he adjusted it himself. He tied his own pocket handkerchief over his eyes, and with a smile to his new made acquaintances he was launched into eternity. It was an awful moment in the lives of his captors, and yet they had nothing to regret. In his capture they had thwarted the purpose of Benedict Arnold, whose name has gone down in history as a traitor to his country.

While these young Revolutionary soldiers never lived in the Ohio counties named in their honor, it is interesting to note that Allen, Hancock, Henry, Marion and Putnam counties also commemorate Revolutionary soldiers, and that an Ohio public official once said he hesitated about invading any of those counties because of the military spirit thus engendered in them. David Williams died in New York in 1831, and he may have been unaware of the honor bestowed upon him in the naming of

Williams County. It is a matter of record that the United States Congress gave to each of the captors of Major Andre a farm in West Chester County, New York, valued at \$2,500, and voted to each of them a life pension of \$200 a year and a silver medal inscribed on one side "Fidelity," and on the other the Latin words: "Amo Patria Vincit," which being translated means "The love of country conquers."

In the opening days of this second century in local history the citizens of Williams County will be interested in knowing that the man whose name is thus commemorated was born October 21, 1754, at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, and that he died August 2, 1831, near Livingston, New York. David Williams enlisted in 1775 and served in the War of the Revolution under General Montgomery. While in the service his feet were frozen and that disabled him for further military duty. In addition to the special recognition of the United States Congress, he was given a cane by the State of New York because of his chivalrous defense of the Hudson from obstruction at West Point.

In 1830, David Williams visited New York City upon the invitation of the mayor who, on the part of the city, gave him a carriage, horse and harness, and the pupils in one of the schools gave him a silver loving cup. A monument has been erected to his memory near the Schoharie courthouse along the Hudson, and the citizenship of Williams County today commemorate his memory in a way quite as enduring as if his statue were carved in marble or granite and placed in some public spot, and yet the story goes that after the man so signally honored by his countrymen had located on the farm provided for him among the Catskill Mountains he was too generous for his own good, and indorsing papers for his friends he lost heavily and was forced to mortgage the land given to him by the Congress of the United States. A grandson, William C. Williams, finally secured title to the farm by discharging the indebtedness against it, and thus its ownership remained in the Williams name, and the whole story reads like an ordinary tale beginning: "Once Upon a Time."

In the auditor's office in the Williams County courthouse there hangs a picture entitled "The Capture of Major Andre," which is a copy of the painting by A. B. Durand, and it was the happy thought of Charles R. Lowe while auditor of Williams County to have it engraved and used on all warrants issued against the county. Every citizen who receives a county warrant carries away a real work of art, whether or not he is conscious of the fact—a copy of the celebrated Durand painting showing the three militiamen questioning Major Andre in time of the American Revolution.

CHAPTER XV

FROM SAVAGERY TO CIVILIZATION

In the preface to his second History of Ohio that veteran historian, Henry Howe, who was a native of Connecticut but later lived in Columbus, writes, "We don't know what is before us," as he details his adventures and commonplace experiences traveling through the state in 1846 and again in 1886, adding, "Not a human being in any land that I know of has done a like thing," and his comment is that in the interim of forty years—the length of time having elapsed between his first and second tour of Ohio, that the Children of Israel wandered in the Wilderness of Judea, the state had more than doubled its population while no arithmetical calculation could estimate its advance in material resources and intelligence.

What Mr. Howe has said of Ohio applies admirably to Williams County today. While the pioneers always talked about the "good old times," under the present economic conditions Williams County citizens are united in discussing "high old times," incidentally taking many flings at the high cost of living, and yet it is said the sky is just as blue, and on the other hand the clouds are sometimes just as threatening over the northwesternmost county of Ohio as anywhere else in the world. "Equality of opportunity implies equality of obligation," and men and women are born free and equal in Williams County, as well as in the rest of the world. Like the statistician, an historian does not need to possess an imagination since he must deal with the facts as he finds them. History is well defined as the record of transactions between different people at different periods of time, and someone has said that not to know what happened before one was born is to remain always a child. It is said by another: "The roots of the present lie deep in the past, and the past is not dead to him who would know how the present comes to be what it is," and most people of today are interested in the firelight stories of other days, when told by those of preceding generations—stories heard at mother's knee, the traditions handed down from father to son, and time was in Williams County when "word of mouth" had greater significance than it has today.

It is the mission of the true historian in Williams County as in the rest of the world, to delve into the great past in an effort to unravel the tangled threads in the history of all the yesterdays. Fairy stories have their place in family life, and some of the traditions handed down from one generation to another seem like a story that is told even though every word is fact, and the young people about Williams County firesides nowadays—firesides, when there are radiators and registers in so many households, and the question naturally presents itself—what are the coming

generations to do in the way of pioneer recollections? The young people in Williams County homes today have little conception of the primitive conditions, family lore and even local history, and older persons owe it to them in the mad onward rush of the twentieth century to anchor them a while in memory's doorway, where they may listen to the footfall of the ages.

Bulwer Lytton said: "There is no past so long as we have books." And in the pages of a well-written history it is possible to live one's life



PIONEER FIREPLACE SHOWING EARLY-DAY HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS

all over again. The past becomes the present in the preservation of many things of interest to the future citizen. While the idealist is never at his best in the field of realism, the student of economic conditions in Williams County today knows that the increase and advance along the line of achievement has been much greater since Mr. Howe's second tour of Ohio, for it is a matter of record that he visited Williams County. At this centennial period there are a great many yesterdays in the past of Williams county, and today tells its own story. The log-rolling and the

wool-picking social epoch is so far in the dim distance of the past that most men and women have either never heard or have forgotten those stories and incidents of the long ago.

The celebrated fisherman, Izaak Walton, once wrote in his diary: "I love the world"; and while not all share his optimism there are some who think enough of posterity to leave their hieroglyphics behind them. Someone writes: "It seems needless to urge the value of history upon mankind, since no tribe, race or nation has ever progressed very far before it began to invent and make use of means for the preservation of its story." Even the savage tribes left crude records of their prowess in the chase or upon the field of battle. These various records were carved in the barks of trees, written upon scrolls of papyrus, traced upon the faces of sun-dried brick and tiles, or chiseled in the long-enduring granite. History is the torch by which our steps are lighted, and its neglect is a long backward stride toward savagery. The wisdom of remote ages recognized this fact. However, they were not all as wise as the Grecians in the choice of their methods in the preservation of history. The Grecians devoted the genius of their poets and prophets to it, while Athens adorned and illustrated it by the splendid creations of her painters and sculptors.

"All history is wrought from the threads of local thought, deed and adventure that become racial or national when they affect the characters and destinies of races and nations. But with all its want of consideration for the common people, and its imperfect realization of the higher missions of the Government the world would still be savage and sitting in darkness, were it not for the survival of history," and the records show there was a lapse of almost four years from the time a definite outline was given to Williams County until there was a permanent organization in it. On February 2, 1824, the General Assembly of the State of Ohio passed an act providing as follows: "That the County of Williams shall be organized, and the counties of Henry, Paulding and Putnam shall be attached thereto for judicial purposes, and that on the first Monday of April next the legal electors residing in the counties of Williams, Henry, Paulding and Putnam shall assemble within their respective townships at the usual places of holding elections, and shall then proceed to elect their several county and township officers until the next annual election," and there is no gainsaying the fact that the greatness of a nation depends upon the character of the men and the women of the home, the neighborhood, the township, the town and the county.

It was further decreed that "The courts of the above named counties shall be held at Defiance in the County of Williams until otherwise provided by law, etc.," and it was "otherwise" in 1840, when the court was transferred from Defiance to Bryan, although on March 4, 1845, court again assembled in Defiance with the area of Williams County reduced by the loss of some of its most valuable taxable property in the townships of Defiance, Delaware, Farmer, Hicksville, Milford, Tiffin, Washington and Mark, there having been twenty townships embracing an area of more than 720 square miles, or more than 460,000 acres, while 400 square miles was the requirement under the provisions of the 1802 Ohio

constitution. The people of Defiance who suffered the loss of their court were not slow about taking advantage of the situation, and five years later they were holding court there again. Naturally there were divided interests and sympathies along the Williams-Defiance county line for a time, but happily all of that seems to have been forgotten today.

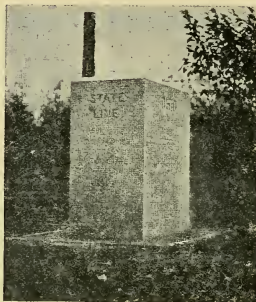
While eight of Williams County townships through the action of the whirligig of time wakened up one morning and found themselves in Defiance county, a commercial map of Bryan would still include them, and the remaining twelve townships are: Northwest, Bridgewater, Madison, Millcreek, Florence, Superior, Jefferson, Brady, St. Joseph, Center, Pulaski and Springfield, and as Williams County stands A. D. 1920, after whirling through space for 100 years it is bounded north by Michigan, east by Fulton and Henry counties, south by Defiance and west by Indiana. In its struggle for a place in the sun, Defiance County secured most of its area from Williams although some was taken from Henry and from Paulding counties. There always has been litigation along the Ohio-Michigan boundary about land extending from one state into the other, and it is not a one-sided difficulty. In 1919 there was a case filed in the Williams County Court and it is still on the 1920 docket, entitled: Bowers versus Wagner, the Michigan man seeking remuneration for 1.31 acres—a fraction more than one acre of his land on the Ohio side, while the farm lies in Michigan.

Northwest, Bridgewater, Madison and Millcreek townships lie in the Michigan strip, and they were the disputed territory, lying between the Fulton and Harris line, but in 1836 Michigan lost the disputed strip historians say because of its inability to force its just and righteous claims. The question at issue as far as Ohio was concerned was the harbor at the mouth of the Maumee on Lake Erie, and since Michigan was at the time asking for statehood, the handiwork of the skilled peacemaker was in evidence in the settlement of the disputed boundary, compromise entering into it. In surrendering this disputed territory Michigan was compensated in receiving undisputed claim to its northern peninsula bordering on lakes Michigan, Huron and Superior which with its mineral wealth offset its loss to Ohio, and it gave to Ohio the commercial advantages it sought, and the water ways question is still under consideration.

Toledo is the meeting place for the canal and lake commerce, and Ohio and Michigan both fared well in the final adjustment of border difficulties. From 1836 to 1845 there were twenty townships in Williams County, the territory lying between the Harris and Fulton lines being given to Ohio, but on the other hand what has been the compensation to Williams County for the loss of its eight townships to Defiance County? It was March 4, 1845, that President James K. Polk permitted Defiance County to establish itself and in 1849, the Ohio General Assembly allowed another grab at Williams County and Millcreek and Brady townships lost territory to Gorham and Franklin townships in Fulton County. With the loss of eight townships in 1845 and parts of two more townships a few years later, Williams is still to be reckoned with as among the progressive Ohio counties. While it gained four townships on the north and lost part of two townships on the east and eight townships on

the south, Williams County has begun its second century run against time with entire serenity, having fully recovered from it all. While some of the townships are under and others over the required thirty-six square miles of territory, there is still an excess over the requisite 400 square miles to constitute it a county. There are eight civil and four congressional townships as the county stands today, St. Joseph, Center, Pulaski and Springfield still conforming to the original survey by the United States Government, the section numbers beginning at one and ending at thirty-six.

While there may be no Devil's Lanes in Williams County today there have been many border difficulties, and there are men and women who do not have to inquire the meaning of the expression, Devil's Lane.



THE BOUNDARY STONE

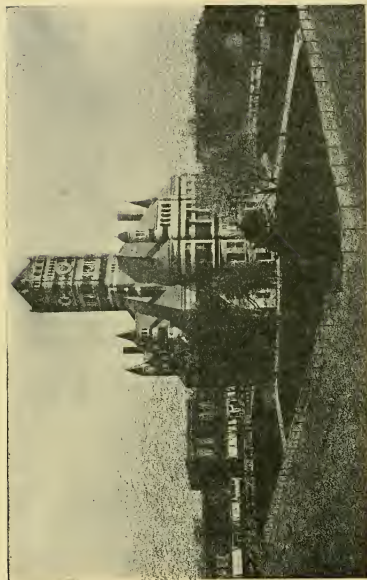
While there is now no "No Man's Land" on Williams County soil, it is said there are some high fences intended to interfere with the rights and pleasures of others. Suits to quiet title are of frequent occurrence because of border difficulties and faulty surveys, and thus the "sins of the fathers are sometimes visited upon the children" in Williams County, as well as the rest of the world. The conditions of the Golden Rule are sufficient to settle most differences, and now that solid masonry marks the Ohio-Michigan boundary at frequent intervals, there will never be further dispute about the territory, although families living in Ohio and owning land in Michigan must pay taxes on either side, the rule prevailing that personal tax is payable in the state where the house is located and land tax payable in the state where the land is located, tax collectors finding it necessary to establish a precedent in the matter. Those who own land on both sides of the line who sleep in Ohio pay all but their

Michigan land tax in Williams County. If they sleep in Michigan they pay their personal tax there.

When Williams County with its original boundaries was formally organized, April 1, 1824, there was not much of a scramble among politicians since beside the honor and distinction connected with it there were little emoluments, and such consideration did not attract ordinary mortals. The first official roster was: Auditor, Timothy S. Smith; coroner, John Oliver; Sheriff, William Preston, and the board of county commissioners: Jesse Hilton, Cyrus Hunter and Charles Gunn. None of these officials hailed from what is Williams County today. The original Ohio Constitution only provided definitely for the election of a sheriff and coroner, the other offices optional with the people, and Williams County had an auditor extra. This election was held on the first Monday in April, and accordingly the northwestmost county in Ohio came under the wire again in its century run as an organized county.

There was an interim of sixteen years covering the time from 1824 to 1840, when the people of Williams County paid their taxes in Defiance instead of Bryan. There was an ancient fort located there, and as early as 1794 Anthony Wayne—Mad Anthony, declared that all the devils in h—l could not subdue the people there, and thus the place was named Fort Defiance long before the organization of Williams County. Prior to February 12, 1820, the territory now known as Williams County was under different jurisdictions, being controlled from Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit and Toledo, and for the next four years from Maumee and Perrysburg until the county seat of government was located at Defiance, and since 1840 it has been at Bryan. In the period from 1840 to 1851, there were a number of new counties established in Ohio, but under the second Ohio Constitution, adopted in 1851, there have been no changes of boundary or organizations.

The first Ohio Constitutional Convention assembled in Chillicothe, November 1, 1802, pursuant to an Act of Congress approved April 30, that year, authorizing the people of the Northwest territory that now constitutes Ohio to meet, draft and adopt a constitution. It required twenty-nine days of deliberation, and a document was produced that served the newly formed state almost half a century. The second Constitutional Convention assembled in Columbus in 1851, and in 1912 there was a third Constitutional Convention in Ohio, and on May 9, a special session was held in Chillicothe—the final session, in order that the body formally terminate its labors in the halcyon atmosphere of legend and tradition hovering over the birthplace of the original Ohio Constitution. It was planned that the delegates and officers of the convention should hear the final rap of the gavel that would pass the 1912 session into history within the walls of the courthouse that now stands upon the site of the Ohio Capitol where the first constitution was written and became a law.



WILLIAMS COUNTY COURT HOUSE

CHAPTER XVI

THE TEMPLE OF JUSTICE IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

The migration of the Williams County "seat of justice" from Maumee, Perrysburg and Defiance to Bryan has its counterpart in the wanderings of the "seat of justice" in Ohio, from Marietta, Chillicothe, Cincinnati, Chillicothe again, Zanesville and again in Chillicothe. There were only two sessions of the Ohio Assembly in Zanesville, both the town and county enjoying the acquired importance and when Columbus was finally decided upon in 1810, the itinerant government of Ohio returned to Chillicothe where there were better accommodations, there to await the completion of the buildings in Columbus.

When a group of men was named to select the site for the permanent capital of the commonwealth of Ohio, Newark, Dublin, Worthington, Delaware, Circleville all had a hand in shaking the plum tree, but four men of Franklin County who saw what a good stroke of business it would be to have the state capital located on their adjoining farms laid a formal proposition before the law-making body offering to present a square of ten acres for the state house, another ten acre plot for the penitentiary, and in order to secure the location of the buildings they agreed to erect them at their own expense. They placed an expense limit of \$50,000, and on February 14, 1812, the valentine was given to them. These four men were: Lyne Starling, John Kerr, James Johnson and Alexander McLaughlin.

The first official building at the new capital of Ohio was a log jail which was erected in 1813, and in the next year the Ohio penitentiary was built, the jail and penitentiary being regarded as more necessary than the state house since there were temporary buildings both in Zanesville and Chillicothe. Finally a new state house was erected in Columbus which is described as a plain, insignificant structure looking more like a tavern than an edifice to house the law-making body of Ohio. It was constructed after the severely simple store box style of architecture adopted in Chillicothe and Zanesville, and in 1816 the government was permanently established in Columbus. There is no record of any structure built on purpose either in Marietta or in Cincinnati, although an old account says the sessions of the Ohio Assembly in Cincinnati were held in Avery's tavern and in a Presbyterian Church there. Both Zanesville and Chillicothe adapted their deserted state houses to the use of the county courts, and finally the progress of civilization outstripped them and they were torn away to give place for modern buildings. Thus the court of Williams County is not without precedent in its wanderings from place to place, and in the lure held out to it by Williams Center, Pulaski, West Unity and later on by Montpelier.

Fort Defiance was so far from the geographical center of Williams County, that the settlers north of the Maumee River did not get much recognition from the officials meeting there, and through the influence of the Hon. John A. Bryan, one time Auditor of State and later United States Consul to Peru who donated land for the temple of justice, the Williams County Court was transferred from Defiance to Bryan. An old account says: By 1840 there were settlers in every part of Williams County in sufficient numbers to perfect organizations and establish township governments, and the rumblings of discontent occasioned by the courthouse being so far from the center grew louder and louder as the population increased in the north part of Williams County. It was simply a case of the mountain coming to Mohamet, since the people from the Michigan strip who had entered their land in Michigan would no longer journey to Defiance to transact official business with Williams County. Then it was that West Unity, Pulaski and Williams Center established their claims for the goddess of justice.

Defiance naturally opposed the removal of the county seat to the bitter end since Bryan only existed in the imagination of some land owners and speculators, the spot in question being an unbroken forest—not a stick a-miss, and the charge is substantiated that money did it. However, the Williams County contingent along the Maumee could no longer rule by swinging a majority, and in response to a petition from the outlying sections of Williams county on the first Monday in December, 1839, the General Assembly of Ohio appointed three commissioners: Joseph Burns of Coshocton, James Culbertson of Perry and Joseph McCutcheon of Crawford counties to examine the situation and to weigh matters carefully and report at the next session of the Assembly. There could be but one result since the geographical location and the population center must be taken into consideration.

While a courthouse fight is not an unusual thing, it is a rather unusual that one should spring up so often and be continued so indefinitely as has been the case in Williams County. While three moves are said to equal one fire, there has never been any loss by fire of the records of Williams County. After journeying to Defiance for sixteen years the northern part of Williams County had grown in numbers, and finally gained the desired recognition. The county seat was at Defiance from 1824 until 1840, and much of the time there was open rebellion because the county commissioners ignored the northern townships in their appropriations of funds for public improvements. The balance of power was in the south part of the county, and among those most active in bringing about the desired changes were: John A. Bryan, Charles Butler, Alfred P. Edgerton and William Trevitt. Their names are commemorated today by the names of prominent streets in Bryan.

It seems that Mr. Bryan and Mr. Trevitt took the initiative in locating the county seat in Bryan, and abstractors of title today frequently write the names of Eliza Ann Bryan and Lucinda Trevitt who joined their respective husbands in transferring property in the beginning of things in Bryan. While these two women joined their husbands in giving two acres out right for the public square in Bryan, on March 27, 1841, a

deed was made for 320 acres of land from Mr. Bryan to Mr. Trevitt with \$800 as the monetary consideration. William Arrowsmith was county surveyor at the time, and it is said that on July 14, 1840, he applied the name of Bryan to the embryo county seat in honor of the man who had given the courthouse square to the community. The plat of the town was completed November 24, 1840—just fourscore years ago. The court of common pleas convened for the last in Defiance January 19, 1841, and on February 25 the county commissioners ordered all the records and journals belonging to the County of Williams with statutes, desks, stoves, stationery and all the furnishings belonging to the offices of the several officers of the county, and all papers relating to the business of the county which should be left on file or otherwise, and that all the movable property be removed to the town of Bryan, and the several county officers were required forthwith to pack such property into goods boxes, and the record sayeth further that all paraphernalia having been removed from Defiance exactly three months later, April 19, 1841, court convened for the first time in Bryan.

When it became known that the Legislative Commission had located the county seat of Williams County in an unbroken forest many people of Ohio and from other states visited the site in the wilderness. Some came out of simon pure curiosity to see the town in the woods, while others with foresight had visions of investments and ultimate speculation. They would get in on the ground floor and buy lots, and as values advanced they would increase their fortune. However, many visitors thus attracted returned to their homes with derogatory reports and the future of the incipient village was a doubtful question. Among those recognizing the future possibilities of Bryan in the woods was John Kaufman, who came prepared to face the inconveniences and hardships of the frontier community. Mr. Kaufman assisted in building the temporary log courthouse and helped burn the brick used in constructing the permanent temple of justice.

While fortune did not smile on John Kaufman he never left the town. He is entitled to special mention as a worthy citizen, his life story having been linked with the courthouse of Williams County. He was a booster in the days when others were knockers, and when other sources of revenue were no longer open to him for many years he was the efficient janitor of the courthouse. He was a character well known to many Williams County citizens, and when he died November 3, 1879, the offices in the courthouse were draped in honor to him. There are men who say he is entitled to recognition in Williams County today. It was several years before the more substantial second courthouse was completed in Bryan, and when Defiance County "swarmed" in 1845, and took with it so much valuable taxable property the old question of geographical location of the county seat bobbed up again.

While Defiance had been too far from the geographical center, the same charge was now made against Bryan and West Unity asserted its claims for recognition. An old man living in Bryan asserted: "There has always been a courthouse split in Williams County." While Bryan still had the log courthouse West Unity tried its hand, but when Fulton

County was organized in 1850, having taken a strip off of Brady and Millcreek townships in order to reach its requisite 400 square miles of territory, West Unity had the same geographical handicap charged against Bryan. Really the difference between Bryan and West Unity was settled by the Legislature of Ohio creating Fulton County. The conflict raged furiously between the two towns until the third party took a hand in the difficulty, and it was a case of the pot calling the kettle black when West Unity urged that Bryan was too far from the geographical center of Williams County. On February 26, 1850, the General Assembly of Ohio passed an act to create the County of Fulton. In doing so it appropriated territory from Lucas and Henry counties, and three tiers of sections from Millcreek and two from Brady townships in Williams County. West Unity found itself as near the Fulton County line as Bryan was to the line of Defiance County. Both were "border towns," and thus ended the vexed controversy. Again the area of Williams County had been reduced, and that accounts for the irregularity of its eastern boundary. Unless there is further controversy perhaps there will never again be jurisprudence surgery inflicted on the northwestern most county in Ohio.

As early as 1857 there was a new geographical center clamoring for recognition in Williams County, and there were election manipulators doing things in the interest of Montpelier. One of the campaign arguments cropping out that long ago was: "You know very well we are entitled to the courthouse in Montpelier," and that line of argument is heard today in Williams County, notwithstanding a writer in 1850, who said the Williams County courthouse controversy had been consigned to "the tomb of the Capulets," and it would seem that two territorial trimmings would quiet the matter. As it stands today Williams County has about eleven and two-thirds townships, while there was a time when it had twenty—still twenty square miles of territory in excess of the Constitutional requirement.

The claim of Montpelier was in evidence for many years and it waxed eloquent in the eighties when it was necessary either repair or rebuild the temple of justice in Williams County. Reference to the Williams County map will convince any one of the central geographical location of Montpelier, and Williams County folk who wanted the courthouse there are in position to understand the feeling that actuated Defiance residents when they were losing it fourscore years ago. In writing on the subject a Montpelier historian recently referred to the "unpleasantness," saying, charitably enough: "The corpse of which should be buried beneath the green sward of friendship, and no grinning skeleton be allowed to stand between those who are working for the upbuilding of Williams County and her varied interests today." However, not all the citizens of Montpelier feel that way and the situation is a parallel to that existing between St. Paul and Minneapolis. The story is told that a church in Minneapolis once discharged its minister because he took his text from St. Paul. A Williams County joker said that when there was a gala day in Bryan, Montpelier prayed for rain, but citizens of

Montpelier declare that the present day population seldom thinks of Bryan only when they must pay their taxes there.

An old account says: "It was on a bright autumn day in 1840, that the woods were ringing with the sound of the woodman's ax, and Volney Crocker was chopping the first gigantic tree from the courthouse square in Bryan." It was then an unbroken forest and the wild life of the forest hitherto undismayed began scampering from tree to tree and perching on the highest limbs because of the seeming encroachments of civilization. While Mr. Crocker chopped down the first tree on the public square in Bryan, until that time he had been a resident of Williams Center. While building his primitive American dwelling—the first cabin in Bryan, Mr. Crocker lived temporarily in a wagon, and it is recited that he endured all the hardships known to the pioneer in any country. Mr. Crocker is entitled to the double honor of chopping down the first



A PIONEER WOOD-CHOPPER

tree on the courthouse square, and of constructing the first house in Bryan. This cabin had the regulation puncheon floor and the prescribed stick and clay chimney. There is different architecture in Bryan today.

It is related that A. J. Tressler who was the first school teacher in Bryan and other prominent citizens of the frontier community were on the ground when Mr. Crocker was clearing the public square, and that after school in the evening the teacher assisted in gathering and burning brush, but had his foresight been equal to the hindsight of most pedagogues of later years he would have said: "Woodman, spare that tree," in some instances, and there would still be some of the original forest trees standing in the Williams County public square today. The only thought of the pioneer was to rid the earth of the trees encumbering it, and his posterity today is reduced to the necessity of planting if he would shelter his door yard from the heat of the summer sun. Had Professor Tressler been possessed of the necessary vision of the future, he might have immortalized himself in pleading for the perpetuation of

the original forests surrounding the temple of justice in Williams County today. It is said that nowhere in Williams County are there any of the trees of the original forest at the end of its first century in definite history, A. D. 1920, and fourscore years from the day Mr. Crocker cut down that first tree in the public square in Bryan.

John A. Bryan and William Trevitt who had been active in locating the new county seat agreed to put up the necessary buildings, and there was a makeshift courthouse and jail erected in 1840, both made of logs and both standing north of the public square in Bryan. It is a matter of record that Jacob Over and James McFadden were the builders—architects, carpenters and contractors and they dressed the logs by hewing



OLD COURT HOUSE

and scutching them, and the temporary courthouse stood at Main and Mulberry streets while the jail was on North Lynn Street, perhaps in the same square where the Williams County bastille is located today. The entrance to the courthouse was in the south end and the judge's bench was in the north end of the structure and while court was held on the ground floor there was an upper story. Older citizens of Williams County today say the upper story was never finished and was never used at all. However, court was held there for seven years. The story is told in Bryan that the old courthouse was torn down and the logs were used in two houses still standing, A. D. 1920, in the east part of town. The logs of the jail were used in constructing a sewer in Bryan.

In the autumn of 1847 when bricks were being burned on the public square to be used in the construction of a more permanent courthouse

in Williams County, skeptics visiting the site feared that the excavation would tap a subterraneous body of water and that the goddess of justice would sometime be submerged, and this story of her watery grave was revived annually in the spring time for many years. The floating gardens in Mexico are no more of a reality than citizens of Williams County expected to see in Bryan because of the artesian water underlying the territory. It is not considered by the conservative ones as a "safe place for the democracy" of Williams County. Many advised their friends against investments in a town underlaid by water, thinking only catastrophe could result from it. No doubt those skeptics would be glad to own some of this Bryan realty of today.

When the board of county commissioners finally took up the matter of building a permanent courthouse in Bryan, they used a set of plans drawn by H. Daniels, the dimensions to be 53 by 87 feet, and there was a cost limit of \$10,000 placed upon it. An old account says the log courthouse was cold and uncomfortable, but because of the tardiness in providing a new one there was an order for chinking and daubing the old one again. This repair cost the munificent sum of \$7.08 to the taxpayers of Williams County. The contract for the courthouse was let piecemeal, and while Williams County taxpayers know little about strikes and labor difficulties from experience today, the time came when Bryan and Trevitt refused to fulfill their obligations and the Williams County Commissioners were forced to advertise for bids for other labor to finish the courthouse. The existing contract with Bryan and Trevitt was declared "abandoned and vacated," and the unfinished job was let to Giles H. Tomlinson.

The whole affair was unsatisfactory, and when Mr. Tomlinson failed to carry out his agreement the commissioners called on the bondsmen, Bryan and Trevitt having been secured by A. P. Edgerton who made good the money paid to Tomlinson whose work was worthless, and the original contractors again took hold of the proposition and completed the courthouse. It was to have been completed December 1, 1847, but on July 21 the board required further security looking toward the finish of the contract, and William Yates, Levi Cunningham, Jacob Bowman, S. E. Blakeslee, E. H. Leland and A. J. Tressler became sureties for Messrs. Bryan, Trevitt and Edgerton, there being no general bonding companies that long ago. While Mr. Bryan and Mr. Edgerton both have Williams County towns named for them they paid well for the distinction. They had financial difficulties sufficient to entitle them to some honors. It is said that all of Bryan was once sold at sheriff's sale, and those making abstracts of titles today encounter many difficulties about it.

It was six years from the time building was commenced until the second Williams County courthouse was ready for occupancy, and in 1848 the citizens raised money to construct a board fence around the county's property, but the attitude of the public has changed today. Williams County people would now pay their money to have such an obstruction removed in order that visitors to the public square might enjoy themselves there. After the Williams County courthouse had been occupied two years the board of commissioners declared the job unsatis-

factory, and on April 10, 1850, employed Attorney William Carter to bring a suit on the contract against the bondsmen, and there was constant litigation over the place because of the frequent subsequent bills for repair until Mr. Edgerton finally returned \$550 to the county covering this subsequent expense.

While Bryan has a separate place for the temporary detention of evil-doers today, the sheriff's residence and Williams County jail supplanting the log structure was built in 1867, and the casual observer would think of it as in a good state of preservation. It is located at the corner of Bryan and Beech streets and culprits are held in durance vile two squares from the temple of justice today. The original log jail is said to have stood in the same block, but it is a matter of record that July 19, 1844, a contract was let for building the county jail shown in the accompanying cut, standing on the north side of High Street and opposite the court-



BILL-COVERED BUILDING, OLD JAIL IN BRYAN

house square in Bryan. The board paid Erastus H. Leland \$7 for clearing the lot on which this jail was built, although \$4 an acre had been the record price for such jobs. John McDowell built this jail at a cost of \$1,050 to Williams County. It holds a distinctive place in local history because a man was once taken out of it and hanged in the open space in the rear of it.

In writing about Bryan in 1886, Henry Howe says: "The town has a neat, domestic air and is New England like in its general appearance, the courthouse there being the northwesternmost in Ohio," and that was at the time a third courthouse was under consideration. An old account says: "It did not require the gifts of a prophet to foresee the inevitable struggle, and while the adherents of either Bryan or Montpelier dis-

claimed any such incentive for their actions, yet the election returns for several years prior to 1888 showed that each was getting ready for the fray," much devolving upon whether a man asking the suffrage of the people of Williams County was friendly to Bryan or Montpelier. It was known to all that the Williams County courthouse was doomed, and for years more attention was focused on local than on presidential elections.

Forty years had elapsed since the courthouse had been located in Bryan and Williams County has suffered subsequent loss of territory, and still the temple of justice was several miles from the geographical center—and Montpelier was alive to the situation. While the courthouse built to satisfy the demands of the pioneers was inadequate to the needs of a progressive county, people were inclined to continue the use of it rather than open the vexed question of location again. However, on



EAST SIDE COURT HOUSE SQUARE, 1869, BRYAN

February 10, 1888, a bill was introduced in the Ohio State Senate authorizing and requiring the county commissioners of Williams County to borrow \$50,000 for the purpose of repairing the old courthouse or building a new one. While Montpelier tried to defeat the bill it carried, and it was decided to raze the old one and erect a new one in Bryan. Samuel Priest was given the contract of wrecking the old courthouse, and the county business was transacted temporarily at the Mykrantz college building on North Lynn Street. An injunction was filed by Montpelier citizens, but Judge Sutphin dissolved the suit August 14, 1888, and two days later a contract was let to Malone Brothers & Earhart of Toledo, the specifications calling for the use of Berea stone and the stipulated amount being \$107,450, and the first brick in the walls of the present edifice was laid October 22, the same year.

"PIONEERS OF WILLIAMS COUNTY," and bearing the date "1899," is the inscription on the corner stone of the Williams County courthouse, the cornerstone ceremony occurring Tuesday, April 30, 1889, the day of this ceremony being just 100 years from the time "The Father of His Country" was inaugurated the first President of the United States. Notwithstanding the fact that Old Father Time found them napping when Williams County had rounded out its first century in local history, the citizenry did observe one centennial day in fitting manner. In this courthouse cornerstone are preserved many valuable records, and a large concourse of people witnessed the ceremony connected with laying it. Judge C. A. Bowersox was speaker of the day, and since the taxpayers were vigilant there is no apparent evidence of faulty construction in the imposing edifice in the public square in Bryan today. While its cost far exceeded the original expectation, additional bonds were sold covering the increased expenditure and all are happy about it.

The spacious temple of justice is a monument to the citizenship of Williams County today, and the sum of \$185,000 is said to cover the cost of the building and the fixtures in it. One of the most commendable features about the building is the rest room for women. The wives and mothers may wait there when fatigued from shopping, and "Meet me at the rest room," is sufficient explanation when a club woman wants to call a committee meeting in a central locality. Sometimes there are called sessions of societies held there. There is a rogue's gallery in the office of the county sheriff, and there are faces of many noted personages in it. However, they tell one there that no Williams County celebrity has ever been included in this more or less noted collection.

The clock on the Williams County courthouse merrily peals forth the hour, and the bell in the tower just as solemnly says: "Come to court. Come to court," and the stranger sojourning in Bryan appreciates the invitation of the benches in the courthouse yard, where he may sit in the shade and watch the frisking squirrels or look in the faces of passing humanity. However, when the time comes that another temple of justice must replace the one standing in Bryan today—well, tell it not in Montpelier.

CHAPTER XVII

OFFICIAL ROSTER OF WILLIAMS COUNTY

The history of Williams County is the story of a manhood and a womanhood which from the days of the first log cabins have had no superiors among the pioneers in any of the frontier countries, and it is not necessarily a mass of corrupt officials that are found in the temple of justice today. It may be said that an increased knowledge of the general plan and of the details of the system under which Ohio is governed can hardly fail to develop in them a wholesome respect for its government, and a patriotic pride which will make of them better contented and more law-abiding citizens. It is declared by some that government begins in the home, that it expands to the state and that finally the church is the controlling influence, but in a community where not all the citizens are identified with the church there is some question arising about it.

The government of the family, school, state, and nation must be vested in some recognized head and the judge and the prosecuting attorney are the terrors of evil doers in any community. While the construction placed upon the statutes sometimes seems to be a matter of personal opinion by some particular officer, taken as a whole the official roster of Williams County is made up from good, honest citizens. Sometimes the fault may be in the law itself, and yet efficiency seems to prevail in the administration of local affairs. While the manner of transacting business is not specified in the Constitution, some things of an administrative character are implied, and men elected to official position have little difficulty in construing the law governing the conduct of their particular offices. The board of commissioners is the real governing body, and was the first organized in the history of Williams County. However, the judge is regarded as the honorary elective position in county history. For sixteen years Williams County officials assembled in Defiance for the transaction of their official duties.

Under the provision of the Ohio Constitution of 1802, the Williams County judges of common pleas court were: Pierce Evans, John Perkins, Robert Shirley, William Bowen, Elisha Scribner, Benjamin Leavell, William Preston, Oliver, Crane, Foreman Evans, Payne C. Parker, James M. Gillespie, Charles C. Waterhouse, Nathaniel B. Adams, Lyman Langdon, Jonas Colby, Reuben B. James, William D. Haymaker, Thomas Kent, Payne C. Parker, Abner Ayres, Williams H. Stubbs, and noting the frequent repetition of names it is proof conclusive that when a man once gets his feet wet in the political stream, it is henceforth hard for him to remain out of the water. Some of the names appear again and again, and some succeed themselves in political positions. None of these judges were natives of Williams County. Judge Selwyn N.

Owen was the first citizen of Williams County to be elected common pleas judge, and he was succeeded by Judge Charles A. Bowersox who A. D., 1920, is the common pleas judge again.

Williams County has sustained relation to other counties in the matter of courts, and Judge Ebenezer Lane who was supreme judge of Ohio was the first to officiate in the Williams County court of common pleas, and it was a different experience riding on horseback over such an immense circuit holding court, and that perhaps explains why he did not reach Defiance in time for the first term of court in 1824—either in May or October, but at the first term held there in 1825 he was on the bench. Under the old Constitution the judges were: Judge Ebenezer Lane, David Higgins, Ozias Bowen, Emery D. Potter, Myron H. Tilden, Patrick C. Goode, George B. Way—the supreme court judges serving Williams County under the provisions of the old Constitution. From 1851 the duties of the judges were different under the second Constitution, and the territory was changed again.

Under the second Constitution each county was allowed a common pleas judge, and the judges in Williams County were: Lawrence Hall, Benjamin E. Metcalf, John M. Palmer, Alexander S. Latty—the latter having served longer than any other judge in Northwestern Ohio. Judge Owen of Bryan was the first resident judge of Williams County to be elevated to the position of common pleas judge, and he was also later elected judge in the Ohio Supreme Court. Judge Owen succeeded as common pleas judge by Charles A. Bowersox, and later the judges were: Silas T. Sutphin, Wilson H. Snook, William H. Hubbard, John M. Killits, Edward S. Mathias, Charles E. Scott and Charles A. Bowersox. In 1883 there was a change of territory again, and Charles S. Bentley was the only man representing Williams County.

Intimately associated with the judge of the court is the prosecuting attorney. In order to hold court he is a necessity. Until 1835 prosecuting attorneys in Ohio were appointed by the state. Since then they are elected by the people, and those who have served Williams County are: Charles W. Ewing, Rodolphos Dickinson, James L. Gage, Henry Cooper, Josiah Robinson, Rodolphos Dickinson, Amos Evans, Curtis Bates, Amos Evans, William C. Holgate, Erastus H. Leland, Joshua Dobbs, Sanders M. Huyck, Joshua Dobbs, John A. Simon, Meredith R. Willett, William Letcher, Cunningham R. Scott, John S. Cannon, Charles M. Mykrantz, William O. Johnston, Philetus Smith, Schuyler E. Blakeslee, Charles S. Bentley, Robert A. Scott, Charles W. Pitcairn, George Strayer, Robert A. Scott, Thomas Emery, John M. Killits, E. C. Peck, James D. Hill, Edward Gaudern, C. L. Newcomer, D. A. Webster, John H. Schrider, D. A. Webster, Lewis Christman, Edward Gaudern and Charles T. Stahl.

PROBATE JUDGE

The court of the probate judge was created by the Constitutional Convention of 1851, and it is purely local in its dealings with the affairs of the community. Its incumbents are: Joshua Dobbs, Meredith R.

Willet, Isaac R. Sherwood, W. A. Hunter, William H. Ogden, George E. Long, John W. Leidigh, C. A. Bowersox, Martin Perkey, George Rings, W. C. Closet, C. M. Miller, John H. Schrider, Francis M. Frazier, Edwin C. Peck and J. Arter Weaver. The Williams County juvenile court has always been under the supervision of the probate judge. While there has not always been need of a probation officer, Charles R. Ames is at present serving in that capacity. His duties pertain to the welfare of children, and his work comes under the supervision of the Ohio Council on Child Welfare. There is not much child delinquency in Williams County.

THE CLERK OF THE COURT

The clerk of the Williams County Court is required to keep the docket, and to enter all proceedings in books provided for such purpose. In their order of succession they are: John Evans, George T. Hickcox, William C. Colgate, Edwin Phelps, Levi Colby, John Paul, Walter Caldwell, William A. Stevens, Jacob Youse, Milton B. Plummer, Lewis E. Brewster, Ezra E. Bechtol, William H. Chilcote, Ezra E. Bechtol, William W. Darby, Hugh G. Monen, Justin E. Alvord, John Gearhart, Abraham L. Brace, William E. Stough, John Gearhart, Samuel Gearhart and George A. Brown.

SHERIFFS OF WILLIAMS COUNTY

The sheriff is the chief executor and peace officer of Williams County. He is provided with a home adjoining the bastille of the county, and it becomes his duty to prevent lynchings, riots and all violent disorders. He must pursue and capture felons and those guilty of misdemeanors. The incumbents in Williams County are: William Preston, Isaac Hull, William Preston, Alfred Purcell, Uriah E. Drake, Jonathan B. Taylor, William K. Daggett, John Drake, James M. Gillespie, Daniel Langel, Thomas Shorthill, John Bell, Hiram Byers, William S. Lewis, Edwin J. Evand, Henry L. Walker, William W. Darby, George C. Kober, Jacob A. Dorshimer, George W. McGrew, Miller W. Burgoyne, John C. Bailey, Albro Wyrick, Bert Youse, Bert W. Ames, Charles Grim, Samuel S. Wineland, John Ruff and Lewis T. Perkins.

RECORDERS OF WILLIAMS COUNTY

The Williams County recorder is charged with the safekeeping of all records, deeds, mortgages and other instruments affecting the title to lands, and the incumbents of the office are: John Evans, Horace Sessions, Calvin L. Noble, Jacob Youse, Milton B. Plummer, James B. Wyatt, George L. Starr, Harvey H. Wilcox, Isaac N. Sheets, Robert D. Dole, Barrett E. Conklin, Thomas J. Coslet, Eli Swigart, Benjamin F. Ewan, Simon B. Walters, Charles F. Eyster, C. D. Hall, H. A. Graetz, Ross Stickney, and Sherman Ingram.

AUDITORS OF WILLIAMS COUNTY

The Williams County auditor keeps all the accounts of the board of county commissioners, and he prepares the annual tax duplicates from the transfer books and assessment sheets. The auditor is the Williams County bookkeeper and a warrant or order from him is necessary before the county treasurer pays out any funds at all. The Williams County auditors in their turn are: Timothy S. Smith, Thomas Philbrick, George Lantz, James W. Craig, Foreman Evans, Granville Edmiston, William Seemans, George W. Crawford, William A. Brown, William A. Stevens, A. R. Patterson, Francis M. Case, Conroy W. Mallory, Simeon Gillis, Jacob Kelly, George Rings, Alfred F. Solier, George W. Solier, Albert C. Marshall, J. Fred Von Behren, Howard Friend, Joseph W. Williams, George E. Morris, Rufus Weaver, G. C. Beucler, C. R. Lowe, G. C. Beucler, C. R. Lowe and H. C. Miller.

TREASURERS OF WILLIAMS COUNTY

The Williams County treasurer receives all taxes paid for the support of the state, county and township, and he is held to a strict account for the safety and proper application of such funds. The incumbents to date are: Moses Rice, William Seemans, Benjamin Leavell, Robert Wasson, William Dawson, John Lewis, Sidney S. Sprague, Elijah Lloyd, John Cameron, Reuben H. Gilson, William A. Hunter, John Rings, Samuel Ayres, Elisha G. Denman, Nathan B. Townsend, Andrew J. Tressler, William H. Keck, John B. Grim, Oliver G. Smith, Melvin M. Boothman, Elisha M. Ogle, John Bailey, Samuel K. Swisher, George Ruff, George P. Elliott, Daniel Deemer, J. Ellsworth Scott, Willard Bradhurst, Frank Culbertson, H. J. Brannan, D. A. Lew, Frank Spangler and D. A. Lew.

COMMISSIONERS OF WILLIAMS COUNTY

The duties of the Williams County commissioners are numerous, and they are very important to the tax-payers. They have control of all public property and if they saw fit they might even sell the courthouse. While all other county officers have their duties outlined by statute, the county commissioners have latitude and they may use their own discretion in many things. The county auditor is ex-officio member of the board and he keeps a record of its proceedings. The sheriff preserves order. From the beginning the Williams County commissioners are: Charles Gunn, Jesse Hilton, Cyrus Hunter, Benjamin Leavell, Isaiah Hughes, Nathan Shirley, Montgomery Evans, Jesse Hilton, Sebastian Sroufe, Payne C. Parker, Pierce Evans, James W. Craig, Montgomery Evans, Jesse Hilton, John Stubbs, John Kingery, John Rings, Oney Rice, Jr., Payne C. Parker, Albert Opdycke, Levi Cunningham, John Stubbs, Calvin L. Noble, William Sheridan, George Ely, Harmon Doolittle, Jacob Bowman, Ezekiel Masters, Robert Ogle, Daniel Farnham, Joseph Reasoner, John Tanner, John Washburn, Thomas Burke, Stephen B. McKel-

vey, William Letcher, Christopher Brannan, Timothy W. Stocking, Alpheus W. Boynton, Daniel Farnham, George R. Joy, Robert Haughey, Hiram Opdycke, William G. Fish, Jacob Haughey, Timothy W. Stocking, Daniel Farnham, Eli Booth, John B. Grim, Clark Backus, P. S. Garlow, Conroy W. Mallory, Jonathan Burke, George R. Joy, George Webber, Alfred Riley, Eli Wisman, Joseph F. Creek, John Brannan, William A. Bratton, Walter I. Pepple, Archibald Pressler, John U. Bratton, John F. Hamet, Benjamin F. Morris, John Brannan, Frank Loring, Benjamin F. McGrew, Frank L. Waterston, Marion R. Chandler, Jeremiah Clay, A. F. Young, William Moss, E. F. Long, Jacob Coolman, W. W. Benner, Peter Juillard, A. R. Dewees, F. A. Oberlin, Guy H. Knepper, F. C. Flickinger, Albert Witzel, John P. Fisher, and the board as it is constituted, A. D. 1920: Dewees, Knepper and Fisher.

CORONERS OF WILLIAMS COUNTY

The coroner of Williams County is a conservator of the peace, and while it is usually filled by medical doctors, it is one office that always seeks the man. Sometimes coroners are elected who do not qualify and court bailiffs or any other available person may be sworn in temporarily to perform the duties. The powers and duties of the coroner are identical with those of the sheriff as far as suppressing riots and arresting offenders goes, and under certain conditions the coroner may take charge of the county jail and imprison the sheriff himself. The prime requisites of the coroner is to hold inquests where death results from unnatural causes, or where the cause of death is unknown, and he takes charge of all money or valuables found on the body of such person, disposing of them according to law. The incumbents to date are: John Oliver, Robert Wasson, DeWitt Mackrel, William Preston, (from 1830 to 1850 there is no record of any coroner) and the courthouse had been at Bryan ten years when Chauncey Mattison was chosen; G. S. Dunscomb, John R. Kemp, George H. Rolland, Justin O. Rose, Quito H. Crasser, Amos Betts, Ralph C. Ely, George Hart, Harrison S. Kirk, George W. Bohner, Richard F. Lamson, Daniel C. Caulkins, Charles Neblong, Frank O. Hart, Blair Hagerty, Joseph W. Williams, Clark M. Barstow, Henry M. Byall, Lorin A. Beard, Harry Wertz, O. H. Niehart, S. S. Frazier, E. A. Bechtol and again no one qualified for coroner and James Oldfield, court bailiff had been sworn in to perform such duties, until finally Dr. W. R. Davis of Montpelier had the honor thrust upon him.

SURVEYORS OF WILLIAMS COUNTY

The surveyor of Williams County establishes all lines and boundaries. He usually marks corners by stones and records the surveys. Those who have served Williams County are: John W. Perkins, Miller Arrow-smith, Seth B. Hyatt, James Thompson, Charles W. Skinner, James Paul, Francis M. Priest, John A. Mattoon, John C. Grim, Selden Hoadley, B. B. Doughton, H. M. Sharp, W. H. Davis, Bert Beucler and Harvey F. Brown.

SUPERINTENDENT OF WILLIAMS COUNTY PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The office of school superintendent was created by Act of the Ohio Assembly in revising the school code, and it became effective August 1, 1914, and the requirements of the superintendent are that he act as clerk of the board of education, have charge of the public schools, formulate the course of study and conduct teachers' institutes, etc. He is elected by the presidents of the various village and rural district boards of education, the 1920 board being: L. O. Cook, S. D. Kaiser, W. E. Bard, J. M. Hodson and M. C. Edgerton. Prof. W. A. Salter is the first incumbent of this office.

SECRETARY OF STATE FROM WILLIAMS COUNTY

In its entire history Williams County has furnished one Secretary of State whose duties were in the State Capitol in Columbus. In 1869 Isaac R. Sherwood was elected from Williams County.

STATE SENATORS FROM WILLIAMS COUNTY

The following men have been elected to the Ohio Assembly as senators from Williams County: Edward Foster, Meredith R. Willett, William Sheridan, William M. Denman and William Behne.

STATE REPRESENTATIVES FROM WILLIAMS COUNTY

In its past history Williams County has furnished the following representatives in the Ohio General Assembly. They are: Sidney S. Sprague, Thomas S. C. Morrison, Erastus H. Leland, Schuyler E. Blakeslee, Calvin L. Noble, Philetus W. Norris, Elisha G. Denman, Schuyler E. Blakeslee, John W. Nelson, George W. Mooney, Francis M. Carter, William Letcher, Charles A. Bowersox, Solomon Johnson, Robert Ogle, Blair Hagerty, Joseph W. Williams, Theodore S. Carvin, Robert Starr, Orlando Bennett, William M. Denman, O. H. Niehart, Henry L. Goll, C. A. Bowersox, William Behne, Rev. William Mooney, W. H. Shinn, and F. L. Waterston.

UNITED STATES CONGRESSMEN FROM WILLIAMS COUNTY

Williams County has furnished the following U. S. Congressmen: Alfred P. Edgerton, Isaac R. Sherwood and Melvin M. Boothman.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BENCH AND THE BAR IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

The story of the bench and the bar in Williams County is contemporary with the history of the county itself. Before the judge of the court comes all the woes of humanity, and a well known humorist has said: "Some folks are so guilty that cannot find a lawyer famous enough to defend them." In a figurative sense the terms bench and bar indicate the judge of the court, and the practicing members of the legal fraternity. Bench is a time honored term, English in its origin and the judge himself is a public officer vested with authority to hear and determine causes—civil or criminal, and to administer justice according to the law and the evidence produced by the litigants before him.

Laws are the necessary relations resulting from the nature of things, and many matters are settled in court every year about which there has been no controversy—litigation without the element of contest, simply an amicable adjustment of matters. Judicial proceedings do not necessarily mean controversy, and there are many prosperous lawyers who seldom appear in court. There are estates to be settled and titles to be cleared, and the mimic dictionary definition of the word lawyer: "The man who rescues your property from the adversary and keeps it himself," is perhaps descriptive of the situation to some who have had experience in the courts of in-justice.

While there are unwritten laws in society and lynch laws in some communities that do not require legal advice in their execution, jurisprudence is a systematic knowledge of the laws, customs and the rights of man in a state or community necessary to secure the due administration of justice. A jurist is one who professes the science of law and sometimes writes it. There are men at the Williams County bar who are known in the halls of state, and there is a fraternal spirit apparent at all times. The bench and the legal profession have had recognition beyond the confines of Williams County, and the local legal acumen is appreciated in the courts of the commonwealth of Ohio. Although no one enjoys a mirthful aspersion upon his own profession more than the lawyer, it is unanimously declared that the legal light who defined arson as "pizen," was not a member of the bar in Williams County.

In some courts a bailiff shouts the words three times: "Come to court. Come to court. Come to court," but in the Williams County court the bell reverberates the call that has in some places been lost in the echoes of other years, and when the court bell sounds culprits in durance vile know their doom is approaching settlement. While the rain falls on the just as well as on the unjust, the judge of the court must possess his soul in patience while the lawyers at the bar quibble over seemingly

irrelevant matters, and at all hazards the witness must be protected from the onslaught of unscrupulous attorneys. Sometimes timid, unoffending and innocent witnesses are made to suffer in cross examination, and the voice of sympathy and the kindly look on the face of the judge may inspire them. It is a recognized condition that every culprit must have the benefit of the doubt, and the conviction must come only when there is no shadow of a doubt as to the guilt, and a man who is a prince at cross examination sometimes forgets the rights and privileges of the witness, unless the judge protects him.

At all hazards the dignity of the court must be maintained, although there are vexatious problems in jurisprudence. Some lawyers comprehend while others do not, and bulldozing tactics are ever under the bans in the courts of Williams County. Some one has said that obedience to law is liberty, and while pettifoggers may attempt to blind the jury, the judge always charges them that he is impartial and that they must not get the impression that he has any personal opinion about cases given to them for settlement. There are two sides to all questions, and the jury must weigh the law and the evidence in all matters brought before them. It is within the province of the judge to explain to the jury the construction of the law with reference to particular situations. The witness and the jury all take the oath: "So help me God," and they are always impressed with the fact that right wrongs no one at all.

What is true in other communities is true in Williams County today, and lawyers everywhere no longer depend wholly upon their eloquence to carry them through, the newspapers having "stolen their ammunition" by spreading the story in advance, and crowds are no longer attracted to courtrooms only in extraordinary instances. Only the facts in the law and the evidence are now summed up by the most successful attorneys at the bar in Williams County. While not so much is required in the way of qualifications to be admitted to the bar, the shrewd lawyer well understands that his knowledge is his capital, and that cold blooded facts without garniture are the convincing things, the bread and butter end of the story. It is taken for granted there is not a lawyer at the Williams County bar who would not offer \$2 worth more counsel when asked to take a \$3 fee out of a \$5 bill, were such an emergency confronting him, and it is universally conceded that the average lawyer will take care of himself in the matter of charges for his services.

Time was in the Williams County court when prisoners and counter clients were afraid of certain "spellbinders" who were reputed to be able to influence juries by their eloquence, but under the searchlight of more widespread intelligence the advocate at law must be wholly in sympathy with his cause if eloquence comes to his rescue at all. Most attorneys at law are students today, and when fiery oratory prevailed decisions were often reached purely under the stress of emotion. Just as the martial music of the fife and drum stir a crowd on a gala day, some men have been able to sweep everything before them with their own strong personality. There is inspiration in numbers and oratory always attracts the crowd. There are men at the Williams County bar who are eloquent in or out of court, but in many instances the newspapers have

already told the story, and the business-like lawyer comes to the point in the fewest possible words. While there are still causes that stir the heart, the orator at the bar must feel the burden of his words or they fall without impress upon the jury and upon those sitting beyond the jury box who always form their own conclusions, and unless the attorney has a distinctive message why should he exert himself to the point of frenzy, This is the age of calm reason rather than disturbed emotions, and the Williams County legal fraternity has adapted itself to the changed conditions.

The first court of Williams County before it had been shorn of its original domain was held in the home of Benjamin Leavell in Defiance, April 5, 1824, the associate judges being Cyrus Hunter and Charles Gunn: "A Leavell headed Hunter with a Gunn," said a joker of the time, and when the county was thinly settled there was not sufficient litigation to sustain many lawyers. That long ago there were fence inspectors and there were some line fence difficulties, and there was always more or less arbitration, many jurists today effecting settlements out of court. The story is told of the neighboring frontier farmers who had line fence difficulty, and one of them immediately engaged a lawyer to take care of his interests. In a few days the other consulted the same lawyer, and learned that his neighbor had been there ahead of him. However, the affable lawyer volunteered to give him a letter of introduction to another attorney. Thinking the matter over the farmer concluded the contents of the letter might interest him, and he broke the seal. The lawyer had written: "Two fat geese. You pick one and I'll pick the other," and the case did not come to trial when the two neighbors saw themselves in the light of the attorneys.

There is a commendable thing noticeable among the attorneys of the Williams County bar, that in speaking to others or of them titles are given them, and there is dignity in the social relation. The judges of the court in Williams County are all mentioned in their turn in the official roster in the preceding chapter: "OFFICIAL ROSTER OF WILLIAMS COUNTY," and there have been so many changes of judicial relation with other counties that mention is made of men who never lived in Williams County. While there were associate judges under the original constitution, on the adoption of the second Constitution March 10, 1851, the district common pleas and the County Probate Court assumed local jurisdiction.

There had been a president judge sitting with the associate judges from the organization of Williams County in 1824, until since the adoption of the second Ohio Constitution, the Supreme Court having its origin under the old Constitution, the judge being required to hold court in turn in each county. The regulation was preposterous under old time transportation difficulties, and time was when "circuit" had its own meaning to the attorneys of Williams County. Men have frequently crossed swollen streams under difficulties in order to reach some distant court in time to serve the people and give them justice. Until 1851 this was the custom, and some noted Ohio jurists have presided over the courts in Williams County. The Supreme Court had both original and appel-

late jurisdiction, and important criminal cases were tried before it while the judges were still peripatetic, holding court in all of the counties.

The most important sessions of the Supreme Court ever held in Williams County was the one incident to the arraignment, trial and conviction of Andrew F. Tyler and Daniel Heckerthorn for the murder of David Schamp in Jefferson Township, the crime occurring June 20, 1847, and the motive being money. Every county has its quota of criminals and its records of suicide, but who wants to see such things transcribed to the pages of history. The fair name of any community need not be besmirched by any such mention, but the extraordinary circumstances warrant the following story. Were a chapter on criminology and suicide included in this Centennial History of Williams County many innocent parties would suffer from the recollection, and most families prefer the skeletons in their closets left there in quietude. The most atrocious crime that blots the annals of Williams County is still a subject of conversation in the highways and byways of the community.

The victim was a ten-year-old boy named David Schamp, a son of Peter D. Schamp who was a well-to-do citizen of the community. It seems that Tyler was a wandering fortune teller and that he had visited the Schamp home and concluded there was money available, he induced a seventeen-year-old half-witted young man named Daniel Heckerthorn whom he had met in the vicinity to lure the boy away from the Schamp household, and they would hold him for the ransom likely to be offered for information about him. It was on a Sunday morning in midsummer that the half-wit went to the Schamp home and lured the boy into the woods, giving him candy with arsenic on it. The poison was slow in taking effect, and Heckerthorn took the boy by the heels and struck his head against a knot on a beech tree causing his death, and when the boy did not return a search was instituted in the neighborhood for him. Heckerthorn had followed Tyler's instructions in covering the body with some rotten wood and leaving it near a stream of water.

The crime was committed on Sunday and on Monday everybody was in the searching party. On Tuesday and Wednesday others joined in the search, and by Thursday the excitement had spread and the woods were full of settlers who were offering sympathy and assistance. By this time suspicion had focused on Heckerthorn and Jacob Bohner and M. B. Plummer who found him in hiding at the home of relatives questioned him and he confessed his guilt, implicating Tyler. He was not a resident of Williams County, and he said Tyler had promised him money to return to Wayne County if he would kill the boy and cause the father to offer a ransom for information. An old account says: "In the peace of God and the state of Ohio," Heckerthorn committed the murder, and that Tyler, "Not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being seduced by the instigation of the devil," induced him to do it. The "aforesaid" in the formal charge against them were numerous, and Tyler who was also non-resident in Williams County elected to have his trial in the Supreme Court.

Judge Peter Hitchcock presided at the trial which was held in Bryan, and the prosecuting attorney was Joshua Dobbs assisted by Charles Case.

The defense was conducted by Schuyler E. Blakeslee. The warrants for the arrest of the two roaming vagabonds temporarily living in Williams County were issued by George Ely, a local justice of the peace, and both had preliminary trials and were committed to the log jail then standing on the north side of the public square in Bryan. However, it was considered unsafe and they were transferred to Maumee. They were confined there one year before being brought to trial in Bryan. Tyler was tried first and he was sentenced to hang, and in a later trial Heckerthorn was given the same sentence. The knot from the tree against which he had beaten the boy's head was exhibited in court at the time of the trial. However, on account of the youth and imbecility of Heckerthorn his sentence was afterward changed to life imprisonment.

Friday is hangman's day, and the execution of Tyler was designated to occur January 26, 1849, in Bryan. Sheriff Daniel Langel upon whom involved in the painful duty of the execution constructed an enclosure in the rear of the log jail shown on page 212, but the night before the fatal day the people demolished it and the hanging was witnessed by all who wished to see it. It is said the evidence was conclusive and that the jury promptly returned its verdict, and since that time nothing has occurred within the bounds of Williams County more hideous in its details. While Heckerthorn was given the sentence to hang the governor of Ohio commuted it to life imprisonment, and while he was afterward allowed his freedom he never returned to Williams County. While it is said the good men do live after them, there is hardly a chance visitor to Bryan who does not hear the story of a man having been hanged in Williams County. While there is sufficient of the elevating and intellectual attainment to bar all sinister mention, the people who developed the county had their trials and difficulties. They should not be classified as uncouth in any community because among them were God-fearing men and women, and the example made of Tyler has had a subsequent salutary effect in later developments.

Just a year ago a negro named James Morgan was sentenced to electrocution, but like Tyler and Heckerthorn he was not a resident of Williams County. He had been a passenger on a Wabash train from Chicago to Montpelier, and in a difficulty at the station there he killed Conductor Grant who was one of the most popular railroad men about the country. In relating the circumstances, Judge C. A. Bowersox who pronounced the death sentence upon him said the picture would always remain with him. When the negro was questioned, he replied: "Nothing to say. Nothing to say, but, Judge, spare my life," and since the dignity of the law must be upheld the judge sentenced him to die in the electric chair in the Ohio State Penitentiary. Judge Bowersox said: "I can hear him yet, 'Nothing to say. Nothing to say, but oh, spare my life.'"

The three firebugs who are elsewhere mentioned in this Centennial History: W. O. Elkins and George and Michael Virchell were sentenced to life imprisonment from Williams County. However, it seems that Tyler and Morgan are all who paid the penalty of their crimes with their lives, and that change of sentence finally liberated all the others.

Litigations arise from various sources, and the business of the bench and the bar alike depend on them. From the nature of the case lawyers naturally enjoy trials and tribulations.

Questions of title—friendly litigation, often claim the attention of eminent attorneys. A flaw may have occurred in the spelling of a name or a signature may be in doubt—many technicalities and legal entanglements are straightened out in court. Interpreters of the law quite frequently become law-makers as has been demonstrated in Williams County, and they are frequently well adapted to legislative requirements. Quite often the political bee buzzes in the legal headgear—the lawyer's bonnet, and at the Williams County bar is a creditable array of jurists and statesmen. When politics becomes morals applied to government, the Decalogue and the Golden Rule will assist men greatly in framing the necessary laws, and patriotism always commendable, will be as pure as the sunlight and not tainted with the influence of the almighty dollar. When partisanism is buried in patriotism and all hearts throb with one common purpose, the purification of politics now an iridescent dream, may then be accomplished in the world.

The battle for supremacy is as old as Nature herself, and in it there are no humanities—there is no sentiment, and yet Judge Bowersox denominates the Williams County bar as a good average group of attorneys. He asserts that there is a high sense of justice and right in the minds of all of them. Their physical and financial interests are closely allied, and some of them know the meaning of threadbare clothing while waiting for delayed patronage. When they "run down physically they soon run down financially," and they are all inclined to make the most of their opportunities. They secure their livelihood from others who must adjust differences among themselves, and the lawyer is worth his hire as well as any other labor. There are human interest stories heard in court every day, and while there are twelve men good and true who are to decide the cases on their merits, there are attorneys at the bar who understand all about the psychological moment—know when to bring the pressure to bear, and while an unbiased decision is required at the hands of the jury, think of this charge: "Truth is what you seek and where it leads you there you may go," and meanwhile the prisoner at the bar is in suspense—uncertain as to findings of the jury.

Judge Bowersox has pardonable pride in the law library maintained in the Williams County courthouse. Membership at the bar entitles an attorney to use it, and it is the best possible monetary arrangement for any young lawyer who is limited in his book-purchasing ability. All the Ohio reports and those of nearby states are found there, and through the use of it the individual attorney does not require such an extensive and expensive working library of his own, and while books may be removed the borrower must always leave his card covering his obligation for them. There are lights and shadows, and cheerful as well as gloomy pictures as the panorama passes and repasses in the courts of Williams County.

CHAPTER XIX

AGRICULTURE, WILLIAMS COUNTY'S OLDEST OCCUPATION

The fact remains unquestioned that the civilization of any country will not advance any faster than does its agriculture. Progress and improvement along all lines of human activity are more rapid today than at any time in the history of the world. It is undeniable that agriculture is keeping pace with all other industries. It is the fundamental occupation and all others are dependent upon it. While all industries are essential to civilization, in the countries where the methods of agriculture are crude there is not much advance along any line of development.

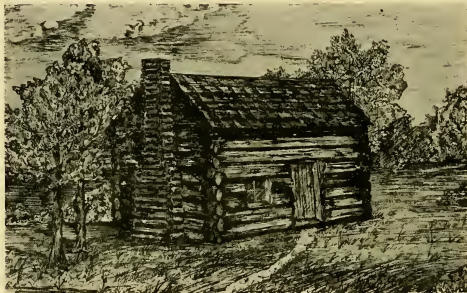
The stranger who rides along some of the well improved highways of Williams County today in a modern touring car is hardly cognizant of the fact that only a few years ago very different conditions existed in the country. It would be difficult for him to conceive of the log cabin in the clearing out of which the smoke curled from a stick and clay chimney, but there are men and women today who remember all about it and who talk of "the good old days" in the history of Williams County. Instead of the lowing of many herds today, the traveler of yesterday heard the ring of the woodman's ax or the crack of the huntsman's rifle as he was endeavoring to supply his family with meat from the wild animals in the unbroken forest. Improvements and inventions never come along before they are needed in any community. The McCormick reaper was first made in 1831, but what would Williams County farmers have done with modern harvesting machinery in the swamps and among the stumps of a generation ago?

The Stone Age is not yet in Williams County since there are no quarries from which building stone may be obtained, although boulders have been used extensively in foundations and ornamental porches and here and there is a house constructed from ordinary field boulders. However, on the land lying east of the lake ridges crossing the county north and south there are no boulders, and cement is the hope of the future. While there is evidence of the Moundbuilders having occupied the country, the Williams County settlers encountered the American Indian and the stories have been handed down "word of mouth" to men and women living today. An old account says: "The plow has been run over these mounds regardless of the history a careful search among them might reveal, and it has obliterated almost all traces of their existence."

The explanation is offered that farmers wanted the corn these mounds would produce, and there is little sentiment in the world today. The stories of crumbling skeletons, skulls and other human bones that have been found in Williams County mounds are regarded in the light of

mere speculation. While the work of the Moundbuilders is not so much in evidence today, their story will be handed down to future generations. Like the settlers who followed the Indians, it seems that the Moundbuilders lived along the streams, the waterways and natural highways and that they subsisted on the fish in the streams and the wild life of the forest. While it is said there are 13,000 mounds in Ohio, most of them in the vicinity of Marietta, it is known that the Indians never buried their dead in mounds. While some of the settlers regarded the mounds as Indian graves they were more secretive, and after all the mounds were in this country before the coming of the Red Man of the Forest.

While the first man in the world was placed in a garden there is no record extant that he labored until after eating an apple one day at the instigation of the woman God had given him, and immediately they began



PIONEER CABIN

hustling for a livelihood and no doubt they turned their attention to agriculture. One Williams County enthusiast said there is a progressive spirit among local agriculturists—that they are given to experiment and try anything. While some of them farm like the patriarchs, since livestock and animal husbandry go hand in hand with agriculture, and the cattle on a thousand hills—rather in the fields of Williams County belong to hustling, up-to-date farmers. Williams County farmers do not cling to the methods of the past, but they seek to maintain land fertility and productiveness, and crop rotation is practiced by all of them.

Roughly estimated there are 2,900 farm homes in Williams County today, and the farm fireside—furnace heated home, is still the hope of the country. There are many rural homes perched high on natural building sites where drainage is not a problem, and the dooryards and barn lots are dry because of natural conditions. In its early history Williams County was heavily timbered and in the main the country was

so swampy that the settlers all located along the Maumee and other streams, but the whirligig of time has juggled with the boundaries and it is no longer a Williams County stream. Nettle Lake and the undulating lands along the St. Joseph River and a few of the smaller streams is the only waste land in the county today.

While in the main Williams County is level land, there are some marshes although most of them were drained long ago. The Irishman and his spade or the sturdy farmer himself have long been superseded



OLD-TIME RAIL FENCE

by the ditching machine, and tiling has had its part in the transformation. Because of the lack of the fall in the streams there has never been much water power, and the sluggish waters used to produce miasma, but in many places it is only necessary to excavate slightly to find an artesian flow of purest water. It is a rich clay soil with occasional sandy loam and all the small grains are successfully grown all over the county today. The cereals are produced and diversified farming prevails, and those who prune and spray their orchards know Williams County to be a fruit producing country.

While the pioneers lacked vision in clearing the Williams County farms, and they did not leave some of the original forest standing to shade their future dwellings, there is a civic spirit manifest today and people are inclined to beautify their surroundings, both in town and country. While Arbor Day is observed in the public schools, there is some inclination to re-forestation and catalpa and black locust groves are not unusual, and living fence are frequently seen about the country. While there are "staked and ridered" rail fences here and there today, where, oh where is the rail splitter of yesterday? While there are regulation fences, "hog tight, horse high and bull strong," they are usually built of wire and what does the youngster of today know about fence worms, and the requisite skill in building a straight rail fence, the eye of the builder his only plumb bob or spirit level in doing it. Who said



THRESHING SCENE

anything about laying the fence worm in the light of the moon or was it in the dark of the moon to keep the timber from decay. At any rate a wire fence does not shelter the cattle in time of the storm, and lightning sometimes strikes them when they are near it. Who said: "Backward, turn backward, oh Time in your flight and make me a child again?"

Time was when there was plenty of venison, wild turkeys, squirrels—plenty of wild meat on the settler's table—the forest supplied his every need, his fire, his building material and sap-sugar, nuts and meats, but where, oh where was he to secure the money with which to pay his taxes? The Indian trader supplied some of it by leaving money on deposit in the office of the county treasurer, and when the settler came in with the pelts he received his tax certificates in exchange for them. Since the World war experience with substitutes for life's necessities, twentieth century folk better understand the hardships of the pioneers. "Lest we

forget, Lord, lest we forget," but it went against the grain with many citizens of the United States of America when they had to sacrifice and deny themselves, after so many years of ease and comfortable existence.

The Williams County farmer of today would make slow progress with the implements of yesterday. The reap hook and the cradle had their day in the harvest fields of Williams County as well as the rest of the world. The Armstrong mower—Old Father Time is always caricatured with an Armstrong mower in his hand, but the Williams County farmer of today has all the advantages of labor-saving machinery. "Maud Muller on a summer day raked the meadows," revives memories of the long ago, and the Parable of the Sower has been revised in the Bible Commentaries because the youngsters of today do not understand it, although the Parable of the Soils is fraught with meaning to them.



"THE FROST IS ON THE PUMPKIN,
THE FODDER'S IN THE SHOCK"

While they have never seen the man go out to sow broadcast from the grain bag about his shoulder, they do know about the preservation of soil fertility.

The hay loader of today combines so many old time harvesting operations, and does away with so many of the helpers of the past that when one has been in different environment for a while it is like as if he never had lived in the country at all. While there are milk separators, egg incubators, manure spreaders and power operated machinery both in the barn and in the house, there must be a man or woman at home to look after such things. After repeated trimmings there are yet 420 sections of land in Williams County which reduced to acreage means 268,800 acres with but little waste, and it is said the Williams County farmer is a wizard—that he can make money at anything. They have always saved daylight, the old-time couplet:

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,"

being known to all of them. Someone has written:

"The murmuring grass and the waving trees—
Their leaf-harps sound unto the breeze—
And water-tones and tinkle near,
Blend their sweet music to my ear;
And by the changing shades alone,
The passage of the hours is known,"

and that seems to be the way to mark time in Williams County.

While there used to be corn shocks standing in the fields of Williams County until time corn was planted again, there are now almost one thousand silos, and when the snows of winter are falling the farmer feeds in comfort and nothing is lost of the crop, the silos being filled through neighborhood co-operation before cold weather, and the farm women all know when the silo is being filled as "threshing" dinners are the rule again. A recent writer declares the novelist is sure of the reader's tears when he describes the farmhand who pitches hay in the hot sun all day long, or the woman who is compelled to mend her children's clothes, wash the dishes and make the beds—nothing to do but work, but there was less of sentiment in the past when the most comforting text in the Scriptures was "Grin and bear it." The fact is the happiest folk in the world are those who work, and the twentieth century dames who breakfast in bed and work only when they feel like it are designated by "trouble-shooters" as the bane of society.

The pioneers were busy folk—busy all day long—and while there may be advantages in poverty and deceitfulness of riches, most Williams County folk make some effort to corner the coin of the realm, and it is said that whenever a man is born into the world a job is awaiting him. The Bible says, "My father worketh hitherto and I work," and Nature works all of the time. The sunshine and the showers are in the interest of Williams County agriculture. While more Williams County people earn wages than draw salaries, it is the almighty dollar that draws the young man from the farm today. The factory maintains a wage scale the farmer has hitherto felt unable to pay, and never was there so much idle farm land as A. D., 1920, because of the shortage of farm labor. While many Williams County fields remain unplowed, the people in all of the town decry the high cost of living and yet there is no migration apparent toward the farms, although the fact confronts them that tenant farmers of the past are landowners today. As tenants they made the money to buy the land, and scientific agriculture is increasing soil production instead of reducing it.

There has been an influx of Illinois and Iowa tenant farmers who have bought land in Williams County. They have raised land values from \$100 to \$300 an acre, and Aladdin-like prices have deterred others from investments. The dairy farmers of Williams County turn over

their dollars so often that they go right on making improvements notwithstanding the prices of building materials. When the passerby remarks: "There's a good barn, a clean barnyard and a well-kept farm, and a good milk-producer lives there," the observer will note the atmosphere and thrift and feel glad about such apparent prosperity. In a measure better farming movements are overcoming the influx from the farm to the factory. There is a feeling in some of the rural homes that Williams County towns are assuming the air of cities, while they are surrounded by agricultural communities, and draw their support largely from their farm patrons. The line of demarcation between town and country should never be apparent, and the social advantages of the town are now available to all who live in the country.

The lazy man has at last come into his own, students of economics agreeing that he instinctively finds the short method of doing things, thereby making for increased production and conservation of time, these simpler and easier ways coming naturally to the constitutionally lazy man or woman. David Harum of "horse-trader" fame in fiction says: "There's as much human nature in some folks as in others, if not more"; and the historian of today finds all sorts of characters in Williams County. While some are born great, others achieve greatness and in some instances it is thrust upon them, and when the pioneers would meet they would talk about the number of acres of cleared land they had—so much land clear of all stumps—the land still in timber being a detriment to them. Time was when men who did not own land were welcome visitors if they would cut and haul away the wood and thus help to clear the forest. It is hard to think of those wilderness conditions in Williams County under the changed environment of today.

Under the pioneer conception of things a man's chances in life depended upon whether or not he was a good chopper—how many cords of wood he could chop and pile in a given time—and the man who could ruthlessly destroy the most timber was an excellent chopper. The element of waste was not considered in ridding the land of the valuable timber encumbering it. Why Williams County settlers used to cut logs and haul them to the St. Joseph River and float them down stream to Fort Wayne. They would always raft their logs when the water was falling in order to hold them to the middle of the stream, and prevent entanglement with drifts that always formed when the stream was running full in the middle and pushing the logs to the edge of the current. When logs were coming down the stream in numbers Fort Wayne dealers always culled them closely, but they always bought all of them. The settlers simply had to have some money, and they secured it by rafting logs down the river when there was plenty of timber in Williams County.

The price of farm land today is influenced by its location, and by the nature of its improvements. While an occasional farm may change ownership at \$100 an acre the exchange price is oftener twice that amount, and there are very few rundown farms to command the lower price under the new order of agriculture. Livestock farming increases soil fertility, and livestock fed on the farm is the hope of the county. There are few old-time "hardscrabble" looking farmsteads in Williams County today.

With livestock and poultry production there are constant sources of income, and it has always been said that the American hen would pay off the national debt with half a chance, but while she roosted in the trees she only laid one or two clutches of eggs in the whole year. The twentieth century Williams County hens have made a record for themselves, and more eggs are shipped from Williams County than from any other locality in the Middle West. In many respects farm life is up to par in Williams County today.

The backward season of 1920 has not wholly disheartened Williams County farmers—oats sown the middle of May being an exception to the rule—but there is always a “seed time and harvest.” The shortage of farm labor and the late season seem combined. A. D., 1920, and idle land is a distinctive loss to the community. It was cold all through May, and in 1918 there was a “June frost” that worked havoc all over the country. An old record says there was frost June 4, 1859, when ice formed in places in Williams County three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and “wheat and rye froze in the blossom, corn in the stalk and potatoes and vines froze to the ground,” and on Sunday, June 5, that year after the sun was up there was an extraordinary spectacle of utter blight visible upon every grain field about the county.

There is an occasional year without a summer, and sometimes there is a year without a winter. In 1859, the weather was cold and changeable until after the 4th of July, and the orchards and forest trees alike showed the effects of the June frost. There were similar visitations in 1816, and again in 1834 in Northwestern Ohio. However, drainage has had much to do with changing weather conditions as well as health in the country. There are not now so many quinine bottles on the clock shelves in Williams County, although the winters of 1918-19-20 will be remembered because of the visitation of influenza, there having been widespread harvests of death in many communities. The flu was more virulent than the lagrippe of twenty years ago.

It is conceded by all that the inventive genius of man has done as much for the Williams County farmer and his wife in giving them improved working conditions as in any other branch of economics, and one need only look back to the beginning of the twentieth century to note many changes. The age of electricity dawned in the nineteenth century, and while some men and women will always live in the past, as far as drudgery and hard labor are concerned, the farm boy of today knows little about pumping water for a herd of thirsty cattle, the windmill and the gasoline engine having emancipated him. The products of the farm are fed to livestock and marketed in that way, and under the new order of things there is a pay day often while merchants used to carry the farm population on their account-books by the year, and diversified farming tells the story. Corn, oats, wheat, clover and back again to corn, brings results in Williams County. Live stock and small fruits are a source of unfailing income and people are inclined to take advantage of the situation.

There is some soil adapted to onion culture, and alfalfa and sugar beet production are now recognized factors in the agriculture of Williams

County. Combined with live stock there is some attention given to pet stock production, and rabbit growing is a recognized farm industry. Back to the farm is the cry and the retired farmers living in the different towns are no longer producers. When they become consumers they increase the market demand and help bring about the higher cost of living, and with so many producers in the consumers' class the law of supply and demand seems to work a hardship to all. Every town has its quota of retired farmers, and when they narrow down their activities from a quarter section of land to a town lot, do they shorten their days? Do they live as long as if they had continued their farm activities? Some assert that it is better to wear out than to rust out, and while the towns are over populated in these World war reconstruction days, there are too many empty houses on the farms. Since the automobile has supplanted the horse, and the retired farmer cannot haul a load of manure to the farm every morning, it seems like a hopeless case for him. When he has whittled store boxes all morning he wonders what to do with himself.

That old couplet,

"March winds and April showers,
Bring the pretty May flowers,"

still describes the situation in Williams County; and

"Thirty days hath September, April, June and November,
While all the rest have thirty-one save February,"

still holds good in the twentieth century. On many Williams County farmsteads the horse has been supplanted for heavy draft by the farm tractor, and driven from the highways by automobiles. There are labor-saving devices nowadays that would cause the forefathers to push their fingers through their hair in amazement, and the man who said of the steam engine that it would not start and then that it would not stop, still has relatives in Williams County. The doubting Thomas of the Bible is not alone in the world of doubters. He has brothers and sisters in Williams County as well as the rest of the world.

The gasoline power used in turning the sod on the Williams County farms today obviates the sore shoulder difficulty encountered by the farmers a generation ago when horses were the motive power drawing the plow, and the grass-fed horse when feed was short in the spring and did not have the strength of the tractor of today. There were always some farmers who were out of corn before corn came again. The thrifty farmers of Williams County today have commodious barns and live in modern houses with running water, furnace heat, artificial light plants and all as the result of business methods applied to agriculture. The educated or book farmer has had his part in the changed conditions. It is said that what is not in the head is in the heels, and the educated farmer takes advantage of many things. While the forefathers worked long hours over humdrum jobs, the labor-saving machinery used today leaves some time for planning methods of doing things. Running a farm is like running a factory, and it requires a high grade of intelligence to make high priced land profitable for agriculture.

Improved farm implements have always appeared on the market as farmers needed them, and it is said the Mogul was the first farm tractor in use in Williams County. It was a gang drawing several plows, but the smaller tractor has been found more servicable and the labor scarcity has developed its popularity. What has become of the Williams County farmhand and his eight-hour day—eight hours in the morning, and again in the afternoon? Who remembers about Roosevelt's Country Life Commission and the purpose of it? Slight inquiry among implement dealers developed the fact that there are now about three hundred farm tractors in use in Williams County. It is said the distribution is general in the different townships, the labor-saving necessity being widespread, so many young men going to war who did not return to their farm homes when they were discharged from the service. To make of the farm a real home and a profitable business, management—scientific planning is a necessity.

CHAPTER XX

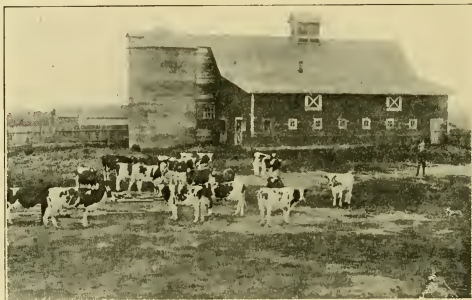
DAIRY FARMING AND AGRICULTURE

Of all the recognized industries in Williams County today, that of live stock production has shown a remarkable growth and has meant as much in the way of material development as any of the multiplied forms of local industry. In the beginning when the Williams County forests and streams supplied so many of the human needs, and there was no commercial side to its history, there was no incentive for livestock production more than a few cattle for work in the clearings, and a few horses kept solely for the purpose of traveling about the country. All team work was done with oxen and there were only a few cows—dual purpose animals used for power as well as kept for dairy products—the cow was an essential utility animal in the family economy. She was useful in clearing the country and in plowing the ground about the settler's home in Williams County.

In pioneer days very little attention was given to the methods of scientific live stock breeding, and the wildest dream of the settler did not include the automobile truck used in transporting farm products today. The sturdy oxen and the cows were used by them to draw their heavier loads and to break their ground, and as the size of the clearings increased and more trails were blazed through the wilderness of Williams County and communication with the outside world began to be established, there were changes in the outlook before them. In the springtime when "straight up" was the only direction the settler could see out from his rude cabin home, it was very common for one lad to drive a yoke of cattle—sometimes the family cow—hitched to a plow breaking the clearing while the rest of the family were busy increasing the size of it. As the cleared land increased the wants of the settlers increased, the ox was too slow for the road and the horse became a necessity.

The cow was never adapted to travel, and the Williams County herdsman has been influenced to throw away the big stick when caring for the domestic animals about the farmyard since he has been given to understand that every blow to an animal is a blow to the live stock industry. While the Van Camp Packing Company in Bryan through its milk condensory affords a local market for milk, there are many other agencies—creameries and condensories—operating in Williams County. Every town has its milk station and they are multiplied in some of the towns. A number of mammoth concerns are buying milk from farmers in Williams County today. "When a feller's just a croppin' 'nd not a dairyin'," said a student of economics, "he's not a buildin' up the land, and it runs down in spite of him." While some read Hoard's Dairyman, The Ohio Farmer has a good dairy feature in it, and the farmers who are best informed have fewest dairy difficulties.

The woman from the city who visited a Williams County farmhouse and objected to the milk because there was such a thick yellow "skum" on it, was used to the "process" milk from which the butter fat had been extracted before she saw it. Every time the milk is handled some constituent is taken from it, and the cow herself would not recognize it when it is delivered to the customer in the city. The Williams County milk comes from the rural homes to the Van Camp Packing Company's plant in cans, and it goes away from there again in smaller cans, and finds its way to the breakfast tables all over the United States of America and in foreign countries. With its coterie of trucks bringing in milk every day the condensory in Bryan is in direct communication with 1,500 farm homes all of the time. The water is removed from the milk at the plant, and the Van Camp products are known in the markets of the world.



DAIRY HERD

While the Van Camp Packing Company has 1,500 milk patrons, only about half of them have silos, but with all the other milk producers in Williams County it is estimated there are at least 1,000 silos in use in Williams County. With reference to milking machines, one dealer said there were twenty-five and another said fifty, while at the condensory they said seventy-five, and the reader may use his own judgment with reference to the question. If offering a market for milk the condensory has created an interest in dairy farming, and while Holstein-Friesian cattle were unknown in Williams County twenty years ago they are in the majority today. While the Holstein cow is not of the butcher type, when she is past her profitable milk production period she is sent to the block, but it is said the milking period may be prolonged indefinitely by judicious feeding and careful management of the cow. There is no harm in putting water in the milk as long as it passes through the mechanism of the cow.

The cow that is crowded in milk production wears out sooner as she only has so many units, and her vitality wanes as production is increased and thus crowding shortens her period of usefulness.

On May 20, 1920, the Van Camp condensory received 115,000 pounds of milk and May and June are the months of highest milk production. Williams County farmers are changing from high grade to thoroughbred Holstein cows, and the middle of each month is farmers' pension day throughout the dairy territory of Northwestern Ohio, Northeastern Indiana and Southern Michigan. While some other Ohio counties lead Williams in milk production, Wisconsin, Michigan and New York all lead Ohio in the amount of dairy products. While there are some valuable dairy herds in Williams County, and there are many silos in use, it is said the first one was used by Job Hodson of Bridgewater. With the estimated number of 2,900 farmers, it would seem that 1,000 silos was too high an estimate and yet there are twin silos and three and four of them at other farmsteads, and it goes without saying that those who have them would not be without them at all.

Where livestock is a factor on Williams County farms, there are many farm names in all parts of the county. There are still bachelors in every community who stand willing to enroll as bridegrooms, when women owning farms consent for them to have their names on the barns, but farm names should reflect local characteristics or some feature in the business carried on there. When the name of the farm is conspicuously posted the passerby instinctively looks for the discarded farm implements left standing, and they are a reproach to the whole thing. Most dairy farms are named, and a Queen Ann appearance from the front with a Mary Ann arrangement in the rear, is quite as bad at a farmhouse as in town property.

In order to secure the best results the Van Camp Packing Company maintains a "trouble shooter" who visits the farm dairy and offers suggestions as to sanitation. He finds it necessary to see some milk producers every spring, and he must be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove in dealing with them. When he takes a housewife out to where her dairy utensils are drying in the sun and with his pocket knife peels the incrustations from her pails that constitute excellent germ hatcheries she begins to realize that she is unsanitary in her dairy department. While some milk producers are careful, others are careless—careless as they dare to be—and the bacteria breeds in such numbers that sour milk is the unavoidable result from it. Sometimes the dress a woman is wearing is in need of laundering, and the visitor knows there will always be sour milk difficulties under such working conditions. Were he to advise her to "slick up" a little, she would be offended at him.

When muslin is used on the strainer the "trouble shooter" sometimes advises the woman to burn it, and if such family is allowed to deliver sour milk, sour milk will be the rule and not the exception. Some years ago a book entitled "The Honorable Peter Sterling," written by Paul Leicester Ford, revolutionized dairy conditions in New York, and since it is in the Bryan public library Williams County milk producers should read it. "Nuff said," expresses the situation sometimes when dairy uten-

sils are inspected, and the water problem is sometimes the difficulty. Unless there is sufficient water no family should undertake handling dairy products. In one place a rag had been drawn into a hole in the bottom of a milk can, and when the milk reached the condensory it was sour and was returned to the farmhouse. The woman did not believe in the theory of germs. She had not read the poem on the subject—the shortest poem in the English language—“Adam had ‘em,” but when her daughter asked to smell of the rag the visitor had cut off of the milk can, she promptly put it in the stove.

The trouble had been explained to the husband on the outside, but knowing the disposition of his wife the visitor was taken into her presence, and she resented the insinuation that there were germs in the rag stopping the hole in her milk can. One milk inspection trip on the part of the “trouble shooter” resulted in the purchase of fourteen new milk



COWS IN PASTURE

cans immediately. All animal heat should be immediately removed from the milk by placing the can containing it in cold water, and two cans by the side of the road illustrated the difference in handling it. One was warm both from the sun and from the warm milk inside of it, while the other was ice cold to the hand because the animal heat had all been taken out of it. When properly cooled milk always reaches the condensory in good condition, and no blame attaches to the hauler about it. “No fun to hump up under ten or twelve cows and have sour milk come back to you,” said a producer, and then he admitted that conditions were unsanitary about the place where he left it standing over night, the accumulation of manure and the lack of sufficient water.

There is a good income from the milk industry when no sour milk comes back from the factory. A man who had sold milk for years and had watched the details of the business, leased the dairy and went away

from it, and immediately there were sour milk difficulties. "Eternal vigilance is the price of success" in dairying as well as in other industries. Where there is plenty of running water there are few sour milk difficulties. The successful dairyman makes milk tests and weeds out the unprofitable cows, and sometimes udder troubles are the source of the difficulty. Who wants to go back to the plan of raising cream from the milk in crocks after seeing what is taken out of it by the separator? Where the herds are large there are more diseases, and the old-time dairy processes are too slow for the commercialized dairy business of today. While the mothers sold butter the daughters sell milk, and they would find the old-fashioned skimmer and the cream jar a weariness to the flesh.

When farm dairies are managed in sanitary manner, and due attention is given the rations of the cow, it is seldom necessary to "dope" her. Who knows about "bloody murrain" and "hollow horn" when cows are properly housed and fed as in the twentieth century?

Where milking machines are used there are few sour milk complaints, as there are usually better sanitary conditions. Milk is easily tainted and utmost precaution is necessary in handling it. When Williams County farmers began thinking about owning better live stock their ambition for better homes was aroused, and the present-day condition is largely resultant from this movement. A well-bred animal is worth more on the market than a scrub, and the progressive farmer understands and takes advantage of such knowledge. There have been colossal fortunes built up in the live stock industry of the world.

In the early history of Williams County cattle were the most important domestic live stock because of their ability to work and to produce milk and butter. Many are the stories handed down from father to son of the endurance of a yoke of cattle, and when improved live stock was under consideration as long ago as when Jacob cheated Laban because of his knowledge of live stock breeding, progressive farmers have sought to better their flocks and herds. While dairy cattle are the type in vogue in Williams County, as the size of the clearings increased and the horse began to be used on the road, the cattle were bred more and more to the beef type, and when the ox was finally emancipated from the plow, both beef and dairy cattle were to be seen in the country. The man who brings a well-bred animal into the community is a public benefactor. The silo belt is widespread and the dairy industry has come to stay in Williams County.

CHAPTER XXI

WILLIAMS COUNTY AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATIONS

When Williams County citizens were debt-ridden, and were still paying for their homes they had little social inclination, and they were not often brought together. While anniversaries have always occasioned family gatherings, the social reunion was not an element of community life until within the twentieth century. It is true that while families were more in debt they did not plan many pleasures, but as their fortunes have been better they have inclined more to sociability.

A woman no longer young and not addicted to writing, reflects the community life of the past in these words: "Health, wealth and duty; this is life." In looking over the past and recounting its ups and downs, we realize the many advantages we have today. If we could only recall those days when we used to have so many good times, meeting at one another's houses and spending the day, how we would all enjoy it. We realize that there are many better ways of living than we knew in the past, and yet we enjoyed it. They were busy, strenuous days and ways. The one goal before the early settler was his home in the wilderness, the new country. * * * There was more said about honesty that long ago. Our forefathers taught us the power of endurance. In the laborious life they lived they endured all kinds of privations, and withal the county fair brought the pioneers together as no other institution ever did in Williams County.

Ask somebody older, say the Methuselahs in every community, when some statistician or historian is attempting to verify information. The law of association governs them all, and men remember things by the time the barn burned and women by the births of their children or by their own marriage, or somebody has laid away a paper, and with sufficient inquiry data may be collected in any community. It is said that it has been 300 years since there was a pioneer in England, and the names of most Williams County pioneers are on their gravestones today rather than in the directory. Indeed, some who are listed in the early publications as "settlers," have no "kith or kin" to commemorate them today in the annals of Williams County.

While Williams County was given definite outline and a name just 100 years ago, and it was properly organized in 1824, there was no permanent citizenship then in what is now Williams County. The people were designated as "squatters," and Indian traders until 1827 when James Guthrie located in the bounds of what is now Springfield Township, along the Tiffin River. However, the priority of citizenship seems a little difficult to determine since the old accounts mention others who were temporarily within the bounds of Williams County. One account

says that Isaac Perkins was within the confines of the county as early as 1817, and that J. P. Loutz was a Williams County squatter as early as July 26, 1823, but he later went to Lincoln, Nebraska. There is mention of a white man and woman passing along the trail from Fort Wayne to Detroit in time of the War of 1812—the second war with England.

There is more definite information about Adam in the Garden of Eden at the dawn of history than there is available about James Guthrie. In the Guthrie period—1827—in Williams County it was not the custom among the hardy frontiersmen to leave diaries for the benefit of future historians, who might care to know the color of their hair or the amount of their bank accounts—little James Guthrie knew about deposits, and he cared less about future notoriety in the annals of Williams County. While others are mentioned as coming early it seems to be the consensus of opinion that James Guthrie is the Adam of local history. No one points out the exact spot where he lived or relates any story about his relatives. Evidently he did not wish to lose himself in the crowd or he would not have sought the wilds of Williams County. "Far from the madding crowd," was the life of this lone homesteader in the northwesternmost county of Ohio, and yet he "buildded better than he knew," for out of that humble beginning has come the Williams County civilization of today.

There is a good community spirit throughout Williams County today. The people put their shoulders to the wheel in all forward movements, and there are no centers of moral infection—Jonahs to the community at all. When farmers are better organized they may hope to accomplish some things, no longer applies in Williams County. They are ambitious and abreast of the times in everything. There is the Grange, the Farm Bureau and the Co-operative Livestock Shipping and Marketing Associations, all operated in the interests of those engaged in agriculture. When farmers strike they win because the rest of the world depends upon them, and yet until recently there has not been much effort at combination among them. Co-operative methods and combined interests are bringing them more and more to an understanding of each other. While they have always stood together on moral questions, it has been economics to the four winds among them.

An old account says that no county in Northwestern Ohio possesses better elements for successful agriculture than Williams, and while the Williams County Agricultural Association was organized in 1856, its minutes show a checkered existence. Since it was not a thickly settled country, at a meeting held February 10, 1857, it was decided to admit farmers from Defiance and Fulton counties as competitors for premiums on equal terms with Williams County exhibitors, except the field crops which were limited to Williams County. The first fair was held in the public square in Bryan—recently such exhibits are designated as street fairs—and although shifted from one site to another the fair was held regularly for several years. Finally the day came when "innocuous desuetude" described it, and at one time and another it was revived again.

In 1857 there was a Union Agricultural Society organized at West Unity, embracing Williams, Defiance and Fulton counties, but in a short time the Civil war demolished it. There were no fairs held after 1861,

when the soldiers of the community went to war and the society went out of existence. In 1885 another association was organized at Montpelier, and it continued in active existence until 1898 when its last fair was held, although its career had been successful. In 1892 the Bryan Fair was again organized and a mile racetrack was constructed, and for several years horse races were the feature there. The Bryan ball park occupies part of the site today. The time came when the fairs were different—not the social event of the past when the people came together for reunion as well as to see the live stock, fruits and vegetables. When there were few other places of interest all went to the fairs and appreciated them.

THE WILLIAMS COUNTY FAIR OF TODAY

When the Montpelier Fair Association suspended the grounds and equipment were purchased by the Williams County Agricultural Society, and in 1900 a fair was again held at Montpelier. There is a half mile racetrack and an amphitheater, with some good buildings for the use of exhibitors. The grandstand accommodates the visitors, and the Williams County fair at Montpelier is attended by many beyond the limits of the county. It attracts visitors from surrounding counties and from Michigan and Indiana. There are about forty acres in the grounds, and Montpelier citizens have taken the necessary steps in beautifying the place and converting it into a park when there is no fair in session. The Williams County fair grounds becomes a Montpelier park under provisions of a statute allowing such grounds to be used by a community complying with certain requirements. Beside the races and livestock exhibits there are always consignments of vegetables, canned goods and needle work at the Williams County fair.

The Williams County fair grounds of today is skirted by a beautiful stretch of the St. Joseph River, and since Montpelier citizens have beautified it by planting shrubbery it has become a Williams County playground, where picnics and family reunions are held; the people coming for miles to meet their friends and relatives and spend the day together. While the human family dates back to Adam in the Garden of Eden the organized family really belongs to the twentieth century in Williams County. Very few families met in an annual reunion before the dawn of the twentieth century. An era of material prosperity had been ushered in, and with their debts paid people were enjoying the comforts of life, and they began to think of recreation and a more intimate knowledge of each other.

It was coming to be a reproach for a man to know more of his livestock pedigree than of his own genealogy, and the human herd book or family tree became a reality in many Williams County households. At the annual reunions men and women would see "Uncle John" and "Aunt Elizabeth," and they would learn things about their own early history. The organized family is a miniature historical society, the family historian always discovering many "ties that bind," and it is a recognized fact that each child has a right to know its lineal descent—its ancestry. The importance of fortunate parentage and of right environment in the home

are beyond the possibilities of exaggeration. Upon this institution have been concentrated the wisest and strongest efforts of the church, and of all reformatory organizations.

"The family as an actual institution is a social group consisting of a man and his wife (or wives) and their children, with an outer circle of kindred of uncertain extent. In some cases the conception is wider, including pious reference to former generations, and a consideration of generations yet to come." And greater than the family is society—the community, the state, the family, the component part of it all, and thus the Williams County fair grounds converted into a park serves an excellent purpose in the community.

CHAPTER XXII

SUPPLEMENTAL WILLIAMS COUNTY FARM ORGANIZATIONS

"In union there is strength," and "E pluribus unum" on the silver dollar conveys special significance. "United we stand but divided we fall," seems to incite people to united effort, and while it is said "A fool may know when to quit, but a wise man knows when to begin," it is still true that in the multitude of counsel there is wisdom, and there is every reason for social and protective organization in Williams County.

In 1867 there was a "horsethief society." The Franklin Vigilance Committee, organized at West Unity, embracing territory in Williams and Fulton counties, and the object was protection against the loss of horses; the old saying, "Lock the stable after the horse is stolen," not being the idea of its members. Older people remember when now and then a horse was stolen in Williams County, although since the advent of the automobile such stories have not been circulated in the community. At one time the horse-breeding industry seemed to be without limitation, from the Indian pony without pedigree to splendid draft animals and road horses, but today the driving horse is seldom seen on the highways of Williams County. While the horse industry of the past added thousands of dollars to the wealth of the county, and there is a great deal of sentiment attached to the horse—more of sentiment and regret at his passing—than may be at first apparent, there is little market today for this noblest of all farm animals. When a horse has been faithful and has been cared for tenderly, and then becomes "trading stock," there is a tinge of sadness in the story. While horses are no longer stolen, they are not wholly emancipated from service in Williams County today, and the story of "Black Beauty" will always be read with interest, even though the noble horse is seldom used away from the farmstead in Williams County. The "bawky" and the "runaway" horse, and the blind horse—these stories all hark back to the long ago. The white horse and the red-haired woman—sight of one used to suggest the other, but the time will never come when people will forget about the pale horse and the rider whose name is Death.

THE GRANGE—MANY LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS

One of the farm movements sweeping the whole United States in the reconstruction period following the Civil war was the Grange—Patrons of Husbandry, the Grangers call themselves. Webster's International Dictionary defines the word Grange: "An association of farmers, designed to further their interests, and particularly to bring producers

and consumers, farmers and manufacturers, into direct commercial relations, without intervention of middlemen or traders." The first Grange was organized in 1867 in the United States. The Grange was organized in Williams County in 1874, and active in promoting it were: J. P. March of Jefferson township, P. S. Garlow of Pulaski, and Thomas Hodson of Madison Township. It was a spontaneous movement—sprang up over night in many communities, and the principal land owners were active in it. Many Granges own their own property, and the Grange is still a social center in Williams County. While some have allowed the social advantage of the Grange to supplant the church, there is room for both in every community. The Grange is still a formidable agency for



WILLIAMS COUNTY COUNTRY LIFE CLUB

better social conditions, and for the moral welfare of those engaged in agriculture.

THE COUNTRY LIFE COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION

The County Life Club had its beginning in 1910, in Superior Township under the leadership of J. R. Mick, but it proved to be popular movement and now includes territory in Superior, Pulaski, Jefferson and Center townships, its object being to make country life worth while and to create sentiment for farm activities and exhibits. A similar organization at West Buffalo embracing parts of Superior, St. Joseph, Center and Florence townships has since been formed, and there are annual meetings with premiums offered for agricultural exhibits. The object is to promote agriculture and an interest in the live stock industry. There have been almost three hundred exhibits, and home-talent programs are always arranged in connection with the annual meetings. The attendance is always large, many coming from the towns of Williams County, the

exhibits there always being of interest to everybody. The exhibit is a stimulus to better production in future.

THE WILLIAMS COUNTY FARM BUREAU
(Contributed by J. R. Mick)

The Farm Bureau movement is now so general over the United States that the agricultural history of nearly all counties must contain mention of this new farm organization.

While the first Farm Bureaus were organized in 1910, the Williams County organization only dates back to the year 1917, but there has been a healthy interest in it. Before this time there has been some agitation, but three years ago the work in Williams County began to assume definite shape, and organization meetings were held in all parts of the county. At these meetings the purpose of the Farm Bureau was explained, and farmers were asked to pledge their support to it. The first object was to secure a Williams County agricultural agent.

While the United States Department of Agriculture and the Ohio State University were willing to pay the larger share of the county agent's salary, they were unwilling to place an agent in Williams County unless a county Farm Bureau was organized, and that was the object of the preliminary meetings. The work of the county agent would be much more efficient when supported by a strong, active Farm Bureau. The Department of Agriculture required the organization to secure the co-operation of at least 10 per cent of the farmers of Williams County. Wherever the proposition was presented there was generous response; the required number was soon secured and the work of a permanent organization was begun. Among those who were active in the beginning were Elmer S. Johnson of Springfield, J. M. Hodson, Bridgewater; H. D. Boynton, Pulaski; H. B. Dargitz, Northwest, and many others.

A mass meeting was held in December, 1917, and the following officers were elected: President, Elmer S. Johnson; vice president, J. M. Hodson; secretary-treasurer, Paul Smith of West Unity. The following were elected members of the executive committee, each man representing two townships: H. D. Boynton, L. O. Cook, H. B. Dargitz, C. E. Greek, Jacob Zeeb and J. R. Mick. The next step was to get the appropriation from the county commissioners. The county was asked to pay \$1,500 of the expense of hiring an agricultural agent and maintaining an office. The commissioners approved the appropriation, but it was not till March, 1918, that everything was ready for business. On March 6 the Farm Bureau executive board met to engage a county agent.

Few more important meetings have ever been held in the interest of Williams County agriculture than this one, for upon the choice made that day depended in a large measure the success or failure of the Farm Bureau work in the community. Three men presented themselves before the board as candidates for the position. After a careful examination of their qualifications, the board by unanimous vote chose Carl G. Fieldner as the man most likely to meet the needs of Williams County. A contract was executed with Mr. Fieldner, and two days later he began his work as farm agent in Williams County.

The seed-corn famine in Ohio was in 1918, and one of Mr. Fieldner's first tasks was to help Williams County farmers secure reliable seed. This was accomplished in two ways: First, where farmers had home-grown seed they were urged to test each ear, and in many cases the agent did the testing for them. If a farmer had ten bushels of seed testing 40 per cent germination, he could and many did by careful test of each individual ear, save about four bushels of fairly good seed. Second, where the farmer had no seed that would grow, and could not obtain any home-grown seed, he was advised to order corn through the Farm Bureau. The Government was able to locate reasonably good seed in Pennsylvania and Delaware, and a carload was ordered for Williams County. In all 1,300 bushels of seed was distributed by the Farm Bureau at cost.



WILLIAMS COUNTY FOREMOST IN POULTRY PRODUCTIONS

The season in all parts of Williams County was unfavorable that year for corn growing, and the seed was not everywhere satisfactory; but it was the best obtainable, and met a real need, while it also demonstrated the ability of the Farm Bureau to meet an emergency. Perhaps 7,000 acres more corn was planted in Williams County that year because of the Farm Bureau service. The first summer the Farm Bureau and county agent were able to accomplish enough to more than justify its existence. Among other things accomplished should be mentioned the following: Seed for 3,500 acres of oats treated for smut; enrolled 165 boys and girls in poultry, food and pig clubs; purchased and distributed eleven carloads of acid phosphate at cost; conducted many canning and baking demonstrations; held poultry meetings in different parts of county; introduced 500 bushels of pure-bred wheat for seed; conducted a score of meetings in the interest of a bigger wheat crop for 1919, and brief mention will be made of the last two undertakings.

The World war brought home to Williams County farmers the necessity of greater production. In this the Farm Bureau lent its aid. Twenty meetings were held in different parts of the county in the interest of a bigger acreage of wheat, and better methods of increasing the yield per acre. Definite instructions were given farmers as to how they might do this. As a result an unusually large acreage was sown to wheat in the fall of 1918, and as there was much more acid phosphate used than ever before, the crop harvested in 1919 was perhaps the largest in many years. Realizing the value of pure-bred varieties of grains, the Farm Bureau the first year of its existence secured 500 bushels of two high-yielding, pure-bred varieties of wheat for seed. This wheat (Gladden, a beardy variety, and Trumbull, a smooth wheat) was well distributed over the county. The yield was six bushels above the average yield for the county. This showed that the new varieties are more profitable than other kinds that have been grown here for years. In 1919 enough of the new seed was available to seed about two thousand acres.

PLANNING FOR BIGGER THINGS

It was soon seen that the old membership fee of \$1 was not sufficient to carry on the Farm Bureau work in Williams County. It would not meet the requirements of a worth-while organization. After much discussion and several district and state meetings, several Ohio counties decided to place the membership upon a \$10 basis, and Williams County was among the first to adopt the new plan. The membership canvass began in March, 1920, and continued for two weeks when it was found that 1,525 members had signed a three-year contract, agreeing to pay an annual fee of \$10 into the association. This put the organization on a firm footing, and enabled it to undertake projects that were impossible under the old \$1 membership plan. As an evidence of the farmer's approval of the new and more business-like method of handling his interests, it may be said that under the old schedule the Farm Bureau had but 900 members, while under the new \$10 membership plan, the membership almost doubled itself.

TRIBUTE TO CARL G. FIELDNER

It was an encouraging event in Williams County agriculture when Carl G. Fieldner began his work as farm agent. He is a native of Defiance County. After graduating from the Bryan high school, Mr. Fieldner completed a four-year course in agriculture at the Ohio State University. By the virtue of his office he is now a member of the faculty of the Ohio State University, and as such he is able to bring the best and latest teaching and practice of that institution to the farmer on his farm in Williams County. He is peculiarly fitted for his work; his technical training, his grasp of the farmer's needs, his capacity for methodical work, his love for the things of the country, his splendid enthusiasm, and above all his sincerity of purpose and tireless energy, have rendered his services well nigh indispensable.

In short, Mr. Fieldner brings the university to the people, and better farming practices are the result of his efforts. He has no fads or fancies; he ever keeps in mind actual farm conditions, and any proposition that does not measure up to that standard is discarded by him. In other words Mr. Fieldner is practical; besides his work with the Farm Bureau executive committee, he works with different local committees in all parts of Williams County. By a wise use of this plan he is able to extend his usefulness over a wider area than when working alone. Those in position to know assert that Williams County has one of the best farm agents in Ohio today. Different positions have been offered Mr. Fieldner at higher salary than he now receives, but he believes his work in Williams County is not yet finished, and he has refused to leave for more remunerative employment.

TRIBUTE TO THE FARM BUREAU PRESIDENT

The Farm Bureau history of Williams County cannot be written without complimentary mention of the services of its first president, Elmer S. Johnson, whose unexpected death in February came as a shock to his many friends. To Mr. Johnson more than to any other man is due the credit of inaugurating the Farm Bureau work in Williams County. He spared neither time nor effort in securing the required number of members to insure a county agent. As long as the Farm Bureau exists it will stand as a monument to his vision and industry. Although he attained to but forty-one years, Mr. Johnson had achieved a measure of success that many do not have at the end of a long lifetime. He was an authority on the growing of soy beans, and was said to be the most extensive grower of this crop in the United States. Consequently his advice upon this great legume crop was in great demand, and through it he brought fame and prestige to Williams County from the outside world.

For three successive years Mr. Johnson was chosen president of the Williams County Farm Bureau, his last election occurring but one week before his untimely death. At all times Mr. Johnson gave his time unstintingly to the organization. His influence and personality did much to strengthen Farm Bureau work all over the country. Being an expert in his line he needed its help the least and yet he did the most to bring it about for others, thereby proving his unselfishness in the matter. He enjoyed the respect and confidence of his associates, and was at all times able to work in harmony with them. He had a great vision of the mission of the Farm Bureau. Under his leadership it adopted the \$10 membership plan, and he arranged for the canvass, but he did not live to see the result of it. The death of Mr. Johnson came at a time when Williams County and the State of Ohio were beginning to make extensive use of his talent and experience. While lecturing in farmers' institutes in Central Ohio, he was taken ill and died within a few days. In his death the Williams County Farm Bureau lost a loyal, generous, capable leader, and the cause of agriculture a true friend and an able champion.

PRESENT FARM BUREAU ROSTER

The Williams County Farm Bureau officers are: President, L. O. Cook, Jefferson Township; vice president, E. E. Kirk, Bridgewater; secretary-treasurer, J. R. Mick, Superior. The executive board consists of six members in addition to the officers; they are: H. B. Dargitz, C. E. Greek, J. A. Lautzenheiser, N. B. Sanford, Theodore Oberlin and Galen Newcomer. While the Farm Bureau is still a new thing it has been in existence long enough to become a force in county, state and national affairs. The Williams County Farm Bureau is affiliated with the Ohio and American Farm Bureau Federations, and through this relation Williams County farmers will have their share in solving the many problems that are to be faced in future.

As it is now organized, the Williams County Farm Bureau is more of a business organization than formerly. In the early years of its history it concerned itself mostly with helping the county agent in his work; this important work is still receiving as much attention as before, so that the business of the organization may be considered as so much additional accomplished, and with the aid the county agent and Farm Bureau are able to furnish the farmer of today and the future, he should do his work more efficiently, and with greater assurance of reward for his efforts. In a recent report Williams stood fifth among Ohio counties in its Farm Bureau membership, and it seems that the increased annual dues has stimulated the membership in other counties.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

There are five days of State Farmers' Institute in Williams County each year, and the Farm Bureau plans to supplement the number by holding at least one session in each township, thereby reaching more people with the instruction. A recent newspaper clipping says: "County Agent C. G. Fieldner has spent considerable time the past month in organizing boys and girls' clubs. He believes they are more likely to become farmers if they join a pig, food or poultry club." And it also appears that H. D. Boynton and J. R. Mick represented the Williams County Farm Bureau at the Columbus meeting. Under a recent arrangement it is possible for the different co-operative farm organizations to unite in employing a purchasing agent, such an agent being able to buy more advantageously than an agent representing a single organization. Collective bargaining has its appeal to Williams County farmers, and the Capper-Hersman bill enables them to sell their products collectively, although it encountered difficulties in the United States Congress. The Williams County Farm Bureau is urging Congress to pass it.

CHAPTER XXIII

CO-OPERATIVE LIVESTOCK SHIPPING SURVEY

Since it is conservatively estimated that there are 300 tractors at work in the fields of Williams County in addition to the usual amount of horsepower, and 1,000 trucks used in hauling the products to market, with 1,000 silos preserving the stock feed in order to increase the flow of milk, and 75 milking machines have been brought to the aid of the hand milkers, something must be done in the way of marketing the surplus products from the farmsteads all over the county.

With the different communities becoming enthusiastic about their flour and feed mills in Williams County today, it is difficult to imagine a time when it was necessary to manufacture cornmeal by the Armstrong process at home, making the hopper in which the grain is ground from the stump of a fallen tree. An old account relates that a solid stump was cut square on the top and the center was burned out of it. When the cavity was cleaned out it became the mortar, and the householder thus provided bread for his family. The corn was poured into the hollow stump and he pounded it into meal. The process would seem laborious in the light of twentieth century methods. The Irishman who said he did not mind the corn silks left in, but that he wanted the cobs taken out of his cornbread might not enjoy a pone made from it. The product was sifted through deer skins stretched over wooden hoops and punctured with small awls, so the meal would sift through them. A great many persons would do without cornbread today if it cost them so much effort, and thus the grandmothers of yesterday had cornmeal for their famous ovens before the open fire on the hearthstone. Later, the Williams County settlers had waterpower mills—corn crackers, hominy pestles, and finally the improved flouring mills of today.

It is only when there is a surplus that methods of marketing its products concern a community. In his recently completed survey of co-operative livestock shipping in Williams County, C. G. Fieldner asserts that it has more shipping associations than any other Ohio county. In the biography section of this Centennial History of Williams County there is frequent reference to the relation subscribers maintain to the different shipping associations. The Brady Farmers Co-operative Company recently organized is capitalized at \$20,000, with the shares of stock placed at \$50, with 10 per cent of stock already collected and organized in a way that it may engage in the elevator business at the discretion of those furnishing the money. It started with fifty-eight members. It has been operated since February at West Unity.

The Kunkle Farmers Co-operative Association capitalized at \$5,000, was organized in October, 1919, with 10 per cent paid in on \$50 shares

of stock. There were 118 members and the capital stock will be increased as numbers warrant it. It is also organized on a basis that it may operate the elevator there. Twenty-seven carloads of livestock had been shipped from Kunkle when the 1920 survey was completed in May.

The Pioneer Farmers Exchange Company, organized in January, is capitalized at \$25,000 and placed at \$25 a share with 10 per cent collected, and it started with 150 members. There is no local buyer, and the average has been one and one-half carloads a week for four months.



TRACTOR PLOW

The Alvordton Farmers Exchange, capitalized at \$15,000, was organized in October, 1919, with eighty-seven members, at \$25 a share, with a provision for operating the elevator there.

The Superior Farmers Co-operative Association Company, organized in February, 1919, at Montpelier, is capitalized at \$5,000, with shares placed at \$5, and it started with 130 members. Although there is a local buyer, this company sends out a carload a week, mostly to the Buffalo markets.

The Edon Farmers Co-operative Company was organized in October, 1919, as a livestock shipping association. In January it bought out the elevator and local feed store and increased its capital stock to \$25,000, shares of \$10 all paid in, and it employs men to operate the elevator and feed store. There are 192 members.

The Blakeslee Co-operative Shipping Association was organized in February, 1919, with seventy-one members, on a basis of \$5 a member, and while there is no capital stock the company is considering the plan of incorporating. In 1919 it shipped thirty cars.

The Arctic Shipping Association was organized in February, 1917, and capitalized at \$1,500, with \$3 shares of stock. It has 493 members and ships from Edgerton and from Butler, Indiana. While it is organized under the laws of Indiana, it ships as much from Edgerton as from Butler. This company did \$500,000 worth of business in 1919, shipping 174 cars from August to May, 1920, and sometimes both points send out shipments together.

Melbern has had its initial organization meeting and will probably organize on the same basis as Edgerton.

Stryker is working for a farmers' elevator, and has appointed a meeting to consider a shipping association.

The Pulaski Farmers Elevator Company is trying to locate stockyards there in order to handle livestock.

The Bryan Farmers Co-operative Elevator Company is considering the question of shipping livestock.

A Tri-state Co-operative Association has been formed at Montgomery, Michigan, with members in Michigan, Ohio and Indiana. It has 600 members, and 100 of them live in Northwest Township, Williams County. It is engaged extensively in the retail trade, handling butter, eggs, feed, coal, and operating two elevators beside shipping livestock. Williams County contributes to two outside shipping associations, one in Michigan and one in Indiana.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

"I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the House of the Lord," and W. E. Gladstone once said: "I go to church on the Sabbath day not only because I believe in religion, but because I love England." And perhaps that some spirit moves the hearts of some residents of Williams County today.

"For now abideth these three, the church, the school and the press, but the greatest of these is the —"; and this great educational triumvirate is within the reach of all in Williams County today. It is said that practically all the religious denominations existing within the bounds of the county today were planted here in its early history. When Williams County was organized there were no residents within the present bounds of the county. However, in the 30's, the settlers became numerous and there were churches in all the communities.

The Interchurch World Religious Survey effected in May and June, 1920, discovered Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, Evangelical, Amish-Mennonite, United Brethren (radical and liberal), Christian, Christian Union, German Lutheran, Evangelical Lutheran, Reformed, Mennonite, Dunkard Brethren, Bessada Brethren, Baptist, Church of God, Union, Progressive Dunkard, English Lutheran, Church of Christ, Universalist, Episcopalian, Catholic and Christian Science organizations. The survey has demonstrated conclusively the utter impossibility of uniting them on any definite evangelistic basis, since the ministers are multiplied who hesitated about giving out statistical information. Fearing lest their denominations would suffer in the contrast, some would give out no statistical data until the Rev. G. W. Whymen, who made the survey, labored awhile with them. The true situation might place them at a disadvantage, and one minister walking the floor informed the statistician there was no earthly power that could compel him to do such a thing.

The hope of the county is its youth, its schools and its Christian churches, but some of the abandoned places of worship are silent witnesses to the fact that community centers have changed unless there is a wane of piety. "There are some queer and hitherto unexplained happenings since we were young," said a group of men with undimmed recollection of the hazy past, and they remember with regret that men and women who appeared in their best raiment when some of those abandoned churches were dedicated to the worship of Almighty God have moved into other parts of the moral heritage, or sleep in the churchyards and do not know of the seeming desecration. In the onward rush of civilization it is fortunate they were spared the spectacle of their loved house of worship made into a place for the money changers, converted into barns or tobacco warehouses.

The decadence of the rural church has long been a problem in society, and the city minister knows the depressing influence of an auditorium filled with empty pews. In view of the situation the national, state and county religious survey has come about and people are learning of the over and under-churched communities. Perhaps the Methodist Episcopal Centenary in 1919 prompted the Interchurch World Movement which concerns the Universe just 300 years after the Pilgrim Fathers founded the first church in the New World. The compact signed by the Pilgrims before they disembarked from the Mayflower, December 21, 1620, at Plymouth Rock, was the first religious or government organization of any kind on American soil; the pages of history setting forth the fact that they were seeking a shrine where they might worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. The Congregational church established at Plymouth Rock is the Mother Church in America.

The Interchurch World posters displayed everywhere in May, 1920, bear this sentiment from President Abraham Lincoln, spoken when he was under great mental stress: "God bless the church, and blessed be God who in this, our great trial, giveth us the churches"; and it is the mission of the Interchurch World Movement to foster them. Artistic posters have been used effectively in this campaign, and under the picture of a young boy are the words: "Make the world safer for him." Under the Madonna poster was the inscription: "This simple faith has made America great"; and the poster showing the young woman decked in white lilies, the emblem of purity reads: "The ideals you taught her came from the church." And all combined to cause the churchmen of America to respond with their money.

The men of affairs in every community are interested in the moral welfare, and they have respect for the church even though their names may not be on its roster. Lack of leadership is the recognized need of all community movements, and it is leaders rather than drivers the world needs today. The world needs men with their feet on the ground even though their heads are in the clouds. The dreamers always have opened the way for material things, and idealism just as certainly precedes realism in the church world of today. The little church reverie—

"If all our members were just like me,

What kind of a church would our church be?"

suggests heart examination. After all that has been said about overlapping of parishes and over-churched communities, it is estimated that not more than 25 per cent of the people in Williams County are church communicants today. With a population of 24,000, not more than 6,000 are reached by the churches, and it is a serious condition.

"Go ye into all the world," is the twentieth century missionary spirit, but with 75 per cent of the people in Williams county not sustaining any church relation, there is a definite call: "Remain in Macedonia and help us." Some aver that the prayers offered by the pioneers are not approached in fervency by either the ministry or the laity of today, and an old-fashioned religionist exclaimed: "Oh, how I delight to listen to a brother who talks to God simply and from the heart; oh for more

of the prayers of God, the body, soul and spirit working together, the whole man being aroused and startled up to the highest pitch of intensity to wrestle with the Most High," and then the economic question entered into the consideration. It is urged that the pioneer minister who had such power in prayer was not actuated by the thought of salary at all. Today while some pray others pay, and the church is not without its problems. While Martha of old was worn with much serving, it was said that Mary had chosen the better part, and men and women will always have different understanding of things.

There have been intellectual and spiritual changes in the passing years, and denominational lines are not so severely drawn in Williams County today as in the past. The twentieth century has witnessed many changes, and churches co-operate today which were once separated by hatred and bitterness. It is a stock story that when a city church choir was singing: "Will there be any stars in my crown?" the answering refrain wafted across the street from another choir was: "No, not one. No, not one," but the fellowship in Williams County churches has been demonstrated repeatedly. The nation-wide religious survey has revealed the fact that church members are more prosperous than men outside of the church, and while "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," in the Williams County churches there are men and women who are conscientious in their giving—who bring the tithes into the storehouse, one tenth of everything being consecrated to Christian purposes.

On the other hand there are men and women who hedge about to avoid contributing to different community enterprises because they must contribute to the church, while the tithing system would allow them to give to many things. The budget system is proving satisfactory in many Williams County churches, and many do give on the First Day of the Week as the Lord has prospered them. The returns of the religious survey indicate that the evangelistic methods of the past are not effective today, that the old-fashioned revival with its emotional appeal is not reaching the unchurched people, and that the "Life of a church is vitally related to the frequency of its public preaching service," there being too many non-resident ministers. While there are forty ministers in Williams County today, vivisection is the apparent difficulty.

Religious vivisection is one of the world-wide problems of the church today. There is too much sectarianism and a tendency to multiply the churches and denominations in both town and country, and the inclination is not limited to Williams County. "Absent treatment" is not recommended as a religious antidote, and while it has been found there are now seventy-five active churches in the county, there are only fourteen that support a minister alone. While some of the Williams County clergy are highly educated, efficient men, they serve two and three churches and some preach as many as four sermons on one Sunday in as many different pulpits. The housing problem is under consideration, only a few churches owning parsonages and it is said that some ministers are forced to live in the houses the members themselves would not occupy, and "The Interchurch World Movement is a co-operative effort of the missionary boards, church extension societies and similar benevo-

lent agencies of all the Evangelical churches to work out a unified Christian program." It is the first organization in the history of the world to undertake such a thing.

In the survey the word community is comprehended as a unit of territory and population characterized by common economic and social experiences and interests. While the cost of living has increased 80 per cent, it is said the minister's salary has not increased 20 percent in twenty years. The community center occupied by but one religious denomination would simplify conditions, and it is said the stove is the only warm religious thing in some of the multiplied churches of today. While there are about twenty abandoned churches, some of them sold and converted to other uses, others stand as sentinels—silent reminders of more prosperous days in the community. While the church bell still reverberates from many towers, the church with a steeple pointing to the heavens is a rarity today. In his rambles through Williams County Henry Howe relates that he came upon a rural church in ruins from a storm disaster. In its palmy days it had supported a steeple, and it had been the pride of the community. A few miles away a new church was in prospect, and a well-to-do farmer living between said that if they would build the steeple high enough he would contribute toward it, and become a member there. There is religious sentiment in connection with the steeple and the church bell in it, and none wholly resist such call to worship. Whether or not they admit it most people have religion—will at least defend the religion of their mothers.

Since people have automobiles they "just go and go and go," while the church bell says: "Come, come, come," and one student of the church problem said: "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy," is an economic impossibility as long as there are Saturday night band concerts, and the stores in all of the towns remain open until the "wee small hours." He had arrived at the conclusion that the business men shared the responsibility for local Sabbath desecration. As long ago as when delivery horses were used by local grocerymen, there was agitation of the Sabbath observance question. The argument was advanced that late Saturday night buying was an unkindness to the grocers, their clerks, delivery boys and a hardship on horses that were driven late into the night. The Sunday dinner feature entails hardships upon the women, and the Sabbath observance agitators hark back to the customs of the forefathers who stopped business on Saturday afternoon in order to properly prepare themselves physically, mentally and spiritually for the next day's religious service.

One student of conditions remarked that a church sold to a Grange was not wholly desecration; although dedicated for worship it still sheltered humanity. There have been half a dozen churches destroyed by fire in Williams County. In the recent survey where a church is only opened now and then for funerals and there are no regular services, it is classed as abandoned, and in most denominations there are churches that are not self-supporting, and the object of the Interchurch World Movement is to obviate such conditions. There are church days—Go to Church Sundays, Mothers' days, Fathers' days and Children's days,

and many strenuous efforts are made to attract all the people to the churches. While "the very looks of some of the pioneer ministers would frighten sinners from the error of their ways," the gospel messenger is not necessarily a forbidding looking character. While some religionists of every age have "overdone the man-of-sorrows idea, and have made of it a long-faced religion," the modern conception is a more joyous one, "Feed my sheep and feed my lambs," is the Bible teaching, and the junior church simplifies religion so that the child mind grasps it.

Who is responsible when so much religious training is above the mental grasp of those who sit in the sanctuaries? True righteousness comprehends the idea of dealing justly and loving mercy, admitting the Golden Rule into human life, visiting the widow in her affliction and taking the proper care of the fatherless, and it is usually understood that all does not consist simply of forms and ceremonies. Salvation is through grace, and some of the Williams County clergy have heeded the Bible injunction about earning bread by the sweat of the brow, and the salary not meeting their economical requirements, they do other things to meet the obligations. The church in any community is an asset—the real estate dealer's hobby, the price of land always being advanced on account of it. While the choir is recognized as the war department in many churches, music is a feature to increase church attendance. While those who want back seats must come early, the future gives promise to the shifting pulpit in order that the minister may meet them half way at least when they come into the service.

While stentorian tones are now out of vogue in Williams County church pulpits, time was when the gospel minister removed his coat and engaged earnestly in the delivery of his message. "The groves were God's first temples," and the study of acoustics has not always entered into church construction. Lack of leadership and music are the most apparent difficulties in all communities. While "Jesus paid it all," is a popular song, there is something left for the individual when church becomes an efficient center of the community. God and one is called a majority, and "where two or three are gathered together" there is established a community of interests and as in the past the success of the rural church depends upon the faithfulness of the few today.

The story is handed down that the pioneer minister had the conviction: "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," and in desperation he said: "Somebody pray what can pray." Then turning to his wife he added: "Pray, Betsy," and under such conditions there were religious awakenings. "Celestial fire often broke out in rural schoolhouses in early days," says one of the older histories. "The conflagration would sweep the whole community, and under the spell of the old-time religion men and women hated sin as the devil hates holy water today. In the old revival meetings period there were conversions such as the twentieth century has not witnessed—men of God with a message came preaching in the wilderness days in Williams County," and said a voice from the past: "The people heard them gladly. They preached not for so many paltry dollars, but for the salvation of never-dying souls. Visiting min-

isters were entertained in the homes of the settlers, and the coming of these prophets of the Lord was a time of rejoicing among them."

The secret once leaked out:

"Where the pot boiled the strongest,
Ministers always stay the longest,"

and yet the circuit rider was forced to take some note of corn cribs and other physical necessities. He brought to the settler the news from the outside world, and he was a welcome visitor. There are still men, women and preachers in every community, but society is organized on a different basis today. While some churches are still supported on the quarterage system, the weekly offering through the envelope system provides the running expense of the church today. "Trust in the Lord" is a motto frequently displayed, and yet most people are practical and pay as well as pray, and it is a good combination. It is related by an early historian that when ministers began holding weekday services when the bulk of the Williams County population lived in the country, farmers and their wives and children together with their hired help all went in their everyday clothes to the schoolhouse to hear the gospel message. Among the sky pilots of that day are mentioned: Stoddard, Coleman, Warner, Thompson, Albright, Lindsay, Hulburt, Cather, Baker, Deemer, and among them were some of the Peter Cartwright type that always attracted the people to hear them. It is said of John W. Bowersox of St. Joseph township that his home was always open to ministers, and the same was true in other pioneer households in Williams County.

When night meetings began to be held along in the '70s, whole neighborhoods would come on foot to the schoolhouse, some always carrying along unlit torches to light the way home in the dark, the torches made from hickory bark and guns were sometimes carried along as a matter of protection. It was nothing uncommon to see a rifle in the place of worship, and when meeting was out those going in the same direction would form a torchlight procession on the way home from the service. It presented a wildly wierd picture as the shadows danced and quivered on either side like spectral figures, and ever and anon the woods would ring with hymns of rejoicing, or songs of awful warnings, exhorting sinners to repentance. There is nothing like those pioneer meetings in modern times.

SOME UNEXPECTED CHURCH VISITORS

"As early as 1854," says an historian, "the Baptists were holding an afternoon meeting in a schoolhouse in St. Joseph township, when some men engaged in railroad construction on the Air Line came to break up the meeting. When they disturbed the meeting the Reverend Weaver who must have been a 'fighting parson,' remonstrated with them to no purpose. The visitors had come for trouble, and the members did not disappoint them. They continued their disorderly behavior, and since there is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, the meeting stopped and the fight began, the citizens present taking excellent care of

the situation. The church members present did not 'turn the other cheek,' as according to the Bible injunction, but they turned on their assailants. Among those present are mentioned: Alexander and Tobias Wright, John Gnagy, John W. and David Bowersox, John Skelton and Benjamin F. Cornell, and when they combined forces with the minister the ruffians were overpowered and driven away from there. It was a veritable 'Church of the Best Licks,' and there are men living today who would join under similar conditions."

AN EXEMPLARY CHURCH YEARS AGO

To illustrate the situation by a case in point, mention is made of the the Rev. G. M. Miller who preached at West Bethesda Presbyterian Church for forty years. He was a community leader, and in the time of his ministry West Bethesda was a rural center. It was one of the largest rural churches in Williams County. The pioneers in the community all had large families and they all grew there. There was no restraint on anybody, and the children came barefoot to church and Sunday school and never thought of missing a service. The people were interested—but, alas, the day came when migration set in and the families that had constituted the rural community went to town. The lure of business and the wages possible caused the influx of the population and "everything just flattened out" in the community. The new families coming in—tenants on the farms in many instances, did not take hold just where the former residents left off in community affairs, and today Reverend Miller sleeps in the adjoining churchyard unconscious of the fact that his flock is scattered—are as sheep without a shepherd, and when one of them visits West Bethesda today he finds strangers there.

Certainly there are just as many broad acres of land about the rural church and school as in times past, and they are just as productive of farm commodities, but with the smaller families and many of them transient in the different communities, there is no question about the decadence of the rural church today. Time was when a dozen children surrounded the family board, but it is fashionable now to have one or two children and an automobile, and who is going to sit in the pews of the rural church under such conditions. The lack of leadership and the lack of music explains why they all attend religious service in town. With twentieth century transportation they cover the distance in less time than they used to require in walking to the rural church, and "when the old guard died off" there has never been any more leadership in the country. It is said that automobiles carry half the populace to the Indiana lakes every Sunday in the warm weather, and yet sentiment still clings to the old-fashioned church in the rural community.

AN INCIDENT GLEANED FROM AN OLD CHURCH BOOK

An old record of Pulaski Mission, Maumee District, Michigan Conference, in possession of John E. Beach, but likely to find its way into the Bryan public library, relates that said mission was erected from the

old Defiance circuit in the fall of 1838, and Thomas Shorthill who was later a tavern keeper and the first postmaster in Bryan was the recording steward in the mission. The record is in his handwriting, and this is said to be the earliest Methodist church in Williams County. It appears that one John Radabaugh had been arraigned before the church in an ecclesiastical trial, the offense being "harboring and working a stray horse," and his case was adjudicated by the quarterly conference there. He was found guilty and his name was stricken from the records. At that time the courts of justice were not always invoked on moral questions, the ecclesiastical body of the church reserving the privilege of meeting out punishment to offenders itself.

The High Priest of Old said of the Nazarine: "He taketh away our government," and those early churchmen felt the same way about such things. They were jealous of their ecclesiastical function. In that day the church wished to retain authority, and they handled such controversies themselves. They were clothed with dignity and law, and offenders found no favor with them. The unique thing about it all was that the name of John Radabaugh was stricken from the roster at one quarterly conference, and before it convened again the man died, and at the next session the aged father feeling the disgrace attaching to the memory appeared before the conference and asked to have the name written in the church book again. When it was written on the Lamb's Book of Life he wanted it to remain on the church book in Pulaski. The blot must be removed from his escutcheon in order to make a better showing in the next world.

It is related that Reverend Scranton who was an early minister in Williams County attained to an age of 104 years, and that Rev. Thomas Prettyman was among the early ministers who attained to old age. The old accounts refer to churches in the north part of Williams County as Winebrenarian, while there is later reference to them as the Church of God. In the ancient village of Lockport there is a Liberal United Brethren Church about which the chronology will never be in doubt, since the slate roof reveals the lettering and the date—1887, which seemed a commendable thing as so many forget such data in the onward march of civilization. While the church edifices that have been sold at auction and converted to other usages seem like spectres in the religious life of the community, it is a condition over which communities do not seem to have control—the decadence inevitable, and with almost 40 per cent of those still in existence unable to sustain themselves, there is little prospect for more hopeful conditions. Reverend Whyman who made the religious survey, made a map showing the territory served by the different denominations and as a matter of economy many existing conditions should be changed, and "over-churched" would not then describe so many communities. This parish map would be a revelation to many seemingly well informed persons in Williams County. Why so many denominations ever entered one limited area is a question that remains unanswered only in the nature of things.

Years ago, so traditions say, there was a Y. M. C. A. in Bryan, but no definite information was available, and there are Boy Scouts today

without definite, permanent organization. While there is no Salvation Army station in Williams County, Salvationists from nearby towns solicit aid, saying they always receive good support in the different towns. Whenever there is a drive of any kind Williams County seems to be the storm center, and there is a disposition to aid them all. In the World war Belgium, France and England were unable to withstand Prussianism alone, but when the nations of the earth laid aside petty difference and team work was once established it was the beginning of the end of German inhumanity, and the religious survey has the same purpose—strengthening the religious outposts, and making a solid front against the forces of evil in the world. It was stated in the beginning of this chapter that the settlers seemed to bring with them the churches found in Williams County today. It would be difficult to say what denomination has done most toward Christianizing Williams County.

In 1920 religious survey has revealed the fact that twenty-two churches have been abandoned, and that the Liberal United Brethren now have eleven organizations, while there are six Radical United Brethren strongholds in the community.

The Church of God—Winebrenarians—have five rural churches, while the Methodist Episcopal denomination has fifteen churches in Williams County, seven of them in the towns. The Presbyterians have six churches with four of them in town. The Christian Union reports three rural churches. The Evangelical Lutheran has four churches, all in town. There are two Reformed and one Mennonite Church in the county. The Progressive Brethren maintain three churches while the Church of the Brethren—old order of Dunkards, have two churches. The Disciples or Christians maintain four churches, and the Catholics including two missions have five places of worship, and the Universalists have two churches, one of them closed part of the time. There is one Episcopal Church, two Baptist and four Evangelical churches, and while for twenty years there have been Christian Scientists in Bryan, they have recently commenced holding meetings again.

If all the churches knew more of their own history it would be possible to obtain data, but the ministers "have no continuing city" and the laity do not tax themselves with such things. Propaganda is essential in any church that cares to perpetuate itself.

In very many instances it is the minister and the women of the community who carry on the work of the church, and yet some of the laity recognize in it a man's job and are rallying to it. Sometimes the religion is all in the wife's name, and husbands sustain the relation of brother-in-law in every denomination. It does not often happen that the husband has treasure laid up where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal while the wife remains worldly minded and indifferent to such things. It is sometimes urged that church is a dress parade, and that women do not impress their husbands with the sanctity of their religion or they would think more of it. The woman exists in every church who claims that her husband is just as good as other men, an argument that is hard to combat and very destructive of church sentiment.

The minister needs to be master of the situation, and his classification of sin should be as absolutely correct as the physician's diagnosis of disease. The man of God who passes over offense without righteous reproof is guilty of malpractice, the same as the physician who prescribes for the wrong malady because he does not understand the symptoms, or does not have the courage to call things by their right names. While there are a few persons in every neighborhood who can quote John III, 16, the church people of today know less of the Bible than did the preceding generations who read it through chapter by chapter, oftentimes as many times as the number of their years; since America has become a nation of newspaper readers, all that is changed and only a few read daily from the Book of Books. In some households there are family worship and daily Bible readings, usually the course of study outlined by the International Sunday School Lesson Committee. While the country is older than the town and the church used to center in the country, all that is changed today. There is no gainsaying the fact that many church edifices have been made attractive, although like the people worshipping in them they are nonconformists when it comes to style of architecture.

CHAPTER XXV

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

The Williams County Sunday School roster, A. D. 1920, is: President, William Harter, Bryan; vice president, J. A. Jennings, Edgerton; secretary-treasurer, E. M. Smith, West Unity; children's division superintendent, Mrs. Clara Harwood, Montpelier; young people's division superintendent, Rev. Arthur Valentine, Pioneer; adult superintendent, Walter Gardner, Bryan; educational superintendent, Jesse Rupp, West Unity; administration superintendent, C. H. Estrich, Edon. The association motto is: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly divining the Word of Truth," and it has been the policy of the association to hold its annual meetings in the different communities.

The Williams County Sunday School Association was organized almost fifty years ago. In some of the township organizations there are secretaries that have been twenty-five years in that relation. There has always been excellent attendance at the county conventions. Mr. Harter speaks of the enthusiasm and interest, saying the Sunday schools and churches had suffered loss when the young manhood of Williams County went overseas in the World war, and that they had also suffered from the ravages of flu, and that the result is that one or two annual sessions had been smaller than usual because of it.

While most Williams County churches maintain Sunday schools, the German Lutheran, Catholic and Christian Science Sunday schools do not affiliate with the County Sunday School Association. The gavel used by the president was given to the association in convention assembled at Edon in 1905, by State Sunday School Association President Joseph Clark of Columbus. It is made from wood grown in the Holy Land and has the word Jerusalem on it. President Clark brought it from the World's Sunday School Convention in Jerusalem where he represented the Ohio Sunday School Association as a delegate, and it is appreciated for its history.

The Williams County Sunday School Association indorses all forward movements in church and Sunday school, and it cultivates an interdenominational spirit at all times. It encourages friendly contests, one Sunday school with another or one class in the same Sunday school with another in order to increase enthusiasm and attendance. The townships vie with each other in developing excellent programs, and denominational lines are forgotten by all. When Sunday schools were first organized in Williams County there were no lesson helps as today, and teachers used the Bible leaving it to the class as to what book should be studied, and the lessons were usually in the New Testament. It has been figured out that by reading three chapters every day and five chap-

ters each Sunday, one may read the entire Bible in a year and have two Sundays exempt from reading it.

The man who first gave the Sunday school institution to the world was Robert Raikes of Gloucester, England. He was interested in the welfare of the poor in that community, and in 1781, he gathered the children together and employed teachers for them. He taught them Sabbath observance, and others soon caught the spirit of it. Within five years there were 250,000 children under Sunday school influence and in the twentieth century all Christians accept the Sunday school as the most efficient branch of modern church extension service.

About ten years after Robert Raikes called the world's first Sunday school together, the idea was introduced into Philadelphia, and it soon spread all over the United States. December 19, 1890, was the first centennial of the Sunday school in the United States, and from one dozen interested persons in Philadelphia it had grown in one hundred years to immense proportions. When Robert Raikes had only a few followers, John Wesley wrote: "Who knows but what some of these schools may become nurseries for Christians?"

It is said the adult Sunday school attendance in Williams County is better in the towns than in the country. The decadence of the rural church and the rural families attending Sunday school in town explains it. In order to have the adult become a church communicant the child must be instructed properly, and the modern churches are planned with reference to the Sunday school. The junior church is a reality in some communities.

All the Sunday schools in the church and all of the church in the Sunday school would be an ideal condition, but the standing criticism is that there are two Sunday audiences the children attending Sunday school and leaving before the church service, and the junior church helps solve that difficulty. In some communities one service is merged into the other, the burning question being how to hold all for both services. The Sunday school has been the great agency for the removal of denominational barriers, and in Sunday School Association conventions all denominationalism or sectarianism is submerged to the common interests, and no questions are raised about which there may be difference of opinion. The International Sunday School Lesson series was adopted in annual convention in Indianapolis in 1872, and Williams County now has all the advantages. The graded system of study was adopted in 1910, but it did not at once spring into popularity.

While some Williams County Sunday schools adhere to the use of the Bible, most of them use the lesson commentaries from their own denominational publishing houses, although uniform lessons are studied through the influence of the International Sunday School Association. It is usually through the Sunday school that knowledge of the Bible reaches the home, although the Sunday school teacher may have the same difficulty in finding the Book of Jonah that she would in locating St. Jacob in the New Testament. "Ponder the Bible until it is written on the heart," say the Sunday school advocates, and yet the little girl who learned the Golden text: "Ye cannot serve God and Mamma," is not an isolated example of the inefficient Sunday school teacher.

CHAPTER XXVI

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

There was an educational proviso in the famous Ordinance of 1787, under which the Northwest Territory was organized, and thus Ohio and the other states formed from it attracted the best class of settlers. One who has distinctive remembrance of the three R's as the entire educational curriculum in Williams County public schools, is inclined to take some note of the passing show—the evolution in educational methods. Along in the early '70s the country schools were the social centers, and it frequently fell to the lot of the rural pedagogue to clean out a school house on Monday morning that had served as a community center on Sunday. Today many educational leaders are entering a plea for the return of similar conditions, the school property to be utilized by the entire community.

That long ago the teacher who taught the three R's successfully had fulfilled his whole duty, and if a child did not learn it was its misfortune—not the fault of the teacher, but today there is individual instruction and if a pupil is backward it becomes the teacher's duty to find out the reason—to know the child's environment, and while advancement is recognized, there were some good results from the old fashioned pedagogical methods. The early schools in Williams County were on the subscription financial basis, and scholar or half a scholar indicated the age of the youngster receiving such advantages. In a sense it was the method of grading, although no one thought so at the time. When Williams County school teachers received \$1 a week and boarded around, there was nothing said about any advance in wages. The high cost of living did not disturb them as today when increased salary is the prime consideration.

There is a lot of sentiment attached to the one-room country schoolhouse that so well served the educational needs of the past, but with the modern trend of things it is everywhere being left behind in the onward march of educational progress. While some cling to it because of what it meant to them, others accept the utility side of the question and discard it. A recent versifier said:

"The little red schoolhouse stands
Just like it's always done—
But I can't grow reminiscent—
I never went to one,"

and some of the adherents to old time educational methods assert that children of the past knew more at twelve years old than they do now when they graduate, not taking into the account at all that many studies are pursued now that were unknown to the schoolchildren of a generation ago.

From one of the early Williams County histories this line is taken: "That the pupils in our common schools then were much better spellers than now is beyond all question," but the fact remains that greater emphasis was placed on spelling than on any other accomplishment unless it were "figgers." Another fact remains unquestioned that the early teachers were better writers, much of the handwriting of half a century ago being as plain as the script of today. There were good spellers and good penmen evolved from the one-room schoolhouse in every pioneer community. There used to be writing school, and the teacher was an adept in ornamental penmanship but where is the man or woman today who attempts any flourish in his signature? The three R's curriculum embraced "readin', ritten 'nd 'rithmetic," and the fellow still exists who can "read readin' readin', but can't read ritten readin'."



WEST UNITY SCHOOL HOUSE—1874

It is a well known fact that the backwoods schoolmasters were welcomed into the homes of Williams County, while under twentieth century conditions the teacher has difficulty in finding a place to board in many communities. While there were no prescribed qualifications in the past, the pedagogue of today must have professional training, and a man exclaimed: "You can't make whistles out of pigs' tails," evidently meant to convey the impression that the efficient school teacher is born and not trained for it. While everything is commercialized today, nature has something to do with equipping the efficient school teacher. An old account says the backwoods teacher "taught twenty-two days for \$8 a month and found," but such an opportunity would hardly tempt the twentieth century teacher.

There was a time when brawn rather than brain was considered, when muscular development rather than mental achievement secured recognition. There were unruly boys in the long ago, and they remained

in the rural schools longer than now when they are graduated from the grades before they are big enough to terrorize the teacher, and they pursue higher studies in other schools. Utility rather than beauty was the idea in schoolhouse furnishings, and the puncheon benches with augur holes through them for the legs, were once part of the story in Williams County. The pioneer-community-center-one-room schoolhouse was built of logs with fire burning in the middle, and the smoke blinding to the eyes of children and teacher, and there was greased paper over an aperture in the wall admitting the sunlight. These pioneer schools were usually named for some prominent family in the community as the Bible schoolhouse in Superior township, named for an early settler there.

Some one has written: "Backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight, and make me a child again," but with the environment changed it might all prove a disappointment to him. Arvilla Wisman who once lived in Superior township was a teacher for forty years. What would some of her impressions be were she to come again. She had 100 thirteen-week terms of school to her credit when she retired from the teaching profession in Williams County. When she was thirteen years old she began teaching school in Licking County, and she was an early teacher in Williams County. Her own impaired health and the advanced age of her parents caused her to abandon the schoolroom, and she built a house in Pioneer. She died there in 1873, and Dr. Richard Caudern who was her medical attendant in her last illness, had been her pupil in public school. They had known each other many years, and he said of her that her life although unpretentious was full of self sacrifice and that she was a useful woman. She had devoted her whole life to the moral, intellectual and religious training of the youth, and her life was a benediction to Williams County.

It is said that Northwest has always been a popular township with the female teachers of Williams County. Miss Abigail Hillis who was the first teacher there was married before her term ended, and her experience has been an incentive. She had ten pupils and drew public money. Although a married woman she finished the school, and for years the "Whaley" school was a landmark there. The story is handed down that Miss Mary McCrillus, the first teacher in Bridgewater was a comely young woman, good company and popular with the young men of the community. She was given to flirtation and a stalwart swain who liked her "sat up" nights with her. She allowed him to visit her as many as three evenings in a week, and "in consequence of this habitual nocturnal wakefulness the young woman was very drowsy the following day in the schoolroom, and she would often fall asleep in her chair. She would waken with a start at some unusual noise occasioned by the misconduct of pupils," and as a result she was discharged by the school authorities. It is related that it was a cold, damp summer and that fire was necessary. There was nothing more cheerful than the blaze except the cheery face of Miss McCrillus, and when the room would become warm she always became sleepy. The young man no doubt received his share of censure because of her failure as a school teacher. Miss Mary Heritage was employed to finish the term.

An old account says of a teacher at Melbern: "Old Man Barney the Yankee was the first teacher in this primitive school, and he received his pay by subscription. He was an odd fellow with peculiar habits, and his education in this day would be regarded as mediocre." It is related of J. B. Kimmell who was an early day teacher that he would tie boys and girls together, and have them stand on the tops of the seats as punishment. In one of the books is this tribute to Johann Adam Simon who had been partly educated in Germany before he located in Florence township in 1843, saying: "Between the ages of eight and fourteen years he received that thorough mental training which the educational system of Germany afforded to all, and being fitted with a retentive memory and aptness for acquiring knowledge he was always classed with those older than himself, and at the age of twelve years he was selected by his teacher



HIGH SCHOOL, EDON

as the pupil most competent to assist in hearing recitations," and the query arises as to whether or not this method became general in Williams County. At that time there was a log schoolhouse, and James Welsh, a young attorney from Bryan was the teacher. He was paid \$1 a week for his service. Solomon Metzler was another school teacher of that period in Florence, and until 1875 the children living in Edon went to school in the country.

The first schoolhouse in Bryan was a small log structure located at the corner of Butler and Lynn streets. A. J. Tressler who helped clear the public square taught the first public school, although Harriet Powell had taught private schools in the same house. In 1845, a frame schoolhouse was erected at the site of the present high school building and auditorium, and Mr. Tressler continued teaching there at \$15 a month, receiving \$45 for three months. There is no record that he asked for

more money. William L. Smith was the first teacher in Brady township, and Doctor Veers taught the first school in West Unity. There was a school in Springfield township as early as 1836, and twenty years later there was a school in Stryker. Early teachers mentioned in old accounts are: Abigail Hillis, Maria Marquart, Rebecca Thomas, Maria Kinney, Mary McCrillus, Mary Heritage, Miss Angell, Alanson Smith, Rachel Baker, John West, Julia Clark, Milton Zuker, Joseph Reasoner, Sarah McClain, S. B. Doty, David Black, Arvilla McDaniels, Joel F. Poole, George W. Durbin, James Welch, Elizabeth Stoddard, John Cornell, Mr. Barney, Thomas Hill, William Neavill and Edgar Hubbard, all of whom were "sturdy knights of the birch," doing what they could to teach the young idea the use of firearms. Teaching the "young idea



HIGH SCHOOL, BRYAN

to shoot" is still the work of the teacher in the public schools of Williams County.

When it comes to first things being first there is always a question, but one account says the first school was perhaps in the village of Denmark, although now there is little trace of it. Rev. Israel Stoddard is mentioned as the teacher and John Cornell was the next after him. Unless an historian knew for himself it is difficult to correlate all the data, and those early day Williams County school teachers have all long since gone to their reward, and none will ever know definitely about it. There is reference to one rather eccentric teacher named Southworth: "He was eminent in scholarship but unbalanced in mind; he is remembered by some as an old man, tall, spare and with long, gray hair and beard; he traveled about continually leaning on two staffs, carrying his budget on his shoulders; he was a harmless old man stopping at whatever house or place night overtook him. He would read or expound the Scrip-

tures and pray with those who kept him in apparent payment for his entertainment," and again the panorama changes. Teachers of today have different methods of doing things.

Under the old regime wood was furnished at the schoolhouse by the patrons in proportion to the number of children each family sent to the school, the men "snaking" the logs to the school and the teacher and the boys chopping the wood as they needed it. A former writer says: "A description of one schoolhouse will doubtless answer for all. The desks were placed around the wall, and the seats were mostly of basswood logs split into halves; there were augur holes through them and legs were placed under them; upon these rude and uncomfortable seats pupils of all ages and conditions were compelled to sit the six hours per day of school," in strong contrast with present day conditions. Each master had his own system of writing, and the query of the age is what became of the legible handwriting of yesterday? Scribbling describes the system today in comparison to the writing exhibited in some of the ancient documents still preserved by individuals, and in the archives of Williams County.

In the way of text books, they used Daboll's Arithmetic and Webster's Elementary Spelling Book, and from them they learned mathematics, science, language, literature and history. They read from the New Testament memorizing much of it—learned it off by heart, and on Friday afternoons and in Sunday school they recited it. There were "whispering schools," at all times, and "passing the water" used to be the reward for careful study. An old account says: "Nothing modern can equal the spelling schools of those early times. The young people would go miles to a spelling school and it was district against district, and it was wonderful how each would back its champion speller." Webster's Elementary spelling book was the text for years, and finally the McGuffey series of readers were adopted in Williams County, Adams and Pikes' Arithmetic and Western Calculator were used, and there was no uniformity in arithmetics until Ray's Practical Arithmetic became the standard, and many men and women living in Williams County today learned mathematics—what they know of the science—from it. It was always thumb-marked when they reached common fractions. All who used Ray's Arithmetic would still be able to settle the John Jones estate—the last problem in common fractions. There were always young people in Williams County who were ambitious to secure an education, and among some of the older men and women of today are a few college graduates.

ANTEBELLUM EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION

In 1852, the Maumee Presbytery established a Normal school at Williams Center, the citizens without regard to previous religious conviction contributing to it, and James Anderson, a man of fine character and rare culture was chosen as its principal teacher. Three years later he died, and his brother David Anderson was chosen as his successor. James Greer Bowersox was one of the teachers, and the enterprise received loyal support from such men as Giles H. Tomlinson, Jacob Dill-

man, Collins Tharp and the Ensign brothers and many others. While the money had been contributed for a nonsectarian school, it was charged that there was an attempt to inculcate Presbyterian doctrine, and when the Civil War came on the whole thing was abandoned, and the public school system was then beginning to attract favorable attention, although hitherto it had been regarded by some in the light of charity. When the Presbyterian ritual was introduced the Normal soon lost its prestige in the community.

THE MYKRANTZ NORMAL IN BRYAN

While the Civil War was the distracting influence against the Williams Center Normal, coupled with the doctrinal or denominational differences, the Bryan Normal conducted by Prof. Charles W. Mykrantz came into existence January 1, 1864, and for ten years it was a very popular institution. While it started with forty pupils, it soon enrolled 100 and in time that number was doubled and many of the leading citizens of Bryan and surrounding country were educated there. As one man they pay tribute today to Professor Mykrantz who in 1874 was made superintendent of the public schools of Bryan, thus uniting the Normal and the high school and the Mykrantz Normal building on North Lynn Street has long since been converted into residence property. At one time it housed the court and the public offices of Williams County. It is still a landmark in the community—a monument to the memory of Professor Mykrantz. Some enthusiastic friends say Professor Mykrantz was the most beloved educator who ever lived in Williams County. It was he who developed Emerson Opdycke, the phenomenal mathematician, and J. F. Starr, Fletcher Starr, was another who distinguished himself. On one Bryan home-coming day when the friends of Professor Mykrantz came out in numbers to see him again, they received news of his death and a pall overspread the community.

TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR SAUNDERS

It was in 1881 that Prof. W. A. Saunders became superintendent and principal of the Montpelier public schools, and after a number of years there he taught in Stryker and then in Bryan. Professor Saunders was educated at West Point Military Academy, receiving his appointment there from President James A. Garfield. While he held a life certificate to teach anywhere in Ohio, he confined his activities to Williams County. From Bryan he return to Montpelier where he taught several years again. An enthusiastic friend said: "I dare say more men and women point to Professor Saunders as a model teacher than to any other Williams County educator."

RECENT SCHOOL SURVEY OF WILLIAMS COUNTY

The school population included all citizens between six and twenty-one years of age, although not many remain under the supervision of educators until they arrive at their majority. Accordingly the Williams

County public school population, A. D. 1920, numbers about six thousand upon which number assessments are made, and money is used for them whether or not they are benefitted from it. In round numbers there were 900 in high school the last year, but since they leave high school three or four years before attaining to their majority, public money is drawn for many who do not use it. To be exact, there were 400 boys and 489 girls enrolled recently in the high schools of Williams County.

It is estimated that 75 per cent of all who enroll in high school remain to graduate, although it is true that the highest salaried teachers come into contact with the more limited number of pupils. While diplomas are issued to those who complete common school in the eighth grade, too many stop there while the high school awaits all of them. The high schools of the county have always attracted some eighth grade



HIGH SCHOOL, EDGERTON

graduates from the country. However, recently the centralized schools give to the rural pupils high school advantages in the country. The importance of teaching agriculture is emphasized in the curriculum of rural instruction, the theory being to educate the young people back to the farm rather than away from it. "When they haul the children from the farms to the schools in the towns, they absorb town notions," said one student of the educational problem, "and it is 'all off' with them as farmers," while others see in the fact that they are only in town for the day and are home again in the evening, the most wholesome results.

Under the plan of centralization the majority of rural children are given high school advantages, it being estimated that 100 per cent begin while in the one-room rural school not more than 60 per cent enter high school, the period of observation extending over the last five years in Williams County. While some rural schools have undergone repairs recently in neighborhoods where there is a strong anticonsolidation senti-

ment, in other communities they look as if they were abandoned before they are because of the prospect of centralization, and it would be unwise to expend money. Like the rest of the world, there is a difference of opinion in Williams County, and they do not spend money for equipment that may be used only a short time. While centralization has come about under the leadership of Prof. W. A. Salter, he has not been arbitrary about it. In some localities centralization is a reality, while in others votes have been taken and the measure has been deferred indefinitely. In the eastern part of Williams County the benefits have been recognized, and there are centralized schools at Stryker and West Unity, and farther north Kunkle and Pioneer have already begun it. Kunkle is already using its new building, and new buildings are in progress at Stryker and West Unity, and Pioneer has voted the tax for it.



PUBLIC SCHOOL, STRYKER

In a measure all the towns have been centralized schools, automatically, since nearby children have long patronized them. In many instances they have left their homes for the school week, while under the centralization system they are returned to them each evening. As the roads are improved and trucks come into more general use, obviating the long rides mornings and evenings, the objections will vanish, and all will recognize the advantages. A. D. 1920, there are still eighty-one single room and two two-room schools in Williams County. Edon and Florence township schools are already partially centralized automatically, some of the nearby rural schools being abandoned, and the proposed parochial school at Blakeslee will leave few one-room schoolhouses in use in Florence township. Although under denominational control the parochial school will automatically centralize that community. The parochial school will not be under township and county supervision, and yet its

course of study will conform to the standard, and it will report its status from time to time.

The line of demarcation between Stryker and West Unity comes nearer conflicting than in any other locality, and while eight wagons are in use in transporting children to and from the Stryker school, there are four wagons and one truck making two trips serving the West Unity village school district, and while Pioneer has been graduating pupils since 1875, and it now draws from Michigan as well as the surrounding country, it is just beginning centralization. Kunkle is spoken of as an excellent example of the success of centralization. While sentiment clings to the landmarks of the past, progress does not always stand aside for sentiment, and along with other sacred memories the one-room school of other years is being abandoned in the wake of progress. As a community



HIGH SCHOOL, PIONEER

center it served its day and generation most acceptably, but new ideas in education always have had to prove themselves before becoming fully established in any community.

There are now eight accredited high schools in Williams County, and the one at Alfordton gives two years in high school training. In the Williams County teaching force at the beginning of its second century in local history, there were thirty-nine high school teachers, and 153 elementary teachers, many non-resident teachers in high school while nearly all the elementary teachers live in Williams County. All high school superintendents are required to have college education, and most of them have life certificates. All teachers must have some college training, and must keep up professional standards. The day is past for the untrained teacher in Williams County as well as the rest of the world. There is one Smith-Hughes law teacher at Stryker, and there is equipment for

manual training and domestic science teaching installed in all modern school buildings. There is instruction in music (See Chapter on Music), agriculture, home economics and recently attention has been given to athletics, there being track meets and field days frequently. There are contests in oratory, and a healthy educational interest is apparent.

Prof. J. W. Wyandt who had been at the head of the Bryan public school system for many years has established an enviable reputation for himself as an educator. The splendid Bryan Auditorium provides an assembly room for the entire high school, and it is used for special instruction features—lectures, concerts, plays and is in every sense a community center, not only for Bryan but for all of Williams County. There are political, educational, agricultural and memorial meetings held there. The gymnasium in connection with it is an excellent feature, and it affords physical as well as mental training advantages. Mental efficiency depends upon bodily soundness, a sound body being the foundation for strong mentality. Sometimes people take medicine when they should take exercise, and the gymnasium offsets such conditions.

There are about 400 graduates from the eighth grade town and country in Williams County each year, and some who enter high school later enter colleges and universities. There are some who take military and naval training aside from those who pursue only classical studies. The winning oration in the Williams-Fulton County contest, A. D. 1920, begins: "We are proud of the wonderful accomplishments of America's great educational system in the past, but with all of this we believe that a greater work lies ahead for the young men and women of today than at any time since the perilous days of our nation's birth. The seven million persons in America who cannot read, write or speak English are a menace to America's future. Our schools teach naught but American doctrines, and the allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. * * * American education alone can prevent the formation of false conceptions of America. The school can mold the mind while it is yet plastic, but the adult alien demands a different treatment."

The first centralized school in Ohio was in Ashtabula County in 1892—just four hundred years after Columbus discovered America, and the end is not yet—the system finding favor in many localities. In 1914, when the new school code was enacted providing for superintendents of schools in the different counties some of them began centralization projects, and recent reports show that from fifteen counties in the beginning the plan is now in vogue in seventy Ohio counties, and that other states are rapidly adopting the method of bringing high school advantages within the reach of all. Credit for much of the progress in rural education in Ohio is given to Governor James Cox, who "was keenly conscious of the great importance of the movement to organize rural life, and he realized that a school system commensurate in efficiency with the importance of rural life and its industries, was necessary and fundamental to the progress of such a movement, and that the country boys and girls were not getting a square deal because the so-called system then in use was inadequate to their needs and interests, and failed to reveal to them the possibilities of rural life and rural activities," and he called the

legislature into extraordinary session to enact the new school code in Ohio. Since that time he has vigilantly guarded it against reactionary influences and measures.

In writing about centralization a leading educator says: "It has proved beyond the anticipation of its most ardent advocates its worth in meeting the rural school conditions. When fully and properly administered, it is a corrective agency for the readjustment of the affairs of rural life. Fortunate are the children whose heritage it is to have the opportunities made possible by its provisions, and only the coming years can reveal the full measure of its benefits." It is said the history of one family is practically the history of other families with the names changed to suit the requirements, and such is true of educational conditions in different communities. Who will gainsay the statement that an education increases one's opportunities for success, and paves the way for influence and usefulness in the community?

CHAPTER XXVII

THE NEWSPAPER IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

While there are no daily newspapers published in Williams County, the metropolitan newspapers have extensive circulation and the different communities are well served with weekly publications. Among the factors of civilization—the forces that make for righteousness, none is more potent than the American newspaper, and it is true that the press controls the destiny of the Republic—has made presidents, senators, representatives, judges—has inaugurated national policies, solved problems of finance and international law, and narrowed down to Williams County newspapers, there is reason for pride in some of them.

Miss Eva Marie Ramsey who is known in Williams County as a contributor to *The Bryan Democrat*, one time prepared a paper which she designated as the history of journalism in Williams County, and with some necessary changes bringing it up to A. D. 1920, this paper follows: There may be among our readers those who find the happenings of long ago more interesting than current events.

Be that as it may, the reading public is ever eager for information of a local nature. Hence this carefully prepared resume: Although Williams County was created by an act of the Legislature February 12, 1820, it was not until 1837 that an attempt at journalism was made: prior to this time no community had reached that state of progression when a newspaper was regarded as essential to the needs of its people, nor was the call for news sufficiently importunate as to appeal to the journalist of the time, alluring him to the venture. In 1837, however, when Williams County still embraced the major part of Defiance County, a paper of modest size, the first to make its appearance in Williams County, was issued in Defiance under the management of John B. Seemans.

This sheet was named *The Barometer*, and in politics it was neutral, although Mr. Seemans was a whig. Relying as it did mainly upon the patronage of Williams County, the existence of *The Barometer* was a brief one. The next venture was made in the spring of 1843, by a party of men, leading democratic politicians, among whom were United States Senator Benjamin Tappan of Steubenville; Col. S. Medary and Dr. William Trevitt of Columbus; James L. Faran of Cincinnati, Gen. James B. Steedman of Lucas County, and Horace E. Knapp, a young man of recognized journalistic ability, who at that time was at the head of *The Kalida* venture, and who afterwards became a citizen of our own town and a writer of histories.

As Bryan had but a small population and little business although the seat of justice, it did not figure in the discussion of an eligible location for the new press. So Defiance, being the business and political

center of Northwestern Ohio was decided upon, and the journal, *The Northwestern*, published by J. B. Steedman and Company, was established. Although S. T. Hosmer, a well-known and efficient printer was its supervisor, the publication died at the early age of one year. October 31, 1845, the memorable year in which Williams County was reduced from twenty to twelve townships, an effort was made by Thomas H. Blaker to publish a paper in Bryan. It was named as was its predecessor, *The Northwestern*. Its birth was also the birth of journalism in Bryan.

There is further information available. *The Northwestern* was issued from the same press used by John A. Bryan when publishing *The Western Hemisphere* in Columbus in 1835—the press, type and other fixtures being brought to Bryan from Columbus with a four-horse team, and seventeen days of hard driving being necessary in making the distance. With this first newspaper established within the present limits of Williams County, who is prepared to say whether the press, the pulpit or the public school exerts the greatest influence in the community?

An old account says: No community in these days can be said to have reached the progressive state until that infallible index to prosperous conditions, a newspaper, makes its appearance, pays periodical visits to an intelligent constituency. Seventy-five years ago journalists were not so plentiful that one could shake them from bushes, and the appetite for printed news was not sufficiently keen to cause any one to endure martyrdom in attempting to "fill a long felt want," by publishing a paper in Williams County. The second paper had been a failure at Defiance, and its owner, S. T. Hosmer, sold it in May, 1844, to S. A. Hall, who loaded his print shop into a canal boat and finally landed at Logansport, Indiana, where he published *The Logansport Pharos*, a paper still in existence there. Like the other two Williams County publications issued in Defiance, *The Northwestern* issued in Bryan, was short-lived although seemingly a healthy democrat.

In the period of the publication of *The Northwestern* another printing office was brought from Defiance to Bryan at the instance of W. A. Stevens, then county auditor and afterward a banker in Bryan. J. W. Wiley who had been interested in the publication of *The Defiance Democrat*, in 1846 became publisher of *The Williams County Democrat*. In the same year, however, and evidently reversing the saying that the pen is mightier than the sword, Mr. Wiley enlisted in the Mexican war, becoming First Lieutenant of the Company under command of Capt. Daniel Chase. So ended briefly the career of *The Williams County Democrat*.

About this time Mr. Blaker's office was sold at sheriff's sale to Giles H. Tomlinson who turned it over to Dr. Thomas Kent and E. H. Leland. They put A. J. Tressler in charge, and *The Northwestern* was revived and for several months it continued to exist. The office was then redeemed by Mr. Blaker, and in July, 1847, he began the publication of *The Democrat Standard* which was continued for a period of six months. In the meantime Mr. Tressler revived *The Northwestern*, but the opposition proved too much for the youthful *Standard* which publication was suspended. In March, 1848, Mr. Tressler

sold his office to William A. Hunter, a man of experience in journalism, who came to Bryan from either Ashland or Carroll County.

The condition of the purchase was that the material for the publication of *The Democrat Standard* should be removed from the county; and this being done, Mr. Hunter began to publish *The Equal Rights*, the first issue, June, 1848, containing the proceedings of the democratic convention at which General Cass received the nomination for president. This man Hunter not only could edit a paper, but on occasion could officiate in a ministerial way as he did, January 26, 1849, at the hanging of Tyler. He read the fifth chapter of Acts, sang the hymn, "Show pity, Lord, oh Lord forgive," and offered the prayer and there were many who witnessed the ceremony, the enclosure erected by the sheriff having been torn away by the citizens who wished to see the criminal swing into eternity.

After the conflict over the county seat occurred between West Unity and Bryan, Mr. Hunter removed to West Unity, and in March, 1849, he resumed the publication of *The Equal Rights*, a Free-soil Democratic organ, which he continued until May, 1851, when he took for a partner T. S. C. Morrison who afterwards represented Williams County in the State Legislature. He was considered a brilliant writer, and his departure from this life which occurred at Napoleon early in his career was widely deplored. Previous to the removal of Mr. Hunter to West Unity, the newspaper business in Bryan underwent some changes. In November, 1848, Dr. John Paul, clerk of courts and R. H. Gibson, county treasurer, purchased and brought to Bryan a printing outfit, and they began putting in circulation a sheet called *The Spirit of the Age*. Charles Case, who afterward became a member of Congress from Indiana, was the editor.

Mr. Hunter, wisely concluding that one newspaper was sufficient for a village the size of Bryan, abandoned the publication of *Equal Rights*, giving full sway to *The Spirit of the Age*, the demise of which was announced after lingering a few months. The *Family Visitor* next made its appearance in Bryan, published by one John G. Kissell. This paper was non-political, and contained mainly miscellaneous reading; but after a few months it, too, passed out of existence, leaving Mr. Hunter again in full possession of the field of journalism in Williams County. The *Equal Rights* for some time continued to flourish as the representative journal of the county, although it was of but five-column folio size with fifteen ems width columns. This paper was issued from a second floor room of the foundry building in West Unity, and it was chiefly devoted to editorial comment, general information and advertisements.

News of a local nature, as a woman visited a neighbor, had not yet attained its present popularity. The following rather amusing advertisement appeared in the issue of July 31, 1850: "American oil discovered 185 feet below the surface of the earth in Kentucky. This astonishing medicine of nature is a safe and efficacious remedy both for external and internal diseases, if taken in moderate doses by persons in ill-health." In 1852, Mr. Hunter renamed his paper, calling it *The Williams County*

Democrat. About this time the slavery question was causing political parties to make new alliances, and whether from purely honest conviction or for some other reason, Mr. Hunter on August 10, 1853, sent forth from his office *The Republican Standard*, a sheet heartily supporting the movement that was on foot to organize the Republican party, at that time an unknown factor in the political world.

This first organ of the Republican party in the county was printed on Liberty street in a building between North and Jackson streets in West Unity. In 1854, T. D. Montgomery of Hillsdale, Michigan, purchased the plant of Mr. Hunter and transferring it to Montpelier, launched *The Star of the West*, a neutral paper containing news of local interest. At the end of two months David Stauffer and Aaron Crissey became owners of *The Star of the West*, which continued to twinkle for a period of six months when the material was sold to Frank Rosenberg who removed it to Fulton County. Two earlier newspaper ventures had been made in Montpelier. *The Eagle*, the first newspaper experiment in that town was published in the interests of Spiritualism, but it expired after a few issues; and Judge Joshua Dobbs' Democratic sheet in 1852, whose manager and printer was Van Buren Shouf, a figure well known later in the newspaper business in Williams County.

In January, 1855, Judge Dobbs and Capt. D. M. McKinley, established a democratic paper in Bryan called *The Fountain City News*. In a few months they sold it to John Shouf and Carl C. Allman, Mr. Allman becoming its editor. Under this new management, *The Fountain City News* continued almost two years. In the meantime Mr. Hunter had moved to Bryan, and again he established *The Republican Standard*, but after a year or two he sold it to George L. Starr and Alvan Spencer, who in turn sold it in December, 1857, to I. R. Sherwood. After selling *The Standard*, this irrepressible journalist, Hunter, boldly launched *The Political Abolitionist*, the life of which was one short, strenuous year. This man's experience on *Hangman's Day* in 1849, seemed to give him courage for anything.

Not yet weary in well-doing, Hunter soon followed with another publication, *The Business Bulletin*, which proved to be his last venture in journalism in Williams County. After a few issues of *The Bulletin* Mr. Hunter retired from the field, and devoted himself to the law profession in Bryan. Mr. Sherwood, in establishing his paper, named it *The Williams County Gazette*, but it was a very modest sized sheet compared with *The Bryan Press*, which, by the way, is its lineal descendant. The issue of March 31, 1859, contained the salutatory of Judson Palmiter who came from Ligonier, Indiana, to edit and manage *The Gazette*, Mr. Sherwood retaining an interest in the property. The office was in the Gibson block on the southwest corner of the square in Bryan, where now is located the Ditto Building, occupied by the Price photograph gallery. On September 7th, the block was destroyed by fire, and the *Gazette* office with all its paraphernalia was lost. A meeting was at once called by the late Hon. Schuyler E. Blakeslee to consider the matter of purchasing a new press for Bryan.

As a result of this meeting, Mr. Palmiter formed a partnership with one Mr. Rumsill and they continued The Gazette. After one month, however, the firm dissolved partnership, Mr. Sherwood again taking possession and himself conducting the publication of a newspaper he called The Williams County Leader, a continuation of The Gazette. He continued its publication until 1861, when he was the first to enroll his name on the list of volunteers from Bryan when the call for troops came from President Lincoln. On January 31, 1862, The Union Press was launched by S. L. Hunter, a son of the intrepid veteran editor William A. Hunter, herein already referred to as the irrepressible journalist of Williams County. He had simply broken out again in a fresh place, and this well conducted newspaper continued for six months when William M. Starr who had in the meantime come into possession of The Williams County Leader, purchased The Union Press, and consolidated the two sheets under the name of The Press and Leader.

For a year The Press and Leader was continued when the publication assumed its former name, The Union Press. For two years it existed thus when a half interest in it was purchased by Thomas Starr, this partnership continuing for two years, when in June, 1867, it again changed hands, Gen. Isaac R. Sherwood repurchasing the business and taking editorial command of it. He had returned from the Civil war with a brilliant record as a soldier, having been brevetted Brigadier-General for his gallantry throughout his military career; and thus covered with honors and full of enthusiasm—they say pep these days—he stepped from the battlefield into the field of journalism again. However, in 1868, General Sherwood received the nomination for Secretary of State on the republican ticket, and he resigned the editorial management to Robert N. Traver, continuing only as publisher of the paper.

In August, 1869, The Union Press was sold to Gen. P. C. Hayes, and the issue of October 28th announced its name as The Bryan Press which cognomen has remained with it through storm and sunshine for more than half a century. In July, 1874, D. B. Ainger purchased The Bryan Press of General Hayes, and for three years he directed the paper. Mr. Ainger then disposed of it to Charles A. Bowersox, A. W. Killits and Simon Gillis. While Mr. Killits was not active in its publication, Mr. Bowersox assumed the editorial management and Mr. Gillis was the business manager. This partnership arrangement continued one year when in November, 1878, the paper was issued under the firm name of Gillis & Ogle; in about two years, however, Mr. Gillis became sole owner of the organ of the Republican party, and for more than five years he continued its able editor and publisher.

In June, 1889, The Bryan Press passed into the hands of James H. Letcher and C. S. Roe. On March 1, 1896, Mr. Letcher withdrew from the firm leaving Mr. Roe alone as proprietor and publisher of The Bryan Press, the present organization being C. S. Roe & Son, J. M. Roe sharing with his father the responsibility and pleasure connected with newspaper publication in Bryan. The paper has a widely extended and merited circulation under their efficient management. On October 28, 1869, the

name was given this paper that has since designated it, The Bryan Press.

As nearly as can be ascertained a Democratic organ in Williams County was a minus quantity for several years, unless a paper published at one time by George W. Roof concerning which all efforts to discover the particulars have proved futile flaunted the colors of Democracy for a brief period in the interim between 1856 and 1863, the time of the Civil war in history. On April 30, 1853, Robert N. Patterson began his career as editor and publisher of The Bryan Democrat, and he continued this relation until September, 1900, when he sold out to R. L. Starr, who after a few months doubtless became fully satisfied with the life of a journalist, feeling that he would draw less criticism and public notice to himself by attending strictly to matters which belong to the legal profession, and he modestly transferred his obligations to The Democrat Publishing Company.

In March, 1905, The Democrat Publishing Company was able to secure the service of William Behne of Defiance, who is the present editor and manager, and who since assuming full control has brought the publication up to the standard of a first-class newspaper; and one, moreover, the popularity of which with the reading public is steadily increasing, it having attained to the enviable position of a semi-weekly. To illustrate its hold upon the people, a Bryan woman admitted that she could not wash her supper dishes until she had seen The Paper—meaning The Bryan Democrat. Her attitude toward it is parallel to the story of the woman who in the reconstruction days following the Civil war when everybody was converting everything into money the Williams County resident so well understand since the end of the World war, had left the family Bible in a stack of newspapers she sold to a junk man.

Now the junker who had bargained with the woman had some vestige of a conscience, and when she had pocketed the coin of the realm he had given her for the collection of newspapers and had returned to the house, he called to her, explaining that he had found the Bible in the package of newspapers purchased from her. He stood willing to return it to her, thinking it an oversight that she had disposed of it. No doubt this man's mother had been a Christian woman, and he had not forgotten her training, as she reared her children in the faith, and his respect for the simple faith of his mother actuated him in the matter. When the woman again responded to his call and heard the explanation, she said they had The Cincinnati Enquirer and she would not need the Bible, the secular press meaning more to her than sacred history. Thus The Bryan Democrat fills a place in the life of at least one Bryan woman. When she reads this mention in The Centennial History of Williams County she will remember about it.

In all the years of its existence—April 30, 1863, to the present, The Bryan Democrat has missed only three weeks' publication—one in its first year for repairs on the building, one in 1865 for the removal of the office and one in 1871 for the holidays; but for these exceptions The Bryan Democrat has appeared regularly for fifty-seven years and usually on time, and never has there been issued a half sheet in order for it to

make its regular appearance. From its small beginning, occupying but one room it has continued to expand with its surroundings, the town and the county—until it may be said it has become one of the largest and best equipped printing establishments in this part of Ohio, and since Miss Ramsey has been connected with *The Bryan Democrat* in a reportorial way, she naturally grows enthusiastic in writing about it. Her notes have been closely followed in this entire chapter.

Miss Ramsey says further: "We must now travel backward over thirty years of time, and endeavor to bring forward other efforts in Williams County journalism, both successful and unsuccessful; in May, 1876, Von Shouf and Sardis Williams launched *The Fountain City Argus*, a staunch democratic journal which floated tranquilly for one year when the partnership was dissolved, Shouf assuming full control. About two months later the sheet appeared under the firm name Shouf and Plummer. For a little more than two years the firm remained thus when in August, 1879, Shouf was again left alone and he continued the management until October, when *The Argus* ceased publication and was known no more forever." It is well authenticated that Judge M. R. Willett was the "force behind the throne," although his name was suppressed and *The Argus*, although brief its existence, lived sufficiently long to attain to a wide journalistic prominence as a partisan democrat.

We will mention in passing that Williams of the firm of Shouf and Williams went from Bryan to Edgerton, where he remained a short time editing a paper there. He died in 1887, at Elkhart, Indiana, while yet a young man. Shouf left Bryan and went to Chicago, where he was engaged in the printing business until 1889, when he suffered a stroke of paralysis which affected his mind, and having been a soldier in the Civil war he was taken into the Government hospital in Washington, D. C., in order that he might receive proper medical attention. There was no hope for him and he was placed in the State hospital at Toledo.

On April 22, 1880, *The Vidette*, an organ of the greenback party was started in Bryan by J. W. Northup and J. R. Douglas. From its inception *The Vidette* was unpopular, and the reticence maintained by the other two papers served only to militate the more against it. After a struggle of two years *The Vidette* was transferred to Columbus. October, 1886, marks the date of the first issue of *The Maumee Valley Prohibitionist*, published in Bryan by W. J. Sherwood, son of I. H. Sherwood of *The Wauseon Republican*, and nephew of Gen. Isaac R. Sherwood. This little paper in the interest of temperance reform was a neatly printed and commendable sheet, but in June, 1889, its publication ceased in Bryan to be resumed in Toledo.

Following up the publications that have appeared at various times in Bryan, we find that in April, 1900, was issued Number 1, Volume I, of the *Parochialblatt*, by Rev. F. Henkelmann and printed in German. It was published every quarter in the interest of the German Lutheran Church, and its circulation was among members of the denomination all over the country. On March 2, 1906, *The Ariel* made its advent into the realm of Bryan newspapers. This periodical appeared every Friday, edited by Rev. G. R. Longbrake, and it contained items of interest rela-

tive to the Universalist Church, local news and advertisements. A pretty good showing for the newspaper business in Bryan, is it not?

We shall now turn our attention to the records of the business elsewhere. In 1878, The Unity Eagle was set flying in West Unity. It was published by the Grieser brothers, J. W. Grieser, the editor, continued to "push the quill" (eagle, not goose) for a period of ten years, when he sold the business to E. T. Runnion, who conducted it for a couple of years. In 1890, Olin Kenyon purchased The Unity Eagle and he named it The West Unity Reporter. He edited and published it with marked ability and success, finally selling it to the Warrens, who own it today. The father, who assumed the management, died and the business stands: Warren & Warren, Miss Cecile Warren being the editor and business manager, while her brother, Ray J. Warren, holds an interest in the property. It is the one Williams County newspaper published by a woman.

On the last Saturday in June, 1879, the first number of The Border Alliance was issued in Pioneer. It was published by the Alliance Printing Company. C. J. DeWitt was the editor. In one month the paper was enlarged and its name was changed to The Pioneer Alliance. Two years later the name was changed again and it was called The Alliance. In politics the paper was republican, and its growth was almost phenomenal. Its circulation extended into Michigan and Indiana. In 1882, another change seemed necessary and on July 8, a sheet six-column-quarto in size appeared under the suggestive title: Tri-State Alliance. Mr. DeWitt, its editor, was also a Baptist minister, and he continued its publication until 1901, when he left Pioneer. Before going to Mobile, Alabama, Mr. DeWitt sold the Tri-State Alliance to William Yates, who had worked with him on the paper.

For two years Mr. Yates continued to convey the news of that section of the country to its residents through the medium of The Tri-State Alliance, which he later sold to E. G. Kannaur, who subsequently transferred it to his brother, Ora Kannaur, who in turn sold the business to Crommer & Thompson. This firm dissolved partnership in 1907, leaving as proprietor Miles E. Crommer, and wishing him "miles" of success, Miss Ramsey had not carried her investigation further. The Tri-State Alliance had encountered a few minor hindrances to a tranquil navigation, which did not prove detrimental to it. When the present writer called at the newspaper office in Pioneer one June day, 1920, there was no one present to give out later information about it.

In 1880, for a period of several months a sheet called The Christian Messenger was issued at Pioneer by Rev. J. L. Rushbridge, a Methodist minister, who by this means attempted reform along lines involving questions of intemperance and politics. About 1896 A. H. English came from Hillsdale, Michigan, bringing with him his printing establishment and resuming at Pioneer the publication of The Telephone News. This was in truth an opposition sheet, but Mr. English remained at Pioneer talking through his Telephone only about two years, when he returned to Michigan. Along in the 70's there appeared occasionally at Pioneer a small sheet called The Brush Creek Herald, gotten out by

those who while their neighbors slept were busy preparing the latest bit of gossip or perpetrating some joke upon an unsuspecting enemy. This unique sheet, be it understood, was produced by means of pen and ink, and it might be seen next morning by the passerby tacked up in some conspicuous place in the village.

At a time when the publication of a newspaper was not warranted by the support of business men, F. M. Ford and J. R. Smalley foresaw the advantages that the coming of the Wabash Railroad would afford the town of Montpelier and they began the publication there of a paper styled significantly *The Montpelier Enterprise*. It was established September 18, 1880, with Mr. Ford as editor and Mr. Smalley as publisher. After two years Mr. Smalley severed his connection, leaving Mr. Ford to conduct the paper alone, which he continued to do until November, 1884, when he sold it to George Strayer. Until that time *The Enterprise* had retained an independent position politically, but under the generalship of Mr. Strayer it became a strong advocate of the republican party.

In June, 1885, Mr. Ford again entered the realm of journalism, giving to the citizens of Williams County a paper entitled *The People's Advocate*, which he continued to edit until January, 1887, when he sold it to W. Otis Willet who immediately changed the name to *The Montpelier Democrat*. In August a half interest in the paper was purchased by William O. Shinn, who took charge of the editorial management until January, 1889, when *The Democrat* and *The Enterprise* were merged, Ford and Willet becoming the owners and proprietors. The paper retained the name *The Montpelier Enterprise*, and it became independent again. In 1903 Mr. Willet retired, leaving Mr. Ford in charge of the business, which he conducted with credit to himself, and in 1906, the publication was changed to Ford & Sons. The death of Mr. Ford changed the situation, and Montpelier people now read *The Leader*, with O. W. Carolus as editor and publisher.

When Mr. Smalley retired from the firm of Ford and Smalley of Montpelier in 1882, he went to Edgerton, where in November he established *The Observer*. The venture proved quite successful, but after a few years he sold the paper to Anson J. Schaeffer. *The Observer*, however, was not the first news sheet to make its appearance in Edgerton. In 1870 Albert B. Knight edited a paper there. It was called *The Star*, and was printed at Waterloo, Indiana. Whether it was Edgerton Star, Star of the West, Eastern Star, Star of Bethlehem or simply *The Star*, we were unable to learn, but since it was born of the (K)night, it was a distinctively marvelous Star that twinkled with rare brilliancy, a luminary worthy of mention in the galaxy of the world's Stars. Prior to his newspaper, A. B. Knight was a soldier in the Civil war, enlisting in the Eleventh Indiana Regiment—the Zouaves—commanded by Gen. Lew Wallace, since famous as the author of "*Ben Hur*" and other books.

Henry A. Granburg, J. Rush Fusselman and George Halwig became associated as business partners and started the *Edgerton Weekly*. This tri-man partnership endured for a year, Granburg retaining the business and conducting the paper himself at the end of the year. In 1877 he disposed of it to Sardis Williams, who changed the name of the paper to *The Edgerton Herald*. In a year he sold it back to Granburg, who four

years later suspended its publication. In November, that year, Mr. Smalley arrived and began publishing *The Observer*. When Anson Schaeffer purchased the paper he named it *Edgerton Earth*. It passed from Schaeffer's hands to C. W. Krathwhol and subsequently to Charles Austin. After the death of Mr. Austin the publication was continued by his wife until October 1, 1898, when she sold it to Charles W. Miller, whose efforts were crowned with success. In 1887 George Strayer again embarked in the journalistic sea with David Stauffer as a partner, and together they founded *The Montpelier Leader*, already mentioned as published now by O. W. Carolus. When the town of Ashley, Indiana, was a railroad center Mr. Strayer engaged in the printing business there.

In 1889 Thomas Donnelly came to Montpelier from California and resumed the publication of *The Leader*, which was a strong advocate of the republican party, but for several years its career was a checkered one. It passed from Donnelly to John T. Hutchinson and his partner and from them to W. H. Shinn and W. A. Croft, then back again to Donnelly with C. E. Thomas as partner. The next firm was Wetzel and Reno, which was subsequently changed to W. W. Reno and George B. Lindersmith. Reno left Montpelier and he later joined the U. S. Army as surgeon, going to China, and during the Boxer uprising he was there. Later he was in Manila and attained to prominence there. In 1899, after vacillating for ten years, *The Leader* became the property of Clyde E. Thomas. It has had a stormy voyage from the number of changes in its ownership, and still fills the need in Montpelier. In 1889 the *Montpelier Republican* was launched upon the tide of journalism that was then ebbing and flowing in Williams County. Its editor was C. E. F. Miller, whose brief experiment ended in the suspension of his publication.

The newspaper business in Stryker is not unlike that in other Williams County towns in its fluctuating changes. While *The Advance* has frequently changed ownership it has always retained its name. It was established in 1883 by C. J. DeWitt, publisher at the time of *The Tri-State Alliance* at Pioneer. Daniel Smoot was in active charge of the paper for Mr. DeWitt. History does not reveal the relation of Daniel Smoot to Senator Reed Smoot of Utah. Joseph Harris succeeded DeWitt as owner of *The Advance*, but after conducting the paper a few years he sold it to Wesley Kitsmiller & Sons, who continued to acquaint the people of Stryker and vicinity with the local happenings for several years, selling out finally to R. L. Starr. Mr. Starr secured for manager the well-known press representative, E. L. Knight, who remained until the paper was sold to E. E. Firestone from Michigan. The death of his wife caused Mr. Firestone to leave Stryker, and in 1899, the business was sold to G. B. Spaulding, who has made a success of the publishing business there. In 1871, there was a diminutive sheet published in Stryker from a small hand press, Fred Mignery being at once editor, publisher and printer. He later worked on *The Bryan Democrat*, and went from Bryan to New York.

In 1881 Edon's first newspaper was established by C. J. DeWitt of Pioneer, who was inclined to such ventures. It was called *The Edon Advertiser* and it was managed for a time by Percy DeWitt, son of the

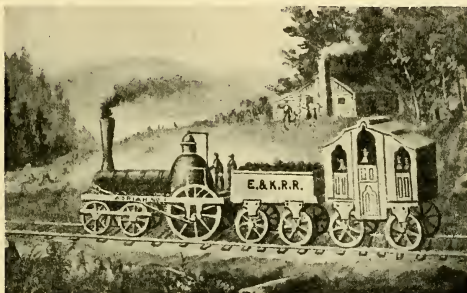
publisher. At different times Justin Abbott and Daniel Smoot were in charge of the paper. Until 1892, this biblically named village was again without a newspaper, when there came to Edon a man by the name of John Davis from Coldwater, Mercer County, Ohio, who put *The Week's News* afloat in that community. After two years the management changed to Brown and Bloom, who sold out inside of a year to George Weeks, who changed the name of the paper to *The Edon Independent*. He continued the business until 1900, when he sold to Rev. J. F. Cass, who three years later disposed of it to Arthur S. Powers. In the summer of 1906 he suspended its publication, going away for a few months. When he returned he resumed the business, changing the name of the paper to *The Edon Commercial*. It was later owned for a year by B. H. Heaton, when T. C. Boyd acquired the property in 1910, and he says the time is past when a year's subscription to the paper secures a cord of wood for the printer.

While the town of Alvordton was founded in 1881, by H. D. Alvord, it was thirteen years before there was a newspaper in the town. In 1894 a paper called the *Alvordton News* was started there by Brown and Bloom, elsewhere mentioned as publishers. In about one year C. J. DeWitt of Pioneer purchased the business, changing the name of the paper to *The Alvordton Progress*. Both *The News* and *The Progress* were devoted to the interests of the town and surrounding country. DeWitt soon sold the paper to Sheldon and in turn Sheldon sold it to Rev. J. F. Cass, who was editor and publisher of the last newspaper in Alvordton. In 1901 he went to Edon, later to Butler, Indiana, and finally he connected himself with *The Menace*. N-E-W-S: North, east, west, south—all want the *News* and wonder what became of yesterday's paper before they had finished reading it.

CHAPTER XXVIII

TRANSPORTATION, COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURING IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

The annals of Williams County deal at length with the long, wearisome journeys of the pioneers to distant trading points. Sometimes they must have supplies other than what they could secure with their trusty rifles in the forest that infested Williams County. It is still handed down by



AN OLD-TIME RAILROAD TRAIN

word-of-mouth in the community that the ancestry would be four days going to and returning from Defiance, to points in Michigan or Indiana. and it was a longer journey to Maumee or Toledo. It is a well-known fact that until the coming of the railroads there was not a very dense population in Williams County.

The Ohio Gazeteer, published in 1837, says: "The Wabash and Erie Canal will pass through the southeast part of the county and will be accessible from all parts of it." The foregoing was written before the vivisection had been practiced upon the map of Williams County. There were then no railroads in prospect, and this canal would put the county in front rank, greatly enhancing its business opportunities. The communication reads: "We know of no better wild land to be had in any country." But that effusion is offset by another in the 1920 Zeta-Cordia issued in Bryan, which reads: "While traveling on the earth is becoming more

difficult and uncertain, voyaging by air is gaining confidence and reaching a height of luxury estimated only by its elevation." And with high school students writing familiarly about the air service, it will be the duty of the historian to trace the progress from the canal-boat to the aeroplane. The trackless air is a different proposition from the canal, now eliminated from Williams County history by the shifting of the boundaries of the county.

Because of the excessive cost of moving freight, talk of the improvement of the natural waterways through the system of the Great Lakes has been revived, and it is of interest to know that there is a clause in the famous Ordinance of 1787, under which provision Ohio was admitted as a state, relative to it. Article III reads: "The navigable waters leading into the Mississippi and St. Lawrence, and the carrying places between the same shall be common highways and forever free, as well to the inhabitants of the said Northwest Territory as to the cities of the United States, and those of any other states that may be admitted into the confederacy, and without any tax, impost or duty," and it has local application still since the water of the St. Joseph is included among the rivers leading to the St. Lawrence, making of it a "common highway," and under the restrictions imposed even mill dams may be excluded as interfering with the free navigation of flat boats, pirogues, etc. The story has already been detailed of how logs were sent down the St. Joseph to Fort Wayne, but the settlers did not object to the mill dams, since the mills conferred upon them greater blessings than came from the sale of peltries floated down the stream. With the mills in the community it was no longer necessary for them to float their surplus down the river to Fort Wayne.

Many years ago Macauley, who is the world's most renowned historian, said: "The chief cause which made the infusion of the different elements of society so imperfect, was the extreme difficulty which our ancestry found in passing from place to place. Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for civilization," and it is well understood that distance is now practically annihilated from the face of the earth. While the railroad and the locomotive were strong factors in the nineteenth century development, the twentieth century has witnessed only the beginning of the development of electricity. It was discovered by Benjamin Franklin while flying a kite, and every day new uses are being made of it. Through daylight saving and the use of eastern time, people now arrive at Williams County stations along the Toledo and Indiana Electric Railway at any given time, and others leave one hour earlier by the same car—quite a juggling with printed schedules, but people are now used to it. A car comes in at 8:40, and Bryan people leave town at 7:40 on it.

The use of steam was first applied in 1680 by Isaac Newton, and steam and electricity are two of the most valuable agencies utilized in civilization today. There are men and women still living who remember the first use of steam or electricity in Williams County.

The first iron highway planned for Williams County was the dream of Ebenezer Lane, but dreams are not always realized and he was

doomed to disappointment. It was to be called the Junction road, and abutments were constructed for the bridge across the Maumee, this road to pass through Williams County and open up the western country. This agitation began as early as 1846, the road to lead from Cleveland or Norwalk, crossing the Maumee below the rapids and make its way toward Chicago.

In order to facilitate operations, the corporation organized to promote the road solicited subscribers west from Maumee, and Williams County was asked to donate \$100,000 to the enterprise, and an election was announced for May 5, 1852, to vote the appropriation. (Another account gives March 15th, as the date of the election.) It seems that on this date the county commissioners voted or ordered: "That public notice be given the qualified electors of Williams County to meet at their several place of holding elections on Monday, the fifth day of April next,



LEAVING BRYAN BY INTERURBAN CAR

between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M., and 4 o'clock P. M., of said day and then and there cast their ballots for subscription or against subscription of \$100,000 stock for the location and completion of the Junction railroad in said county, conditioned that said road shall pass from Maumee City westward through said County of Williams to the Indiana state line within two years from this date, and touching the following points, to wit: West Unity, Montpelier, LaFayette (Pulaski), Bryan, Williams Center in said county, and there shall be a junction of its branches at one of the above named towns in said County of Williams, and that said \$100,000 be equally distributed on the several branches of said railroad in Williams County." And thus with no favoritism shown at all operations were to begin on a mammoth scale—and to think it was all thwarted by others.

However, the question was put to vote, and the Williams County commissioners subscribed the necessary stock, payable April 1, 1867, giving

themselves fifteen years in which to raise the money. They were not rushing into financial obligations. Another movement was destined to defeat the project, even if there had been any prospect of its realization. The Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana Railroad Company, realizing how it would affect their enterprise if the Junction proposition succeeded, immediately planned an air line from Toledo to connect with their main line at Elkhart. When this appropriation was voted in 1852 in Williams County, they appeared without advance notice with a corps of engineers and surveyed the route, asking no aid or stock subscriptions. The company asked only the right of way and the donation of sufficient ground for passenger and freight stations and depots, and it was a solar-plexus blow to the other railway prospects.

It was the work of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, now known as the New York Central Railway Company, and February 18, 1853, J. H. Sargent, acting chief engineer and superintendent of the proposed air line called upon Hon. Edward Foster, placing money in his hands and requesting him to proceed without delay receiving donations of land or where necessary, purchasing the right of way through Williams County. Mr. Foster met with delays and embarrassments because there was so much land owned by non-residents. It was not always possible to get into communication with them. Some of the resident owners were indifferent, but William Trevitt and A. P. Edgerton, who were extensive land owners, donated the right of way and gave sixteen acres in Bryan for passenger station and warehouse purposes. The network of tracks in that vicinity today would seem like all of it is used by the company. There are always some men with sufficient vision to do the right thing for a community.

It is a matter of record that as early as 1853, Letcher & Blinn of Stryker took a contract for grading the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, and this was the forerunner of transportation by rail and an opportunity to market the agricultural and manufactured products of Williams County today. While the pioneer road-builders encountered difficulties in securing solid bottom, on March 5, 1855, Mr. Foster closed his preliminary work as advance agent in Williams County, and on October 25th he received final payment for his services. Mr. Foster had been as the voice of one crying in the wilderness about making the paths straight for the future prosperity—the forerunner of commerce and manufacturing in Williams County.

The Fountain City News published in Bryan Friday, May 18, 1855, in an article reproduced from The Toledo Blade, says: "This place (Bryan) is growing very rapidly since the Air Line Railroad is completed from Toledo. Some thirty new buildings have been completed within three weeks. One building for the road has been laid up (logs) and a large wood-house and water station (they burn coal today) are to be erected in about three weeks. A large and commodious eating house is to be built the coming season (all this prosperity in Bryan because of the Air Line railway through Williams County), and the timber is cut and framed at Stryker, seven miles east of this place. Mr. Curtis tells us the road will probably be completed to Edgerton, fifteen miles further

west, by fall. The passenger business on this road has become respectable and another car will be added on the train in the fall. The company has bored for water for two weeks and struck a vein on Tuesday. They expect to be able to raise the water into the reservoir without any other artificial means than a pipe to lead it.

"This is a most singular place and water can be found almost anywhere by boring down thirty, fifty or eighty feet, and a stream is forced up in some places fifteen or twenty feet high, and still Bryan is 108 feet higher than Toledo—a singular phenomenon, and who can account for it? The Bryanites are proud of their connection with Toledo." All this matter appearing in print many years before the 1920 crime wave swept Toledo. There are those in Bryan today who say the "Golden Rule" Jones' administration was an injury to the morale of Toledo, and the recent criminal outlook there is an outgrowth of leniency years ago. Father Alfred Metzger of St. Patrick's Catholic Church in Bryan relates that a few Catholic families came to town with the Air Line road, and since 1857 a parish has been maintained in the community. Just as civilization follows the flag, it is everywhere true that the Catholic Church follows railroad construction.

FREE RIDE TO TOLEDO

Mrs. Susan Walt of Bryan, who has passed her ninety-sixth milestone on life's journey, remembers as if it were yesterday when she had a free ride to Toledo on the Lake Shore line when it was completed, and that she had dinner that day in the Island House. The beefsteak was rare and she would rather have cooked it herself. Bryan streets were full of stumps at the time, and there was a thick forest between the Walt home at the corner of Mulberry and Cherry streets and the Lake Shore, now the New York Central, station. Mrs. Walt has witnessed most of the things that have come to Williams County through the onward march of civilization.

THE FIRST CONDUCTOR ON THE LAKE SHORE

When passenger service was fully established in 1856, David Moore was the conductor on the Lake Shore. A Mr. Johnson was the first local railroad agent serving only a short time, when David Billings assumed the responsibilities at Bryan. The first printed timetable and through-train schedule went into effect June 8, 1857, at 5 o'clock in the morning. Trains stopped at the following stations: Toledo, Springfield, Centerville, Delta, Wauseon, Archbold, Stryker, Bryan, Edgerton, Butler, Waterloo, Corunna, Kendalville, Rome, Wawaka, Ligonier, Millersburg, Goshen and Elkhart. There is a stretch of road from Toledo to Kendalville, Indiana, without turn or curve—hence the suggestive name of Air Line of early history. There is no better roadbed in the United States than crosses Williams County today, and some of the fastest trains in the world fly over it. Trains used to leave Toledo at 9 o'clock in the morning and reach Elkhart at a little after 7 o'clock in the evening. A run

of 132 miles then required ten hours, while there is now a twenty-hour service between New York City and Chicago.

When there were only two trains between Toledo and Elkhart, they always passed at Edgerton. The locomotive, tender, one passenger and one freight car made up the train; but try counting some of the trans-continental passenger-train cars as they fly through Williams County today. The number of cars in the long freight trains is some index of the service. There was not much rolling stock on the Air Line in 1857, as compared with the New York Central today. While there are shipping advantages direct to Chicago, Williams County shipping is altogether in the other direction, and only empty freight cars are seen going west through Bryan. The livestock pens along the railroad tracks indicate the volume of the local shipping industry, and in the chapter on co-operative shipping facilities, there is indication that an immense volume of business is transacted in Williams County. While it is in one corner of the state, it is in the center of the commercial world.

THE CINCINNATI NORTHERN THROUGH WILLIAMS COUNTY

When the Cincinnati Northern Railroad was built through Williams County it was called the Cincinnati, Jackson and Mackinaw line and while it already had excellent east and west shipping advantages, this road opened up a future for Bryan. Williams County citizens who subscribed to the amount of \$5 or more toward the road were given a free ride to some point along it, and since \$52,000 was donated by the community—Bryan and the surrounding country—there were a good many rides given to citizen stockholders. Some had given \$1,000, while \$500 and lesser amounts made up the whole contribution. From its first train there has been an increasing business, the line connecting Bryan by intersection with all trunk lines east and west, giving transcontinental service to Williams County unsurpassed in the United States.

Then men of vision who were strong factors in locating the Cincinnati Northern are: C. A. Bowersox, O. C. Ashton, D. A. Garver, M. V. Garver and E. T. Binns. They financed the proposition by raising the subscription, and giving heavily toward it themselves. They had right of way difficulties between Ney in Defiance and Pulaski in Williams counties, and the two Garvers and Binns, who performed the missionary service, practically bought and paid for the right of way between those two points. The farmers who opposed it now recognize the benefits from it, and in relating his experiences Mr. Binns said \$5,000 would not tempt him to go through with it again.

THE WABASH AT MONTPELIER

With the four branches of the Wabash connecting Montpelier with Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit and Toledo there is an immense volume of traffic centering there. Its shipping facilities have placed Montpelier on the map of the commercial world, and because of them it is a center of manufacturing industries. When the Canada Southern Railroad was in

prospect, Montpelier experienced its first boom, although the project failed, but when the Detroit and Butler branch of the Wabash was built in the 80's its growth was most satisfactory. When the Montpelier and Chicago, and the Montpelier and Toledo branches were completed it was a prosperous community center. However, Montpelier had its greatest influx of people when the railroad shops of the Wabash were removed in 1908 from Ashley, Indiana. Today the shipping facilities from Ohio's northwesternmost county are unlimited, the four lines out of Montpelier and the two lines through Bryan accommodating all the towns in Williams County. The Wabash was extended in 1901, from Montpelier to Toledo, and since 1903 Pioneer has been connected with Toledo by the Toledo and Western electric line, and since 1905 Bryan has been connected with Toledo by the Toledo and Indiana electric line giving hourly service, and all the town have frequent trains on the steam lines throughout the county. Why live in other places when there is such excellent train service in Williams County?

SOME SNAPSHOT OBSERVATIONS

It is said that all commodities go up in price because of strikes on the railroads, and they remain up because of profiteers. While there are no "jerk water" lines in Williams County, the story is told of the accommodation train that started and stopped, and thus a belated passenger caught the train. When he asked the conductor if the train had stopped to get a fresh start, the conductor replied: "No, only a fresh passenger." While Northwest Township is unpenetrated by rail today, it is not without its memories of the St. Joseph Valley Railroad of other days. While the iron horse does not cross Northwest and Bridgewater, Columbia once bid fair to be in connection with the outside world by railway trains. Bucklen's Arnica Salve has its place in the history of Williams County, since the man who manufactured it spent his surplus earnings in constructing a railroad that was later sold for junk, and there is now little trace of it in Northwest and Bridgewater. When the railroad promotor would sell enough salve he would build more track, but his dreams were never realized in Williams County.

SOME COUNTER INFLUENCES IN TRANSPORTATION

While "safety first" is a transportation by-word all over the United States of America, and the railroads have opened up the markets of the world to Williams County, the agriculture and livestock industries advancing with the increased marketing opportunities, and manufacturing following in the wake of transportation, it has not always been smooth sailing with the promotors. There has been a reported shortage of 800,000 cars in the transportation systems of the United States leading up to the 1920 harvest season, and on the vine and the branches theory when the rest of the world is in trouble, Williams County suffers with it. While steam transportation has been a civilizing and developing influence in the progress of mankind, it is certainly handicapped and its days of

usefulness are materially curtailed since the revival of the waterways shipping methods, and the competition of the highway trucks all over the country. There is a saying:

"The smallest fleas have fleas to bite 'em,
And these have fleas Ad Infinitum,"

and it is evident this twentieth century cross-country traffic and travel was undreamed of by Amasa Stone, the recognized father of the Air Line, the Lake Shore now known as the New York Central Railway System, nor by Horace F. Clark who was so active in promoting the successful installation of its service.

TRUCK SERVICE IN WILLIAMS COUNTY TODAY

While railway strikes do not originate in Williams County, the results are felt and the truck service aids in solving the difficulty. Bryan is a meeting place for truck drivers east and west, a Newcastle, Indiana, factory maintaining a man at Bryan to effect the exchange of drivers between Newcastle and Pittsburg where the different parts are supplied, and the "Tol-Chi" pike is alive with such traffic between eastern factories and western dealers. The price of horseflesh has declined all over the United States because of the marvelous increase in the number of trucks, tractors and automobiles, and there has resulted a diversion of freight from the railroads that lessens their possible earnings greatly. While this transformation has been obscured by the labor shortage and the movement away from the farm, it is nevertheless a reality. The development of the gasoline motor is rapidly revolutionizing economics in Williams County, the number of trucks being estimated at 1,000, saying nothing about automobiles, tractors and aeroplane service. The man going over in a balloon—ah, they no longer travel with parachute attachment, but the tourist going over Williams County via air service today recognizes an excellent farming country.

War-time measures and Government ownership of railroads demoralized the shipping interests of Williams County as well as the rest of the world. Local shippers have been delayed and manufacturing has been at a standstill for want of supplies, and how to get them has been the perplexing question. With carloads of coal on the side tracks the people of Williams County have suffered from cold, and private ownership of the railroads seems to be the answer to the question. Williams County citizens complain as quick as anybody, and sometimes they squeal before they are hurt, but under private ownership of the railroads not so many objections were heard in the whole country.

RELATION OF THE DIRIGIBLE TO WILLIAMS COUNTY

The successful transatlantic flight of the dirigible balloon R-34, recalls to many Williams County people the fact that A. Roy Knabenshue, who was the navigator of the first really successful dirigible airship in America one time lived in Bryan. When a young man in the town he conducted his first experiments with small balloons, having all the time

in mind the dirigible that afterward reached perfection. While living in Bryan Mr. Knabenshue was local manager of the Bell Telephone Company. His experiments with flying were made from the "beer cellar" hill on the Main Market road, and from the stage in the Bryan Opera House. When he removed to Toledo he built the dirigible balloon Toledo No. 1 on the fair grounds there, and he amazed Toledo and the rest of the world by flying from the fair grounds and alighting on the roof of the 10-story Spitzer building, then the tallest structure in the city. In 1904 he attracted world-wide attention by flying over the crowds at the World's Fair in St. Louis. A year later he startled New York City by looping the tower of The Times Building, hundreds of thousands of people from the streets and the tall buildings witnessing the demonstration in the air. Traffic was blocked and the crowds in the



THE AIRSHIP AT THE HOMECOMING

parks swept the police off their feet in an effort to see it all. In 1917 Knabenshue piloted some of the great American dirigibles in trial trips for the United States navy. Williams County residents will always keep track of his aerial successes.

RAILWAY STATIONS IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

Among the public utilities transportation is one of the foremost considerations. The Twentieth Century is an era of high pressure and the placid view that obtained some few decades gone by when the business of the world was conducted along lines at once dignified and marked with slowness that may at once be denominated as conservatism, is no longer applicable to the mad rush of present-day business activities. Changes come about and events succeed one another in lightning-like

rapidity, and in nothing is progress more apparent than in methods of transportation. In the matter of Williams County railway stations, a citizen remarked: "The ramshackles of the past are gone, and we are so used to up-to-date service we have forgotten them." It is to the advantage of the railway companies when the citizens of any given community prosper, and they are contributing to that prosperity when through their passenger stations they present an attractive appearance to the stranger who visits the town. Visitors always get their first impression of a community at the railway station. Some of the roads have imbibed the civic spirit, and are doing many things to beautify the station property. They all maintain freight offices in addition to their passenger service, and consignments are sent and received from all parts of the world in Williams County today.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HIGHWAY IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

It is estimated that there are 953 miles of road, good, bad and indifferent, in Williams County. As the bird flies is considered the shortest distance between two points, but the trails of Williams County, while in a measure conforming to the lines of least resistance, did not always measure the shortest distances. It is said that a wild animal would go in a certain direction pursued by a dog and a hunter, and finally a path is made and that is the history of civilization. Sometimes the hunter who beat the path was an Indian, and thus civilization follows the trail of the savage in Williams County.

While they were never Williams County settlers thereby reckoned with as citizens, it is understood that Major Suttentfield and his wife followed the trail from Fort Wayne to Detroit, passing through "this neck o' the woods" on horseback in 1812, and there were trading posts along the trail where Pulaski and West Unity finally came into existence. "Good traditional authority exists for the belief," says an old account, "that at least one of these Indian and French trails passed through Williams County." However, the railroad tracks and the plow shares have destroyed the last vestige of such trails in some localities. It has been only a few generations since the powerful tribes held dominion in the forests of Williams County.

If the dog followed the squirrel and the hunter followed the dog, and the "beaten path" became the trail, then there is still some evidence of savagery—providing the hunter was an Indian, in the highways of Williams County. Another version is that the original highways always hit the high places in keeping out of the swamps in Williams County. There are "nimrods" today who would follow the trail with a dog in pursuit of game at the expense of making a pathway for others.

Query: What is it that stands still and goes to mill?

Answer: Road.

At the first sessions of Williams County Commissioners assembled in Bryan, March 1, 1841, road improvement was a subject under consideration. The record shows: "The second act of this board at this March meeting was to declare a public highway commencing at the northwest corner of section number 17 in Northwest Township at the Indiana line, and thence running due east on the section line to the quarter post on the north side of section number 13, thence southeasterly to the quarter post on the north side of section number 17 in Bridge-water township, and thence east on section lines to the east line of Williams County." This road is still in use, although at places the angle has

been destroyed by throwing the road on the section line. Since it was the first highway to receive attention after the county-seat was moved from Defiance, in order that northern Williams County might receive better service, it is of interest to know the description applies to a road leading from the Indiana line and passing the Winebrenarian Church north and east of Nettle Lake, and that it is a well kept, much traveled highway today.

While the "oldest inhabitant" is not much in evidence now that Williams County has entered its second century in local history, a man on the street remarked: "The roads in Williams County used to be a fright. Why, in the spring of the year the mud was 'belly deep to a horse,'" and his assertion recalled the couplet:

"The roads are impassable—
Not even jack-ass-able,
And those who would travel 'em
Should turn out and gravel 'em,"

and it seems that was done years ago. An old account says that two Williams County pioneers, Andrew Smith and Russell Hallock, met in Bryan. While their farms were only two miles apart, they had not met for some time. After the usual greeting and inquiry about health, it being in the springtime when the roads were unusually muddy, Mr. Hallock inquired: "Andrew, I hear you are talking of leaving 'Old Bill'?" when Mr. Smith answered: "Yes, I've about made up my mind to move to Tennessee," and Hallock's further inquiry: "Why, what in the world for, Andrew?" elicited the answer: "Well, one reason I can't stand so much mud," from Smith. Mr. Hallock was not disposed to dismiss the matter without argument, and he said: "Why, Andrew, you've lived in Williams County many years. You've seen the mud much deeper——" when Smith said, despairingly: "But I never saw it more 'unanimous'," and there was little room or excuse for further argument. The road question is still sometimes a topic for street corner conversation.

Judge C. A. Bowersox is authority for the story that mud was once so deep at Carter's Corner in Bryan—the crossing of High and Main streets between the Farmers Bank corner and Culbertson's drug store that when some practical jokers constructed the semblance of a man who had mired there, his shoes sticking up at one end and his hat at the other by the use of some sticks in the mud, passersby enjoyed it. "Stuck in the mud," they said in hilarity, and then another man said the way he remembered the story was that it was a cow that had mired, with only her horns and her tail in evidence, and then they told of the fellow who was trying on a pair of shoes in a store, when his horse needed attention. When he came back he said the shoes hurt his feet, but the dealer said it was a sale when he went into the mud with them. With all of the good roads agitation and the attempt to prevent heavy hauling when the roads are soft, log haulers still double teams for bad stretches, and automobiles have trouble in passing such places. All Williams County is a mud hole—just one mud hole in Williams County—who remembers when they used to say it?

WHEN TIMBER WAS MORE PLentiful THAN TODAY

At a time when the problem was how to get rid of the timber encumbering Williams County there was a plank road from Fort Wayne to West Unity. While men and women today remember about the corduroy through the swamps, there were not so many plank roads about the country. There was plenty of timber, and Giles H. Thompson was one of the contractors in building this road that went "catering" through Bryan. The plank road was made with puncheons split from straight logs, laid down green and while they soon sank in the mud there was a solid bottom for a long time. When the air was shut off the planks did not decay, and after Judge Bowersox located at the site of his present home on East High street in Bryan, he took up several cords of this



ONE TIME THE MOST NOTED CORNER IN BRYAN

timber from the street in front of his house and made firewood of it. There had been a tannery on the lot, and with pieces of wood from the vats and from the street the fuel question was solved for some time for him.

Drainage has gone hand in hand with road improvement in Williams County, and when the drifts were removed from some of the streams relief was noticeable. A great deal of money has been spent in road building, and graft has sometimes been charged against contractors by Williams County taxpayers. While there have been gravel roads, there was never a toll gate in the county. The Lincoln and Washington highways do not cross Williams County, but the trail is marked showing travelers how to follow the Tol-Chi—Toledo and Chicago—pike, the Wayne and the Hoosier-Dixie highways, the Main Market road running west from Bryan being one of the best roads in Williams County. There are about 200 miles of hard surface road, and this has removed and shorter hours have attracted some from the Williams County farms,

the isolation feature from many farmhouses today. While higher wages when the bills are paid and the net profit is estimated the balance is in favor of the rural community.

While the Williams County Automobile Club had its part in the agitation of the good roads question, William Behne, who was its secretary, said the Williams County press had always spread the propaganda, and perhaps the newspapers had done more than any other single agency in creating good roads sentiment. The Williams County Automobile Club has been "clubbed" out of existence. With 4,500 members its roster would be unwieldy, and it had served its purpose when everybody recognized the necessity of improved roads in the county. Some people are possessed of local pride, and the stranger will hear that Williams County has more miles of good roads and more automobiles than any other Ohio county, and that Ohio leads all the other states in the Union, but those stories are heard all about the country. Automobile owners are all good roads propagandists, and it is admitted by all that the Twentieth Century has witnessed the change, and that more road and street improvements of a permanent nature have come within the last ten years in Williams County.

Some Williams County students of economic conditions say the Van Camp Packing Company in Bryan with its great milk industry has done much to create sentiment for highway improvement through its distribution of something like \$100,000 annually, this income to farmers only possible when delivery trucks carry their milk to the market. Only the farmsteads along improved highways have this advantage. Not many years ago those who drove horses walked half the distance to town in passing automobiles en route, but finally the horses became addicted to the glare of the headlights, and so many farmers now own automobiles that the characteristic prejudice has been removed from the minds of all. It is said many Williams County farmers would not have voted the taxes had they not owned automobiles themselves. Self interest always changes one's viewpoint, and those who opposed the automobiles most stringently now are their strongest advocates. While the Appian Way in Italy has not yet been duplicated in the United States, many Williams County citizens make long trips in their automobiles.

It has been discovered since loaded trucks use the hard surface highways more attention must be given to the roadbed, and a solid foundation is necessary. Only for its speed possibilities, the automobile crossing the country today is like the stage coach of other years. Hear the honk of an automobile—get out of the buggy and hold your horse—have you forgotten all about it? Even the horses in pasture do not run from the passing automobiles today. In their institutes farmers used to pass resolutions condemning automobiles. Now they vote road taxes in order that they may enjoy them. The good roads agitation became active in 1910, and by 1915 it was violent and road contracts were let in 1916 that would have staggered the taxpayers twenty years ago. Abutting property, property half a mile away, one mile away and two miles away, all may be assessed in building the highways today. Everybody wants an improved highway by his home, and if he can't have it he wants it near enough that he may reach it.

There has already been an expenditure of \$2,500,000 on Williams County roads and the end is not yet—the roads are the hope of the future in Williams County. Hard surface roads under existing prices of material are built at a cost of \$35,000 and \$40,000 a mile, including bridges, etc., and all the specifications extant have been used, there being already sixty-five miles of road built as inter-county roads receiving state support, while the others are built by the county and townships, and after all—Williams County pays the freight, no matter under what law the improvements are secured from the taxpayers. In the way of materials—brick, concrete, plain concrete, bituminous concrete, re-enforced concrete, bituminous macadam with penetration of tar and asphalt—water bound surface, water bound surface treated—but why be mystified with such things when all that is required is the tax money in sufficient quantity to pay for it all?

While highway improvements cost money, there is another side to the question. Good roads mean lessened transportation costs, and they increase the farm values in the community. Transportation has made every avenue of civilization. Senator Warren G. Harding, of Ohio, president elect of the United States, says of the good roads question: "It is the one agency of putting every community in the Republic on the map of commercial relationship." While Thomas Jefferson rode a mule to the White House when he was inaugurated President of the United States, it is possible for the successful aspirant A. D. 1920 to reach the "City of Magnificent Distances" in his own automobile because of the network of improved highways all over the country.

CHAPTER XXX

FINANCE—WEALTH OF WILLIAMS COUNTY TODAY

There have been radical changes in the economic life of Williams County in its first 100 years of history. While the emphasis is still placed on agriculture, the county has manufacturing and commercial interests. It has been said: "The greatest blessing a young man can enjoy is poverty," and some people die in full possession of the "blessing," while not all accept the definition as true at all. A smart paragrapher has remarked that this country has reached the stage where men use the word "only" in front of \$10,000,000, and in Williams County there are those who require six figures in writing the amount of their riches—and there may be some sequestered fortunes as yet unknown to the tax ferrets.

In the war measure Liberty bond sales, Williams was rated higher than any other Northwestern Ohio county, the amount estimated on bank deposits. While there are Indiana and Michigan deposits in Williams County banks, there is also Williams County money deposited outside of the county. The bond requirements were estimated on the amount of local bank deposits, and thus Williams County residents were charged up with money that did not belong to them. Because of the seemingly high rating there was some difficulty with the first and second loans before people were used to making subscriptions, but the remaining three loans went "over the top" without difficulty. Williams is one of the well-to-do counties with well-to-do citizens in it, and the bulk of its wealth in the country. Some persons say that in the war loans, the county deposits outside offset those from non-residents who were Williams County depositors.

It is estimated by the state tax commission that the Ohio personal property duplicate for 1920 will exceed \$4,000,000,000, and while there are some who withdraw their money from the banks on tax-listing day, the state tax commissioner does not think such practice is as common now as it was in the past. The tax commissioner says: "I believe people are more honest about their tax returns than they formerly were because they have become used to paying taxes." While the banks used to allow depositors to draw their money and put it into a New York draft or other non-taxable security for a day and then return it, under the Ohio laws today this is an impossibility. Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps and other Government securities are exempt from taxation, and are therefore popular investments. Stock in Ohio corporations is also exempt from taxation.

THE WILLIAMS COUNTY TAX DUPLICATE

It was a Frenchman who said that the greatest enemy of the United States was the Government printing office. It grinds out an endless stream of money. Some people who are "money hungry" exert themselves in accumulating it, and yet it is said there are just about as many billionaires as millionaires in Williams County. Money is no incubance at all, and there are some comfortable bank accounts. The stocking depository joke holds good in Williams County as well as the rest of the world.

The total valuation of Williams County taxable property on the 1919 tax duplicates was \$46,391,070, and the highest possible tax rate under the statutes is fifteen and five-tenth mills (.0155), and it is not difficult to estimate the amount paid annually in taxes. The auditor makes the estimate and the treasurer collects the money. The tax rate is higher in the towns than in the country, and some of them have reached the limit because of local public improvements. The townships take care of the town expenses, except for street improvements, which are taxed to the corporations. The township trustee takes care of the poor who do not live in public institutions.

Lima Beane, writing in *The Toledo Blade*, says: "The majority pays the taxes while the minority runs the country," and it is said that taxes and death are the portion of all. You cannot judge the financial rating of a man from the clothes he wears, since so many are provided with the purse of the tramp, and have the inclination of the millionaire. There is always talk about the shriveled souls of millionaires among people who have little money. A wag once remarked that the conservative business man uses the word dollar about as often as a group of society women use the word man in an ordinary conversation, but his dollars pave the way for his business and social advancement. If there are wizards of finance in Williams County today who want to die poor, there are plenty of opportunities to separate themselves from their money.

WILLIAMS COUNTY FINANCIAL BULWARKS

It is rather a fine distinction, but the dictionary meaning of the word depository is a person while depository is a place, and there are many places where Williams County folk may leave their money. There are three National and several State and a number of private banks in the different towns. While there has been some stringency, it is said that Williams County bank depositors have never been betrayed by any of the numerous banking institutions. Thrift or spendthrift raises the question of saving money, and what the gun was to the Colonist the bank account is to the American citizen of today.

Bank depositors at Stryker are served by the Exchange Bank of H. F. Bruns; at Edgerton by the Edgerton State Bank and the Farmers Commercial Bank; at Edon by the Edon State Bank; at Pioneer by the Pioneer Banking Company and the Citizens Bank of Pioneer; at Montpelier by the Montpelier National Bank and the Farmers and Merchants State and Savings Bank of Montpelier; at Kunkle by the Kunkle State

Bank; at Alvordton by the Alvordton Banking Company; at West Unity by the West Unity Banking Company and the Farmers Commercial and Savings Bank of West Unity; at Columbia by the Farmers Banking Company, and at Bryan by the First National Bank, Farmers National Bank and the Union Trust and Savings Company. There are loan companies in Bryan and Montpelier. In a Bryan bank window is this sentiment: "Thrift is steady earning, wise spending, sane saving, careful investing and avoidance of all waste," and it is a suggestive suggestion.

Wherever there is a bank account the family is regarded as on the highway to prosperity. Women have always been bankers—the stocking safety deposit, and yet who has not heard the quaint masculine wail:

"My income is the least as iz
But I should wear a smiling phiz
If only wife would mind her biz
And not make life one long drawn quiz,"

and there are homes where there would be no economy or saving at all only for her inquiry and initiative in the matter. Safety first is a precautionary measure with the group of banks in Bryan, and some reliable firearms have been left at convenient places in the business district with the request that someone use them should a holdup be staged at any one of them. There are guns in the courthouse offices overlooking the banking houses, and some of the "sharp-shooters" there would undertake to "pick off a bandit" in front of one of the banks were an alarm given about it. Bank robbers in Bryan would be startled by bullets flying from among the trees surrounding the courthouse.

When riches take wings they usually exceed the speed limit, and all uninvited poverty has found its way into economic conditions. Absolute freedom from poverty brings about a boastful sort of patriotism that is not well pleasing in the sight of God or man, and too many people in time come to look upon their advantages as theirs from personal rights, while they were simply fortunate in point of inheritance. Everyone should treat Dame Fortune with consideration in order that her smiles may continue, and it is said that God's blessings always do one of two things—make people keener in his service, or dull their moral sensibilities. While character or citizenship is wealth, it has no exchange value in the open market. And yet it is urged that the basis of credit in business relations is character rather than money. Different people have different standards, and while one man would rather leave a crib of corn than a library to his posterity, others like Mary of old have chosen the better part, and money is not the only incentive.

No matter what one's own experience may cost him, he must foot the bills himself. The young man whose head and hands are educated by the stern schoolmaster of necessity is fortunate, compared with the profligate son of a rich father who must beg when thrown upon his own resources. "Who steals my purse steals trash," said the Bard of Avon and yet a bank account gives a man the necessary confidence in himself. A bank deposit is a subdued force in a man's nature, and while few understand the currency bill many know what to do with the paper dollar. It restores equilibrium—is a sort of minor chord in the music.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE EVOLUTION OF THE POSTAL SYSTEM IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

In the Bible narrative, Job exclaims: "My days are swifter than a post," and the postal service is known to have been used in some countries as early as the thirteenth century. It was provided for when the Constitution of the United States was written in 1789, although at that time it was considered as an adjunct to the treasury system. Railway mail service was established in 1864, several years after the train service had been given to Williams County. Rural free delivery—R. F. D.—came in the United States in 1895, and in 1900 it came to Williams County. People used to regard letters as present-day citizens think of telegrams, although their friends were often dead and buried long enough before their letters reached them. No news was always good news, and a letter sometimes disturbed the peaceful tranquility of the whole community.

Now that practically every family in Williams County receives daily mail, these stories of the long ago are stranger than fiction to the generation now on the stage of action. While the family has postage stamps in the house today, time was when they paid postage on letters received by them. The story is told of a man who pawned his hat to "lift a letter," because it had been a long time since tidings from the home folks had reached him, and he would have the letter at any sacrifice. The system of collecting postage at the time of delivery worked hardship on many settlers, and the law did not remain long on the statutes of the country. While the settlers were always anxious for tidings, the contents of some letters did not mean much to them, and now those who write them pay the postage. There was a time when a letter was so folded that the superscription became the face of the letter, there being no envelopes for many years. These letters were sent by carrier whenever a traveler was passing from one place to another.

Necessity has always been the mother of invention, and in time the envelope saved the necessity of so carefully folding the letter, with one blank side for the superscription. There was no such thing as a postage stamp, and "collect 12 cents" was written where the stamp is now placed on one corner of the letter. Wafers and sealing wax were used before postage stamps were on the market. The advent of the steam railway did not change things in Williams County, as there were no mail trains until nine years later. Thomas Shorthill, who already kept the tavern, became the first postmaster in Bryan, February 22, 1841, which was the beginning of local postoffice history. The mail was carried on horseback and by stage, and once a week was as often as anyone heard from the outside world. Now that everybody reads the daily papers and

has the news from the four corners of the world, who pays any attention to the minor details connected with the U. S. mail service? Who knows anything about the rural carriers and their difficulties?

Rural free delivery of mail was established October 1, 1900, on twenty-eight rural routes in Williams County. Charles Marshall on a Bryan route entered the service on that date, and although he is "three score and ten" years old, in twenty years he has seldom used his substitute carrier only at the time of his annual vacation. Since 1909 there has been carrier mail delivery in Bryan and Montpelier. There is no first-class postoffice in Williams County. There are two second class, five third class and three fourth class offices. Bryan has three city and six rural carriers; Montpelier has two city and five rural carriers; West Unity has three; Stryker three; Pioneer two; Edon four; Edgerton four, and Alvordton one rural mail carrier. Alvordton, Kunkle and Blakeslee are fourth-class postoffices. Only a town of 5,000 population, and a certain amount of mail in transit can have a first-class postoffice. On account of its increasing business, the Montpelier office is asking for another village mail carrier. Once a month the U. S. Government, through its postmaster-general, requires a record of business transacted in each postoffice—count and weigh everything, and in that way the department learns the needs of the different communities.

AERIAL MAIL SERVICE EMERGENCY STATION

"The United States Postoffice Department Aerial Mail Service" is the designation across the front of the Bryan hangar built in the fall and winter of 1918 by the public-spirited men of Bryan and community, in connection with the requirement of the U. S. postoffice department. It is a cement block structure built on a 40-acre plot of ground leased for five years for that purpose. The aerial mail service between Chicago and Cleveland as part of the coast-to-coast or transcontinental service was instituted May 15, 1919, with this emergency station at Bryan, although the service had been instituted one year earlier between New York and Washington.

The service was extended from Chicago to Omaha May 15, 1920, and this emergency station has served to put Bryan on the aerial mail service map of the world. While the flight is continuous from Chicago to Cleveland, there are frequent landings when repairs are necessary. While it is only a city mail service, the people of northern Indiana and Ohio witness the flights frequently. The two-motor airplanes have been in use since the beginning of the second year of local service. The 1919 air race from coast to coast used the Bryan field without any accident or mishap at all, and when Maynard, the "flying parson," was on his transcontinental race against time he landed in Bryan, and R. H. Crawford, on duty at the hangar, assisted him in righting things and started him off again.

In its rural free delivery local postoffice history seems to repeat itself, since in the old days mail was brought by carrier from the different populous centers into Williams County. Star route was a name given to

the mail service at points not reached by the railways, and there was a contract between the U. S. Government and individuals. The "star route frauds" were uncovered in the time of the Rutherford B. Hayes presidential administration. The system was introduced in 1882, in the United States, and like other good things it was soon in use in Williams County. The star route mail carriers usually carried passengers, friends often "coming on the mail" into different communities. However, rural free delivery changed many star route postoffices into nothing but country groceries again. Rural free delivery of mail should be mentioned as one of the agencies in bringing about the better roads sentiment all over the United States. When the daily rural mail service was established the metropolitan weekly papers were at once abandoned for the dailies, and now the Williams County farmer would be lost without his daily paper. Many of the rural carriers arrive so regularly that their patrons know the hour without looking at the sun to estimate it. The postoffice on wheels is now a fixed habit in Williams County.

An old account relates that U. S. mail used to be carried along the Angola road past Kunkle's Corners in 1847, the postoffice being located at the home of Elias Barrett. The office was called Deer Lick because of a brackish spring that was a resort for deer that long ago. The mail was carried on horseback, and it was often so water-soaked that it had to be dried before the recipients could read it. After a time the office at Deer Lick was discontinued, and it was revived again in 1880, at Kunkle, and it is still in existence there. In a scrap book containing Forget-Me-Nots by R. N. Patterson, the information was gleaned that there was one time a free delivery letter box attached to a silver maple tree in Bryan, when John Sardoris was postmaster.

The town was then called Fountain City—so the story goes, and Mr. Sardoris kept the postoffice in his wagon shop at the corner of High and Beech streets. Bryan—or Fountain City was then a way station on the star route from Fort Defiance, via Williams Center, Bryan and LaFayette (Pulaski) to West Unity. The mail was carried on horseback in a double-ended leather pouch and it was held in its place by loops through which were thrust the stirrup straps of the saddle, and there was great uncertainty about the time of its arrival in the fall and spring when "the bottom was out of the roads." It seldom arrived on schedule time. However, when it came Mr. Sardoris would open the pouch, change the mail and send the carrier on his way, and if there were not many letters he would put them in his hat and proceed to deliver them. Sometimes there were so many letters and papers that he would take a basket and go about town on his errand—free mail delivery. The Bryan carriers of today have nothing on John Sardoris, aside from the fact that they are paid for their service. His was a mission of love in the community.

Only Bryan and Montpelier have carrier mail service, and other post-office delivery clerks still have a busy time after the distribution of the mail handing it out to patrons. However, few rural patrons ever ask nowadays if there is anything for all their uncles, aunts and cousins, beginning with the head of each family and asking in turn for each

child, many of whom were never known to write or receive a letter. The delivery clerk still knows when school is out in some of the towns in Williams County. Some clandestine correspondents still ask for mail in Bryan and Montpelier, not caring to have the family know of their letters. When a servant girl changes places, she sometimes informs the postoffice in whose care to deliver her letters. Every postal clerk knows that an inspector is liable to call on him at any time, and it behooves him to have his accounts straight—to keep his house in order. Every presidential change brings about many changes in the U. S. mail service, such patronage being one of the inducements congressmen have to offer in accomplishing their purposes, and they usually award all snaps to their friends.

While some farmers complain about going half a mile to the little steel mail box that connects them with the rest of the world, others living along mail routes had no time for daily papers, but after twenty years they would not wish to be deprived of the service. Postal clerks and letter carriers are all under civil service regulations, and efficiency is one of the requirements. "Where would you send this letter?" asked a clerk in the mailing room. The address was illegible and yet it must be sent somewhere. A card coming into his hands said, "Mother is dead," but because there was no superscription, the clerks in the dead letter office were all who would ever know about it. The mailing clerk oftentimes anticipates the writer in supplying missing data, but freak letters bearing no address at all must always be sent to the dead letter office in Washington. People stand ready to charge all mistakes to the inefficiency of the postoffice department when they have made the mistake themselves, and quick perception by the mailing clerk often saves the day for them.

A delayed train carrying the U. S. mail disorganizes everything, and if the city carrier or the rural mail fails to arrive on time the whole population is filled with wonder and disappointment. When a bundle of daily papers is carried by, the rural subscribers all conclude there was no issue, and when their copy reaches them next day it is ancient history. Such is the up-to-the-minute mail service in Williams County today. While there is no penalty attached when a man fails to mail a letter for his wife until she finds it afterward in his pocket, when once it enters the mail it is hurried along to delivery. Until the World war changed conditions all Williams County postoffices were subject to orders from Bryan, and while the aerial station does not bring anything to Bryan it is financed through the Bryan office, but in time it will become an independent station. People are now used to the "telly-fone, telly-graft and the post *offist* in a *waggin*," and there was a letter in the candle, and a letter that never came and withal most citizens are glad of Uncle Sam's attentions frequently.

CHAPTER XXXII

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS THAT HAVE TOUCHED WILLIAMS COUNTY

The Century Dictionary says: "The temperance movement is a social or political movement, having for its object the restriction or abolition of the use of alcoholic liquors as beverages," and when it comes to technicalities there is a difference between temperance and total abstinence. Now that prohibition has gained a foothold in the United States, it is interesting to trace its development through the different stages in Williams County history.

Now people may be intemperate in other ways than in the use of liquor, and it is in a narrow sense that temperance is applied to moderation in the use of beverages alone. Temperance is habitual moderation in regard to the natural appetites and passions, both in drinking and eating and it is said that in temperance dining halls that is about all one gets for his money. The first temperance agitation in the United States began the year George Washington was elected President, and when old persons say they have heard temperance lectures all their lives they no doubt speak truthfully about it. That the evils of intemperance are as old as the race is a stock assertion in the mouth of each orator, and Noah is a conspicuous example of the first drunkard.

While there have been temperance movements all over the world some of the best results have been attained in the United States of America. Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia was the first writer condemning intemperance, and his dominant note was total abstinence through prohibition. The first temperance work in the United States was in the nature of a reaction against the use of intoxicants which threatened to produce a nation of drunkards, and the first actual temperance reform was among the farmers of Connecticut. Those "Wooden Nutmeg" agriculturists would not allow the use of liquor among farm hands, and the whisky jug in the Williams County harvest field has long been a thing of the past. While the pioneers knew all about it, today it is a story that is told, and that begins: "Once upon a time."

Now that prohibition has become a political issue, it is interesting to know that the first political meeting in Williams County ever held north of Fort Defiance was at LaFayette (Pulaski) in the presidential campaign of 1836, when Patrick G. Goode was the speaker and that the first political convention was in the home of Col. J. B. Kimmel in Williams Center in 1840, "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," when the campaign watchword was "two dollars a day and hard cider." It was a Democratic meeting, and up to that time all political activities had been in what is now Defiance County. While the one-armed bartender in the form of

the town pump has been banished from most of the towns under recent sanitary rulings, and pure water bubbles forth from the curbstone in many places, there is not much danger from "snake bite" and like the rest of humanity Williams County folk will have to "worry along" without whisky even for medicinal purposes. There are not so many "snake bites," and not so many have "snakes" in "dry" territory.

WILLIAMS COUNTY DISTILLERS OF YEARS AGO

Jacob Householder of Williams Center was probably the first distiller in Williams County. He never kept but a small quantity on hand, as it was in demand as fast as it came from the still—the worm of the still, and the nation dry was never dreamed of by this man. He would have been dazed by some of the Twentieth Century reports of what people have in their cellars, not having seen the caricature of William Jennings Bryan guarding his jug of grape juice lest someone drop a raisin in it. Jacob Householder never knew there was "kick" in raisins or dandelions but in 1920 Williams County home brewers did not have to go far to procure dandelions for their purpose. It is a law in economics that discoveries and improvements always materialize when they are needed, and there were never so many dandelions as when people began to harvest them. It will require a community effort to eradicate them, as it did to legislate the saloon out of existence.

The "beer cellar hill" is a landmark along the Main Market road in Williams County today. Jacob Halm, a Bryan brewer, once had a beer cellar cut out of solid rock and there he stored his brew to age it, but the arrangement was not continued because it was inconvenient, and when he added to the size of the brewery he abandoned the storage place in "beer cellar hill." Bryan boys were afraid to visit this cellar because of the stories told about the "spooks" that infested it. The cellar was of ample size, and for a few years it was filled with barrels and kegs of "booze" that was cooling and aging, and in time Mr. Halm would bring it back to town for the delectation of the thirsty in Bryan. Since conscience is a creature of education, it is admitted that Jacob Halm was a man of character, and that he religiously made beer of good quality. He met with an accidental death in his brewery.

Jacob Householder and Jacob Halm are both remembered as honest German brewers, and with the passing of the brewer, the saloon—the poor man's club has also been banished from society. Prohibition has caused even unbelievers to admit that they are made of dust when they are dry—when they are a-thirst and there are no "wet" spots or oases in the desert of their existence. One of the new drinks has been designated as Arms and Legs because there is no body to it, and it is agreed that "sober second thought" does not come to a man who has consumed wood alcohol in quantity. When Williams County finally banished the saloon the dry majority was 1,322, the movement carrying all but three out of twenty-six voting precincts, and it closed the doors of nineteen saloons—the poor man's club had made him poor, and his friends had removed the temptation. There were six saloons around the public square in Bryan,

and there was a more determined effort made in Montpelier to resist the will of the majority. F. M. Ford through his newspaper, The Montpelier Enterprise, did much toward creating temperance sentiment in that community. While Edon was about the first dry spot Blakeslee was the last wet spot in Williams County. With Indiana and Michigan dry, there was a time when all roads led to Blakeslee. It is said the Williams County farm vote was dry, and the farmers did not shirk the responsibility for a dry county.

When whisky flowed like water, there was a different moral status in the community. There were drunken brawls and fights in the streets, and men would encourage boys to fight each other, but much of that was changed when the saloon was banished from the community. One day a boy asked a drunken man for tobacco, and he picked it off his whiskers for the child—but there are no such spectacles today, and John Barleycorn will never again be welcomed to Williams County. His uncouth habits are buried with him, and everybody is willing to forget him. In reference to the economic effects of prohibition, an editorial in the 1920 Zeta-Cordia says: "Since the prohibition law has gone into effect, great changes have been noticed all over the country. Crime is lessened a great deal, hence money which would have been needed for jail upkeep can now be used for good roads," and the suggestion seems better than maintaining drunkards in the county jail.

CONSTITUTION OF WILLIAMS COUNTY TEMPERANCE SOCIETY

A number of agencies have contributed to the overthrow of John Barleycorn in Williams County. There was a time when it was less popular to be arrayed with the temperance forces than today. Among the spellbinders and real orators lined up with the temperance cause in its early history were some prominent citizens. Mahlon Chance, who was called the Buckeye Broadaxe, was a second Peter Cartwright in his masterly handling of the temperance question. Thomas McGaw was another temperance advocate who attracted notice sixty years ago. While both were Methodist preachers they were no less effective temperance agitators. The Rev. Alvin Bell of the English Lutheran Church in Bryan was chairman of the local option fight when the saloon was finally banished from the county, and W. O. Willett, who was mayor of Montpelier, stood strong for local option, or the victory would have been an impossibility. The saloon keepers there were hard to deal with and Mayor Willett made many trips to Bryan in opposing the wet propaganda.

In the Bryan library for preservation is a document yellow with age and tied with a white ribbon and reposing in the relic case, and while it is written in bold, legible hand, unfortunately it bears no date—and yet the "oldest inhabitant" agrees that it must have been drawn by the first temperance advocates—this Constitution of the Williams County Temperance Society. There are seven articles and the first recites: This society shall be called the Williams County Temperance Society, and the second article defines its object—to discountenance the use of and

traffic in all distilled spirits throughout Williams County, and anyone adopting the principles set forth by signing the pledge becomes a member of the society. There is a provision that the society may strike out names of members when the evidence discloses that they have departed from the principles of the society.

The pledge reads: "We the undersigned believing ardent spirits as a drink to be utterly subversive to the best interests of society, and having a direct tendency to produce vice and wretchedness, not only in the families but in the world at large, pledge ourselves neither to use it nor give it to others except for chemical or medical purposes, and that those having T. A. annexed to their names stand pledged to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks, except as a medicine or for sacramental purposes," and about 100 names of Williams County residents of other days are affixed, led by the name: Oren Ensign, T. A., and "one of God's elect," said an aged man who remembered him. Those who signed this pledge had no idea that their posterity would live to see the day when strong drink was banished from the whole United States of America. When the first century of Williams County history had cycled into eternity their prayers had been answered in the county, state and nation. The men and the women are in their graves today who paved the way for the emancipation of the drink-enthralled residents of Williams County. They helped emancipate their posterity from the worst form of human slavery.

The Good Templars were a popular temperance organization in the 60's and continuing their operations for a generation. They had a local organization, and while their operations were in secret some of the best families in Williams County were affiliated with the society. When the crusade struck Williams County soon after its organization in 1873 it attracted the foremost women and the saloon keepers trembled when visited by them. Among the active crusaders were: Mrs. A. C. Dillman, Mrs. J. A. Garver, Mrs. S. N. Owen, Mrs. J. M. Welker, Mrs. A. W. Killits, Mrs. William Stough, Mrs. J. W. Pollock and many other women of so much social prominence that the saloon keepers dared not affront them. The crusade paved the way for the later organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which proved a better expression of womanhood, and which has since been an indomitable temperance force in Williams County.

While the crusade was a demonstration in the open against the saloon, it did not appeal to the more timid women who later connected themselves with the W. C. T. U., among its leaders being Mother Thompson and Frances Willard. While none of the Williams County crusaders were of the Carrie Nation type, using their hatchets in the destruction of property, it was a moral wave sweeping the country and the influential women indorsed it. Judge C. A. Bowersox remembers that Mrs. Daniel Farnhum of Edgerton was among the leaders, and that the women of Edgerton, Stryker, West Unity, Pioneer and Montpelier often joined the Bryan women in their vigils. They would visit the saloons with their needlework, and they would often sing and pray there. In a sense the Woman's Crusade was a boycott, as men suffering for drink would allow the women to usurp their places at the bars. They did not have

the courage to drink in the presence of their mothers, wives and sisters. A woman praying in a saloon had a restraining influence on most men.

A German saloon keeper named Jacob Kissel, who was a relative of Jacob Halm, the Bryan brewer, employed a brass band in order to entertain the women of the crusade. By "entertain" he meant "annoy," and when they would begin to pray the band would begin to play, but one day when the women sang "Rock of Ages," there was no musical accompaniment from the band and when questioned by Mr. Kissel about it, the leader said he couldn't "stand that Rock of Ages," and that was the last of the band in connection with the crusade. When a man has heard his own mother sing a hymn it is always sacred to him. At another time when the women were praying in a saloon owned by Gottlieb Kurtz he took a stein of beer in his hand and kneeled with them, saying he enjoyed the service. There were not as many people in any of the towns at the time of the crusade, and many business men of today do not remember anything at all about it, while others never will forget it.

IT WAS A FALSE ALARM

One afternoon when a group of Bryan school teachers were on their way home the alarm was given as they approached the public square and Jacob Kissel locked his door and darkened the windows. He had been "tipped" that the crusaders were coming again. The unoffending school teachers were: Mandana Willett, Rilla Teems, Lou and Lizzie Riggs, Ella McCutcheon and Alice M. Walt. Not until afterward did they know that this grog-shop had been intimidated by them, although they knew all about the "reign of terror" in the schoolroom. All were highly respected women, not only as teachers in Bryan, but in the rural schools, and all unwittingly they were exerting an influence over the keeper of a Bryan saloon. When he darkened his place it was a mute invitation for them not to visit him. It is said by many that the saloon keepers were their own undoing, and their failure to comply with law requirements defeated them. May the children of the future know as little about the saloon as men and women of today know about the crusade.

It is said there was more aggressive temperance warfare in the 70's than since that time, and in that decade the Murphy movement was sweeping the country. Henry M. Look was an apostle of the Murphy temperance sentiment, and visited Williams County as a speaker. There were then twenty-seven saloons in Bryan, but the "blue ribbon" worn by all who signed the Murphy temperance pledge—the pledge formulated by Francis Murphy, who was a converted saloon keeper, had a restraining influence on crime and lawlessness of all descriptions. The whole country sang:

"Ho, my comrades, see the signal waving in the sky
Re-enforcements now are coming—victory is nigh,"

although it was more than forty years until prohibition swept the country. Writing on the subject in the 80's, Henry William Blair said: "The conflict between men and alcohol is as old as civilization, more destructive

than any other form of warfare and as fierce today as at any time in its history." The application is local, and there was a remonstrance against alcohol in the 40's, most like the period of the activities of that early Williams County Temperance Society.

There has always been a wet and dry element, and that long ago there was a good deal said about the whisky jug in the harvest field. Some Williams County farmers harvested their grain without the whisky jug in the field, although the hired labor always went where there was a jug of whisky. When the Civil war came on there was not so much agitation of the temperance question, and for a few years afterward the dry forces were not as well organized as they are today. The alcoholic evil is the subject of crucial investigation all of the time, and the wets and dries lie awake nights planning how they may outwit each other. While the "blind tiger" is a bugbear and a menace, it has never been a "poor man's club" and social center, and with the saloon out of existence some men have cultivated the acquaintance of their own families. When the patronage began to wane, some saloon keepers were glad of the technicality in the law that closed their doors before the sheriff did it for them.

While the women did not vote, and many do not care for suffrage only along reformation lines they were united in support of the movement when the men of Williams County moved against the saloon through the local option process. While some women would like to grapple with affairs of state beyond the moral question, the Williams County leaders all rallied when there was a chance for a half loaf, although state-wide prohibition was always their slogan. The Williams County W. C. T. U. members call themselves the Daughters of the Crusade, and some of them unhesitatingly say that the Anti-saloon League men who have worked hand in glove with them in bringing about temperance measures are sons and grandsons of W. C. T. U. mothers. While there may not be any mothers of Presidents among them, there have been wives of presidential dignitaries who were temperance women. All Williams County women point with pride to Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes as an Ohio woman who banished wine from the White House when Rutherford B. Hayes was President of the United States. While women have always resorted to prayer in bringing about moral reforms, the oak and the vine simile does not mean so much to the aggressive woman. She is inclined to do things on her own account. While some are dropping out others are coming in, and the Williams County W. C. T. U. is now organized in Montpelier, Edon, Melbern, Edgerton, Pioneer, West Unity and Bryan. These unions are social and moral developing agencies, and the Williams County unions are raising \$1,000 in the "million dollar drive" now being made by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Based on the 1919 membership roster, this means about \$3 for each woman.

The Williams County W. C. T. U. was the only organized body of local temperance workers when local option became an issue, and they were quick to offer their services. While Williams County women always stood with the men in the early temperance organizations, when the cru-

sade had its birth in Hillsboro, Ohio, in 1873, it attracted many of the more aggressive women of the whole country. While it was a short-lived movement, it left behind it a splendid offspring, the W. C. T. U. coming into existence a year later in Cleveland. The crusade was the real beginning of definite action, and men of today enjoy recounting the part their mothers had in it. There was rivalry among the women as to who should knock the heads out of whisky barrels, and it was always a weakened article they emptied into the streets, the whisky barrels being frequently shifted from one cellar to another to escape them.

Emotion, love and sympathy predominate the average woman, and as an organization the W. C. T. U. is both religious and secular, and when the men told the women of the country they should raise up voters instead of asking for the franchise, they immediately began a campaign of education among future voters. Through them scientific temperance has been introduced into the public schools, and since the child of today is the citizen of tomorrow the women are right in their campaign of education. The Christian Alexanders have conquered the world for temperance, and while the crusade was temporary the W. C. T. U. is like Tennyson's babbling brook—goes on, perhaps, forever. For many years it has been an influence for good, keeping the temperance sentiment alive in Williams County.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE WILLIAMS COUNTY HOME

By a recent enactment of the Ohio Assembly, the name "poor house" no longer applies to county infirmaries maintained for the care of indigent persons unable to care for themselves. There are 280 acres in the farm at the Williams County home, and Frank Koch is the superintendent and his wife is matron there. This home was established November 25, 1874, and Andrew Scott was its first superintendent. The land was bought by the Williams County commissioners from John Hester. The purchase price was \$14,000, but today the land is not rated at \$50 an acre. The Williams County farm has always been a self-sustaining institution, and Mr. and Mrs. Koch are doing what they can to make life pleasant for the unfortunates who live there. The farm and housework is done by the inmates under their supervision, and there is no odium attached to living in the Williams County Home at all.

When a man or woman has no son or daughter, or no other kin with whom to live, the Williams County Home is an open door, and sometimes mothers are temporarily housed there in order that they may care for their own children until permanent arrangements can be made for them. The superintendent is responsible to the commissioners for the management of the home and, as superintendent, he is automatically a member of the State Board of Charities. In some counties where there are organized charities there are homes for children outside of the county homes, but in Williams County there is no other charitable institution. "Saints' Rest" is a name sometimes given to county homes because some saintly persons always end their days there.

The Williams County Home has capacity for sixty-five inmates, although it is never taxed in caring for the inmates. While vagrants from outside sometimes apply there, it is the policy to let every community take care of its own indigent class, and such persons are sometimes given aid to reach their own locality. There is excellent farm land at the Williams County Home, and diversified crops are grown there. Electricity is obtained from the Toledo and Indiana Electric Railway line at Stryker through West Unity, and the buildings and grounds are well lighted and always attractive. There is plenty of shade and some landscape beauty there. The farm lies in Jefferson Township with West Unity as its nearest market place.

While there is no charitable institution other than the Williams County Home, precaution was taken early to rid the community of suspects, an old account saying: "To any constable of Madison Township, greeting: whereas complaint has been made before me, Cyrus Barrett, Jr., one of the overseers of the poor of said township, that Tallman Reasoner and his family are likely to become a township charge; you are

therefore commanded to warn said Tallman Reasoner and family to depart from the township forthwith, and of this writ make legal service and due return. Given under my hand and seal this 10th day of July, 1843.—Cyrus Barrett, overseer of the poor.” And the return reads: “I hereby certify that I have legally served this warrant by personally reading the same this 11th day of July, 1843,” and it was signed Daniel Barrett, constable. This precautionary measure was resorted to thirty-one years before the organization of the Williams County Home, although there is no further data about Tallman Reasoner and his dependents.

In Bryan the Woman's Federation ministers to local needs, and in Montpelier the Civic Club does the same thing, and “let not thy right hand know what the left hand doeth” actuates many persons in such things. Jesus said, “The poor ye have always with you”; although they were notified to leave Madison Township years ago. It is said that donations are sometimes raised on Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, and that none claim the offerings, but the worthy poor are sensitive and the Christian cloak of charity may become a mantle for them in a way that does not offend them. Once a year the Williams County Woman's Christian Temperance Union brings good cheer to the inmates of the Williams County Home by holding its flower day service there. A woman whose life activities were devoted to orphan children once said: “A foundling asylum is not a mansion of wealth, and the children here are not from the best homes, but among them are some boys and girls of good intellect”; and the same may be said of Williams County. In more populous counties there are more demands upon charity.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE "MEDICINE MAN" IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

One hundred years in history is not so long, and the centenary of the birth of Florence Nightingale May 12, 1920—just three months after the first centenary in Williams County—shows that extraordinary strides have been made in both the medical and nursing profession within that period. The career of the Williams County Medical Society has been checkered, doctors saying they belonged to it twenty, thirty and forty years ago; although the records of the present organization show that it has been in existence since 1904, and the 1920 official roster is: Dr. C. M. Barstow of Bryan, president, and Dr. J. W. Weitz of Montpelier, secretary-treasurer. Doctor Weitz recently represented the society as its delegate to the seventy-fourth annual convention of the Ohio State Medical Association at Toledo.

The Williams County Medical Association is an adjunct to the State and American Medical Associations, and any medical doctor in good standing in the Williams County Association is eligible to membership in the greater associations. It is said there has long been a more or less active Williams County society, but now and then questions would arise that would create a difference, and lack of interest resulted in the cessation of regular meetings. The service fee has always been one source of disagreement, physicians in the larger towns rating their services higher than the country doctors. When there were fewer people in Williams County there were fewer ailments, and consequently fewer physicians; but today there is a capable group of medical men holding membership in the Williams County society. The present organization dates back to January, 1904, and its purpose is set forth as professional ethics, social fellowship and scientific advancement. Its charter members are: John W. Long, James W. Long, A. E. Snyder, A. L. Snyder, F. H. Pugh, C. M. Barstow and J. U. Riggs, Bryan; R. R. Alwood, Albert W. Back and F. M. Frazier, Montpelier; Albert Hathaway, Edon. The first roster was: J. U. Riggs, president, with the present incumbent as secretary-treasurer.

The present-day Williams County doctors must register, and they must have a literary education before beginning the study of medicine, the standards having been raised recently. The early-day practitioner knew little about anatomy and physiology, although often successful in combating diseases. Years ago everything was bilious fever, black measles, black diphtheria—malignant disorders with phthisic and flux thrown in for good measure—and typhoid fever was prevalent; but there is not much contagion today because science has reduced it. In the Garden of Eden under the Old Apple Tree man became wise about

many things, and today the human family knows more about diseases and their prevention; an ounce of the latter being worth all the cures in the world. Bacteria, germs—why, the shortest poem in the English language, "Adam had 'em," was written on the subject of germs.

Doctor Plain Diet has always been regarded as a good citizen, and there are today conscientious doctors who recommend sanitary measures sometimes rather than prescribe antidotes. Among early Williams County doctors were: Stough, Barkdull, Andrews, Schmidt, Wood, Long, Hathaway, Blaker, Willard, Hubbard, Clover, Stubbs, Snear, Hall, Finch, Graves, Runnion, Denman, Hart, Stout, Clute, Williams, Lamson, Knoff, Flora, Kolby, Kent, Paul, Snyder, Mercer, Hagerty, Williams—and the offices of some of them were regarded as so many life-saving stations. While Mrs. Lucy H. Eckis is listed as a woman physician in West Unity, there are none in Williams County today. She was a woman of literary attainment, and although not a graduate physician, upon the death of her husband she continued his practice for some years.

While Christian Science is not much in evidence in Williams County, and osteopaths and chiropractors are not numerous, there are men and women who still make use of the old prescription, "work it off," instead of sending for medical advice about their ailments. *Materia Medica* is subject to change, and physicians handle their patients different today. The cheerful doctor always has a benign influence when he enters the sick room, and metaphysics always will be his ally in handling diseases. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away"; and diet is better understood today. "Man is fearfully and wonderfully made"; and emphasis is placed on the statement when woman is under consideration, and yet since people know more of hygiene and sanitation, there is less demand for medical advice in the community. Since people understand their own "in'ards" better it works both ways, some feeling the complications require attention, while others rest assured about it.

The quack doctor and his cure-all remedies answer the requirements of some, while others want the advice of reputable physicians. When most people grow ill the material side of their nature asserts itself, and they send for the medical advisor in whom they have most confidence. The Indian sacker with his herbs, and the old woman with her catnip tea and other concoctions are all right for a time, but there comes a time when men of learning are consulted by most families. There was a time when the doctors depended upon Peruvian bark, quinine and calomel in heroic doses in combating chills and fevers, and while they were not often fatal, the victims frequently suffered greatly from them. Sometimes the doctors themselves fell victims to the dread diseases prevalent before the swamps had been drained in Williams County. Dr. Daniel Drake, writing in *Materia Medica*, cites instances where treatments acting on the imagination cured some of the early-day maladies, shakes, etc., and who has not sat by an open window all morning with impunity while ignorant of the fact, and yet begun to take cold immediately when told about it?

There are county health doctors now and they designate certain clean-up days in every community. While it is done as a sanitary meas-

ure it adds to the appearance of the town, and statistics from the department of health in the State of Ohio show that Bryan is one of the most fortunate communities, the people free from contagion and the condition is attributed to the water. Where there is diphtheria and typhoid fever there is impure water. There are families today who employ physicians to keep them well rather than to cure them of illness. An old account says: "At the time when the people were exterminating bears, panthers and the vast forests there was no time to make war on such small and ubiquitous things as mosquitoes." But they do not buzz quite so serenely today. When the swamps attracted millions of them the doctors nor patients neither suspected their deadly mission as disease spreaders, and "Baby bye, here's a fly, let us watch him, you and I," shows the attitude only a few years ago toward another disease disseminator—the house fly. "Swat the fly."

At the time when housewives used peach-tree limbs and peacock tails to "mind the flies," they did not think of them as deadly enemies. The screen-door came along in the American centennial year, and when the fly had been barred people began to realize advantages from it. When the barnyards were cleaned up and his breeding places were removed, many of the diseases he used to carry were no longer prevalent. Instead of the lullaby about watching the fly, "Swat the fly" means more to mothers today. It has been pointed out that disease is caused by gases generated from decaying vegetation. While the results may not be immediate, it requiring a certain period for incubation before the people were seized with fevers, etc., all that is obviated today by removing the offending substances. In Bible times there were hog wallows, and as long as there are sows they will return to them, unless their owners use some precaution about such conditions.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," and home sanitation has had much to do with changed health conditions. While the pioneers were not unsanitary, they had not studied drainage and other questions that have revolutionized things. There are systems of ventilation today, while the cracks in the floor and the open fireplace was about all the ventilation known to the settlers. While there was no filth within the cabin walls, and some of the grandmothers were scrupulously clean housekeepers, there was stagnant water everywhere and the mosquitos and flies had their own way about things. In 1838 was the "terribly sickly season" in Williams County, and a writer of that period speaks of "autumnal, bilious, intermittent, remittent, congestive, miasmatic, malarial, marsh, malignant, chill fever, ague, dumb ague, fever and ague," and if there is anything in suggestion the settlers had the benefit. The doctors were disposed to mystify their patients and all these were resultant from "vegeto-animalcular" causes, meaning that the people were infected by organisms bred in decaying vegetation, and with that view of the situation home sanitation is largely responsible for better conditions.

One account of the "terribly sickly season" in 1838 says: "The fever was so continuous and so frightful were its effects, that it is remarkable the settlers were heroic enough to remain in the new country. They stayed partly through grim determination, partly through natural indispo-

sition to move backward, partly through love of the beautiful country, and partly through that hope springing eternally in the breasts of the pioneers to cheer them in their toil and suffering." But time has drawn the curtain and almost cut off the memory of such things. Chills and fevers—who has them or thinks of them today? Flu is a twentieth century visitation that has given many people a deplorable understanding of the chills and fevers of the pioneers. Rudyard Kipling wrote: "Lest we forget, Lord, lest we forget," and the flu epidemic has been sufficient to remind all. In 1872 there was epizootic among the horses that crippled all industries requiring their use, and it left diseased and imperfect animals, and the Spanish influenza of 1918-19-20 has been just as serious among human beings. While there are still epidemics of measles, whooping cough, chicken pox, nettle rash, lagrippe—say it softly, the seven-year itch, bathing and home sanitation have reduced the awful effects of them.

When chills and ague were prevalent in Williams County sometimes not a cabin escaped, and there would not be a well person in the community. In the early morning water buckets would be filled by the most able-bodied ones and placed in reach of all, and when the shakes would come on and the fever would follow, each one could help himself. Those conditions were duplicated in the recent epidemic of the flu, and people of today now understand the hardships of the pioneers. Many times the settlers would have gone back to their old homes when the fever was highest, but when they were better they would remain and finally through drainage and sanitary precautions conditions were changed in Williams County. There were always some so sick their relatives could not leave them, and each year brought new neighbors until finally no one wanted to leave the community.

Along with the chills and ague there were dental troubles, and when the settlers used to twist out the teeth for each other they suffered untold agony. Many men and women of today have never seen the instrument of torture used by the settlers in twisting out their molars and incisors, but knocking out teeth of horses can be no more barbarous than was the twisting process. With a deft movement of the wrist the modern dentist draws the tooth, and there is an aching void—and many diseases are traced to defective teeth today. The eyes and the teeth, but this is a day of specialists and it is quite proper to consult them. The pioneer doctor used to bleed his patients, and they still "bleed" them. While they used to come on horseback and at breakneck speed for the doctor, today they call him by telephone.

There are always two sides to any question, and in commenting on *Materia Medica*, one doctor said that people nowadays take time by the forelock and they send for the doctor oftener, and save continued ailments. The pioneers used more home remedies, and when the doctor came the next thing they thought about was the funeral. The Irishwoman thought the patient was in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits, and again the family is under censure that does not send for the doctor. The history of medicine in Williams County has been a study in evolution, and but few of the present-day doctors remember when "yaller janders" was so prevalent. The good old doctor would throw his

saddle bags across his faithful horse, and start out on his rounds which would often take all day and part of the night, and if the roads were bad he never knew when he would reach home again. When the roads were too bad for the horse he walked, but with better drainage and less stagnant water there were fewer mosquitoes and consequently less malaria and kindred diseases. The time came when the doctor had a two-wheeled sulky, and later a buggy, and now —

While the medical man is not unmindful of the faithful old horse of other days, the apothecary's hardships are not all in the dim past. If there isn't mud there is snow, and if there isn't snow there is mud, and the automobile is not always equal to the emergency. When the family telephones the doctor they ask if he has a self-starter on his automobile, and they want to know that he will come in a hurry. The times have changed and the poetry and sentiment of the long-ago have given place to cold-blooded business methods.

There was a time when once the family doctor, always the family doctor, but such is not true today. The old-time family doctor ushered several generations into the world, but today one member of the family calls one doctor and another calls someone else—sentiment having no consideration. While doctors do not advertise—it is unprofessional—if one has success in his practice his patients advertise for him and vice versa, and while doctors used to be afraid of each other and jealous—there is a fraternal spirit today. In the Williams County Medical Society they meet and read papers, and discuss the treatment of diseases. Instead of leaving powder wrapped in papers they leave tablets today. Few had spatulas and they used to ask for a caseknife in dealing out their powders in papers—take them every two hours, dissolved in water. There are few prescription doctors in Williams County. When the doctors used to give calomel there were salivated mouths unless the patients abstained from acid foods, and people sometimes lost their teeth from salivation. They used to follow calomel with quinine, and hold a child's nose to make him take it; and then the capsules solved that difficulty. Who remembers taking sulphur in stewed apples or in molasses? Who said turn backward in the world of diseases and their cures?

In all the populous centers there are hospitals, and Williams County people are familiar with such an institution in Montpelier, although recent changes are reported there. The Wertz and Hogue hospitals have been closed, and a new hospital has been opened by Mrs. L. M. Yoder and Mrs. Victor Yoder. They have purchased the Hogue operating outfit and the Wertz furniture, and as business warrants they will add more space to their hospital department. The owners are experienced nurses, and the physicians of Montpelier are pleased with the arrangements. There is now a place for the proper care of emergency cases, and two patients immediately entered the new hospital. Some Williams County residents are practical nurses in other institutions, and some have engaged in welfare work in the health departments of different cities. The Florence Nightingales are a blessing to every community. Clara Barton was a nurse on the field of battle, and the Red Cross is the result of her effort.

CHAPTER XXXV

WILLIAMS COUNTY FIRE FIGHTERS

While death is regarded as the last enemy, water and fire are the most destructive agencies unless there is system in handling them, when both are useful elements. The most efficient fire fighters can do little to avert impending danger unless there is a sufficient supply of water, and the earliest record of any organized fire department in Williams County, said C. R. Bowersox, chief of the Bryan fire department since 1912, is the purchase of a steam fire engine in 1873, in Bryan. When a conflagration is raging there are always heroes and heroines—men and women will join a bucket brigade in an emergency, and some have shown great presence of mind at such time. The women have sometimes proved themselves equal to the men as fire fighters, although the task of throwing the looking glass out of an upstairs window and carefully carrying down the feather bed usually falls to the men. A woman will sometimes carry a jar of soft water to a place of safety.

Fire and water are the two great enemies of property, and water is always employed to subdue fire, hence it is the greater agency. Fire cannot consume water, although when a fog was raising someone gave the alarm "The water is on fire." The fire department is the guardian of public safety. There are always anxious hearts when an alarm is sounded, and while the department's right of way in the street is never questioned, since automobiles are so common the progress is often impeded by thoughtless persons trying to be first at the destination. While the chief and assistant chief of the Bryan fire department are on part pay relation to the community, they do not remain on duty at the fire department at all. While they have other vocations, they always have "an ear to the ground" for a fire alarm. Chief Bowersox has an automobile—private property—and he always has chemicals in it.

Alexander Partee, the fire-department driver at Station No. 1 in Bryan, is the only man in Williams County giving his entire time to the fire department. He is on duty twenty-four hours every day, and he lives in the flat in the city building above the station. When there is a call for the department his wife gives the alarm and he starts at once for the conflagration. Sometimes the chief is there when he arrives, and sometimes he is the first to arrive with whatever firemen may have mounted the hose wagon in its wild dash through the streets. There are twelve volunteer fire fighters registered in Fire Department No. 1, and ten in No. 2, and no matter where they are they are pledged to drop everything and hasten to the scene of conflagration. They are all men of daring who stand ready to take chances or they would be useless as firemen. While life is sweet to a fireman he must think of the interests of the community.

Mr. Partee, who lives at the department station, is a mechanic and he looks after the upkeep of the property. There is one of the best horse-drawn engines in the Bryan No. 1 fire department to be found in Northwestern Ohio today. The city has had a varied experience in the ownership of fire-department horses, and it has been found expedient to allow the driver to furnish them. Mr. Partee regards Gus and Dick as the best fire team ever used in Bryan. They are gray horses and have been at the station several years. They know the signals and they never make any wrong moves when there is a fire alarm. They seem to have almost human comprehension and would reach the destination alone. It has been found an economy for the driver to own the horses since he is then interested in them, and they are always in condition.

Mr. Partee chooses his own horses, and when an animal is unsatisfactory to him he changes it. Some horses learn the requirements easily while others do not learn them at all; and Gus and Dick know all about it. A horse with physical defects cannot fill a place on the Bryan fire department. Mr. Partee is not a fireman—simply the driver, and one time when a fire was in progress a stranger arrived at breakneck speed riding behind a fine specimen of a horse. He was a mile from town when the alarm was sounded, and since the horse had been used many years on the Fort Wayne fire department, he knew what it meant when he heard the Bryan fire alarm. There is a poem reciting how a fire-department horse, afterward used to a dairy wagon, spilled the milk in his hurry to reach the scene of conflagration.

There is some fire-fighting apparatus in all of the towns, and Edgerton now has the old hand engine used in Bryan. No. 2 fire department in Bryan gets to a fire by attaching the hose wagon to a truck. Montpelier and West Unity have truck-drawn fire departments, and there is a chemical engine used at Montpelier. There is a volunteer service and the fire fighters reach the scene in a short time. The Civic League of Montpelier has been instrumental in equipping the local fire department, and in beautifying the engine-house property. Stryker, Pioneer, Edon and Edgerton all have fire apparatus and volunteer fire fighters. While recently there have been no sweeping fires, every community knows the sad havoc of conflagration. A fire alarm always attracts a crowd, and the crowd handicaps the department by blocking its efforts. While the alarms are always given in some cities the destination is not indicated since there are so many automobiles, and the reckless drivers interfere with the efficiency of the departments by blockading the streets. Some automobile drivers pay no attention to consequences just so they can witness the destruction.

In the old days when there were more wooden houses in all of the towns, there were more destructive conflagrations. Strike a match and burn up the town, but there have been building restrictions, and there are building inspectors who condemn fire-trap buildings, and the danger is lessened in that way. Since building permits must be issued inflammable materials are not used so extensively. Since 1913 there have been building inspectors in Williams County. It is a protective measure appreciated by the people generally. At one time Williams County was infested

by firebugs—insurance the seeming inducement—and when incendiarism became so general there was reaction against it. Finally twenty-seven firebugs were convicted and sent to the penitentiary, and incendiarism soon waned in the community. Because property was at stake, and many had suffered loss, great crowds were attracted to the courtroom when the trials were in progress. There were more destructive fires in rural communities than in the towns.

Rigid prosecution of offenders was all that changed conditions, and George E. Letcher, who was given a seven-years' sentence to the penitentiary, was brought from Santa Barbara, California, for prosecution. Jack Page was a dupe of the ringleader, and sometimes homes were burned for the insurance and sometimes it was arson and pure cussedness. While that fact did not save his character, it is related that Letcher was of blood-kin to President James A. Garfield. It is said that Page would bore an augur-hole in a block of wood, fill it with kerosene and paper, and that he would fire a building with it and calmly watch the conflagration. There was once an insane man in Bryan who had a mania for burning buildings. He would fire them in order to see the department in action. It is said that West Unity and Alvordton suffered most at the hand of the firebugs when they infested Williams County.

The first destructive fire in Bryan occurred on Sunday night, December 30, 1855, when the town was without fire protection other than the bucket brigade formed by men and women. A grocery owned by Edward Evans, a drygoods store owned by William Yates, and the postoffice kept by George Walt, were swept away, and over the dying embers a bucket brigade was organized that was effective until there was a fire engine installed in Bryan. There are now an engine, hook and ladder truck and two hose wagons—1,300 feet of hose on one and 2,300 on the other—and sometimes all are in requisition. Trucks are pressed into service when needed, and everybody goes to the fire in Bryan. While the rainbow set in the clouds is the token of the covenant of the Almighty that the world will not again be destroyed by water, the fire department does not have any surcease from duty. While everybody watches the clouds, when the cry of fire is heard all ears are alert and all hearts beat in unison.

CHAPTER XXXVI

SECRET ORDERS IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

The older secret orders of the United States that are most popular in other communities have representation in Williams County. However, the fact that they are secret renders it difficult to obtain much data about them. There is no order so widely known and yet so little understood as the Free and Accepted Masons. The origin of Free Masonry is lost in the mists and obscurity of the past, but well authenticated references to it are found dating back almost to the beginning of the Christian era. The name Free Mason is met with in connection with organization of Masonry in England as early as 1350, but just when the title originated is not a matter of record. What is known as the "Old York Constitution" was formulated and adopted by a general lodge of Masons in the year 926, A. D., congregated at York, England.

In the history of English and Scotch Masonry from which Masonry in the United States is derived, there are actual records presenting an unbroken line as shown by the minutes of lodges beginning with the year 1599, until the present time. Mother Lodge Kilwinning which met at Kilwinning, Scotland, is one of the ancient lodges which is universally known and respected throughout the Masonic world. It is uncertain when Masonry was first introduced in America, but it was in the Colonial period. The first official authority for the assembling of Free Masons in America was issued June 5, 1730, by the Duke of Norfolk, Grand Master of England, to Daniel Coxe, appointing him grand master for the provinces of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Three years later a grand master was appointed for the colonies of New England. Thus Free Masonry was established within the boundaries of the United States, and as civilization advanced Free Masonry advanced with it.

The square and compass are the emblems of Masonry, and when a man is a Mason he is recognized as a good citizen. There are lodges in Bryan, Montpelier, West Unity, Pioneer, Edon and Edgerton, while Stryker citizens hold membership in the lodge at Evansport, Defiance County. There are rural members in the Williams County lodges. Masonry is one of the greatest factors for the good in any community. While it makes no bid for public applause, its membership is made up of the better class of business and professional men, and it adheres strictly to the tenets of the order and the constitution. While in its early history Masonry was opposed by churchmen, recently they have affiliated with it. At all times it maintains its dignity as an ancient and worthy institution. Masonry has always performed the duties incumbent upon it modestly and without ostentation, or the blowing of trumpets. By reason of its firm adherence to its ancient tenets it is held in high esteem by

the community. Its branches are: Royal Arch, Council, Commandery, Knight Templars, Consistory and Scottish Rite Masonry. The mothers, wives, daughters, sisters and sweethearts, although free-born American citizens, are ineligible to the mysteries of Masonry. The Order of Eastern Star is their organization, and through it they approach to the threshold of Masonry.

THE I. O. O. F. LODGE IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

The first Independent Order of Odd Fellows Lodge in America was organized April 26, 1819, in Baltimore—Washington Lodge No. 1—and Thomas Wildy was its founder. After a few years the English charter of this lodge was surrendered, and the Grand Lodge of Maryland was organized instead of it. This original American lodge affiliated with the mother lodge in England until 1842, and now all the lodges in the world affiliate with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows Sovereign Grand Lodge except those of Great Britain. Friendship, truth and love (F. T. L.) are the basis upon which Odd Fellowship is founded, and there are lodges in all the towns of Williams County. The mission of the I. O. O. F. Lodge is to look after both temporal and spiritual needs, and the Bible is used in each service—part of the requirements. The Rebekah Lodge is constituted for the women whose interests are in common with the members. While Odd Fellowship had its origin in England in the eighteenth century, where its meetings were little more than clubs, the members being mechanics and laborers whose pay was small, they were congenial spirits and mutual interest and sympathy was aroused and each one dropped his contribution into the common treasury. In this way a fund was created for relieving want among them. While the order came with the pioneers into Williams County and its growth was slow, good deeds and kindly ministrations won for it an abiding place in the hearts of the people, and from its humble beginning its motto has been "To visit the sick, to relieve the distressed, to educate the orphan, to help the widow and to bury the dead," and on this foundation the order will stand the tests of the ages.

THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

There are Knights of Pythias and Pythian Sisters in all of the towns, and in point of numbers it is probably the strongest secret order in Williams County. The membership is made up of younger and more active men, and they are more in evidence in the community. This order grew out of a poem written in 1821, in which John Banim portrayed a loyal friendship between Damon and Pythias. This touching story of friendship and devotion struck deep into the heart of Justus H. Rathbone, who read and reread the poem—this story of Damon and Pythias. In 1857-8, Mr. Rathbone decided to form a compact among his friends, based on the story as set forth in the poem, and when he told Robert A. Champion of his scheme and read to him the ritual, he was so impressed with it that they at once proposed an organization. However, the Civil war

came on and delayed things. The close of the war would mark the beginning of their efforts, and in 1864 the order was first instituted in Washington City, and within a few years there were lodges all over the United States. In the creed for workers are these sentiments: I believe in my job. I believe in my fellow man. I believe in my country. I believe in my home. I believe in today.

There were one time flourishing lodges of Knights and Ladies of Honor and Royal Arcanum, but with the death of the leaders those lodges are no longer in existence. The Modern Woodmen and the Knights of Columbus have some local representation and some of the Williams County secret orders own their own lodge homes and have accumulated considerable wealth. Where the church performs its perfect work there is not so much demand for lodges, and yet there is a fraternity among them not always manifest in the churches.

CHAPTER XXXVII

PUBLIC UTILITIES IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

While on the face of things it seems that public necessities should be public trusts, private ownership of public utilities is the prevailing condition. While government control of public utilities may be inconsistent with private ownership, there are men who advocate it and the United States postal system is a strong social argument. They would have public utilities shared by all. While the Bible says: "God made man in His own image," Disraeli once declared: "But the public is made by the newspapers." And there are those who deny the freedom of the press with reference to the discussion of utilities, saying the truth is unknown to the masses about such things.

Just as the use of the word conservation causes the thoughtful mind to revert to the late Theodore Roosevelt, and the word reciprocity recalls the "plumed knight," James G. Blaine, the term public utilities is always associated with the commission or with someone promoting such things, and the railroads, traction lines and public highways have already been discussed, leaving the telegraph system—the Western Union and Postal systems, both in use in Williams County. "What God hath wrought," was the first message ever flashed over the wire established in 1840 between Baltimore and Washington. Since then the telegraph, through its wireless branch and the cable system, has encircled the world. It is said that a woman suggested the first telegraph message from Baltimore. However, the noonday of the nineteenth century has been passed in the onward march long before the modern improvements that made of civilization a simplified problem had evolved from the brain of the genius, and the element of profit from the ownership of public conveniences had taken deep hold on the mind of the speculator.

The telegraph office followed in the wake of the railroad in Williams County, but for a long time the public only used it when sending death or funeral notices. M. C. McGuire of Edgerton, who is now the senior telegraph employe along the line of the New York Central Railroad, remembers well when nothing but market reports and death notices were transmitted by telegraph. Now the night letters by telegraph are frequently used in business correspondence when speed is necessary. It used to cost \$1.50 to send a ten-word message to Chicago. Mr. McGuire has been an operator fifty-five years, and has been half a century in his present position. He conducted a school of telegraphy in Edgerton forty-four years, and he has trained 1,500 operators, 950 of whom found positions with the New York Central Railway. Mr. McGuire is now relieved of the details of telegraphy and sells the railroad tickets in Edgerton.

Many years ago Horace S. Knapp, a historian of some note, said: "The transition almost confuses the mind to contemplate, when viewed in

all its length and breadth. What marvelous changes in the means of transmitting intelligence have been produced in a period less than a half century. Today at any railroad station in Williams County, connected with which is a telegraph office, one may transmit a message 2,000 miles distant, or even to Europe or the Orient, and receive to it an answer in less space of time than a half century ago, would have been consumed by the speediest mode of travel then known to make the distance from Pioneer to Stryker and return, and during the January and June floods that then appeared as regularly as the seasons, to communicate with a neighbor ten miles distant." But A. D. 1920, Williams County residents have known the results of the national political conventions assembled in Chicago and San Francisco within a few hours afterward; the telegraph wire and the printing press combining to bring the message. The same writer says, further: "Imagine a pioneer who about three months after the presidential election in 1832, received an eastern letter or newspaper conveying to him the information that Andrew Jackson had been elected President of the United States in the previous November.

"If the settler happened to be a Jackson man he donned his hunting shirt and coonskin cap and sallied forth in search of the few neighbors of his political faith to communicate the glad tidings to them, and mingle their rejoicings over it. The news of the result of a presidential election is now known in every considerable city and town in the United States and Europe within twenty-four hours after the close of the polls." And it requires no stretch of the imagination to believe the foregoing statement, since before the bandits have reached Toledo again, news of the bank robbery in Delta, May 20, 1920, is heralded in Bryan by interurban travelers who were coming into that town as the robbers were leaving it.

THE FRIEND ON THE WALL

It has always been said telephone or tell-a-woman, and now that the majority of Williams County residents are connected by the friend on the wall—the telephone—it is of interest to know that in 1879, about the time it was used anywhere, the telephone was first introduced into Williams County. Businessmen went to nearby cities to see it, and forty years later there are 6,400 telephones in use in Williams County. With a population of 24,000, that means that one in four persons have the daily telephone service and, since the families average at least four persons, all the men, women and children in the county use the telephone. R. A. Russell of Bryan relates that a short time before phones were in use Fred Kemp had a restaurant on the public square and his two sons, Theodore and Fred, experimented with it, using wires and tin cans for batteries. They punched holes in pennies and attached them to the skin from a drum-head drawn over the cans, and with a line about town they could talk distinctly on it. Mr. Russell thinks this was at least a year before the phone was installed as a commercial fixture in Bryan.

It was in 1882 that the telephone came into general use locally—not general, either, because for many years only the business houses had it. The system has now been expanded until Williams County is a network

of telephones, the Williams County Telephone Company having extended its lines in every direction. It has 1,400 phones in Bryan; 1,200 in Montpelier; 450 in Edon; 450 in Pioneer, and 100 at Alfordton. West Unity, Kunkle, Edgerton and Stryker have independent telephone systems. There are 900 phones in West Unity; 300 in Kunkle; 900 in Edgerton, and 700 in Stryker—the rural connections included in all statements. There is a one-man telephone company at Kunkle while the others are stock companies.

LIGHT AND HEAT IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

The Toledo and Indiana Electric Railway Company has a light and power electric plant in Stryker which generates power for the operation of its cars, furnishes power and light in Stryker, West Unity and Montpelier; the Williams County Home being supplied through West Unity. Bryan has its own municipal light and power plant, supplying light, power and water to Bryan consumers. There have been electric lights in Bryan since 1889—the use limited for many years to the stores, and the arc light being used, but this is the electric age and almost every family uses electricity. A stock company has been organized at Stryker to light farmhouses with electricity. A great many farm homes are lighted with private electric plants. The Bryan municipal lighting plant attracts visitors because of its completeness, and it was built with the thought of future needs as well as present conditions. It has a million-gallon storage reservoir, and nowhere is there better water than bubbles out of the curbstone fountains in Bryan. When the municipal lighting and water plant has completed its landscape effort there will be another attractive park in Bryan.

The Ohio Gas Company located in Bryan and organized under state laws, furnishes artificial gas to Bryan consumers and to other towns in Williams County. There has been some local natural gas development but never in paying quantities, although there is at present an experimental well being sunk just east of Bryan. While there were not satisfactory results from local developments a few years ago, some felt that conditions were better than reported at the time—hence the 1920 effort to reach gas or oil in the community. The price of the commodity keeps coming up for settlement, and a sliding scale has been adopted in some places, the price to be regulated by the expense of coal, labor, etc.; ordinances in the different towns having similar provisions governing it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE MUSICAL LIFE OF WILLIAMS COUNTY

Primarily speaking, the musical life of Williams County has not been different from that of other localities having similar opportunities and conditions. It is simply a part of the great forward movement of the world. It is an easy thing to imagine the boy or girl on the Sahara desert blowing upon a blade of grass (if he could locate the grass), and where is the boy who never whittled out an elder and made a whistle of it? The Williams County settler was so "hungry" for music that he improvised many crude ways of producing it. The Aeolian harp made from horse hairs, or if they had it—silk thread, was a delight when they stretched it in the window and caught the air vibrations.

The Indians who inhabited Williams County before the white man happened along made their own music and danced around the camp fires to the weird strains and there has been some effort to revive an interest in it. There was always music over the hills and dales—the first stillness of the morning air—the blending of Nature's sounds is music with a mesmerism all its own, the song of the meadow lark or the note of the first robin. To keep forever in the heart the thrill awakened by the woodland sounds is to remain forever young, and it serves to lighten the hardest task in the world. The call of the jaybird is suggestive of the out-of-doors. He is a restless creature and it is natural for him to be on the wing, calling: "Jay, Jay, Jay." The frog, the locust, the katydid and cricket—each has its peculiar musical note, and begs pardon of all the others. Think of the grand chorus on the morning air—the leading musicians all in Nature's orchestra.

The musical situation years ago was simply this: prejudice, ignorance, intolerance on the one hand and a hunger for music, an enthusiasm that stopped at no hardship on the other. Music, however, has won the day and this is a musical nation even though some residents of Williams County do enjoy ragtime. There was once a Mendelssohn musical organization in Bryan, about the earliest attempt at things musical although it has long been a has-wasser in the community. In its day the people enjoyed the concerts given by those old-time singers, and someone harking back to other days has penned these lines:

"There's a lot of music in them, the hymns of the long ago,
And when some gray haired brother sings the ones I used to know
I sorter want to take a hand—I think o' days gone by,
'On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand, and cast a wistful eye,'"

and the classical music of today does not stir the heart more than the old, old songs.

While some of the pioneers were circumscribed in their understanding of things, thinking that any pleasure not an absolute necessity was sin,

whenever the song sparrow orchestra started up with Mr. Cardinal as chief soloist and musical Bob White as the conductor, the hoe always moved more merrily down the long rows of corn, and when the earth thus seemed fair and good why should they stop their ears? Their posterity today who enjoy good music are glad they were unable to banish it from the world. The stately rhythm:

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young
When first in early Greece she sung,"

should be so reconstructed that it would read in Williams County. When Judge C. A. Bowersox used to teach singing school half a century and more ago, there were some good singers in the northernmost county of Ohio, and across the line in Indiana. He lived near Edgerton.

Unique in the way of anniversaries was the reunion and concert given in Big Run Chapel across the line in Indiana, Sunday, November 28, 1915, by an old-time singing class taught by Judge Bowersox at Big Run, Casebere's, Jerusalem, Bellefontaine, Franklin Center and Wesleyan Chapel half a century ago. In 1865 these singing classes were organized and after the lapse of fifty years they sang together again. A newspaper account says: "Think of a chorus of sixty-four voices after a rest of fifty years breaking forth in pealing anthems, sacred hymns and sentimental songs. Voices a little husky and rusty in the beginning, but in a short time all were down to business like the old veterans they were, the singers ranging in age from sixty-two to seventy-four years—think of it! Where can another such a grand choir be found? The old church was caused to ring as it never rang before and will probably never ring again, and in reminiscence the old singing master reviewed the history of the class."

Along about that time Judge Bowersox taught singing at Edon, and the roads were never so muddy nor the nights so dark nor the weather so bad, but there was a good attendance. They used the Jubilee singing book, and were the judge to call for it how many copies are still in existence? Would the old guard come together again? The span of a human life has cycled into eternity since that time, and few are left who remember the Jubilee singing book of that long ago. While Judge Bowersox sometimes encounters men and women who belonged to those old-time singing classes, and they ask if he still carries the tuning fork of other days, he never disappoints them. It is his pocket piece at all times. The Olive Branch was the singing book in use when he taught at West Bethesda.

The Ohio Harmonist is a music book published in Columbus in 1852 and Judge Bowersox speaks of it as the first music book with notes introduced in Williams County. It was published by Alexander Auld, and Aaron Patterson brought a copy of it to Edon. He lived in the woods in Florence Township, and this song book had the patent of buckwheat notes so common years ago. Three parts: treble, tenor and bass, were written, and in it was the song: "The White Pilgrim," the first verse reading:

"I came to the spot where the White Pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by his tomb.
Then in a low whisper a voice seemed to say,
How sweetly I sleep here alone,"

and the story goes that the White Pilgrim had come from the south, and a brother who afterward came in search of him had written the lines of the song. While it will never be a popular song again, Judge Bowersox says the writer of the music of half a century ago caught and embalmed in it the spirit of the poet who wrote the words.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and some highly civilized peoples are carried away with it. On the fly leaf of one of Judge Bowersox's old music books is the sentiment:

"I want to hear the old songs,
I never hear them now—
The tunes that cheer the tired heart,
And smooth the careworn brow,"

and when sufficiently urged he sings them. There were joyous gatherings in some of the community centers fifty years ago, when people came in wagons or walking and carried torches to light them home again. While the trend of civilization is away from the rural church and school of other days, it is with sad hearts that some of the older ones note the changes. Put your soul into the music; therein lies the magic, no matter whether the performer be a finished musician or "just picking it out by ear." Who would not like to hear again such numbers as: "The Maiden's Prayer," "An Indian Lodge," "To a Wild Rose," and "Down by the Waters of Babylon"?

One of the early day violinists of Williams County—they called him a fiddler—was John H. Stubbs of the vicinity of Stryker, and John A. Baird enlisted as a musician in Company H, of the Thirty-Eighth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He was promoted to fife major and then he became the principal musician of the regiment. Perhaps the call of the patriotic or martial is the best example illustrating the influence of music on the human emotions. Sometimes there is music without words that conveys the most intense feeling, sometimes producing sadness and at other times gladness, and the old masters felt this in all their compositions. James Whitcomb Riley once said:

"Thinkin' back's a thing that grows,
On a feller, I suppose;
Older 'at he gets, I jack,
More he keeps a thinkin' back,"

and that is essential in gathering up the scattered threads in any department of history.

It is said that more songs came out of the Civil war than from any other one period in American history. "Nellie Gray" did as much to create sentiment as did "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "Tramp, tramp, tramp," will not die while there are Civil war soldiers. While the old-

fashioned singing school had its part in perfecting the congregational singing of hymns—dignified verse set to stately tunes that taught the whole saving grace, the war songs taught patriotism to all. They were sung with spirit, such songs as: "Take up your gun and go, John," and later: "We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand strong," and then the time came when: "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "Tenting Tonight" was the expression of saddened hearts. While people were awed at emancipation there came another song: "Wake Nico-demus today," that was more joyful, and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," coming just at the opportune time from the pen of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and set to the "Glory Hallelujah" tune never will be forgotten now since it is recognized as one of the national airs. "The Vacant Chair" was one of the saddest songs growing out of the Civil war.

Today people do not sing about the high cost of living, and even woman's suffrage has not produced anything enduring, nor does the world sing of the Panama Canal which was the greatest engineering feat of the ages, and the fulfillment of the hopes of many years, and it is conceded that war and love are all that stir the emotions. Perhaps "The Rose of No Man's Land" and "Tipperary" will live in history. Nothing else has come from the World war to compare with the songs of the Civil war. It is said the curse of modern music is commercialism, and people object to it because they miss something in it. Coleridge says: "Genius is the power of carrying the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood," and after singing schools had enabled the people to sing collectively they began sitting in groups in the churches so they could sing well together, and thus was evolved the choir—the war department, of the church of today. The enriched church service grew out of the trained singers giving their time and talent to such things.

Since 1888, Prof. F. A. Tubbs has had much to do with shaping the musical future of Williams County. He has been private teacher and supervisor of music in public schools, and his influence is not limited to Bryan. Through his influence a course of study has been introduced and a system of credits inaugurated that is used in other towns. In this way pupils receive credit for private study, and it encourages them for further effort. Bryan is the first school board in Ohio to introduce the system, and it is a benediction to competent private music teachers. Just so the pupil can pass the test of musical attainment it does not matter where he obtains his musical education. For five years Professor Tubbs was a private music teacher, but since 1893 he has had charge of music in the public schools.

Professor Tubbs located in Bryan as a bandmaster, there having been a band in Bryan continuously since 1852, with occasional short lapses, and John Connin was the first bandmaster. He was a capable musician, and today the name Connin is represented in both the Municipal Band and the boys' band in Bryan. The name has come down through all the years, and it had been designated as the Bryan Band, the Fountain City Band and the Sixth Regiment Band, before assuming the present title, Tubb's Municipal Band. This municipal organization is now main-

tained by taxation, Professor Tubbs being employed by the city, and all who wish it may have a musical education. While Mr. Connin was bandmaster, E. K. Ferris was an early band teacher in Williams County. There has been a band in Montpelier "off and on" for fifty years. There have always been private music teachers in all of the towns. The law provides for the expense of band instruction, and other communities take advantage of it. While there are no musical prodigies, it is said there is considerable musical talent in all of the towns. Mr. Tubbs has a student band of fifty boys in Bryan.

The centralized schools at Stryker and West Unity have the same outline course in music as Bryan, since Professor Tubbs is supervisor in those towns. Montpelier maintains a supervisor of music, and some attention is given to musical training in other towns. When Professor Tubbs completed his outline of the course of study in music, he sent copies of it to *The Musical Courier* and to *Musical America*, two of the foremost musical periodicals in the United States, and he received some flattering comments on it. His outline has since been adopted in many communities, letters of inquiry coming in from all over the country about it. Young men have gone from Tubb's Municipal Band, and taken positions in some of the best bands in the country.

The credit work in the Bryan public schools has been an excellent thing in the musical life of Williams County. The May Musical Festival has become a possibility, given annually by the public schools and the community sometimes assisted by outside talent, and all the oratorios are a possibility. There are two pipe organs in Bryan—the Presbyterian and Methodist churches, and there is considerable orchestral music. There are pianos in many rural homes as well as in the homes of the town, and there are some who remember the cabinet organ and the melodeon which had their time of popularity when pianos were rare in the different communities. Through the player piano and the forms of the phonograph, the compositions of the best writers are available to all. The lack of leadership in music has been the handicap in many communities. It is said that singing always creates an appetite for food, and there are some good singers in Williams County.

CHAPTER XXXIX

WILLIAMS COUNTY IN THE WARS

"In time of peace prepare for war."

The wars of the past are sufficient blot on civilization.

War is the oldest sin of the nations. It has been styled scientific international suicide, and many people accept the trite definition original with Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman: "War is hell."

It is said that war does not determine the merit of any question. "In time of peace prepare for war," has been the slogan although its teaching is at cross purposes with the policy of arbitration. The Prophet Isaiah said: "And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more," and in the face of the foregoing Williams County has had its part in several conflicts. It seemed that the saber had rusted in its sheath, and that the cannon's lips had grown cold, and that the plowshares and the pruning hooks had played their part in advanced civilization, and the "bloody shirt" was no longer waved in local party politics at all.

It was said that with present day munitions of war, a pitched battle would not last longer than a June frost. It would be wholesale destruction and none would be left to bury the dead. It was thought civilization had advanced too far for warfare ever again to sway the country. When one contemplates the horrors of war—nation against nation—he wonders that so many centuries cycled by before the world awakened to arbitration. The public mind had changed, and in future the battles of the world would be fought with ballots rather than bullets, and the average citizen had no conception of a World war, as Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan had attempted to federate all the nations of the earth in a peace pact universal, and many of them had signified their acceptance of the conditions. War vessels were to be converted into merchant marine, arbitration was to solve the problems of the nations, and belligerent powers would soon become an obsolete expression among the nations of the world. The Peace Tribunal at The Hague had been the solution of the whole thing.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity.—Ecclesiastics, 2.

Because it bears the name of a Revolutionary patriot—David Williams, and because some Revolutionary soldiers found rest in its bosom—Mother Earth, Williams County has direct point of contact with the war that established the United States a nation, and through all its vicissitudes the spirit of 1776 has been kept alive, and there is divine purpose in it all, the spirit of the Colonists have been transmitted, and a pluribus unum is the result.

When one stops to enumerate the wars through which his ancestry and his contemporaries have passed, he realizes that time is passing and wonders when he last listened to the reading of the Declaration of Independence on a festal day. When read in the spirit in which it is written it is a masterpiece of literature. While it is the document of the ages humdrum reading ruins it. When it used to be read as part of every Fourth of July celebration there were always orations dripping with patriotism following it, and everybody seemed to enjoy it. However, there has been a new interpretation placed on the word patriotism. It is quite as patriotic in the light of the world's needs to take up the hoe as the gun, and the young man may perform just as valiant service in the cornfield as on the field of battle. It was Betsy Ross who designed the American flag, but with no Patriotic Societies—S. A. R. or D. A. R. in Williams County to teach the use of it, the G. A. R. would do well to investigate and teach patriotism in displaying it. On Decoration Day, A. D. 1920, there were many flags displayed on the line of march from the courthouse square in Bryan to Fountain Grove Cemetery, but there was no uniformity, and thus the "stars and stripes" seemed at war with each other. In the Auditorium at the Memorial service, the American flag was hanging wrong and that fact detracts from the beauty of it, when one understands about it.

An old account says that Benjamin Fickle who was a Revolutionary soldier died in October, 1839, in Jefferson township, and that he was buried on the Isaac Fickle farm, and that in 1888, when the farm was sold the body was exhumed and reinterred in April of that year in Fountain Grove Cemetery. Considerable effort was made to learn the life story of this soldier, and one man remarked: "The Fickles seem to have 'faded away,'" when the clue he had given proved unavailing in obtaining information. People who had known them in the past were not authority about them today.

In Fountain Grove Cemetery, and under the shade of a maple tree just north of the foot bridge across the lily lagoon is the grave of a Revolutionary soldier, although the sexton whose book is supposed to contain the names of all who are buried there has no record of it. The information in one of the old histories gives the name Benjamin, while the metal marker at this grave has the name "D. Fickle" on it, with seven stars indicating the Revolutionary War and "War 1776," and even the commander of the Evans Post G. A. R. could tell nothing about it. The grave is always decorated, but half a dozen veterans interviewed on the subject had no knowledge that the soldier buried there was not a fallen hero of the Civil war. If Williams County would request it, this grave would be marked with a Revolutionary marker in addition to the metal staff indicating the lowly bed of this Colonial fighter who helped make this country a nation. While one book refers to Comrade Fickle as perhaps the only Revolutionary soldier sleeping on Williams County soil, another speaks of Abraham Hagerman who died in Brady township, although nothing is known of his history. While some said he lay buried in Schiffler Cemetery, those most familiar with the cemetery had no knowledge of such a grave. There was a rumor that a

Revolutionary soldier lies buried in Superior township west from Montpelier, but nothing further was heard from it. The following couplet should be true:

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
But glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead,"

and it will perhaps be the pleasure of the Grand Army or the American Legion to sometime locate those unknown graves.

The biography section of this "Centennial History of Williams County" shows that a number of Williams County families trace their descent from soldiers of 1812—the second war with England, although as yet there are no patriotic societies growing out of that war. While at the time of this war Williams County was not on the map in definite outline, it affords a resting place for many of them. Almost every cemetery has graves of soldiers of 1812, and there are five such graves in the Schiffler Cemetery. Some of these soldiers are represented in the older Williams County histories.

By the time of the difficulty with Mexico in the '40s, Williams County had attained to a population of more than 10,000—old Williams County, but when in May, 1846, President James K. Polk issued a call for troops, the territory had been reduced and the population had been split in halves, Defiance County having changed things. A recruiting station was opened at Defiance for the Fifteenth U. S. Infantry, and volunteer enlistments resulted in the organization of Company B, made up of local soldiers. This company was attached to the Fifteenth regiment and went with it to Mexico. Governor Bartley was tendered the service of more men than were required to fill Ohio's quota. The student of history knows there have been Mexican difficulties almost continuously since the outbreak in the '40s, fourscore years ago. Captain Daniel Chase was in command of Company B, and Lieutenants Goodloe and Wiley assisted him. Lieutenant Wiley was then a Bryan newspaper man. Jacob C. Ryan who lies buried in Fountain Grove was the last Mexican soldier in Williams County. He lived in Columbiana County and enlisted from Wooster, not having lived in Williams County until after his service in the Mexican war. He was wounded at Buena Vista.

Williams County's first military demonstration was in connection with the Mexican war, and afterward the pioneers were too busy keeping the wolf from the door for muster days, Fourth of July celebrations, etc., and yet there was an incipient flame of patriotism that only needed fanning to a blaze when occasion required it. Some of the townships had military days, and Bryan had an artillery squad, having secured a brass fieldpiece from the state, and:

"Into a ward of white-washed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls
Somebody's darling was borne one day,"

again meant something to Williams County in the Civil war. While they were never any further identified with the community, an old account says that Major Suttentfield and his wife followed the trail in the War of 1812, passing through Williams County enroute from Fort Wayne to Detroit. However, only the Indians welcomed them.

War is a conflict of ideas, and the Civil war clash was over States Sovereignty and the slavery question. There was a clash of democracy and autocracy that long ago. There were mutterings and evidences of internal strife, and the question of human slavery convulsed the whole country. Legislative compromises were no longer effective, and when in the presidential campaign of 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected it looked like abolition of slavery would be the next thing confronting the people of the United States. The greatest problems of the ages have all been solved on the field of battle—war has been the solution, and bloodshed has paved the way for many things. It seems that the events of the ages are not mere occurrences—that they are parts of God's eternal plans, and the lessons of the centuries have been written in blood.

The Williams County soldiers in the Civil war wrote their chapter in United States history, along with the rest of the country. The Thirty-Eighth Ohio Volunteer Infantry was raised in Williams County, and there were 600 Williams County boys in Companies A, E and H, with Col. O. S. Bradley, and Captains B. F. Greenwood and W. E. Wagstaff in command, and the Twenty-first Ohio numbered 1,000 men—Williams County's contribution to the war. None of them would brook disloyalty, and traitors were made to salute the flag—a sentiment that has been handed down to their posterity. There is nothing Turkish about Uncle Sam's American Eagle—the Bird of Freedom, and when he ruffled his feathers and spread his wings—well, thereby hangs the story. While President Lincoln faced an unprecedented crisis in American history, and the people were in uncertainty and doubt, he did not at once interfere with human slavery.

However, when the slave-holding states began passing secession ordinances, South Carolina first of all, it was necessary for him to take some decisive action in the matter. While the new-born Republican party had not taken a direct stand against the slavery question, its leaders were among the avowed opponents of that institution, and when the President declared that the country could not exist half free and half slave, there was response in Williams County.

The South accepted Lincoln's election as a menace, and the doctrine of States Rights as paramount to national control was openly taught by John C. Calhoun. It was on December 20, 1860, that South Carolina took the initiative in passing a secession ordinance, other states following in quick succession and autonomy was the rule until 1861, when a peace commission met in Baltimore with the far-reaching purpose of safeguarding the Union, but Jefferson Davis was chosen President of the Confederacy and decisive action was necessary. While meetings were being held all over the country and plans were being considered, the gun was fired that was heard round the world—the attack had been

made on Fort Sumter. On April 12, 1861, had been inaugurated a war—domestic strife, men and brothers fighting against each other. It was worse than fighting a common enemy—this war to the finish among the people of one country, and the question was whether or not it should be rent asunder, or remain one country. It has already been said that Lincoln's call for troops met with response in Williams County.

There must always be a planting of moral and patriotic ideas before there is personal or national advancement, and the human voice in appealing song has always had telling effect in stirring people to action. The songs growing out of the Civil war have never had parallel in American history. The New England Puritan conscience was aroused by William Lloyd Garrison, Joshua R. Giddings, Wendell Phillips, John Greenleaf Whittier, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell and Julia Ward Howe, and the printed page—poems and song, the winged arrows of God's truth were unlimited in their effectiveness. There was a revival of the feeling of accountability to God as a result, and it spread all over the country, Williams County being in line with the rest of the world. When Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's great story, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," made its appearance in serial form, there were Williams County men and women who never needed to read it again.

Some one has said that if he could write the hymns of a nation he would stand responsible for its religion, and the same holds good with reference to patriotism. The song writer teaches the morals of the nation, and such war songs as "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," "The Army and Navy Forever," and "Hail Columbia," enable the people to come up to Bunker Hill, Lexington and the later struggles fully understanding their significance. Some of the war songs of the past were as effective in the way of promoting enlistments, and arousing men and women to deeds of sacrifice and heroism as the telling patriotic addresses from the recruiting officers. Sometimes it is necessary to inspire optimism in order to tide a nation over a crisis.

The American flag has never been carried into any war without righteous cause, and it never yet has trailed in defeat and when the aged men of the Civil war heard the country's call they were only boys, and when emancipation became the outstanding question January 1, 1863, and the men of the north invaded the south to remove the shackles of human slavery, Williams County volunteers were among them. Four days after Fort Sumter had been fired upon, there was a called meeting in the Williams County courthouse. The speakers were: A. M. Pratt, W. A. Smith, Joshua Dobbs, S. E. Blakeslee and others, and they said it was a time for deeds rather than words. Isaac R. Sherwood was the first volunteer, and two days later 112 men drawn from all parts of the county went to Toledo to join their regiments. B. H. Fisher was captain of the company raised at Bryan, with Lieutenants E. J. Evans and E. M. Deucher, while Colonel Bradley who had been in the Mexican war was in command of the company from Stryker.

The story of Israel Putnam who left the plow in the field to join the Colonial forces has always had its influence in American history. Professional men, business men, mechanics and farmer boys alike

responded to the call for troops from Williams County. While some went out for only three months at the beginning, there was never lack of men to fill the quota. In the four years war Ohio met every demand, and Williams County had its part in supplying soldiers. However, the story is told that one time at Williams Center when there was seeming lethargy, Bannister Poole whose age disqualified him for service came forward and Colonel Greenwood, the recruiting officer, thinking he wanted to be friendly, proffered his hand, but Mr. Poole asked for the pen, saying: "Our Union is threatened; our flag has been insulted. If the young men don't go we old men must go," and as a result one of the best companies in Williams County was organized there.

When Company H was being organized at Pulaski, Albert Opdycke who was a soldier in the War of 1812 was in the community. As a recruiting officer he was given a flag by the women of Pulaski, and when it floated over his shoulder the young boys began volunteering for service, and that flag though tattered still does Decoration Day service in the community. On April 29, 1861, the women of Bryan gave a banner to Captain Fisher who was the first to depart as leader of a company from the county seat, and while the mothers, sisters, wives and sweet-hearts were all filled with sentiment toward the soldiers leaving for the fortunes of war, after a few months they all settled down to the stern realities. While the men and boys were at the front the women and girls were not idle, and everything on a war basis sentiment was not wholly banished as war relief under the leadership of the sanitary commission claimed their attention.

In time of the Civil war there were Chicago and Toledo papers read in Williams County as there are today, the railroad service being excellent at the time. When there was favorable news there was great rejoicing, the people gathering in groups to discuss it. The women continued scraping lint for bandages and there were public and private donations to the Federal cause until after the fall of Appomatox. The people of Williams County understand this feeling of anxiety much better today than they did prior to April 6, 1917, when the United States Government declared war against Germany. In many of the churches Kipling's Recessional: "Lest We Forget, Lord, Lest We Forget," is sung as a mental suggestion. It is known that finally there were Williams County soldiers in the Fourteenth, Thirty-eighth, Sixty-eighth, One Hundredth, One Hundred Eleventh, and One Hundred Forty-Second regiments of infantry, and the Third and Ninth regiments of cavalry, beside all who crossed the Ohio border and enlisted in Indiana and Michigan regiments. No complete list will ever be made showing the names of all of them.

In the Bryan library is a flag that was presented by patriotic women when members of the Thirty-eighth Regiment were home on a furlough in January, 1864, and Col. William Choate assured them: "We will defend it with our lives," and the pledge was kept to the letter on the bloody field of Jonesborough, Georgia, where on September 1, the gallant colonel with many of his men laid down their lives for the Union. Four color bearers were shot that day carrying this banner, and when Charles Donzey finally seized it he carried it forward and through the bat-



HIRAM LOUDON POST No. 155

tle. When Donzey died many years later his funeral service was conducted in the Bryan Universalist Church, and at his request Judge C. A. Bowersox delivered the eulogy, telling the story of this flag. It was draped about his casket in the service. When it was finally left to the custody of J. R. Oldfield he placed it in the Bryan library, and there it tells the story again and again. It is a silent lesson in patriotism.

Williams County soldiers distinguished themselves in the Civil war. There were merited promotions and there were privates who objected to promotion from the ranks. To them \$13 a month did not seem like profiteering, and among the G. A. R. veterans still living are men who marched with General Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, and the camp fire stories never wane in interest to them. The Blue and the Gray—today the world sees visions of another color. Query to the boys of '61: Is there a soldier blue overcoat in existence today? Some of the members of the four Grand Army posts would like to see one again. There are eighty members of Hiram Loudon Post in Montpelier, and this post owns its own property in the business section of the town. There is a storeroom below with lodge and library above it, and Evans Bechtol who is the central figure in the group picture did more to promote its welfare than any other soldier there. There are forty members in the Evans Post in Bryan; twenty veterans still survive in Rings Post in West Unity, and there are twenty soldiers in the Slaughter Post in Edgerton. About one-fourth of the 600 men marching away from Williams County are living today, and most of them are enrolled in the four G. A. R. posts of the county. Some live in other parts of the country. In 1912, the W. A. Slaughter Post at Edgerton—G. A. R. and W. R. C., assisted by many patriotic citizens of Edgerton and vicinity, erected a monument in the center of the town: "To the memory of those who served the country," and on one side is the inscription: "One country. One flag." On gala days Old Glory floats from this monument.

While Williams County soldiers were ready for the service on short notice, the Civil war was a losing game at first for the North. The little before breakfast job of overcoming the South was prolonged, but as men were needed they were forthcoming from Williams and adjoining counties with a recruiting station at Fort Defiance. The chaplain with the Thirty-eighth Ohio was the Rev. John Poucher of the Methodist Church in West Unity. He was an Englishman who had joined the Ohio Conference in 1857, and he soon proved his Americanism. On the public highway between Bryan and West Unity, near the deflection of the Stryker road is a boulder bearing the inscription: "Old Bill," with the information that a Civil war army horse thirty-eight years old lies buried there. The grave is on land owned by Arthur Youse.

While the Williams County Battalion of the past has only included Civil war soldiers, J. C. Oldfield who promotes the meetings plans to include all military men of Williams County in its annual meetings at the Williams County fair at Montpelier. In time he hopes to see the men of '98 and '17 taking the lead in promoting it. In her Camp Fire Book in the Bryan library, Kate Brownlee Sherwood, wife of the first

Civil war volunteer from Williams County, writes: "In the spirit of fraternity, charity and loyalty to whose majestic measures the veterans of the G. A. R. have timed their steps, I bring these simple recitals of fealty and valor, in honor of the living and in reverent memory of the dead, and lay them on the altar of my country, reunited, regenerated and at peace." A nation of story-tellers was an outgrowth of the Civil war, as there were not so many daily newspapers then to claim attention, and all enjoyed the recitals of their adventures by the soldiers who spent the best of their lives in the service. A grateful republic holds them in remembrance today. A nation was plunged into sorrow and debt because of human slavery. Northern homes are desolate because of those who lie buried on the battlefields of the South. When the soldiers in blue talked with those in gray as they lay dying on the fields of battle, they buried their differences as they told of homes and friends. They were of the same country and had interests in common, and death made them brothers again.

In 1861 there were few whistles and quick methods of communication in Williams County, and when there was a call to arms the recruiting officers were busy, but the onward march of civilization has changed things. When the call came again in 1898, a number of young men had received military education—in time of peace prepare for war, and "Remember the Maine," electrified the whole country. When there was a call for volunteers in the Spanish-American war, the young men of Williams County responded instantly. All that was required of them was to raise the Sixteenth O. N. G. to war strength, and on Saturday and Sunday 106 able-bodied young men offered themselves, and on Monday they were enroute to Toledo, Company E being up to war requirements. They were at the training camp before the community was aware that a military company was leaving Williams County. The grapevine messages seemed to reach eligible young men and in short order they were United States soldiers ready to go to the rescue of the Cubans.

It was an April day that the young men of Williams County went to Toledo, and from there to Columbus where they were mustered out of the Sixteenth O. N. G. and into the Sixth O. V. I., and they were transferred immediately to Chickamauga Park, and from there to Knoxville and almost before they realized it they were in Cuba. They spent four months in the army of occupation there, and after an absence of thirteen months they were in Williams County again. They were mustered out in Augusta, Georgia. They had uniforms of the same color as those worn by the soldier in the Civil war. While only a few died in service, there is but a small percentage of the Spanish-American soldiers who enlisted here living in Williams County today. While the difficulty with Spain is overshadowed by the war with Germany, there was no lack of military spirit then, and while they do not emphasize their soldier activities, those who live in Williams County join in as private citizens in all community affairs. They displayed sufficient loyalty at the time, and now they are glad they encountered no worse conditions.

While the 1916 campaign slogan was: "He kept us out of war," Williams County citizens were again called upon to give their sons and

brothers into the World war, and questionnaire and profiteer are new words in the English language growing out of it. While 175 young men had volunteered, after the United States declared war against Germany, April 6, 1917, there were 1,200 young men drafted from Williams County. Again the purpose was to raise the Sixth O. V. I. to war strength, but the lines of military demarcation soon vanished, and they became part of the United States Infantry, Navy or whatever the department of service. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and the Divine Right of Kings idea suffered many jolts of criticism—was almost lost in the shuffle. It was the pivotal hour upon which the fortune of the world turned when the United States entered the war, and again Williams County had its part in giving of its best to the service. The Allied Nations were standing with their backs to the wall in hopeless defense when the young men of America entered the overseas warfare. While there were some "flat feet," the young men of Williams County did not shrink from overseas service.

While many Williams County boys were attached to the One Hundred Forty-seventh Infantry, the time came when O. V. I. was swallowed up by U. S. I., the local boys were widely scattered and connected with many different branches of overseas service. About sixty-five per cent of all who enlisted performed service "Over there," and "Somewhere in France," was all their friends knew about them. While some were killed in battle, the overseas losses were not as heavy as those sustained in the training camps in the United States. The Charles E. Arnold Post No. 284 in Bryan, of which Charles R. Ames is commander is in commemoration of a splendid young man who lost his life overseas—a fallen hero in Flanders Field. Mr. Ames, commander of the Arnold Post American Legion has personal knowledge of all Williams County's 1,200 soldiers, and the object of the organization is to promote one hundred per cent Americanism.

While there were 175 volunteers, there were three different draft groups of soldiers left Williams County. While married men were exempt from the draft, some of them made sufficient provision for their dependents while others did not say they were married, and there were glad days and sad days for all of them. Slackers were an unknown quantity, and while there were men in the different officers' training camps, none objected to service as privates. One Williams County boy has the unique history of having registered twenty-one days before he was twenty-one, and there were plenty of others too old and too young who offered themselves for service. Six negro laborers on the New York Central Railroad were drafted, and one of them entered the service from Williams County. However, all were non-residents at the time. There were willing hands in the home branch of the service in Williams County, the farmers increasing their production and the women dropping all social engagements and going regularly to the Red Cross workshops in the different communities. There were Clara Bartons among them, and surgical dressings were no trouble to any of them. There were Red Cross nurses in the Spanish-American War in Cuba and in the Philippines, and in the Red Cross workshops of 1898 and again in

1917, the women of the United States did what their mothers and grandmothers had done in the Christian Sanitary Commission of the Civil war.

"Men wanted for the army," always attracts the young manhood of the country. Those posters are alluring, and soldier life has always afforded to some an opportunity of travel who otherwise never would have seen the world. Sometimes parents favor the army on account of the rigid discipline they have themselves failed to bestow upon their sons, and splendid physiques and manly bearing are the results from it. Military discipline and drill—the manual of arms and the uniform, all have their part in the transformation. Sometimes it is an effort to escape unpleasant environment, and sometimes it is pure patriotism that prompts Young America to quit his home and offer himself upon his country's altar. While America may need to be fortified some urge that it needs to be purified, and a nation or community like the individual, will reap what it sows—sow to the wind and reap the whirlwind. While arbitration seems the humane thing, the war record of Williams County is in no sense a reproach to its citizenship. The United States has never entered into war through motives of conquest. Williams County will welcome the advent of universal peace in the world even though the League of Nations does not seem to meet all of the requirements.

May 30, 1868, was the first Decoration Day in the United States, three years after the close of the Civil war, it being suggested by Gen. John A. Logan, and at that time his wife, Mrs. Olive Logan, organized that great auxiliary to the G. A. R., the Woman's Relief Corps of America. The 1920 Decoration Day in Williams County witnessed the spectacle of veterans of three wars marching in the same procession to lay flowers on the graves of the soldier dead, the battle scarred standard bearers of '61 who wore the soldier blue, the Spanish-American warriors of '98, and the khaki clad youth of the World war all with brave and thankful hearts paying tribute to those who had made the supreme sacrifice—who had gone "over the top" in their own life history. There were flowers on the lowly mounds in all the cemeteries, and there were flowers on spots sacred to absent sleepers, and flowers on the water for all who lie buried in watery graves anywhere, and there were sad hearts of relatives unable to visit the overseas cemeteries, and the Flanders Requiem reads: "And we shall keep true faith with those who lie asleep, with each a cross to mark his bed," and there are sad hearts today because of sons and brothers who sleep beneath the poppies in France.

It was the great Lincoln who in a speech at Gettysburg, said: "We here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain," and when Decoration Day came round in Pulaski, the oldest settled community in Williams County, there was just one resident Civil war veteran left to direct the distribution of flowers on the graves of 100 of his comrades of Company H of the Thirty-eighth Ohio—the "Last rose of summer left blooming alone," was George F. Dick at the Schiffler Cemetery memorial service. It is said that no Williams County community has been worse depopulated than Pulaski on muster day, and on the 1920 Decoration Day just one veteran with bent form directed the decorations. The tattered flag of his regiment was draped in the little chapel

that day, and "The Sword of Bunker Hill" as sung by Mrs. Esther Youse Opdycke stirred the hearts of all who heard it. While there were visiting veterans present, Comrade Dick pressed the World war soldiers into the activities of the day, and the address in this oldest community center was delivered by a khaki clad chaplain, the Rev. G. W. Whyman whose plea for 100 per cent Americanism was appreciated by all. Besides the flowers placed on the graves of Civil war veterans, many made the rounds of the graves of John Hester, Benjamin O. McCafferty, William De Groff, William Pepple and John Attoffer—and perhaps there are not so many soldiers in the second war with England in any other Williams County cemetery.

There were flowers strewn on the courthouse lawn in Bryan by Evans Post G. A. R. and W. R. C. to commemorate the known and the unknown dead on land or sea—No Man's Land, or wherever they had fallen—all who had answered the last reveille, had heard "taps" sounded for the last time, and had gone to the "Great Assembly Above." While the United States was last to get into the World war and last to get out of it, the policy remains: "Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry." To the soldiers who died at Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, Lookout Mountain, and to the boys who died in the Argonne Forest or at Chateau Thierry—to all Americans who died on any field of conflict or who went down to the depths of the sea a sacrifice to the freedom of mankind, Decoration Day is still observed in much the same way it was celebrated fifty years ago, the spirits of the dead which sanctify the day still a-flame in the souls of their friends all along the blazed trail of patriotism.

CHAPTER XL

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF WILLIAMS COUNTY

There is no place where individuality may manifest itself more than in the library. There are chosen friends and there are chosen books, and the library is a sanctum sanctorum where none but chosen friends presume to enter, although some families fill up their shelves without thought of mental development and culture. The law library elsewhere mentioned is housed in the Williams County courthouse, and it is for the use of the members of the Williams County bar. It contains all of the Ohio decisions and laws, and many of those from other states. Williams County attorneys may thus familiarize themselves with statutes in other states where they may have reason for investigation. When a book is removed the borrower leaves his card with the necessary information about it. James Oldfield as bailiff of the court is librarian of the law library.

The Carnegie in Bryan is the only Williams County library housed in its own building—a gift to the community from Andrew Carnegie. The first letter of inquiry from Bryan relative to establishing a Carnegie library was written by Mrs. Emmett Walt, and when the way was thus opened further letters were written by business and professional men in the community. The ground on which it stands was purchased from Mrs. Emily Cleveland Hiatt, widow of Seth Hiatt. She was a philanthropist, giving the adjoining lot to the Episcopalians of Bryan. Judge C. A. Bowersox was interested in securing the library and gave his services toward it. Andrew Carnegie, the steel magnate, gave \$10,000 toward it, and the Board of Education in the Bryan School District levied the necessary taxes to maintain it. The cornerstone was laid October 23, 1903, and the building was occupied December 20, 1904, and since that time it has been open at stated intervals for the accommodation of patrons. It is a resort for the intellectual people of Bryan and community.

While the women of the Taine Club had established the nucleus of the library, and Mrs. Walt had opened the correspondence with the Carnegie representative, Judge Bowersox and W. H. Moore relieved them of further business details about it. M. V. Carver was the third member of the library board at the time of the building of the library. In a book called "Sketches of Ohio Libraries" is the statement that the Bryan library was established in 1882 by the ladies of the Taine Club, and it started with 600 books. At the time of the report it contained more than 8,000 volumes. There was a membership fee of \$1 a year, honorary members paying \$5 and life members paying \$25, and the books were kept in several different places before the permanent library building was provided for them. In 1892, a basement room in the Williams

County Courthouse was secured and the library remained there until it had its own building twelve years later. It was a proud day in the history of the community when the library building was opened to the public of Williams County. It is free except that each member pays 10 cents for the cost of printing the library card issued to him.

Miss Olive Wilber was the first librarian in Bryan, and she was assisted by Miss Mandana Willett. Miss Alice M. Walt soon became librarian, and she remained thirty-three years in that relation to the community. When Miss Walt was compelled because of special cares devolving upon her to quit the library, she was succeeded by Miss Julia S. Struble. The Bryan library is a repository for many curios, and some very rare treasures have accumulated from different sources. Things that are now of priceless value will increase in value with the passing



CARNEGIE LIBRARY, BRYAN

of the years. People recognize in the library a place for safekeeping and consign many things there that are of general interest to the community.

The Montpelier Library containing 1,500 volumes, was accumulated by the women of the Historical Society. The nucleus was formed in the 80's, and it was sheltered at different places, and finally the upkeep and custody became more of a burden than the society cared to continue, and the books were given into the custody of the Hiram Loudon Post G. A. R. and W. R. C., the post owning its own property and being in financial condition to thus serve the community. It is now called the Montpelier Memorial Library. Mrs. Florence Stewart is chairman of the library purchasing committee, and Mrs. Hattie Oldfield is librarian. There is an annual membership fee of \$1, and the library is open every Saturday.

While there is not a permanent library in West Unity, there is a co-operative arrangement existing there, those interested in it placing two books in an aggregate and in turn each has an opportunity of reading them. In that way they read the popular books without buying all of them. In all the towns the churches and Sunday schools maintain libraries, and there is a reference library in the different public schools, thus carrying out the Bible statement: "To the making of books there is no end." All over Williams County are some private libraries, and some homes are minus such a collection of books. A library is a place set apart for the keeping and use of books, and some homes are not fitted up in that respect at all. The Bible is an entire library—the world's best collection of books, say some Bible enthusiasts, and there is always something new to be found in it.

Bulwer-Lytton says: "There is no past so long as books shall live," and Dean Swift exclaims: "Books, the children of the brain." While Miss Walt was Bryan librarian, she made an effort to collect all books from local writers, and there is a sacred precinct set apart for them. Miss Struble continues the same arrangement, these volumes not being loaned on library cards, but visitors may see them there. They are held in remembrance of the writers of Williams County. They are:

"Notes on Travel, Including a Trip Around the World," by Solomon Johnson. Mr. Johnson was a farmer and he lived near Stryker. He was a member of the 1912 Constitutional Convention in Ohio.

There are two volumes: "The Breaking of the Drought," and "Across the Deadline of Amusements," written by Henry W. Stough who is a traveling evangelist. "A Mother's Years" is a book by his wife, Helen Ross Stough, although she was never a resident of Williams County.

"Aerial Navigation" is a treatise by Daniel Caulkins, M. D., who lived at Williams Center. He was once a physician, and he made an exhaustive study of the nervous system.

There are two volumes: "The Girls of Greystone" and "Young Folks of Renfrew," written by Mrs. Nellie Tanneyhill Beyerle, A. M.

There are three books: "A Book of Martyrs," "The Daughter of a Stoic," and "The Preliminaries and Other Stories" written by Cornelia Atwood Pratt Comer.

"Campfire, Memorial Day and Other Poems" was written by Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood, a woman who claimed Bryan, Toledo and Washington as her residence.

"Hans Brinker" by Mary Mapes Dodge has a Williams County side to it, since the illustrations are from Allen B. Doggett who was once a resident of Bryan.

In this sacred corner of the Bryan library is also a scrap book with clippings from Williams County writers, some of it poetry. It is Miss Walt's Williams County Hall of Fame, and in it are the names: Mandana Willett, Mrs. G. W. Harding, Anna Tressler Long, Kate Brownlee Sherwood, Millard E. Lutz (Peter Penn), Charles Leedy, Eva Marie Ramsey and others who have been frequent newspaper contributors: Judge

Bowersox, and Silas Peoples who wrote under the nom de plume, Upper Case, Agate and Space Box, terms familiar to printers.

Judge Bowersox writes of Tobias Wright, a Williams County man who has been publisher. He published the "New York Genealogical and Biographical Record," a magazine of more than 100 pages and devoted to the interests of American Geology and Biography. His publishing house is in New York City.

The Ohio Gazeteer of 1837 is in the library, a recent gift from Millard E. Lutz, now a resident of North Dakota. In it there is reference to Williams County with Defiance as the county seat, and Henry, Paulding and Putnam counties attached for judicial purposes.

In the Bryan library are the following local reference books: "The Williams County Atlas of 1874," which is the oldest reference work extant although without local editorial supervision.

"The County of Williams, History and Biography," bearing the date 1882, with Weston A. Goodspeed, historian and Charles Blanchard, biographer.

"Commemorative Biographical Record of Northwestern Ohio" includes Defiance, Henry and Fulton with Williams, and it is without editorial representation, locally.

Henry How's two volume "History of Ohio," 1846 and revised in 1886, has several pages devoted to Williams County.

"Northwest Ohio" includes twenty counties of which Williams is the northwesternmost by Nevin O. Winter.

"The County of Williams," published in 1905, is by William Henry Shinn of Montpelier. He is a member of the Williams County bar.

"A Standard History of Williams County, A. D. 1920," is under the editorial supervision of Judge C. A. Bowersox. The introductory chapters are by N. O. Winter, and the local chapters beginning with the centennial history of Williams County, February 12, 1820, are by (Rolinda) Rolland Lewis Whitson. He is indebted to the above mentioned publications for data, and to many kindly disposed citizens who have patiently answered his questions about the passing of the first 100 years in Williams County history. The biographer is W. A. High, for many years engaged as a biography writer on county histories.

There were not as many scrap books covering local history available as in some counties—prominent citizens having "kept such facts in their heads," and the tragedy of it is—what they knew was buried with them, while a well selected and arranged scrap book would have been a monument to them. Thomas Bailey Aldrich once said:

"My mind lets go a thousand things
Like dates of wars, and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—"

and there is always some one who knows, or has laid away a newspaper with the information in it.

The conscientious historian gleans facts wherever he can find them, and while middle aged persons seemingly have forgotten all, their minds are clear about things of yesterday. However, some of them take little

note of things of today. Frequently there are such floods of memories that one hears things about which he had not sought information, when interviewing aged persons about the past. While history may not exactly be a rivulet of text leading one far from the noisy haunts of the world—while fiction alone may wind along through pleasant old literary gardens redolent with the choicest of intellectual blossoms, it may at least be a log across the stream—the River of Time, that lodges some of the drift of the ages. It has been the province of "Rolinda" to dislodge some of the accumulated debris, and set it adrift available to those who chronicle the events of the second one hundred years in Williams County history.

Those most liable to take note of such things are the men and women who belong to the research clubs of Williams County. Those of intellectual inclination who live in one community frequently meet together and enjoy social interchange of ideas, and while some years ago there was a Shakespeare Club in Bryan that numbered both men and women in its roster, its members meeting to read the plays written by the bard of Avon, this club has long since ceased to exist. There are a number of women's clubs, the oldest of them all the Taine Club of Bryan. It is perhaps the community's most representative feminine expression of itself, and this club has always been a voice in the community. While the Taine Club was organized in 1880, it was not federated until 1896, and is perhaps the only federated club in Williams County today. This club bears the name of Monsieur Hyppolite Adolphe Taine, who was the most distinguished man of letters in France. A course of study is pursued in the club with its membership limited to twenty, and as vacancies occur they are filled by vote of the members. The meetings are always held on Saturday afternoons. The Taine Club sponsored the library in its formative period, agitated the question of a woman's rest room in the Williams County Court House, and it has accomplished many other things of a community nature.

It seems that the women of the Taine Club have all reared families, thereby refuting the idea that club life unfits a woman for maternity. In a well organized club their ideals are raised, and they are better mothers from their increased knowledge of motherhood. The ideal club woman finds time to rear her children and to prepare herself when she is on duty at the meetings. Such women are not apt to take up with fads such as the Overalls or Old Clothes clubs that have recently swept the country. Since the neighborly visit seems to be a thing of the past, women need some social opportunity. Since intellectual life may suggest the school, the church or the press, it is a safe statement that the club attracts the wives of educators, pulpiteers, editors and advance women in all spheres, and an hour spent together in study means more to them than just to "run in" as was once the universal custom in many communities. When a formal visit is made today cards are left as witnesses, and the time is limited to a few minutes. A generation ago a woman brought her work and she had not thought of cards to impress the fact of her visit. Instead of research, the time was spent in the exchange of news and the discussion of rumors in circulation in the community. There were not so many newspapers and magazines, and the neighborly

visit with its attendant conversation was then a physical necessity. Women of today have an environment different from the conditions in which their mothers lived, and why should not their individuality assert itself differently?

The Bayview Reading Circle of Bryan is the successor of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle of some years ago, the Bayview course of study being pursued recently. Self-improvement and literary research is its mission, and the meetings are held in the homes of its members.

The 1905 Literary Society is now the Progress Club of Bryan. It follows an outline course of study and its membership is limited to twenty. Its meetings are held twice each month.

The Fortnightly Study Club is a recent organization having as its object social intercourse and personal development. It has a definite course of study and the members have turns in entertaining the club at its regular meetings.

The Twentieth Century was a study club of short duration in Bryan, and there are numerous social and sewing clubs with no course of study—just congenial groups of women meeting frequently, in order to know each other better and for pastime recreation.

The Women's Federation of Bryan is organized along civic lines, and it includes all public spirited women who care to attend its meetings. It has combined civic and charitable work, and while the entire membership is not often called together the executive board holds monthly meetings. The women of the study clubs are enrolled in it, and practically all the women of Williams County frequented the Red Cross workshops in time of the recent war activities there. Club life all over the County has renewed its activities since the days when Red Cross activities required the attention of every woman.

The Ladies' Historical Society—L. H. S. of Montpelier, was organized in 1883, and for many years it used the Bayview course of study. It is not strictly historical and devotes some time to the study of music and art. It is an improvement society with a membership limited to twenty-five women. While it was organized more than a generation ago it still has two charter members—Mrs. Mary Carpenter and Mrs. Ella S. Ford. On account of death and removals its roster is not always full, and new members are now and then voted into the society. Recently the Ladies' Historical Society has studied civics in connection with the Montpelier Civic League organized in 1916, which works to promote the social and moral welfare of the community. The League is unlimited by numbers or other restrictions—Montpelier women who are interested in progress. The League is making a study of Ohio, and it conducts a school of citizenship. While the franchise is being studied, the League is looking after community interests. It has recently equipped the Montpelier Fire Department and it had maintained a rest room for women until war activities claimed its attention.

The Delphian Club of Montpelier was organized in 1919, with an unlimited membership, its purpose being culture and self-improvement. It is made up of the younger women of the community, and is committed

to social activities as well as mental culture. It has committees on reception, programs, memberships and publicity.

There was a William Cullen Bryant Thursday Club that had literary programs with social features, but not enough women would study and meet the program requirements and it went out of existence. It had a semblance to Chautauqua work, and there are a few Montpelier women who have Chautauqua diplomas obtained in other places, and some who completed the course alone.

The Williams County Red Cross work was all reported through the Montpelier chapter, and the W. C. T. U. makes a strong appeal to many women not otherwise interested in club or research work, the women in all the organized bodies having been active in routing John Barleycorn from the community. On the whole, Montpelier women are in favor of the franchise without its militant features, and the educated woman is a force in the community.

The Olive Literary Society named in honor of Olive Wilber is the oldest club in West Unity. It was organized in 1890, by a group of women feeling the need of better thinking, and its motto: "Redeeming the time," is suggestive. This club's Ten Commandments are:

I.—Thou shalt have no other clubs before this one.

II.—Thou shalt not worship any false thing, but strive for the common good, for even thus shall a club be blessed.

III.—Remember thy club engagement.

IV.—Honor thy club sisters.

V.—Thou shalt not murder the King's English.

VI.—Thou shalt not covet office.

VII.—Thou shalt be prepared for roll calls.

VIII.—Thou shalt not at the eleventh hour begin to hunt material for thy club paper.

IX.—Thou shalt not speak in meeting when thy sister has the floor.

X.—Thou shalt diligently keep these commandments so that thy club days may be lengthened, and thy fame spread unto the uttermost parts of clubdom.

The Carnation Literary Club of West Unity is made up from the younger women, and it has always been the pride of the Olive Club. It was organized in 1908, and its club motto is: "Study to live always. Live and die tomorrow," and its purpose is both literary and social.

The Home Culture Club in Edgerton is organized along self-improvement and culture lines. It holds regular meetings and its members are women of influence in the community. Many Edgerton women interest themselves in the different church activities. There is a flourishing W. C. T. U. and there was an active Red Cross chapter.

The Progress Club of Pioneer organized in 1909, with a roster of twenty names is the oldest literary club in the community. It has an outline course of study and its members are committed to community welfare movements. When the war demands were upon them all went to the Red Cross workshops in Pioneer.

The Profit and Pleasure Club of Pioneer combines literary pursuits with needle work, and usefulness to the community actuates the club's activities. They were active in the Red Cross chapter.

The women of Edon, Kunkle and Stryker expend their energies in church Aid society activities, and leadership is all that is needed in order to have research clubs among them. Edon once had a Bayview Study Club, but it was of short duration. Town and country women frequently come together in community efforts.

While there are no patriotic societies in Williams County, there are citizens who hold membership in other towns. There are business men's clubs in several communities that also have a social side to them, and they promote the community spirit and welfare. Get-together schemes always interest them. They are "Boosters."

Many people elbow each other on the highways of life without more intimate knowledge, and the clubs foster fraternalism. While it is said that clubs are for women who do not know how to study alone, the fact that they escape isolation is favorable argument.

The first woman's club in the United States met in New Harmony, Posey County, Indiana. There would seem to be more club advantages for men than for women, since the groups of men associated in sport, lodges, labor unions, bands, "smoke houses," etc., outnumber the organizations among women, and it is said that men better understand each other than women. They talk about a "square deal," "honor among thieves," and always call things by their right names, although the word "club" would intimidate some of them. However, the club is the woman's university—her true alma mater.

Some attention has been given to art as well as literature by residents of Williams County, and in many homes are pictures painted by members of the family that are a credit to them. Mrs. C. A. Bowersox of Bryan has pictures on the walls of her home and in the homes of her children, and the signature L. A. B. on china, indicates the fact that she decorated it. Mrs. Bowersox is a student, and she has had training under some of the best teachers in Toledo and Cleveland.

Mrs. Helen C. Wetmore and Miss Maud Ione Wetmore are members of the Athenia Society and of the Women Artists Club of Toledo, and Mrs. Wetmore is a charter member of the Toledo Museum of Arts. They decorate china and paint in pastel and water colors. As a teacher of art in public school Miss Wetmore reports splendid interest, and there is some incipient talent in the community.

Owen Yates who is a Bryan product has sketches appearing in the magazines, and his art is frequently displayed in art collections. His studio is in New York. Mrs. Bowersox was a student with him in Bryan. His success is a source of pride to the community.

Grover Weaver of Montpelier is a commercial artist in Chicago. He is a product of the Chicago Art Institute, and many Montpelier families possess some of his pictures. Indian heads has been a specialty with him.

Mrs. Ella Ford of Montpelier decorates and fires china, and Mrs. N. G. Lash both decorates china and makes oil and water color pictures.

Mrs. John Gray of West Unity is classed among the artists of Williams County.

Allen B. Daggett once of Bryan is recognized as an illustrator.

Miss Cora Masters, Miss Metta Carter, Miss Nellie Carroll, Mrs. Minnie Carter Grieser and Dwight Ginter—and were the inquiry carried further, no doubt others excel in china decorations or some form of art. Mrs. California Vineyard Ervin, once a Bryan woman, has gained notoriety in tapestry painting, and some have displayed skill in wood carving, pirography, etc., who would not classify themselves as artists at all.

XLI

LEFT-OVER STORIES—THE OMNIBUS CHAPTER

The southern mammies who were reputed to concoct such toothsome viands in the line of foods, did not always follow formulas in their culinary processes, but used a "little of this and a little of that," and their left-over dishes were sometimes their best productions. These left-over stories might have been used in other chapters, but the Omnibus chapter is designed specially for them.

Some persons are in position and have the disposition to aid one inclined to investigation, and W. B. Jackson, a clerk in the auditor's office in the Williams County courthouse has been appealed to frequently, and although a recent acquisition to Williams County, he has been an unfailing source of information.

ORIGINAL MAP OF WILLIAMS COUNTY

While there is no map of Old Williams County in existence—no map covering the first twenty-five years of local history, in the office of the Williams County Recorder is an old map yellow with age that shows the advancement of the map maker's art in 1864, and it is said there are but few copies of it today. While it hangs on the wall, it should be under glass for better preservation. It was made by D. J. Luke and A. and C. S. Warren, and there are many quaint features about it. There are small commercial maps that are more recent, and a commercial map of Bryan is not in exact conformity with the map of Williams County. It includes several townships in Defiance County since Bryan attracts trade and business patronage from there.

THE LEGEND OF INDIAN JIM

It seems incredible that men and women living in Williams County today remember the time when the Red Men of the Forest exceeded the pale faces in numbers, and yet Judge C. A. Bowersox relates a story told by his mother, that when the Indians came to her cabin in the wilderness of St. Joseph township to ask some favor, she always wanted to curry to their good will, and when their errand was accomplished they would vanish as silently as they had approached the house. While some of them were friendly and spoke English fluently others only made signs, and few squaws ever came among the settlers at all. Like the settlers who followed them, the Indians lived along the streams because of water, and as early as 1835 there was a squaw in the vicinity of the ancient town of Denmark that was so old she crawled instead of assuming

an erect posture in walking, and the Indian Meadow in the bend of the St. Joseph was the playground of all the young warriors. Indian Jim was a forlorn character among them. He was crippled, helpless and useless in the tribe. As the settlers cleared the forest the results of the chase were diminishing, and as the cold winter came on and the scarcity of food was apparent to all, a council of war was held and with all the stoicism of the race this crippled Indian accepted the decree when told that death was his portion, and there would not be so many hungry mouths among them. When Indian Jim indicated that he was ready to depart for the happy hunting grounds, the warriors bound him to a tree and pierced his body with arrows. The Great Spirit was in waiting and accompanied him to the Hunting Grounds of the Fathers. There were no Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes that long ago, and Williams County children went to sleep dreaming about such horrible things. While there were not many books the children all craved a good story. Try the story of Indian Jim on a timid child and note the effect today. In these days of newspapers and magazines there are bedtime stories of different types, and the reader may choose his own dreamland suggestions.

WILD GOOSEBERRIES ON THE STREETS OF BRYAN

Time was when Mrs. Susan Walt who has passed her ninety-sixth birthday anniversary gathered wild gooseberries on the streets in Bryan, and baked them into pies to be served at dinner in the courthouse square when the whole town turned out to the Fourth of July celebrations. Everything was new when she came to Bryan, and there were wild gooseberries all over the town. While she was homesick to return to the old home at Circleville, the time came when she did not want to go away from Bryan. She would be glad to pick wild gooseberries again.

THE WATER SUPPLY IN BRYAN

Early residents of Bryan were always explaining the water question, and an old newspaper comments thus: "Upon what authority the local editor of The Toledo Blade represents Bryan to have been unhealthy in times past, and to have swamps which required draining we know not, as there is not a swamp of any kind within several miles of Bryan, and probably no county in the state has less (meaning fewer) swamps than Williams. The statement that Bryan has heretofore been unhealthy is equally erroneous—there being no more healthy town in Ohio or elsewhere, as all who have resided here well know and attest by their robust appearance," this paragraph appearing in 1855, and a recent statement elsewhere mentioned shows Bryan to still be in the health zone. Soon after it was on the map of Ohio an unexpected source of water wealth manifested itself in the form of an artesian flow, the first one developing in 1842, and it is said the water has its source in the Erie clay strata underlying Williams County. Bryan families were supplied with plenty of artesian water until since the municipal water plant was located, and it seems to have tapped the same water veins underlying

the town. Some of the wells are now almost entirely inactive, a source of much disappointment to housewives who had always had running water. However, there is a million gallon storage tank at the municipal plant and there is excellent water bubbling from all the curbstone fountains. Bryan was once called Fountain City, and the name is applied to many things. The name Fountain is coupled with the names of Williams County farms because of this artesian flow of water. The theory is that each new municipal water well developed in the community diminishes the flow of those near it, and thus the water head affording the local pressure is lowered, and it is a drain on the supply stored beneath the surface that was one time considered as a subterranean ocean.

A HAMILTON TOWNSHIP BEAR STORY

It was on a winter day in 1839, that Josiah Woodworth and Daniel Barrett, two pioneers in Hamilton Township, killed two bears in that locality. The passerby would not look for bears amid the highly improved farms of that community today. These two settlers were in the vicinity of Kunkle's Corners when they discovered tracks in the snow, and they did not go far until they saw the bears that had made them—no, they did not make tracks themselves, but they shot at them. While the bears made their escape, there were two cubs on limbs above them watching them. There was so much underbrush the men could not pursue the old bears, and when Barrett came up to where Woodworth was standing he leveled his gun bringing one of the cubs to Woodworth's feet, the first he had known of their existence. The weather was so cold he could not load his gun again, and Woodworth brought down the other cub and both families had a supply of bear steak, and they sold the hides at \$3 a-piece, thereby realizing a good sum for their adventure.

HIS WELCOME TO BRYAN

William and Emanuel Stern were early Jewish merchants in Bryan. William had already opened a store, and Emanuel was coming in a one-horse wagon from Fort Wayne to bring more stock, and when he encountered John Saddoris who had a wagon-maker's shop, he inquired the way to Bryan. Looking the arrival over, Saddoris answered: "Why, you blankety blank fool, you are there now," and when Emanuel Stern asked if a man named William Stern had a clothing store in the community, Saddoris answered: "There's a blankety blank Jew got some blankety blank goods," and thus a future Bryan merchant learned that he had reached his destination. While Saddoris may have been courteous, there is a different brand of courtesy in Bryan today.

A MAKESHIFT SIDEWALK IN BRYAN

Before there were cement sidewalks in Bryan, the Ward girls who lived on East Mulberry street pulled the weeds along the space for a walk, and their brother hauled tanbark from the tannery and covered it. Miss Alice M. Walt and other girls in the community joined forces with

them, and through their combined efforts they were able on a wet day to leave their homes without soiling their clothing. In time there were boards laid down with their ends together, and thus the improved sidewalk of today is a product of evolution.

AN OLD TIME MARKET FOR MILK

The old Kimble cheese factory in Pulaski Township that was dismantled recently was once the Williams County milk market, its owners paying 60 cents a 100 pounds for it. This factory was about three miles southeast from Bryan, and the last traces of it have just disappeared from there. The Van Camp Packing Company pays a minimum price of \$2.70 a hundred, with a maximum of \$3.72, and Williams County farmers one time thought they had an excellent market at the old Kimble cheese factory.

INDIAN COLLECTION AT PIONEER

Because much of the material in it was obtained in Williams County, mention is herein made of a collection of Indian relics owned by Rev. J. F. Slough of Pioneer. He has 500 pieces that are distinctly Indian in their origin, and all are arranged in cases showing them to advantage. While there are many other interesting curios in the collection, they are not Williams County products except a picture frame that has been made from 1,864 separate and distinct pieces of walnut taken from fence rails on the Slough farm in Bridgewater township, and cut into cubes with a pocket knife. In the winter of 1873, when Reverend Slough as a young man was convalescing from typhoid fever he whittled them out, and this unique frame encloses a picture he bought on the Williams County fair grounds at Montpelier.

AN ECCENTRIC IN JEFFERSON TOWNSHIP

George Washington Perky who was an early settler in Jefferson township is spoken of as an oddity. While he was intelligent he was queer—all the world is queer but me and thee—and one time when he was chopping in a swamp, he said to a neighbor who was passing: "We read that God divided the land from the water, but here is one place he forgot," and all this in the days before drainage had transformed conditions. The time was when they cooned the fences in traveling through Jefferson Township, and tripped from log to log in going through the woods, but today there are not any such drifts for a footing and travelers keep to the highways in passing through the country.

1837-8—THE COLD WINTER IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

The cold Saturday, January 12, 1918, must have been duplicated in Williams County in the winter of 1837-8, from an old account of the weather. It is said that a heavy snow fell, November 1, and lay on the

ground until the following April. The old settlers often talked about that hard winter, and when they were going to the spring elections they crossed the streams on the ice. They used to "talk their heads off" about that cold winter. There was little food or feed, and for weeks the livestock subsisted on "browse." When a farmer wanted to feed his stock he put his ax on his shoulder and went to the woods. The livestock interpreted the meaning and followed him. He would cut down basswood trees, and the cows and horses would consume the tender shoots. A great deal of livestock perished from the cold, exposure and starvation. In that awful winter—says an old account, a cloud would appear in the southwestern heavens having the shape of a cow's horn, and they regarded it as an evil omen, and while there was suffering two years ago, there was little superstition connected with it.

THE MAN WHO PLACED BRYAN ON THE MAP OF THE WORLD

When he was a youngster and went swimming in Williams County streams, Harry Six of Bryan used to startle other boys by headlong diving from the trees into the water. When he was older he traveled all over the United States and in foreign countries as a professional swimmer and high diver, entertaining vast crowds in amusement parks and at street fairs for years. For six consecutive years he held the world's championship as to the height from which he would leap into shallow water. Mr. Six was a well-known character in Madison Square Garden, New York City, and when people inquired where he was from, he would say: "Bryan, Ohio, the capital of the world," and stage folk would all respond: "Oh, yes, we remember that town. They have high chairs for seats in the theater there," and it seems that in the Jones theater now used as the Overland Service Station there were some good shows staged in the days of legitimate drama before the movies had revolutionized theater conditions. Mr. Six who is blind lost his eyesight through injury to the optic nerve and retina in striking the water with such force, and specialists are unable to relieve him at all. He is the most widely known man in Williams County, and it is said that he placed Bryan on the map of the world.

A MENTAL GIANT IN THOSE DAYS

An early writer pays tribute to John H. Stubbs who located in Williams County in 1833, living in Springfield Township in the vicinity of Stryker. He was an extensive reader and investigator who made a special study of metaphysics always advocating mental supremacy—mind more than matter, and he always did his own thinking, never allowing creed makers to forge any fetters for him. He argued that material things were formed in obedience to certain immutable laws, and that law and matter were eternal and indestructible, and the word "create" should be stricken from the English language. There is nothing new under the sun, and energy always overcomes resistance. Intelligence or soul is a manifestation of energy, and he believed in the entity of the

individual mind, and that all mental improvement is but accumulated thought or energy and must go on forever. There are few such thinkers in any community, and Stubbs was an outstanding character in his day and generation. His idea of religion was to deal justly and love mercy, thereby making his fellow creatures happy, and being of social nature he was peculiarly adapted to pioneer conditions. He was a violinist and was regarded as indispensable at social gatherings in the huts of the widely separated neighbors. He served to cheer and enliven them, and inspire their courage to renewed efforts. Such a life is a benediction in any community.

WILD HONEY IN WILLIAMS COUNTY YEARS AGO

In the good old days when the settlers went to the forest for their table delicacies, Cyrus Barrett and his sons who lived in Madison Township came across a bee tree, but they were unable to take the honey because of the fury of the bees until they smoked them away from their storehouse. While some persons never find four-leaf clovers today and others are continually plucking them, some of the settlers were always finding bee trees and others never found them. Sometimes many gallons of wild honey would be taken, and it was always welcome on the settler's dinner table. It was served on the johnny cakes the housewives baked on the hearths, and they sweetened their cranberry sauce and wild crabapples with it. The scarcity of sugar was never a problem with the Williams County settlers. The bees were always industrious, and they had no compunction of conscience in the matter of robbing them. The forests were their apiaries.

THE WILD LIFE OF THE WILLIAMS COUNTY FOREST

Time was when bears, wolves and deer were abundant, but there is little wild life in Williams County today. The forest has given way to the cultivated fields, and there are no longer hiding places for the birds and beasts that once infested the country. Like the rest of the world, Williams County folk are in quest of the profiteer, and after the war product in human guise, but as yet none have been corralled within the limits of the northwesternmost county in Ohio. In the formative period of Williams County history, deer used to come in on the fields at night, and the settlers lying in wait would shoot them with ease, and thus supply their tables with forest delicacies. The deer would sometimes come so close that the men would shoot them from shelter of the farm buildings, and with wild turkeys and squirrels in abundance there was always meat on the settler's tables, although accumulating enough money with which to pay taxes was a different proposition.

The wolves were the menace of the settlers. Their flesh was never used for food, and they destroyed sheep, and made night hideous when they came in packs howling with hunger. They were cautious and fewer wolves were killed than of other pests from the forest. Traps were usually set in advance for wolves and bears, the latter often injuring hogs

and sometimes killing them outright, and thus the horrors of frontier life will never all be related to posterity. Many of the settlers killed bears in the vicinity of their cabins, among them John W. Bowersox, father of Judge C. A. Bowersox, who killed a large one in the vicinity of his home in St. Joseph township. While bears were very dangerous among domestic animals it is not related that they ever attacked the settlers themselves. The regulation bear trap had a chain attached with four hooks turning in either direction, and when one was trapped he never traveled far until the hooks caught to something that held him, and his howling soon brought the settlers from their cabins.

THE WOLF! THE WOLF! THE BOY IN THE TREE



WOLVES WERE THE MENACE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS

There are few men living, A. D. 1920, who can relate personal adventures with wolves or any other wild animals in the Williams County forest, but a unique experience is related by John Wesley Bowersox, Junior, of St. Joseph Township today. Mr. Bowersox is shown in the picture standing by a fence that was made from white ash rails split on the Bowersox farm in 1844, and in more than three-quarters of a century there has been no repair on this fence. When Mr. Bowersox was a lad, he was sent by his mother to bring home the cows one evening. It was in the days when there were boundless outside pastures, and there was always a cow bell to direct the farm boy in his otherwise hopeless search for them. The settlers all had dogs, and in the Bowersox household there were two canines that were their inseparable com-

panions whenever the children went on errands. The mother was never uneasy when the dogs accompanied them.

In the Bowersox family the little brown dog was Rolly, and the big white one was Caesar. When the boy and his dogs were a mile from the cabin in the clearing, they were attacked by a pack of hungry wolves. The timber wolves were ferocious at any time, and when driven by hunger they were a dangerous "breed of cats." When the pack of wolves were upon him, young Bowersox scaled a tree the lower limb breaking in his hand, but by Herculean effort he reached a place of safety. However, he had not yet overtaken the cows browsing somewhere in the wilderness of that sparsely settled community. There was a stretch of timber between the boy perched in the tree and the family hearthstone, and his relatives were all unconscious of his predicament. The cows were still in the distance. When the trio—the boy



WHERE ARE THE WOLVES AND THE DOGS?

and two dogs—were surrounded by the ravenous, hunger-driven wolves. Caesar stood his ground and warded off his enemies, while the little dog annoyed them in the rear until one turned on him, and he went yelping homeward and gave the alarm in the Bowersox cabin.

From the pitiful wail of the dog, the woman in the cabin knew something unusual had happened, and as best he could the dog told her the story. He had been forced to retreat from the conflict, and it was with a cry rather than a joyous bark that he entered the cabin. Scenting danger from the warning of the dog, the mother blew the dinner horn to attract her husband and the settlers in the community. A searching party was soon in pursuit of the boy with visions of all kinds of horrors. In the meantime Caesar had withstood the advance of the wolves, and when they gave up the attack and fled young Bowersox climbed down

from the tree, and found his way through the woods to another cabin and safety, and while he was relating his adventure his father overtook him there. The incident is as fresh in his mind today as if it had happened yesterday.

John Wesley Bowersox, Junior, who relates the foregoing incident, was born August 25, 1836, in Stark County. Although not a native of Williams County, he was but ten years old at the time of this adventure. It is an unusual story coming from the lips of one who had the unique experience of climbing a tree as a safety precaution in the early days of Williams County history. Today the unwary are still pursued by the wolves—wolves in sheep's clothing, and perhaps in some households there always will be difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door, and strange as it seems today the foregoing is a true story of the wilderness days in Williams County. The man who relates it is known as a person of truth and veracity. Perhaps no other living man can relate such a story.

UNIQUE IN THE WAY OF TAXATION

Although there is no record of a tax on bachelors, in 1842 taxes were levied on lawyers and physicians in Williams County. There were eight attorneys and twelve doctors who paid it, but today there is no discrimination against the professions, and lawyers and doctors only pay taxes as do other citizens.

SOME WILLIAMS COUNTY HOSTELRIES

It was in 1841 that Thomas Shorthill opened the first tavern in Bryan. While service is the idea today, it is said the traveling public used to demand food at the hostelries. An item in *The Fountain City News*, Friday, May 18, 1855, referring to Bryan hostelries says: "There are two good hotels here, and we do not often sit at a better table than is furnished at The Exchange. The Fountain City House is also said to be a good house," and as much may be said A. D. 1920 about The Christman, Hotel Jefferson and The Ruth. While twentieth century epicures pay for service the menus are always satisfactory. It is said The Burke on the site of The Jefferson was the earliest hotel except the Shorthill tavern, and that some notables were entertained there. Weston, the coast to coast pedestrian, stopped in Hotel Burke. J. M. Free—the Immortal J. N., was a frequent guest. He was an eccentric character once known all over the country. When the landlord would throw off half his bill, the Immortal J. N. who was never outdone in generosity would promptly throw off the other half, and he rode all railroad trains the same way. Older people in Williams County all remember him. The Fountain City Hotel occupied the site of the Episcopalian Church adjoining the library. It was later called The Brunswick. John Sherman one time stopped in The Brunswick. The three hotels in Montpelier are: Louden, Smith and Daniels, and the Hotels Burns in West Unity cares for the traveler today. The Thursby Exchange hostelry in Edgerton dates back to 1857, and it was once a noted place.

The office fixtures today are the same as were used there in the long ago. It is said that great men visited this antebellum hostelry, and it was a rendezvous for recruiting officers in the Civil war. When the writer had dinner there, A. D. 1920, some belated travelers were turned away because of shortage of help, the landlady who is cook feeling unequal to the requirements in preparing the second repast on the same day. The European plan prevails in many hotels because of labor difficulties, the sleepy man faring better than the hungry man. The American plan hotel operates under many difficulties.

BOY SCOUTS IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

While the ever present Boy Scouts were in evidence on Decoration Day in Bryan, there were conflicting reports about their local organization. They are confused with the boys' band, and while Myron Langworthy had been recognized as Scoutmaster, the boys seemed to be without organization. Some people wonder how the different communities managed to exist before there were Boy Scouts to look after everything, and there are troops in other towns but the uniform was more in evidence than the organization. The Boy Scout is pledged to do some good every day, and the community should encourage him.

WHEN NETTLE LAKE GIVES UP ITS DEAD

While only two young men were ever reported drowned in Nettle Lake and both were found, it is frequented by pleasure seekers today and stories of drowning are frequent newspaper features. Philip Knight and John Crum were drowned in Nettle Lake in the '40s, while out fishing one afternoon. It was thought by their friends that they were able to take care of themselves, and when they did not return there were no serious misgivings for a day or two when search was instituted for them. Thomas Knight discovered the canoe floating bottom upwards and he immediately began dredging for them, and an hour later both were rescued from their watery grave. It was one of the unexplainable happenings in the early history of Williams County. The Knights were among the first settlers in Northwest Township, and the boys were noted for their spirit of adventure.

Nettle Lake was always a great resort for deer. They would come from the salt licks for water and the settlers would watch for them under the cover of darkness. The Knight boys had dugouts on the water, and with a beeswax candle on the bow of a boat they would float near the edge and with green branches concealing them the deer would come near them. Fascinated by the light on the water they would stand motionless until the canoe floated near them, and it was an easy matter for the boys in hiding to shoot them. They sometimes killed half a dozen deer in a single evening. Thomas and Philip were the most daring of the Knight boys and they were often on the water. One time they were in pursuit of some deer when a buck showed fight and pinioned Thomas to a tree between his antlers. When he shouted to his brother

the buck soon fell dead at his feet, and while truth is stranger than fiction today, those Knight boys would not have believed the story that the tractor or Ford would sometimes roll along where they enjoyed such a carefree existence. While today there is more or less prejudice against trappers, they had a good income from such operations. They suffered loss of livestock from wild animals, and when a bear killed a brood sow, Thomas Knight shot the bear and its forepaw was exhibited for many years in the state house museum in Columbus. Northwest and Nettle Lake present a different environment today, and the custodian of the resort had never heard the story of the boys drowned there so long ago.

A WIRELESS OPERATOR

The press dispatches recently carried the story that Carl E. Peugeot formerly of Stryker had passed an examination in Washington and had obtained license for maintaining a wireless telegraph station. He is located at Arlington and takes messages and weather reports from the air, and will soon have equipment for gathering wireless messages from European as well as American wireless stations.

TRIBUTE TO A BRYAN OFFICER OF THE LAW

There is an unwritten law that while a man is living his bust shall not be placed in the hall of fame—that while he is living he does not yet belong to history, and he might later disgrace himself. A Bryan citizen wishing tribute paid to the memory of August Heidley told his story—that for twenty years he was marshal of Bryan, and that he was a terror to evil doers. He was unique in his dealings and always held the lawless element in abeyance. He worked quietly and offenders knew that a second offense meant the penalty—if he spoke again he “took care of ‘em,” and while Mr. Heidley was marshal law and order prevailed in Bryan. It is said that a police officer who asks a culprit to please desist, does not long maintain the dignity of the law, and while Mr. Heidley was a democrat he had a life lease on his office. All recognized his integrity and when he died the whole populace wept at his bier—the entire community paid tribute to him. Criminals in Bryan are detained in a city lockup until there is an order from the court to transfer them to the county jail, and Mr. Heidley incarcerated all who did not respect themselves sufficiently to respect others.

LACK OF COURTESY FOR A WOMAN

It is a matter of record that Abbie Bey Kelley—a woman of high standing and intelligence who had been invited by the “incendiary abolitionists” in 1856, to address a public meeting in Bryan was assaulted on the street after the lecture. She was on her way from the meeting to the house of a friend in Bryan where she was entertained for the night. A mob followed her, using coarse language and hurling eggs

after her. Where are the ruffians today? Would such a thing happen in Bryan again? Education is the leaven of the community, and the above incident serves to illustrate the change time has wrought in the sentiment of the public since the birth of the republican party. John C. Fremont was the candidate in that political campaign, and the abolitionists supported him. Lincoln was elected four years later. An incident on a 1920 Saturday night in Bryan is almost as startling. Three young fellows were amusing themselves unconscious of who might be listening when a young man approached them, saying: "I've been following the plow all day and I come from the woods, but I don't run when an owl hoots," and the boys had difficulty convincing him they meant no offense at all. It is said there are exceptions to all rules, and citizens of Bryan to whom the foregoing story was related said it was an exception—that farm and town boys are not at all antagonistic toward each other. The writer of the story heard it from two of the boys approached by the would-be ruffian.

A MAMMOTH TREE IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

It is related that many years ago there was a walnut tree cut on a farm in Jefferson Township that was sixty feet from the ground to the first limb, and that the stump was nine feet in diameter. When the log lay at the station in Bryan ready for shipping, it had to be guarded to keep souvenir fiends from chipping the bark off of it. The tree was shipped in the log to Germany, but there was no market for it and it was finally sold in Boston. It is said that on a Pulaski farm there are three walnut stumps in a group that are from five to seven feet in diameter, and that from the center of one of the stumps is another tree fifteen inches in diameter. It is hollow and the theory is that a bird must have deposited the seed there.

IN THE WILDS OF FLORENCE

The story is always told about the skunk that went into a hollow tree and followed by a porcupine, neither came out again. If the porcupine had gone in first, there would have been a different ending to the story. While the porcupine might escape at the other end it could not retreat, and the story is handed down that when David Singer was hunting in the woods of Florence, a neighbor named Niehart came to him with the information that he had seen a bear in a tree. This was in 1845, and when Singer hurried with Niehart to the spot he saw the cub sitting on a limb, that had impressed itself on Niehart as a bear. A shot frightened the cub and it fell to the ground, and Singer captured it without injury. Knowing the mother bear must be near they called in other settlers who joined in the search, and when they suspected her presence in a hollow tree they began chopping it down, and a porcupine emerged from the top of the hollow part and as they chopped on the bear came out from the same opening, and when Singer leveled his gun one shot brought bruin to earth. There was bear steak for all, and they sold the cub for fifty cents to some travelers who took it east with them.



BEARS WERE NUMEROUS IN THE EARLY DAYS

ON BRUSH CREEK IN SPRINGFIELD

B. F. Hoffman of Bryan relates that in the '40s his father, Valentine A. Hoffman, killed his first deer by watching a deer lick with his brother, Chris Hoffman. They lived on Brush Creek in Springfield Township, and from long observation they knew the habit of the deer—that they would come to the lick for salt and to the stream for water. They had heard that a wounded buck always plunged in the direction from which the bullet came and attacked his persecutors, and that sometimes hunters were killed by them. Accordingly the boys selected trees into which they might climb for safety, should the deer stampede them and when they secreted themselves near the water they did not wait long for the appearance of a deer. When it lowered its head to the water, V. A. Hoffman leveled his gun and having an attack of buck fever, he immediately climbed a tree for safety. From his place on the limb he could see the deer had fallen in the water. It had been a fatal shot, and when the boys came down they assisted the dog that had already gone to it to draw it from the water. The boys tied its feet together, and swinging it on a pole they carried it home in triumph. The land on which the deer was killed is now owned by George Buchrer in Springfield, and it is still near to nature. Before the road was leveled there were nine hills in a single mile, and it was a terror to travelers. There is no sign of the salt lick there today, although Brush Creek still ripples through the valley toward Tiffin River.

UNITED STATES MONEY

When Enos Morton came to Williams County in 1871, from Canada, he heard all kinds of stories about wildcat currency. He was afraid of United States money and put all his Canadian money into gold to protect himself in the United States markets. When he converted it into Federal money again in the banks was allowed 40 per cent premium, but in the stores they only counted out as much change as if he had paid them in the ordinary circulating medium. In a short time his confidence was such that he converted all his gold into United States money.

INCOME FROM WOOD ASHES

The Williams County settlers were always able to realize a little money from the sale of wood ashes at the asheries that used to be maintained in the different towns. The wood ashes were used in the manufacture of pearl ash that used to be a marketable product, and families in need of exchequer could have money or commodities in exchange for their supply of ashes when delivered at an ashery. There came a time, too, when families would leave an ash barrel at the country schoolhouse asking the teacher to fill it. They would utilize the ashes in making lye soap, but when did the last ash hopper disappear from Williams County? The ash hopper and the rain barrel belong to the past in local history.

SUGAR VERSUS FURNITURE

In a study of economics in the light of contrast and comparison, in these war time measures people have been forced to recognize, it seems incredible that there ever was a time when the settler did not have chairs for his guests, and would roll kegs of sugar before the fire as seats for his friends. Today the chance visitor is offered an upholstered chair, and if he wishes sugar he is supposed to bring it—a condition not dreamed of by the settler. The pioneer had not learned to be lavish, and lack of such things was not so much of a hardship to him. The child of today is unable to imagine conditions of yesterday. The school boy who knows him cannot think of Judge C. A. Bowersox as a mill boy, and yet he relates that his father used to place him astride a horse with a bag of grain, and he would ride to the grist mill at Edon with it. When he was only twelve years old he was the mill boy for the Bowersox family, and has many times made the trip with wheat on horseback when only a birdle path had been cut out through the woods. The sawmill and the grist mill were indispensable to the settlers. A town always sprang up where a mill was located, but today some of them are only shadows of their former usefulness. The lure of the larger centers tells the story.

A recent writer has said: "Not less tragic than the desertion of the farms has been the desertion of the villages, and Williams County residents have noted the passing of Lockport, West Buffalo, Northwest, Bridgewater Center, Primrose, Hamer, Pulaski, Denmark and the people who once frequented those hamlets are scattered—ask of the winds, but there remains one consolation: "Out of the small towns have come some of the greatest characters of our national history—statesmen, ministers of the gospel, leaders of industry, teachers, artists. It has been the peculiar forte of the villages to breed men and women of sturdy mind and muscle, and when we lose these small communities * * * we lose a tradition of mutual helpfulness, and a sweetness and poise of living which nowhere else exist." William Cowper said: "God made the country while man made the town." The decadent village, the decadent farm, the decadent church, the decadent school—when will there be a different construction placed on social economics?

THE MYSTERY OF THE LONE BIRD
(Adapted from a Diary)

There are mysterious things occurring frequently. The settlers were not without mysteries among them. The comet of 1856 was still a subject of conversation in the community. While all had seen the northwestern heavens aglow, none attempted to fathom the phenomenon. The most learned persons among the settlers could not understand some of life's subtlest mysteries. As yet there had scarcely been a death in the community. It was in the early spring when the first wild flowers were appearing, the buds were swelling, that the lone bird visited the pioneers in the night, and what of calamity might portend—its swan song might

mean anything at all. Those who heard it were united in one bond of common sympathy. No note of bird, cry of wild beast or wail of night wind like it had been heard at all. Those who heard the sound were unable to describe it. Some likened it to the tap of a bell, sometimes in the tree tops and sometimes in mid air. They said it was not unlike the note of the night bird, and yet it was different.

The mystery of the lone bird came at a time when there was much wild land in Williams County, and the songsters of the woodland were unafraid because they were seldom molested, and one mystery connected with pioneer life has remained unfathomed to this day. There were shadowy creatures and strange sounds everywhere, and the Bowersox homestead in St. Joseph was no exception to the frontier homes in Williams County. There was a mystery and weirdness about frontier life that neither science nor learning can explain, and the settlers encountered many strange incidents, and there were students of nature among them. When swains and lassies were going home from neighborhood parties the lone bird would often startle them, its haunts seemingly in the neighborhood of "the white schoolhouse" north from Edgerton. The youngsters would tremble when they heard the sound, and would hasten to their own hearthstones. When two or three neighbors were together, it was always a subject of conversation. When the settlers were along a lonely road at night, the apparition seemed to pursue them.

The young men would hear the strange, melancholy sound all about them and would see nothing at all. Sometimes the sound would come as from one lone creature, and then it would seem like many were united in producing it. Men and women spent sleepless nights because they could not fathom the mystery. Finally half a dozen young men met and bound themselves in solemn pledge to discover the source of the mystery. They would investigate the habits of the mysterious creature—bird, beast or whatever the species, and if it were a mere sound in the air that had attracted their attention, they would understand about it. They would follow the sound at night through hills, dales and swamps and they would see nothing. The recurrent sound would whet up their curiosity and they would go again. One night they heard it again—their hair stood on end, and all halted save one and as he cautiously crept along the air seemed to be full of sound—vibrant with many indescribably mysterious notes, but undaunted he advanced upon it.

As the young man neared the source of the mysterious sound he thought he discerned on the limb of a tree, an object that resembled a bird in the twilight. To his dying day he was uncertain about it. He had seen something with form and then it seemed to be without form and all the time sounds issued from it. With the courage born of the wilderness conditions this young man had pressed close to the strange creature, if creature it were, when all of a sudden it vanished and as well as he could discern the same sound was heard again in the distance. His nerves were tense and his vision uncertain. If the thing had form at all it was a bird brown in color and the size of the quail. He was not certain that he had seen it when he heard the sound again. However, no one had ever approached so near it. The strange creature did not

invite intimate acquaintance, and from that time no one ever heard it again.

The advance of civilization was not agreeable to this nocturnal creature of the Williams County wilderness days. If it were a bird it flew away as mysteriously as it came, and if it were a mere sound it was never heard again. While different suggestions were offered, many thought it was the wandering spirit of some murdered settler, or that some reincarnated American Indian was returning to his former happy hunting ground wearing the plumage of some strange creature, while others said it was the complaining spirit of Indian Jim who had been killed by members of the tribe in order to save food among the Red Men of the Forest. While the boys who pursued the phantom sound are now gray haired men, and some have gone the way of the world the mystery still remains a mystery, and the curtain is drawn upon it.

CHAPTER XLII

NORTHWEST TOWNSHIP AND COLUMBIA

Since December 7, 1840, Northwest, which was the last township to have local organization in Williams County, has been on the map of the world. It came into existence the year the courthouse was located in Bryan. The northern part of Williams County had but little recognition while the county seat was at Defiance. When Williams County was organized in 1824, its whole population was all south of its southern boundary today. The Red Men of the Forest controlled the situation in Northwest Township. Its position is unique on the map of Williams County, inasmuch as it is the northwesternmost township in the northwesternmost county of Ohio, bordering on both Michigan and Indiana.

Northwest Township is so far from the center of things from both a Williams County and an Ohio viewpoint, that its social, business and intellectual life is merged with Michigan and Indiana. While the wild life of the forest does not recognize township, county and state lines, there are some restrictions on the people and Ohio claims them if they sleep on the Williams County side of the line, even though some of their realty may be across the line in Michigan or Indiana. Northwest has produced its mede of citizenship, the marts of trade and the professions having drawn from its hearthstones, although the quietude is little disturbed by agencies from the outside world. While there are no cattle killed by railroad trains, automobiles whiz by the farm houses there and the housewives know all about the loss of their choicest young chickens from the recklessness of chauffeurs.

There was once a railroad in prospect, and some of the track was built—the story related in the chapter of transportation. Had the dreams of the promoters come true, Columbia would have been a shipping point and a trading center of more importance. While James Guthrie who lived on the Tiffin River is reputed to be the Adam of Williams County, a namesake of Aaron Burr—Aaron Burr Goodwin, who came in 1837, was the first settler of Northwest township. He was there three years before its organization. "Far from the *madding* crowd," was his theory and when others began locating near him, he like the Arab folded his tent and silently went into the newer country. Westward, ho, the Star of Empire takes its way, and there is little further knowledge of him.

Aaron Burr Goodwin seemed to anticipate Horace Greeley who advised all young men to go west and grow up with the country. While he grew restless because of the encroachments of civilization, there is said to have been both romance and mystery connected with him. He had a fine education and was considered an excellent frontier surveyor. He had been an Indian trader in Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, and as a gunsmith he had a good income from both whites and Indians. He sold powder, lead, calico, whisky, tobacco—the Indians and settlers frequently

coming to his cabin. He would sell whisky to the Indians and when they were drunk he would take advantage of them, and he had dealt with 100 of them at one time and cleaned up some money.

When one of the Indians wanted some more grog and Goodwin refused him, his evil nature was stirred and from that time on the trader's life was in the balance. When the Indian struck home with the tomahawk and had his scalping knife in readiness, Goodwin sprang into his cabin and barred the door, and with his rifle he drove the Indians away from there. One time he had cheated another Indian named Big Jack out of a bear skin and there was a feud existing. In all Goodwin spent about five years in Williams County, serving the community as a mail carrier for a time and carrying the valuables in his hat until delivered to the rightful owners. When he incurred the displeasure of the Indians there was no more safety for him until they were removed to the reservations and so he quietly and silently left the country. He was a man with an ungovernable temper, an old account saying "it raged like a conflagration." When both the whites and the Indians questioned his honesty there was little left for him there. He had two orphan children he brought from Cleveland, and Anne, the girl, married Hiram Russell. The Russells lived for a time in the Goodwin cabin after Goodwin had left the country.

In 1838, a more permanent citizenship began locating in Northwest Township, William Billings coming in from New York, and he opened a store on his frontier claim as soon as there were others in the community to be his patrons. On June 20, 1839, a party of three came at one time—Adolphus Rogers and the Whaley brothers, Thomas, T. F. and J. C. Whaley. They all secured Government land at pre-emption prices, and their advent was really the beginning of the community. When there were ten voters in the township an election was held, December 7, 1840, which was the beginning of organization in the last of the Williams County townships—the last shall be first in relating the history. In some instances there were two voters by the same name, and the voters were: Billings, Whaley, Russell, Butler, Rogers, Parish and T. T. F. Whaley. Mr. Billings and Adolphus Rogers were elected township trustees, and Billings and Rogers had further honors thrust upon them since they were elected justices of the peace. However, there were few difficulties in the community, and there is no record that they qualified for their offices. J. C. Whaley was elected treasurer, and T. T. F. Whaley was constable.

In the organization of the township the settlers of Northwest were building for the future, and while it was a sparsely settled territory and the wet land was being held by speculators, within a short time the community was changed, and aside from the ten original voters were the names: Bancroft, Beatholf, Baldwin, Bigelow, Bealls, Barnes, Ripel, Baker, Brewer, Camp, Comstock, Dodge, Devoe, Ellis, Forsythe, Foster, Lester, Hance, Green, Hornbeck, Huntington, Johnson, Joy, Keith, Morris, Mather, Perkins, Reed, Root, Rowe, Steely, Sumner, Staunton, Southard, Talbot, Trumbull, White, Prescott, Rodman, Morgan, Watson, Whitney, Waite, Welch and Petty. In 1841, there was not a horse in the township, the settlers using cows for their milk and working them,

and there were twenty-three of them in what is now an excellent dairy country. As in other communities, many of the settlers listed above are not now represented at all by posterity. Many of them lie buried in unmarked graves, while some of the names would still be found in the community. There are names on gravestones long after they have disappeared from directories.

When there were only a dozen names some were of unmarried men, but today the stranger in Williams County dare not discuss personalities, as intermarriage plays havoc with relationship and one's relatives are sacred to him. James Knight who was among the first to locate in the vicinity of Nettle Lake had five sons: Thomas, Philip, Samuel, James and Joshua; and while he had been a professional hunter he was afflicted with white swelling and became a hopeless cripple, finally losing his eyesight, and the care of the family devolved upon the oldest son, Thomas, who developed into the most expert hunter and trapper ever living there. He sold bear skins for from \$3 to \$8, and made five times as much money as any farmer in the community. Now that tractors are used in plowing the fields one hardly understands that bears were ever found there. In his history of Williams County, W. H. Shinn relates his experience visiting Mr. Knight, who was a soldier in the War of 1812, and who always enjoyed telling about it. There was a look of kindness beaming from his sightless eyes and he would "look the children over with his fingers who visited him," and he would say how much they had grown since he "see" them last.

The drowning of one of the Knight boys in Nettle Lake is elsewhere related, and while the area of this beautiful expanse of water has been materially reduced by drainage, it still covers about three hundred acres. There is a chain of ninety-six lakes in Steuben County, Indiana, and Nettle Lake belongs to the same group and it is the largest natural body of water in Ohio. The place is being converted into a summer resort, and a group of cottages there gives it an inviting appearance. Bryan, Montpelier and Pioneer families already own cottages there, and there are cottages to rent, owned by C. B. Pickle who owns land adjoining and who is making the lake an attractive spot. He owns a number of boats, and there is fishing in the lake. Water lilies flank the edge of the water, and there is plenty of shade around it. Sunset Beach is the local name, although visitors think only of Nettle Lake. While the water in Nettle Lake was lowered about fifteen feet in 1905 when the outlet to Clear Creek was cleaned, it is well stocked with fish and the fish commissioner recently placed some young fish there.

The school, the church and the social life of the different townships have all been written in a collective way, and yet Abigail Hill, who was the first teacher, was married to T. T. F. Whaley and finished the term afterward. The first M. E. Church was in Columbia, and while the U. B. Church establishes similar claims, the Baptists had the first resident minister in the person of Elder L. Dean. The first wedding was celebrated in 1840, Chester Hill and Laura Stanbaugh the "high contracting" parties, and there was wedding cake and everything. On July 4, 1841, J. C. Whaley went across into Indiana and married Rhody Phelps, the first bride imported into the township. Their child was the first person

buried there. The western part of Northwest seemed most attractive to the settlers, as there were fewer marshes and less drainage difficulty.

The spade and the ditching machine have had their part in the development, the settlers finding little time to play or spend in idleness. There were stalwart characters among them—men of action in every community—suited to the frontier or backwoods conditions. There were serious problems confronting the settlers that the young manhood and womanhood of today know nothing about, and it required determination on their part to conquer the wilderness conditions in Williams County, although the other townships had all been settled earlier. The emigrants could not return to Europe with 3,000 miles of ocean rolling between, and by 1840 the conditions were such that none wanted to leave Williams County. "Ground hog case" has its meaning, but not so many came into the wilderness without some idea of the hardships they must encounter. In 1843 there was a postoffice at Northwest, the mail coming there from Pulaski, although the place is little more than a memory today. Williams County rural free delivery carriers will be interested to know that Jabez Perkins was the first rural carrier, making the trip once a week on horseback, a long time in advance of the daily mail and the parcel post accommodations of the present time. The local postmaster was William Billings, and Billings town was then on the map of Williams County.

The settlers in Northwest were a long way from the markets in Defiance, or in Michigan and Indiana, and their oxen were too slow to make the journey. Today the touring cars have annihilated distance, and Northwest is a desirable residence community. Would the youngsters of today be able to accommodate themselves to the environment of those sturdy pioneers? They cleared away the forest while basket ball is the recreation today. Time was when the grain and other farm products were scarcely worth hauling to the market, but with greater population centers there is demand for everything. The log rollings of the past paved the way for the farmsteads in Northwest today. There were home industries—factories at every fireside—and the settlers underwent privations unknown to the present generation. Recent war conditions have caused people to turn back the sun dial of their years, and some were not quite patriotic in the use of substitutes while the pioneers had never known the better things. In these days when houses are framed at the factory and shipped into Williams County, people forget about the saw-mills of the long ago.

Columbia was organized in 1854, and it is the principal community center in Northwest. The wealth of the township is in its agriculture, and it is a progressive farming community. The daily mail reaches Columbia and surrounding country from Edon, and while the Liberty Loan was met each time, in the first and second loans there is no report from Columbia. In the third loan 111 people registered from there subscribed \$11,000, and in the fourth loan 285 people handled \$41,000, while in the Victory Loan sixty subscribers took \$12,500; making \$64,500 in Government bonds from that locality, not counting what Northwest Township may have given through underchannels of subscription. The northwesternmost township in the northwesternmost county always counts one in county, state and national enterprises.

CHAPTER XLIII

BRIDGEWATER TOWNSHIP AND BRIDGEWATER CENTER

Until 1839 Bridgewater and Northwest had been part of Florence Township for all governmental purposes. Much of the territory now embraced in Bridgewater was entered for speculative purposes long before the settlers came in numbers, and Daniel M. Jordan who "came and went" is considered as a squatter, and a family named Smith came across from Lenawee County, Michigan, and occupied the cabin vacated by Jordan. Daniel Smith had come from New York to Michigan. It is said a daughter of Daniel Smith married Carlton and to this marriage was born a son, Will Carlton, known to the world as the author of "Over the Hills to the Poor House." However, the "poor house" was not in Bridgewater.

Bridgewater Center was laid out in 1871, and it is the only community center. Its name implies its geographical location. There was a store at this point in 1850, and Eddington Sterner was the first merchant. While the passerby only thinks of a country road today, the principal streets are State and School, and the succession of merchants includes such names as Robert Scannel, Clark Backus, Henry Bennett, Putnam and Corbett, Horace P. Moore, James Beatty, Waldo Corbett, T. E. Whitney and John Hagerman, and all along there has been business transacted at Bridgewater Center. Where the timber was once thickest on the ground is now like the unbroken prairie, so well did the pioneers clear the surrounding country. In its organization there is no mention of a trustee in Bridgewater, but among the settlers as early as 1837 were: Follett, Smith, Backus, Back, Holt and Putnam. They knew the hardships of the pioneers, and provision was hard to obtain, the route to market being by water, the St. Joseph River through one of its tributaries accommodating them.

Mention is made in the old histories of two Pottawatomie chieftians—Beaubice and Mitea—who had more than local reputation while they still roamed the forests of Bridgewater. The rattlesnakes—their technical name being *Massasaugas*—were especially obnoxious along the streams and in the marshy, undrained land until there were clearings, and the settlers endured miasma, ague, shakes—everything in reclaiming the country. The first Bridgewater Township election was held in 1840, and there were thirteen voters, although some were illegal, not having been residents the requisite time, and the election resulted as follows: Township clerk, Anson Smith; supervisor, Asa Holt, and while C. Holt and D. Smith were elected justices of the peace they did not qualify because there was no litigation among them. In October, 1839, E. G. Back and Lucy Sumner were married by William Ogle, justice of the peace, there being no resident minister. The Church of God, built at a cost of \$3,000

and dedicated January 1, 1871, was the first church in the community. Bridgewater and Northwest both have their quota of abandoned churches today. E. G. Back who was the first bridegroom was also the first carpenter. The first birth was in the Smith family, and the first burial was a Mrs. Adams.

There was a sawmill operated by Worthington and Van Court at Bridgewater Center as early as 1844, and since they soon installed a flour mill the settlers had white bread without taking the long journey to Defiance. Holt was postmaster and J. M. Face had the first blacksmith



RATTLESNAKES ABOUNDED IN PIONEER TIMES

shop there. Dewey was the merchant and Smith was the shoemaker. The first physician was W. D. Stough. However, sawmills and gristmills were of brief existence. There was a cross roads designated as "Fuddletown," and in 1870, Babcock and Strong opened a lumber business there. While there was timber there were sawmills in the country. Curtis Cogswell had the first tavern in 1848, calling it "Traveler's Home," and it was a frontier welcome to tourists. Mr. Cogswell had the first orchard in the community, and elsewhere in the history the first silo is credited to Bridgewater.

While there were foreigners in the population of Bridgewater from the beginning, some of them studied local institutions and developed into

good citizens. The branch of the St. Joseph River in Bridgewater is a very crooked stream. While it affords little waterpower, there was sufficient fever and ague along it until drainage changed the conditions. While Bridgewater citizens had their part in the war loans, they were counted with other localities. It is a front-line township from the standpoint of citizenship, livestock and agriculture.

CHAPTER XLIV

MADISON TOWNSHIP, PIONEER AND KUNKLE

It is understood that James A. Rogers was the first citizen of Madison Township. While there is nothing known of his early history, in 1845 he was injured while building a house for P. W. Norris, and his death was the result of this injury. Another story goes that Cyrus Barrett was the first settler, arriving April 21, 1841, and that the first child was William H. Barrett. This conflict is easily understood since the people of Williams County today are derelict when it comes to statistical information. A Kansas woman has just refused to register as a voter because she must tell her age, and after 100 years have cycled by in Williams County history, there is not much detail as to who was first in the different communities.

The larger American cities have constant difficulty with physicians and midwives as to vital statistics, so the settlers should be exonerated from blame in the matter of birth and mortuary records. On March 7, 1843, the Williams County commissioners made an entry providing for the recognition of Madison as an organized township, and it was named in honor of the fourth United States President, James Madison. A branch of the St. Joseph River with Silver and Clear creeks, and some smaller rivulets and spring branches give the township an undulating surface. While it was once a hunter's paradise because of the wild life in the forest, bears, wolves, wildcats, panthers endangering the lives of domestic animals; bearsteak was frequently used on the dinner tables, and there were deer and wild turkeys for the effort of shooting them.

As time went by Madison Township had its full quota of sawmills, gristmills, and as the forest gave way before the settler the improved farms of today became a possibility. In October, 1853, Pioneer came into existence, and while it never experienced a boom it is a good business center and draws patronage as well as its quota from Williams County, overlapping the bounds of Madison Township as a commercial center. It is a livestock shipping point, and is in touch with the outside world over the Wabash and by trolley to Toledo. The main street and the business houses of Pioneer are all on filled land along Clearwater Fork, a tributary of the St. Joseph, and the unique thing in Williams County history—the stream runs under the town, while in its earlier history it sometimes spread out all over it.

"When I was a boy I used to skate all over this town," said a pioneer in Pioneer, and then a group of elderly men sitting in the shade pointed out the lower level of the town a short distance from the pavement. When they direct a stranger to cross the bridge, he wonders when he will come to it. A platform orator one time delivered a public address from the bridge in Pioneer and did not see it. He had not heard its

history. A. F. Norris and G. R. Joy were early settlers who owned land on opposite sides of Clearwater Fork, and each was ambitious to locate the town. They had married sisters and they "fit" about the town, each platting some land for it. However, the advance of civilization bridged over the difficulty by bridging the stream so completely the whole width of the street, that strangers do not know when they cross it.

Mr. Norris, who planted one side of the town of Pioneer, came into Williams County in 1838, and working for Jacob Dohn he helped to build the first water mill on the St. Joseph River in 1853, and two years later he helped Owen McCarty construct the first water mill in Bridgewater. One account says that Norris built a steam mill and that Dohn built a water mill. Mr. Norris was at one time president of the Williams



WILD TURKEY BEING PLENTIFUL AND COSTING NOTHING BUT SHOT

County Pioneers' Association, and he had the laudable ambition to sometime write the local history. He was a citizen of Pioneer until 1867, when he went West where he traveled extensively. Norris Basin in Yellowstone Park is named in his honor. The story goes that when Norris died in the West and Mrs. Joy died in Pioneer, that Mr. Joy married Mrs. Norris and then both sides of Clearwater Fork belonged to one family. One time a house in the Joy addition was sold, and when the buyer attempted to move it across the stream into the Norris addition, the whole proceedings were stopped by Mr. Joy. However, all that is forgotten in Pioneer today. The citizens are busy with other things.

The Pottawattomie Village in Madison Township was a place where all the trails converged near the mouth of Clearwater Fork, and Mr. Nor-

ris was there before laying off the town of Pioneer. He was born August 17, 1821, in Wayne County, New York. He was an active man and is spoken of today as the outstanding character in Pioneer and vicinity in the formative period of the community. When he built his first cabin in 1840, those assisting him were: Putnam, Lindsay, Drake and Waterman; and eighty years later none in the community know anything definite about them. Kunkle is an enterprising village although it has never been plotted into lots as other towns. It is a business center and a community social center. The name Kunkle is frequently mentioned in other chapters. The older histories speak of its as Kunkle's Korners. There is a Mennonite colony in Madison not far from Pioneer.

While the wealth of Madison Township is its agriculture, there are



STREET SCENE, PIONEER

some pay rolls in Pioneer. Its Liberty Loan investments amounted in all to \$240,250, distributed among 1,138 subscribers, while Kunkle reported \$693,300 divided among 3,510 subscribers, making a showing of \$933,550 from Madison Township and its contributing territory. Madison had all the business and social advantages, and: "Woodman, spare that tree," has definite significance at Buckeye Corners, there being a buckeye in the center of the four corners one mile south from Pioneer. The four sections of land corner at the root of this tree, and some call it the Landmark tree. It is in the middle of a hard surface highway, and because of public sentiment for its perpetuity, there is a five-foot space left about its roots to allow the sunshine and the rain to reach them. There is pardonable pride in this landmark unique because of its location on the four corners in the crossroads—a thrifty buckeye in the Buckeye State, and it has valiant protectors in the person of each citizen.

CHAPTER XLV

MILLCREEK TOWNSHIP, ALVORDTON AND HAMER

Northwest, Bridgewater, Madison and Millcreek are the four townships acquired by Williams County from the Michigan strip, and since they are bounded north by the Harris and south by the Fulton lines, there is little regularity about either the northern or southern boundary, there being fractional farm lands and much confusion about their records. Theron Landon who arrived November 17, 1835, was the first settler in Millcreek, while Josiah Woodworth came in the following February. George Berone, James Black, John Haines and others followed in the summer of 1836, and in a short time came Talman and Joseph Reasoner, Justice Alvord and Samuel G. Wallace. At the time Millcreek extended three miles further east, that much territory having been cut off in 1850, when Fulton blossomed into an organized county and had to have more land to reach the 400 square miles requirement. Among those locating on the strip later transferred to Fulton were: Abijah Coleman, David Severance and A. Gillette, who resented the change and sold their possessions and returned to Williams County. Others transferred from Williams to Fulton by this method of increasing territory were: Alanson Pike, Nathan Fellows, Calvin Ackley and Elijah Masters. Jacob Landis and Joseph Miller were among early settlers locating farther west in Millcreek.

Hannah Woodworth, born in 1837, was the first child born in the township and Mrs. Rachel Aldrich who died April 18, 1836, was the first person buried there. The first school was taught by Joseph Reasoner who was also among the first settlers. Theron Landon who was the first settler was also the first bridegroom, although he went into Brady Township to find the woman. George Berone built the first waterpower mill, and Landon and Haines had the first store. Hamer, Millcreek Center and Primrose all gave promise of commercial prosperity, but with the coming of the railroad Alvordton sprang up on land owned by Justus Alvordton. While Alvordton is at the junction of the Wabash and the Cincinnati Northern Railroad, the Wabash coming in 1882 and the Cincinnati Northern in 1888, there has never been a great deal of shipping from Alvordton. Because of its excellent shipping advantages, there seems to be a future for Alvordton.

While Alvordton is in the center of a good farming community the town has suffered from incendiarism. Hamer, Millcreek Center and Primrose are little more than memories today. While the township was organized in 1839, a strip three miles wide from the east side of it is now part of Gorham Township in Fulton County. Mill and Brush Creek are the streams draining the township, and when a steam gristmill was located at Primrose in 1855, the people had some prospect of white

bread. The sawmill always preceded the gristmill, and some of the early merchants were enterprising enough to operate a chain of stores. The flour mill was a welcome adjunct to any community so far from markets, and Adrian, Michigan, seemed like a long distance for the mill-boy with a bag of grain thrown over the back of a horse.

There is a triangular piece of land surrounded on three sides by iron bands, the Wabash and Cincinnati Northern being intersected by the electric road from Pioneer, a condition not duplicated anywhere else in Williams County. In a ride of only a few miles the automobile passenger crosses the track on all sides of this triangle, and Alvordton is the nearest railroad point, the station being at one side of that town. While Alvordton was not represented in the first Liberty Loan, eight citizens from this community subscribed for \$1,900 in the second and in all \$49,000 were taken by 361 buyers, and while Alvordton has had a precarious existence because of its shipping facilities it will always be a town. The north and south roads offer an opportunity for the residents of the north tier of townships in Williams County to reach Montpelier and Bryan, although their border location divides their patronage and their social relations.

Dairy farming is a recognized industry in Millcreek, and there are silos about as close together as in any of the border townships. It borders on Michigan and on Fulton County. There is a commodious looking barn in Millcreek with an unusual history. Its roof has been put in piecemeal and the owner has been five years doing it. In June, A. D. 1920, there was still some unfinished roof and passersby were all taking note of the progress there. They wonder about the durability of the shingles, and how long it will take to repair the roof.

CHAPTER XLVI

FLORENCE TOWNSHIP AND EDON

The organization of Florence Township dates back to the first Monday in 1837, and for some years it embraced Northwest, Bridge-water and Superior townships for governmental purposes, and it had once belonged to St. Joseph since an old record credits all the territory lying to the north as part of St. Joseph Township. As other townships were organized its area was reduced, and Northwest was the last to be set off from Florence. The oldest inhabitants are not agreed as to who was the first settler in Florence, but it is the consensus of opinion that there are no better townships in the even dozen that make up Williams County today. The first tax money was paid in 1837 by John Case, his taxable property being four head of cattle valued at \$32, and the amount of the tax was 51 cents. No one in Florence escapes with that much tax today.

While John Case was the first taxpayer, many are of the opinion that David Singer was the first bona-fide settler. His wife was an authority for the statement that for three years after they lived in the wilds of Florence she did not see another white person. Their only visitors were the red men of the Forest. There had been other land entries previous to the coming of the Singers, speculation always prompting investments. Depew, Webb, Martin and Burke were among the first settlers known to Singer and his wife. He married Margaret Kragore and brought her as a bride into the wilderness and they both had prowess as hunters as elsewhere related in this history.

David Singer was always lucky in locating bee trees, and their cabin board was frequently graced with a dish of strained or candied honey. They endured many hardships for awhile, and although sometimes they had no bread to break into it, they always had soups and fresh meats from the wild life of the forests. The time came when they had no difficulty in feeding and clothing themselves. One night Singer was caught in a rainstorm and was lost in the woods. The moss on the trees was not visible, and he was uncertain about the directions. He was alone in the woods and she was alone in the cabin. Their thoughts were their company.

At another time when Mrs. Singer was left alone in the cabin, she built a bonfire for the protection of a brood sow with young pigs from the pack of wolves she heard howling as they came toward her. By keeping the fire through the night she saved the porkers, and there are women today who protect livestock when necessary. However, the pioneer women had tests of their courage that would be sore trials to some of their posterity. The Singers had tamed a deer and with a bell about

its neck it often decoyed wild deer near enough to the cabin that Mr. Singer would shoot them, and Mrs. Singer became an adept in curing venison, often curing wild meats for the Indians. She was a thrifty woman. She was adapted to frontier conditions.

While Edon points with pride to a modern grist mill, the first mill of any description was at West Buffalo. Daniel Farnum, who had been an active man in the development of some older localities, helped to build the mill in West Buffalo. While visitors would not recognize the town



STREET SCENE, EDON

today, Williams County people talk about West Buffalo. There were tamarack swamps awaiting drainage in the early history of Florence Township, and it is related that in the days when the settlers could only see straight up from their cabin homes because of the timber, Florence Beach said to her brothers: "John, did you ever think about how far you can see when you get out into the road?" and the question serves to illustrate the changes that have come within the memory of men and women not yet old, the homes of neighbors now seemingly much closer together with the intervening timber removed, and distance annihilated—neighbors too close with no intervening forest. The Beach homestead was then a mere pocket by the wayside in the clearing under progress in Williams County.

The maiden name of Edon was Weston, and sometimes people say Mudsock in speaking about it. When a name is once applied to a place it usually sticks, although there is no better agricultural center in Williams County today. There are brick streets as in other towns, and splendid homes and while it was about the first dry community in Williams County, Blakeslee was the last oasis in the desert to which travelers

journeyed from many miles away from there. It was on the map of the wet world long after the dry towns were no longer meccas for the thirsty. There was a time when all roads led to Blakeslee, and citizens grew tired of seeing so much drunkenness along the highways of Williams County. Local option was always both local and optional, but the day came when the open saloon was banished from Blakeslee, and many citizens of Florence claim other honors.

In the war loans Florence and its two towns—Edon and Blakeslee—handled \$284,350 worth of Liberty and Victory bonds, there being 1,112 persons interested as investors. The second loan amounting to \$11,400 was all taken by one subscriber, according to the reports from Washington. While Florence is six miles wide it is seven miles long, and thus its area is six square miles more than the townships north from it. The realty about Edon is rated along with the high-priced farm lands in Williams County. However, not many farms are on the market. The owners dare not price them if they wish to continue their homes in the vicinity. Diversified farming is practiced, and it is said the rural population is recognized as a social factor in Edon. Perhaps the same condition prevails in other localities, but members of the booster organization—the business men of Edon, emphasized the matter.

CHAPTER XLVII

SUPERIOR TOWNSHIP AND MONTPELIER

An old account says of Superior that it is one of the best townships in Williams County, and that it was settled by an intelligent, thrifty class of citizens and that few foreigners ever located there. While the first clearing was made by George Wisman, it was not long until Joseph Pew built and moved into his cabin on Columbus day—October 12, 1836, and settlers multiplied rapidly from that time. William Ogle came in 1837, and Jacob Schall in 1838, and in due time the settlers' roster embraced the following names: Wisman, Pew, Bible, McDaniels, Bechtol, Anspaugh, Brannan, Kollar, Knepper, Riley, Teats, White, Starr, Dellinger, Griffith, Brundyge, Dunlap, and all of them men who left their impress upon the community, and are all those names still heard along the highways and byways of Superior Township and within the bounds of Williams County?

Superior had been attached to Florence for governmental purposes until 1839, when an election was held and the township was organized—Clark Burgoyne and George Wisman being elected trustees; clerk, George Bible; treasurer, Robert Ogle, and some years later George Bible was elected the first justice of the peace. The first birth in Superior Township was a pair of twins in the Wisman family, and the first funeral service was for a man named Mick. John Melville Crabb was the first Presbyterian minister, and Abner Aikens was the first school teacher. The formal organization of Superior Township occurred June 3, 1839, and one account says the settlers were from the older parts of Ohio, Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York. It is said that with Montpelier in its bounds, Superior is the most cosmopolitan township in Williams County. "But whatever their ancestry or wherever their birthplace, the people of Superior Township are a class of intelligent and progressive citizens, many of whom are highly cultured and intellectual."

While there is no complete record in any locality, Superior has its mede of traditions and folklore. The father to son and the mother to daughter stories serve to keep memories green, and there is reliable information that George Bible constructed his cabin in 1834, says one writer, although other accounts make it two years later. However, he was a good marksman and in a contest with Frederick Miser he shot ninety-nine deer against sixty-five to the credit of his friend. It was a disappointment to Mr. Bible that one more deer did not come in range of his rifle, and this is the contest referred to on the tire company's sign on the road leading into Bryan from the northeast, saying that 164 deer were killed by them.

Robert McDaniels was an early settler—reputed to have built the second cabin, and this is the family to which Arvilla McDaniels else-

where referred to as a teacher belonged—the woman who taught for forty years. The St. Joseph River crosses Superior, and this locality was a favorite rendezvous of the Indians. There was a camp on the site of Montpelier for many years after there were white men in the community. In 1835, the village was established that has since become the second city in Williams County. Dan Tucker and his grist mill were about the first indication of the future town on the St. Joseph River. Mr. Huston joined him in the enterprise, and G. and R. Brown were soon installed as dry goods and grocery merchants there. For thirty years Montpelier remained a crossroads trading point, having no unusual growth or boom until 1875 when it was incorporated, the coming of the railroad putting a bright future before it.

The site of Montpelier was the farm owned by W. S. Miller who



MONTPELIER RESIDENCE

sold it to Jesse Tucker and I. K. Briner whose names go down in history as founders of the town. It is said they purchased the land on a contract, but as there was no immediate boom and sale of lots, the transfer of property was never recorded and the realty reverted to Miller, and four years later W. S. Miller sold it again to John Miller, and when he inaugurated a sale of lots Montpelier was soon on the map of the world. Since 1849 Montpelier has had steady growth and development. C. W. Mallory had a store there in 1845, and prior to that time Jacob Snyder and William Crissey had a store and ashery at Tuckertown, a short distance west of Montpelier. However, the place never developed into a village. The business growing up there was removed to Montpelier, and this ashery was a thriving industry for many years. Sawmills, asheries and tanneries all had their day in early history.

Montpelier is a French name, and when it was appropriated by the Williams County hamlet, the residents only knew of the Vermont town

and of the country place owned by President James Madison. The first election in Montpelier was April 5, 1875, resulting as follows: Mayor, Joel D. Kriebel; clerk, Jacob Leu; treasurer, John Allen; marshal, Jesse Blue; the election board of judges was: Frank L. Speaker, Nathan E. Fry and W. M. Gillis. J. T. Kriebel and T. E. Lamb were the clerks. Mayor Kriebel was a manufacturer, and the official honors were distributed to the different local industries. The postoffice was opened there, December 28, 1846, and Conroy W. Mallory was the first postmaster. The Empire was the first hostelry, and since the coming of the Wabash there have been rapid manufacturing and commercial developments. While Montpelier is a manufacturing center, it is surrounded by splendid farming country, and the livestock and shipping facilities are elsewhere mentioned—the farm bureau chapter dealing with that question.



STREET SCENE, MONTEPELIER

The four divisions of the Wabash Railroad centering at Montpelier help to swell the tax duplicate, and the Commercial Association recognizes the importance of the railroads to local industries. People living in Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit or Toledo may reach Montpelier without change, and yet the freight competition in Montpelier is unusually strong because of the number of trucks in use there. There was a rapid growth apparent about 1908, when the railroad shops were removed from Ashley, Indiana, to Montpelier. In all there are about 800 men living in Montpelier who are employed by the Wabash Railway. There are 250 men in the mechanical division—the shops, who keep the locomotives and the cars in order, and about seventy-five who clean and repair cars, always overhauling all rolling stock after each trip, and the transportation department includes more than 400 men—engineers, conductors,

brakemen, firemen, trainmen in all capacities, and since February 1, 1916, the maintenance of way office has been located in Montpelier. On May 1, 1917, the supply office was removed from Detroit to Montpelier, and the roundhouse has been there many years.

Montpelier is a recognized railroad center, and the employes of the Wabash spend their money in the town. While there has always been Montpelier boosters, the Montpelier Commercial Association under its latest organization was organized A. D. 1920, and two good industries had already been located by it. W. H. Shinn is president, F. E. Beach is secretary and A. P. Rothenberger, treasurer. The board of directors includes these names: F. E. Beach, L. L. Boone, J. M. Hodson, L. C. Lantz, W. H. Shinn, G. Grant Stahl and A. M. Strayer. While there were already some splendid industries the policy of the Montpelier Commercial Association is to foster them and encourage others. The Elkhart Stamping and Tool Company had just been located by the Commercial Association, the local industry to be known as the Gause Manufacturing Company of Montpelier. It has a variety of specialties, including "Kant-Break-em Toys," and it is regarded as a good industry. The William A. Waggoner Talking Machine Company is an acquisition coming from Ft. Wayne. When it is in full swing it will employ 1,000 men, and the Commercial Club located it.

The W. C. Heller Company manufactures hardware store shelving and fixtures, and it has the world for its market. It is a well-established industry giving employment to seventy-five men, and its products go into all civilized nations.

The Boone Lumber Company—well, the mind of man runneth not to the contrary, said a local booster in speaking of the time it had been a Montpelier enterprise. It is an old institution with a fine business, and it is a valuable adjunct to the community.

The Montpelier Creamery means the monthly distribution among Williams County farmers of a great deal of money. It is a local market for milk, and many cities use the Rose brand of butter made in Montpelier.

Storror Brothers operate a grist mill that has been on the St. Joseph River since 1840, and The Pride of Montpelier is a brand of flour everywhere popular with housewives. A milling industry on one spot for four score years is a unique thing in local history.

There is a bottling works where soft drinks are put on the market, and there is a cement products factory. Building materials and materials used in street improvements—and the first asphalt street in Williams County was made in Montpelier.

There are good stores and progressive dealers and no one need leave Montpelier for the necessary commodities. It is considered among the most thrifty business centers in northwestern Ohio. It has excellent schools, prosperous churches, good streets and utility homes and mention is elsewhere made of them. It is said there are self-reliant women in Montpelier who have carried on whatever had been the industry established by their husbands, and some of them have been singularly successful in the business world.

The total Liberty and Victory loan reported from Montpelier amounts to \$693,300 and with some patrons of each loan the money came from 3,510 different persons. The Williams County Red Cross workshops all reported through the Montpelier chapter, and through its central location it was convenient to all the other chapters. There is as much local pride to the square inch in Montpelier as anywhere else in the world. In its business and social life it is always abreast of the times, and once a resident means always a booster.

CHAPTER XLVIII

JEFFERSON TOWNSHIP AND WEST JEFFERSON

Florence, Superior and Jefferson townships have the same area, and they are the largest townships in Williams County. Jefferson is without a community center, although West Jefferson still has a store and there is a church and some rural schools in the vicinity. The settlers were there about the time they began locating in adjoining townships—1833-5, among those coming early being: Eli Otwer, Turner Thompson, John and Henry Miller, Thomas Reed and John Shankster. While George Rudisill had entered land prior to this time he had not settled on it. The Reeds furnished the first and second brides to the settlers, Andrew Hood having married Betsey and James Pattee selecting Lottie, the marriage service in each instance being performed by Judge Myers.

On June 6, 1837, the first effort toward organization in Jefferson Township occurred when the board of county commissioners ordered an election to be held on the first Monday in July, at the home of Andrew Farrier, Jr., and the records show that until this time Madison had been attached to Jefferson. There were changes in the map in 1839, and since then Jefferson has had its present outline. The Fulton line or the old Michigan boundary is the north line of the three large townships, and there is a tier and a fractional tier of sections across the north end that renders them civil instead of congressional townships.

While half a dozen men are mentioned, another account says that John Perkins was the first settler, although Pulaski also claims him as a citizen. It was a case of the mountain coming to Mohamet, since when the final boundary was established he was thrown into Pulaski. It is said he had no objections to living in Jefferson, and the case is paralleled by the story of a woman who lived on a disputed strip between North Carolina and Virginia. She preferred North Carolina as she had heard that Virginia was an unhealthy country. While the survey changed her from one state to the other, she remained on the same spot of ground even though she were thrown on the unhealthy border. Prejudice enters into a good many things, and where ignorance is bliss it is better not to acquire knowledge, although it is common knowledge that the Perkins family stock came from Virginia, and the sawmills and other early day industries claimed attention from different members of the Perkins family. John Perkins had married in Ross County, and when he came to Williams County he had three sons and four daughters.

The early citizenry of Jefferson embraced these names: Perkins, Oliver, Jones, Myers, Opdycke, Boyers, Perky, Bible, Ferrier, Smith, Newman, Moudy, Plummer, Shankster, Bush, Snyder, Barger, Dorshimer, Andre, Engle, Thompson, Fickle, Miller, Burns—but today many

of these names are on tombstones rather than in local directories. While the settlers have all joined the silent majority—their names are writ on their tombs, some of them are survived by posterity. Thomas Reid was chosen justice of the peace July 2, 1837, but since Jefferson is without a commercial center it has not had the need of officers beyond the trustees found in every township. The county farm—the Williams County Home, is located in Jefferson.

The surface is level and the drainage is through Beaver Creek into the Tiffin River. Leatherwood and Bean creeks are smaller streams, and while it was once a timber covered country, the soil is a heavy bed of clay with sand and gravel cropping out at spots, and withal it is well adapted to fruit culture and the dairying industry. The people of Jefferson are in direct communication with several towns, Montpelier and West Unity being about equal distances away and Pioneer and Bryan easily accessible to them. While no Liberty loans are reported from Jefferson, its citizenship is represented in the loans from their own direct trading points, none being allowed to escape because there were no banking houses in the township to take care of the loans. Jefferson had its part in the different communities.

CHAPTER XLIX

BRADY TOWNSHIP AND WEST UNITY

While Brady Township is seven and a fraction miles long—its length uniform with Florence, Superior and Jefferson, when West Unity entered the contest for the county seat the Ohio Assembly clipped off two tiers of sections on the east and added them to Fulton County, thereby throwing the town as near the county line as Bryan, and it had no further argument in the matter. It seems that the first settlers in Brady were on this strip of land, Joseph Bates having located there in 1833, and later in the year came J. B. Packard, John McLaughlin and Daniel Osman. While they were settlers in Williams County by a peculiar turn of the wheel of fortune they found themselves citizens of Fulton County, notwithstanding the dangers of malaria from this sudden change of residence. While their land was not confiscated, they found themselves paying tribute to another goddess of liberty.

By March 7, 1836, there were enough settlers to establish township government and Brady was set off from Springfield Township. According to accounts John Miller entered the land in April, 1834, where West Unity is now located, and while John Bohner entered land in the same month he was not living on it until June. Warren Hancock, John Rings and Abner Ayres all came at different times that year. Samuel Snyder came in 1836, and Henry L. Flowers and David Loutzenheiser came a year later. Walter Coleman, William Miller, J. Hollinshead, William H. McGrew, William Stubbs, George McGarah, W. L. Smith, Robert Bodell and A. F. Hull were all early arrivals in Brady. An old account says: "The experiences of the early settlers were similar regardless of locality," and all those pioneer experiences have been detailed in county-wide chapters.

When West Unity was located in 1835, it was little more than a clearing, and it was not an incorporated town until 1866, when H. H. Peppard was elected mayor, and the first council was made up as follows: Dr. G. W. Finch, Dr. J. N. Runnion, J. M. Webb, George Rings and John Cline. C. W. Skinner was the clerk. While Charles Coleman was the first white child born in Brady Township, Susan Rings was the first one born in West Unity. Mariah L. Dunscomb was the first person to die in Brady Township. While Lockport once rivaled West Unity, the stranger today is reminded of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," when he passes it. There was a sawmill there, and the pioneer merchant came along but the advance of civilization has almost obliterated all traces of the town. In 1835, A. F. Hull brought a stock of goods from Maumee and embarked in business at Lockport. In 1834 Wertz Brothers had located a sawmill there, but to reach Defiance by water they must travel

eighty miles via the Tiffin and Maumee rivers, and since they were sickly in the climate they did not remain long in the community. While they operated the mill they lived on wild meats, and J. Hollinshead was employed by them to keep a supply in readiness.

When the mill was completed they added a flour mill and they raised hogs, the old query always arising as to whose grain the miller fed to them. He took toll from all, and by common agreement what he fed to the hogs belonged to him. There was once a postoffice at Lockport, the mail coming by carrier from Defiance. In 1836 the grist mill in Lockport was operated by oxen power—most likely a tread mill, and Walter Coleman was the proprietor. Until then the settlers had taken their grain to Pulaski, where a sawmill had installed “nigger heads” for crushing it. Think of electricity and its uses today. It would be hard to locate mill burrs anywhere today.



BIRDSEYE VIEW, WEST UNITY

There are two “first” marriages reported from Brady: George Johnson and Hannah Donutt, and Theron Landon and Harriet Bates, the connubial knot being tied in each instance by Jabez Jones. Men and women have been taking each other “for better or worse” ever since that time. At the suggestion of Gilbert S. Dunscomb, the township was named in honor of Capt. Samuel Brady.

West Unity is a trade center watered from springs about eight to twenty-five feet from the surface, and it has shipping facilities to take care of its local industries. A Detroit packer reports more eggs shipped from West Unity than from any other point in the United States except Petaluma, California. While Montpelier and Bryan are larger towns, the home consumption is greater than at West Unity. George W. Bond of West Unity, “A servant of the Lord Jesus Christ and wholesale dealer in butter, eggs and poultry,” was the first man in the United

States to pack quality eggs, the famous red, white and blue brands, and the handwriting on the wall is Bible texts wherever there is space sufficient for them. West Unity is the shipping point for eggs gathered up all over the country, Mr. Bond having stations in other towns and bringing all the eggs to West Unity. The Cincinnati Northern road affords quick transit to Detroit, and there the red, white and blue brands are routed to the different markets. Mr. Bond is a follower of the late Alexander Dowie of Zion City, and when he was in active control of the packing house industry in West Unity, for twenty-nine years the employees began the day's activities after a season of prayer, and the business proved a blessing to the community. In all those years Mr. Bond educated Williams County farmers in the care of poultry. The four g's—grain, greens, grit and gumption—are all essential in the poultry business, and left to their own resources the hens follow the above formulas in egg production. West Unity is a livestock shipping point, and Favorite flour is a much heralded product of the town.

There is an excellent farming community about West Unity, and there is wealth in the town. Although the township is only four miles wide it purchased \$373,150 worth of bonds, and in all there were 1,242 buyers, some of them buying in each of the loans. In the fourth loan there were 554 investors, and with Jefferson and Millcreek to draw from with no other bond-buying center in those townships, it was an easy matter for Brady to go "over the top" in all of them.

CHAPTER L

ST. JOSEPH TOWNSHIP AND EDGERTON

While to James Guthrie on Bean Creek or Tiffin River is usually accorded the honor of priority in Williams County citizenship, Samuel Holton who settled on Fish Creek in St. Joseph Township was on the ground in the same year—1827, and if Samuel Lewis, who arrived April 13, 1834, was the second settler Holton lived seven years alone. There were a good many miles of timber country between them, and it is quite likely Guthrie and Holton never knew each other. There were not many white people anywhere in the present limits of Williams County for a few years after the advent of these two men.

Among the early residents were: Holton, Lewis, Zediker, Fee, Craig, Aucker, McCullough, Lewis, Haskins, Jolly and Talbot, some of them not permanent in the community. Daniel Farnum, who had much to do with the development of the western part of Williams County, was also among its early citizens. His mother and a sister accompanied him. Within a year or two came Parker and Bratton, and in 1838 came John W. Bowersox and his family, destined for many years of activity in Williams County history. He was born January 10, 1808, in Frederick County, Maryland. When the family had been sixteen years in the county, Mr. Bowersox bought a Clinton airtight cookstove, supposed to be the first one in Williams County, and it is retained as an heirloom today. Judge C. A. Bowersox remembers when his father brought it home in 1854, and since the old homestead came into his hands he closed the house and goes there every summer for temporary residence. The house in which this stove is sheltered was built in 1859, and much of the furniture belonging to the Bowersox family is intact, the tenant on the 220-acre farm living near it. This stove would be an interesting feature if transferred to the Bryan library. Many housewives of today never saw one like it.

Soon after the advent of the Bowersox family came Cornell, Long, Blair, Skelton and some of the villages sprang up that have long since disappeared from the community. Judge Parker was the founder of Denmark, and the place had its public square, store room, school, church and ashery, but only older persons recognize the spot today.

Steps were taken toward township organization as early as April 4, 1832, elections being held at Denmark and Edgerton. Preston, Tanner and Kearns were early township officials, and that long ago a fence viewer was chosen, but since no one sought the office it was soon removed from the election tickets. It really required two persons—one long and one short, in order to see the top and the bottom and line fences were sometimes a source of community differences, although devil's

lanes do not flourish recently. It is said that Volney Crocker who chopped the trees from the public square in Bryan one time lived in St. Joseph, although another account tells of him living at Williams Center. The first white child was born in the family of the first citizen—Samuel Holton. The widow Fee who lived in St. Joseph had three daughters, and in 1836 there was a double wedding at her house. Samuel and John Holton were the bridegrooms, and later on William Bender married the third daughter. Daniel Farnum was a guest at the double wedding, and many visitors arrived by boat on the St. Joseph River. The home of widow Fee was a social center.

John Casebeer entered land in St. Joseph Township, but his home was across the line in Indiana. Although the date and the cause of his demise are unknown, a Mr. Wilson was the first person to die in the



STREET SCENE, EDGERTON

community. Daniel Farnum reported that there were three graves at Denmark when he came into Williams County. He was an enterprising citizen, and identified with many sides of the community development. The graves of which he speaks have been lost, and the plow has converted the land to other purposes. There was much dissatisfaction with the original survey in St. Joseph Township, the lines established frequently being incorrect, and sometimes cutting off orchards from the farm buildings and working many hardships on those who had opened their farms in advance of the establishing of definite cornerstones. As a result of this survey, many farmers had to buy and sell in order to shape up their land again. The same condition prevailed in some of the other townships in Williams County.

Edgerton, which is the business center in St. Joseph, bears the name of A. P. Edgerton, a public spirited man who donated the land for the

railroad track, and the survey was made in 1854, by Sargent, Crane and Bement, the latter an engineer in the employ of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway Company. In a community like Edgerton they speak of the arrival of trains by number, saying 64 is due at 7 o'clock, and the passing of those transcontinental trains that whizz by is not noted at all. While Edgerton is only three miles from the Indiana line, it has excellent patronage from both Ohio and Indiana, and draws from a large area in Williams County. There is a good line of mercantile establishments and the community takes care of itself as a business center.

There is a social and business activity, with doctors, dentists, ministers and all that tends to make a community, and there are some good-sized industrial payrolls in Edgerton. There are a number of local industries that furnish employment to all in the community.

The Van Wye Glove Company employs twenty people and it puts a cotton working glove on the market. The Edgerton Milling Company is known by the Crown brand of flour.

The Oak Manufacturing Company employs sixty people, and its product is all kinds of commercial baskets. It uses both hard and soft wood timber, and the ancient art of basket-making is not forgotten there. This factory affords a market for native timber, and there is a caterpillar tractor used in "snaking" logs about the mill yard, instead of the team of oxen under the lash when: "Gee, haw, Buck," used to be the clarion cry of the driver. H. L. Poole operates the plant.

In making up its quota for the different war loans Edgerton and community subscribed for \$377,150 worth of Liberty and Victory bonds, there being 1,727 individual purchases in the five loans. The people of St. Joseph Township always have met their requirements in the way of community service. It is among the older sections of the county and is abreast of the time in all kinds of improvements. While it took Samuel Holton four days to go and come from the mill, there is now every commodity in Edgerton and people are loyal to the community when it comes to the distribution of their patronage.

CHAPTER LI

CENTER TOWNSHIP AND WILLIAMS CENTER

The four townships constituting the southern tier in Williams County are all congressional, the sections numbering from one to thirty-six without any irregularities. They all embrace thirty-six sections of land with but little waste except for the towns. There is not much undulation except along the St. Joseph River in St. Joseph. In the days before Williams County had submitted to vivisection, Center Township was named from its geographical position, and Williams Center was not far from the exact location although now it is a border hamlet. While Melbern is on the railroad, it is not larger than Williams Center. In the old days Melbern was called Kansas. The residents of Center are well served in commercial way at Bryan, Montpelier or Edgerton when they must quit the township—Melbern or Williams Center for commodities.

The southern tier of townships were settled a year or two earlier than those lying farther north, and Frederick Mizer took up his abode in Center in 1833, only to remain along until the next year, when Dilman, Overleas, Brant, Frame, Kinzie and the Stinsons were on the ground, followed soon after by Daniels and Weaver, and the time was when Williams Center entertained certain ambitions before eight townships lying south of there "run away from home with Fort Defiance," and since then the name Center has been a misfit for both the town and township, although no effort has been made to change it.

It was Frederick Mizer who engaged in the deer shooting contest with George Bible, and who killed sixty-four of them while the Superior man was superior as a hunter. The tire sign referring to the contest says 164 deer, and it is known that Bible killed ninety-nine, and regretted the fact that he could not secure one more pair of antlers. Mizer was the first bridegroom from Center. He married Kate Leonard, and the ceremony was performed by Justice of the Peace Jabez Jones. The first child was born to Bastian and Elizabeth Frame. The first death was Jacob Fetter, who was soon followed in death by a son. They were buried on the Fetter farm, a neighbor named Lloyd serving as a clergyman at each service. The first blacksmith was George Arnold. The first sawmill was owned by John Bowman on Lick Creek.

There were tamarack swamps in Center in an early day, and there was difficulty about the water supply. The quality was poor and in the dry season it was a minus quantity. The drainage was into Lick Creek and its tributaries. While in the main the land is unbroken and level, the soil is fertile and it is good farm land. Some attention has been given to fruit culture. The settlers in Center came from the malaria infested bottoms of the Maumee, seeking higher ground in order to

escape the pestilence. However, drainage has changed it all and the valleys are as desirable for residence as the hills. There is very little waste land in the township, and there are excellent farms today.

Center became an organized township March 7, 1836, the citizens meeting the first Monday in April to choose their officers. The first election was held at the residence of Jacob Dillman. It is said that Dillman came into Williams County with more wealth than most settlers, and that he was a public spirited man. He was interested in the building of churches and schools and gave his money liberally for such things. Wealth is not an incumbrance when rightly used, and there are always demands for money. Prominent among the settlers in Center were: Mizer, Dillman, Overleas, Brant, Frame, Kinzie, Stinson, Daniels, Weaver, Arnold, Bowman, Leonard, Hickman, Skinner, Feters, Poole, Nei-



RECLAMATION OF SWAMP LAND

hart, Sheridan and Hannon. Some of those names are still known in the township and in other parts of Williams County.

In 1833 Mrs. Mary Leonard arrived bringing with her three married daughters, and it was quite an influx to the community. The four family names: Leonard, Overleas, Frame and Hickman, have been connected with many phases of local development. With her own sons and her sons-in-law, the widow Leonard encountered few difficulties in the new country. They came from Montgomery County with ox teams, and they came as permanent citizens. The widow settled in the timber with her family all about her. Sebastian Frame, a son-in-law to Mrs. Leonard, was a Dunkard preacher. He was a man of imposing character, and he was the first man to conduct religious services. Sometimes the meetings were in his own home, but oftener in the home of Mrs. Leonard. The settlers met frequently for religious services and to discuss the outlook for the future in the community.

It is said the widow Leonard had unusual courage, and coming with her family into the new country, they all lived in the wagons until the sons and sons-in-law could construct cabins. Some of them lived in temporary abodes made from brush, and brush fences were frequently used by the settlers. "Out of the old house into the new" never meant more to any family than when the widow Leonard quit the wagon for her round log cabin. It is related that George Skinner, who later sold his land to Jacob Dillman, had "underbrushed" it, and sowed what he thought was clover seed, and Mr. Dillman reaped a crop of Canada thistles from it. It is said he left the country, and that the thistles are not yet wholly eradicated from the community. The ground was covered with the pest, but gardeners today sometimes buy seed that is not "true to name." Center is counted in with towns outside the township in the Liberty and Victory loans, but its patronage was in proportion to its wealth, and there are thrifty citizens in the township.

CHAPTER LII

PULASKI TOWNSHIP, PULASKI AND BRYAN

One account says that away back before calendars were invented, when time was measured by the moon, and directions were determined by the moss on the trees, there were but two main traveled thoroughfares through Williams County, and they crossed each other at Pulaski. One of the trails was from Ft. Wayne to Detroit, and the other led from Columbus past Fort Defiance through Pulaski and into Michigan. It is said that Judge Perkins who surveyed the wild lands of Williams County was so impressed with the possibilities of Pulaski on account of the intersection of these two trails that he concluded to locate there and lay out the townsite, which was to become not only the county seat of Williams County, but the metropolis of the northwest. The public square was located where the schoolhouse now stands, and other blocks were designated as sites for public buildings, parks and other utilities.

"Thereby hangs a tale," for the same writer says that among the ancestry of William Jennings Bryan was another oily tongued orator who learned of the plans at Pulaski, and visited the Ohio Legislature in session in Columbus. The town was named Lafayette in the beginning, in honor of a certain distinguished Frenchman who aided the country in its struggle for freedom from England, and whose memory is still dear to the heart of every patriotic American. When it was found that Allen County had already appropriated that name, and since the citizens desired the town and postoffice to bear the same name, they decided to honor the chivalrous Polish patriot, Count Pulaski, who also engaged in the Revolutionary struggle with the colonists. Lafayette was christened Pulaski, and the village gave promise of future growth.

It seems that John A. Bryan with his rabbit's foot worked a hoodoo on the Ohio Legislature, and it granted to him the permission to "locate the county seat under a swamp elm tree in the prickly ash thicket about four miles southwest of the Perkins townsite. After this bit of pernicious activity, the latter place didn't appear to metropolize any more, but settled down into a peaceful back number hamlet, and such it remains today." The location of Pulaski was as good as could have been hunted out of the woods at the time, and one of its citizens remarked: "It is in the middle of the puddle, just halfway between Boston and Independence mission where the Santa Fe trail begins," and it seems that the place deserved something better than Goldsmith's cognomen—"The Deserted Village." While the Ft. Wayne-Detroit trail remains unchanged the intersecting line has been lost in the shuffle, although Pulaski is still on the map of Williams County.

Until March 3, 1834, Pulaski Township was attached to Tiffin, but when the wheel of fortune revolved again Tiffin was in another county.

There is something said about Carryall and Beaver townships, in describing the relation of St. Joseph, Center, Pulaski and Springfield townships to the rest of the world, but since December 4, 1837, Pulaski has had its present boundary. The first township election was held December 16, 1837, in the home of Thomas Shorthill, who is frequently mentioned in other chapters. While the land in some of the townships was held by speculators, it is said there was a bona-fide class of settlers in Pulaski. John Perkins had come as early as 1833, and he is considered the first settler. Later came Plummer, Moss, Lantz, Jones, Hood and they all located on Beaver Creek. In another year or two the names: Boynton, Davidson, Pickett, Rawson, Gilson, Thompson, Swager, Wyatt, Kilpatrick, McKinley, Gleason, Jones, Wilson, Kauffman, Landaman, Shepard, Oakes, Johnson, Shook, Beavers, Montgomery, Caszet, Deck, Harris, Smith, Peddycoast, Flannahs, Capsil, Baker, Kent and Everett had been added to the Pulaski directory.

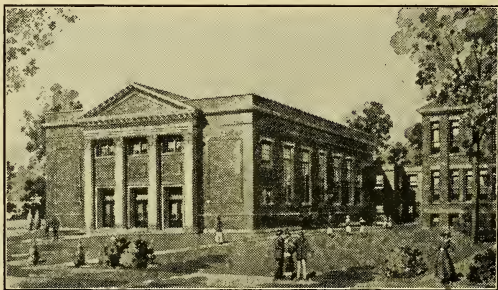
An early account says: "Pulaski does not differ materially from the other townships. Its early industries were its mills and distilleries," and since there are no striking physical features its agriculture and livestock production are about on a par with other townships in Williams County. Wheat and corn are the principal grain crops, although recently farmers are growing alfalfa and sugar beets, although livestock production and dairy farming now claim almost universal attention. There are fountain watered farms across the southern tier of townships, and while there is not much variety in local scenery a farm in Pulaski is a fortunate investment. Bryan is west of the center, and before the eight townships constituting Defiance County seceded, it was in the heart of Williams County.

Bryan has always been known as Fountain City because of its abundant water supply, and the story has been told in connection with the migration of the courthouse. The town was platted in 1840, although not incorporated until nine years later. The original plat of Bryan contained 180 lots exclusive of the public square which was a bequest, and the lots were four rods in width and eight rods in length, with an alley one rod in width between abutting lots. Main and High streets were planned to be 100 feet wide while all other streets were to be four rods or the width of one lot, and since it was virgin forest there is something left to imagination. The story of Volney Crocker would bear repetition, but all that is told in the courthouse chapter. When William Yates, who was the first merchant, came from Defiance to Bryan in 1841, he used ox teams in bringing his stock of dry goods and his wife and ten children to town, but from the beginning the aqua pura underlying the town was an attraction, although some foresaw calamity from the subterranean ocean.

While the municipal water wells weakened the flow of the artesian veins at the homes in Bryan, the light and water plant furnishes the town with light and power and pumps the water. The new reservoir holds 1,000,000 gallons, and the Bryan water system has attracted many visitors bent on investigation. The municipal plant has unusual facilities for lighting and power, and it is an economy to Bryan manufacturing

plants. The early business competitors of William Yates were Thomas McCurdy, John McDowell and Daniel Langel, and since that day there have been wide-awake, progressive citizens supplying the need of the community. While they would all be listed in a directory such a thing is impossible in a history. Andrew J. Tressler and Olivia Kent were the first couple to apply for a marriage license after the courthouse was located in Bryan. On Washington's birthday, 1841, Thomas Shorthill, who kept the tavern, became Bryan's first postmaster.

As president of the Bryan Business Men's Association, E. T. Binns said its membership is unlimited, and that it includes all progressive citizens. It is the "booster" club of Bryan. It has been in existence since the Century year—1900, and "nobody ever gets cold feet," and there is no coercion about it. While Mr. Binns is nominal president, he disclaims official relation only when there is some community move-



AUDITORIUM, BRYAN

ment and all turn to him for leadership. "If you want to know who is boss start something," and there is no dearth of activities. Plenty of citizens would flock to the rescue, and the Bryan Business Men's Association has had its part in fostering industries already established, as well as in locating others, and it meets any legitimate enterprise with open arms that brings employment to Williams County citizens.

Every man, woman and child in Bryan points out the Auditorium already mentioned in the educational chapter, as one of the community attractions. While it is located in Bryan it is used by all of Williams County.

Bryan is known as the show case town, and the Bryan Show Case Company employs seventy-five men in the manufacture and sale of its products.

The Ohio Art Company employs 250 people—more women than men, but it is regarded as a valuable asset to the community.

The Van Camp Packing Company employs thirty-five men in the condensary, and it is in direct business relation with 1,500 farm homes, distributing much money in the community.

The Vail Cooperage Company uses thirty-five men in converting staves into barrels and placing them on the market.

The Kelly Construction Company employs twenty-five men in turning out cement blocks and building materials.

The Bryan Manufacturing Company employs twenty-five men in making and marketing its specialty—wheelbarrows.

The Farmers Co-operative Elevator Company uses six of the stockholders in operating the plant.

The Spangler Manufacturing Company uses twenty people in placing an assorted lot of candies on the market.

The Bryan Pattern and Machine Company attracts more outside skilled labor than any other enterprise, and it uses 150 men all the time.

Stine & Son Lumber Company employ five men and deals in builders' supplies of all descriptions.

The Campbell Lumber Company employ ten men and places all kinds of building materials on the market.

Neff & Son use twenty men in placing brick and tile on the market.

Yunck & Son Manufacturing Company use five men in producing store furniture.

Pulaski Township and Bryan through a combination of circumstances subscribed sufficient money in the sale of Liberty bonds to require six figures to estimate the amount in each separate loan, and the sum totals \$1,340,860, with 6,931 buyers, but the county seat draws from all the county, and some of the townships are not represented by banking institutions to handle their funds for them. However, Pulaski Township and Bryan were not derelict in any of the war measures at all.

CHAPTER LIII

SPRINGFIELD TOWNSHIP AND STRYKER

While the question of seniority is ever present, St. Joseph, Pulaski and Springfield all harking back to the beginning of things, since March 30, 1835, Springfield has had a separate existence. Until that time the jurisdiction of Tiffin now in Defiance County had extended north to the Michigan line, and Springfield is the only border township on the east that did not lose any territory to Fulton County. The first election in Springfield was held May 16, 1835, in the home of Sarah Luther. J. B. Taylor was elected clerk; Bruce Packard, John Stubbs and Harmon Doolittle, trustees; the fence-viewers were Joseph Stubbs, John Fields and Joseph Bates; supervisors, John Lindenburg and Joseph Bates; constables, John H. Stubbs and Calvin Gleason; overseers for the poor, Daniel Colgan and Abram Werts, and this was perhaps the beginning of charitable work within the present limits of Williams County. It seemed that an office was created for each voter. Thomas J. Prettyman who was elected treasurer died July 28, and on September 5, Daniel Colgan was appointed his successor by the trustees of the township. There must be somebody to handle the money, and at this time Jonathan B. Taylor and Harmon Doolittle were elected justices of the peace.

The poll book of this first election in Springfield Township which seems to be the first election in what is now Williams County has been preserved in the archives of the county, and may be seen at the courthouse in Bryan. There were men of honor and ability among those pioneers, and while some of them filled more than one office of public trust, John Stubbs who came into the community in 1833 was an unusual character and is elsewhere mentioned in this history.

To James Guthrie who came to Springfield Township in 1827 is accorded the honor of priority of citizenship. He lived on the Tiffin River and was the first permanent citizen of what is now Williams County. Rachel Guthrie was the first child born in the community, and Malinda Knipe was the first to die there. Since Springfield is the oldest township, the birth of this child and the death of this woman is perhaps the first vital statistics in what is now Williams County. Among the early residents are: Packford, Hollinshead, Stubbs, Coonrod, Knipe, Colgan, Sprague, Luther, Lindemberger, Clark, Taylor, Coy and Doolittle. John Coy and John Snyder, who operated the first sawmill, were community benefactors as there was little advance in civilization until there was lumber to be used in construction.

While there were settlers in Springfield Township as early as 1833, it was twenty years until there was a town in the community. James

Lathe first settled on the site of Stryker, and when John A. Sargent and E. L. Barber finally platted the town they named it in honor of John Stryker. He was a promoter of the Air Line Railroad that failed to materialize, although the town has always reflected honor upon his memory. Silas Orcutt located the first sawmill in the town and William Pinkley was the first blacksmith. Blinn and Letcher opened a store and Stryker was on the map of the world.

Springfield ranks as one of the foremost townships from the standpoint of its agriculture and improved livestock, and the conversation heard in passing: "See the silo here, see the silo there—see all those fine farm buildings?" emphasizes the fact that the farmers are thrifty. It is said that Springfield and Brady townships had the first hard surface roads and the first centralized public schools in Williams County. The experimental rural free delivery started in Stryker, and the local tile factory supplied its product to those ambitious Springfield Township



STREET SCENE, STRYKER

farmers before drainage was widespread in Williams County. Here and there is a forest and the largest sugar camp in Williams County is on the Coy farm along the Tiffin River. Men who went there to a sugar camp when they were boys still go there.

The Tiffin River has been straightened at the Coy bridge, and the danger from overflows has been reduced from it. While there are four distinct channels to be seen from the bridge, in two of them there is dead water, and in time the beds will fill and the water will no longer make the circuit there in periods of high water. It was only necessary to cut a channel twenty rods long and the wonder is that the settlers did not assist nature there long ago.

While Stryker has no organized commercial club, there are boosters in the community—yes, and the knockers are not all at the bottom of the sea, but there is a good community spirit.

Among its natural resources are the mineral baths, and a hospital there attracts invalids who find remarkable advantages in it.

The Stryker Boat Oar Lumber Company is the oldest manufacturing industry there, and it has been in operation fifty years. It is a stock company and was located there because of the abundance of ash timber. Von Behren and Shaffer were the originators of the business, and the products are shipped all over the world. There are forty men employed and the company had a \$500,000 contract in the time of the World war. There is little competition in the manufacture of boat oars, and the product is marketed through the New York Boat Oar Company.

The Fred L. Mignin sawmill has just closed down after a successful run of half a century.

The Stryker tile factory has had its part in reclaiming the waste land in Williams County. It has been there a long time.

The Stryker Village School District draws from the surrounding country, and it is now doubling its housing facilities.

Stryker has the Toledo and Indiana power house which consumes a carload of coal a day, generating current for the road and supplying light and power in several towns.

The Stryker Urban Power and Light Company has been organized on a \$25,000 basis with the first installment of 10 per cent paid in, and its purpose is to furnish light and power at farmsteads in the vicinity. It is in the center of an excellent agricultural community, and this enterprise meets with the approval of many patrons.

There is a great deal of wealth in the community, and Stryker reports the sale of \$389,800 worth of Liberty and Victory bonds, the amount being distributed among 1,858 buyers. The third loan which amounted to \$71,100 was taken care of by 711 persons, which averages \$10 to the share, but not so many buyers were interested at any other time. Northwest was the last township to effect an organization, and Springfield was first, thus exemplifying the Bible statement about the last being first and the first being last, although at the outset the only thought was geographical distribution.

CHAPTER LIV

YESTERDAY AND TODAY IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

As men and women grow older they always multiply their yesterdays. When they begin living in the past it is an unfailing index that their todays mean less to them than their yesterdays. It is true that the people of yesterday in Williams County discussed the weather and their prospects for crops about as readily as men and women of today "rake over" such things, never failing to give attention to the needs of any poor among them, but again: "The shadow moveth over the dial plate of time," and the personnel of the community is different today.

"Some of us have been here a long time and we have witnessed many changes," said a venerable looking citizen of Bryan. To him the yesterday and today in Williams County shows great strides in human progress. Today the world is one vast whispering gallery with international problems confronting it, while yesterday the simple life lulled all into peaceful anticipation. Today the sons of yesterday must meet and master the difficulties as they present themselves. The Methuselahs in every community unite in asserting things that seem improbable today. They used to take their guns and shoot squirrels in the woods where the populous centers are today, and the evolution of industrial conditions is a problem in economics seemingly beyond solution. Time was when there was a factory before every hearthstone, the father making the shoes and the mother weaving and making the garments. The sawmill was here and the grist mill was there, and both are practically unknown today. Who knows the story of the mill boy with a stone in the other end of the bag to balance it on the horse? What has become of the sway-backed mare astride of which the boy went to the mill with the grain? What has become of the boy himself? The stories of today differ from the stories of yesterday. Automobiles? Aeroplanes? Who said, "Backward, turn backward, oh, time in your flight?" However, most people would like to be children again.

The Williams County settlers all knew the process of pounding corn on a stone or in a mortar, and those who know the story of the hearth loaves—the bread the grandmothers baked before the fire, unite in saying nothing better has supplanted them under present day conditions of civilization. They would be content with a half loaf today if they were certain of quality. While these men and women of the past made the most of their day and generation, and the viands prepared by the grandmothers were of excellent quality, what would they accomplish under present day environment? Would they be able to adapt themselves to changed conditions? Would the men and women of today be able to cope with their difficulties? What about the hospitality of yesterday as compared with human relations today?

While the corn pone of the past would be consumed with relish by the men and women of today, there are among them some who tired of substitutes and the bread made from corn as a war measure recently. Unfortunately the corn was of an inferior quality just when this measure was incumbent, and only as a patriotic duty did some people use it. How would they have survived the log cabin period in Williams County history? While the more thrifty pioneers sometimes had potatoes they could live without them, and the transition from wilderness conditions to the cultivated fields and their products, meant self-denial of the strictest nature to the settlers in any frontier community. Conditions imposed by the World war have caused people of today to understand the privations of yesterday.

While the settler used to go to the woods with his gun and provide



CORN

the meat for his dinner table, the citizen of today depends upon Armour or Swift for sugar cured hams and bacon, or if he has a smoke-house there is usually a lock and key for it. It is an old, old story that the settler did not steal the meat—he only held the smoke-house door open, and his dog carried it out for him. Time was when the Williams County housewife went to the woods for her brooms, making them from hickory saplings. That long ago people swept their yards, and they wore out a lot of hickory brooms. The settlers used to dig sassafras roots for the family beverage, and from them the housewives would brew a tea that served as an excellent spring tonic. Who has not heard the stories of sassafras and spicewood tea thinning the blood, and insuring the health of those who drank it? Today the town people know that spring is coming when they see sassafras on the market.

In the days when the Williams County settlers lived on salt pork and but few vegetables, there was not much said about diet and printed

menus were an unknown quantity. Perhaps there was plenty of protein in the bill of fare, but nothing was ever said about balanced rations for man or beast. It was heavy diet all of the time, and under those conditions sleepers had dreams and they always told them. There was better health in some families than in others, because here and there a pioneer mother varied her cooking by serving something from the kitchen garden instead of a continued meat diet. While people have not always understood it, vegetables always have given them better digestion. The pioneer doctor prescribed medicine for others, but ordered vegetables for his own household, and the law of balanced rations is not new at all—people simply did not understand about it. It is little wonder the blood used to run thick in the spring time, and there was need of the quinine bottle on the mantel where all could help themselves.

When the settler's diet was always the same: "Yesterday, today and forever," he wondered why so many ills overtook him. In the light of domestic science as it is understood at present, there are not so many ailments of domestic character. It is generally understood that the best spring tonic is plenty of fruit and green stuff, and the doctor is seldom called because of improper diet today. As long as the U. S. Government expends a quarter of a million dollars annually for garden seeds every Williams County family should appeal to the local congressman for a supply, and thus defeat the medical man in the community. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," and the same thing may be said of vegetables. While some economists say that government seeds is a waste of money, and they manage to have good gardens and the necessary variety in food products, there is no gainsaying the fact that the best spring tonic is plenty of early vegetables. How is your garden? Are you thinking about the welfare of your immediate household in these twentieth century days, when the world is full of economic problems?

The day was in Williams County when the passerby recognized the Pennsylvania, Virginia, New York, New England—yes, the English farmstead by the character of the improvements upon it—this settler was from Pennsylvania and that one from New England, but time has amalgamated conditions, and while some of the landmarks remain unchanged today, intermarriage has removed the lines of demarcation and little is said in Williams County about where a citizen came from, now that the community has begun its second century in local history. The topic uppermost today is whether or not he is making the most of his opportunity. The character of the improvements now that all have become bona fide citizens indicates the degree of thrift, and the lines:

"Go make thy garden as fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone,
For he whose plot lies next to thine,
May see it and tend to his own,"

is a safe rule in any community. As he did yesterday, the passerby of today will comment on the surroundings, and the careful husbandman will have his farmstead free from negligent criticism.

In the old days there were livery barns in every town, and the well-to-do families all had driving horses, but Dobbin is too slow and the speed maniacs have the right of way on all the highways today. They whizz by the farmsteads so rapidly they do not see the details, and yet if a place is in dishabille they always note it. The livery barn has long since been converted into a garage, and there are all descriptions of cars and trucks at your service. The child of the future will know as little about the livery barn as about the American saloon, and yet there was no sorrow on its trail. The livery barn, the saloon, the rural church and school—well, civilization has changed its methods today. While the twentieth century methods of travel are different and some people hold their breath in passing, tourists usually have a rather comprehensive idea of wayside attractions.

While in the architecture of the past the cabin roofs were held in place by weight poles, and the primitive American dwelling was built without nails, and there were stick-and-clay chimneys everywhere, that kind of domicile long since had its day, and it exists only in memory. With increased wealth came more commodious homes, and the hardwood floors of today are in decided contrast with the puncheon floors split from native timber. In the architecture of yesterday the bathroom was an unknown quantity, and only when the boys went swimming did they bathe at all. In most families they washed their feet when they had to, and a washrag was brought into requisition when clean underwear was given them, but in some of the yesterdays there was no underwear worn, and just as little bathing. Instead of the sanitary plumbing of today the dishwater was thrown out at the kitchen door, creating danger of diphtheria and yet the people survived it. When the grandmothers used to scour their kitchen tables with the daylight streaming through greased paper windows, nothing was said about home sanitation.

The Williams County children of today have no conception of an aperture in the cabin wall with greased paper keeping out the cold and admitting the light of the sun. What does the present generation know about the chinked and daubed log cabin of other days? What do the youngsters of today know about the broad fireplace and the mantel piece where the grandfathers and grandmothers always looked for their pipes, their spectacles, and where they kept the family Bible? While the fathers and sons once went to the woods with axes when these mammoth fireplaces must be kept a-glow, today they haul coal from the towns and furnace heat is another story. When they stand over a register they do not freeze one side while burning the other, and some would not care to reverse the sundial of their years and return to such conditions. A lot of heat went up the chimney when there were wood fireplaces in all the houses in Williams County. If there was plenty of wood who would sacrifice the straight saplings for cabin logs today? Whose tongue does not trip in repeating: six long, slick, slim, slender saplings?

While the stick chimneys caught fire, there was always someone at home to bring a pail of water, a precaution rendered necessary because of the intense heat going up the chimney from the old-fashioned fireplace, both the backlogs and the foresticks asserting themselves in an

effort to warm the room, and thus insure the comfort of those sitting in the fire light. Aye, when the father made the shoes and the mother knit the stockings for the household, they knew the meaning of sitting before the fire and freezing one side and burning the other. In these days of furnace heat—registers or radiators all over the house, there is little suggestion of the old time methods of warming the cabin, and yet there are some who say they would gladly turn back and live the old days over again.

Time was when there were sawmills, tile mills, brick kilns, sorghum and cider mills, but what would the returned settler find today? If a Rip Van Winkle were to happen along he would lose himself in Williams County today. The old time industries have all been wiped out, and there is no longer a factory at every fireside where the homespun worn



PIONEER LOG CABIN

by the families is manufactured by the mothers and daughters at their spinning wheels and looms, and there is no household today where all the food is prepared on the hearthstone as it is brought from the clearing or the forest. Where are the industries of the past in Williams County and the rest of the world? Ask of the winds and ask of the older men and women in the community, and you will hear of the changes wrought in the onward march of civilization. In the reconstruction period following the Civil war the changes became apparent, the spinning wheel and loom being left in the distance by the factory and combinations in the commercial world. The slow but sure processes of the past have all been supplemented by the rush and bustle of the present, and as people have had need of them inventions have removed all difficulties.

There has always been a seed time and harvest in Williams County. However, the methods of preparing the seed bed and planting have

changed, and the care of the products is different from the days of the forefathers when the reaping hook accomplished what is done with self-binder machinery today. Who remembers when the dealer weighed commodities over the counter to you with the old time steelyards instead of using the computing scales of today? They said the butcher always put his hands on the scales, and the customer paid for something not delivered to him when the grocer or butcher handed him the package. A recent newspaper squib says:

"The sugar prices still remain,
Both lofty and unstable.
We'd bring them down by raising Cane,
If only we were Abel,"

and some economists say the high cost of living may be reduced when the men and women of today are willing to return to the simple life of the pioneers. It is the producer instead of the consumer that regulates the price of commodities. The law of supply and demand always will control the situation.

When the grandmothers cooked before the fire, they knew how to get along without commercial commodities, and yet in these days of high prices the people pay them without protest and the profiteers have their own way about everything. The Arkansas Traveler may have been improvident, but he was not alone in the world. When it is raining one cannot repair the roof, and at other times it does not require attention, although an enterprising manufacturer of patent roofing has put it into the mouth of the field robin to sing: "Lee-ke-ruf, lee-ke-ruf," and there are fewer makeshift methods today. The man of today knows "A stitch in time often saves nine," as well as the modern woman knows that it frequently saves exposure, and the thrifty citizen is inclined to take time by the forelock, and look after such trivial things.

Lord Byron once said: "'Tis strange,—but true, for truth is always strange; stranger than fiction; if it could be told, how much would novels gain by the exchange! How differently the world would men behold; how often would vice and virtue places change," and while the passerby along the Williams County public highway of yesterday saw the farm boy pumping water for the cattle, expending his energies turning the grindstone, today power is applied to everything. While the boy used to turn the cornsheller or pull one end of a crosscut saw with someone at the other end and telling him not to ride it, it is an easier process today to attach a gasoline engine and put into motion all sorts of machinery. The farm boy of the twentieth century hardly comprehends what was required at the hand of his counterpart a generation ago. The boy on the farm is no longer a slave to his environment. The element of drudgery has been removed from it.

Time was when home-made bread figured in family life and there used to be biscuits for breakfast, but today the farm boys ask for town bread and they are no longer ridiculed by their city cousins—perhaps because they have their hair cut oftener by an up-to-date barber. What has become of the old-fashioned mother who used to invert a milk

crook over her boy's head and trim the hair at the edge of it? When the farm boy appears on the streets today the garb is the same as that worn by the boys in the town, and there are not many fights between them. The old line of social demarcation between town and country has practically disappeared from the face of the earth. One time the question as to who was the best man always had to be settled at the point of fistic contact, and ruffians pulled their coats at the slightest provocation, but people are forgetting about such things. When the bullies used to form a ring and fight to settle the question of manhood, there were always abettors, but since liquor has been eliminated such things do not occur in the community.

While farmers used to fence against outside livestock now they are in no danger from it, but they must fence to keep their own in bounds or there would be difficulty. A woman in a town complained about her neighbor having open post holes, and her chickens fell into them. The man reminded her that the post holes were on his own ground, and that if her chickens had been at home they would not have fallen into them. With twenty-five, fifty or seventy-five milking machines in operation in Williams County today, the laborious process of dairy farming is reduced to the minimum, and the family income is from the sale of dairy products as well as from "corn and hog" operations. With twenty-nine hundred farms, even the sliding scale applied to the number of milking machines the figures obtained from different sources, is far from universal, but diversified farming is the order of the day on the average twentieth century farmstead in Williams County.

While there were 387 white persons in Williams County when it gained its first recognition from the Ohio Assembly, February 12, 1820, they were all in what is now Defiance County, and after it was formally organized in 1824, it was a long time before the twelve townships making up Williams County today attracted many settlers. Through the process of vivisection the county lost its earliest development, and the name is about all that was retained by the northern townships. However, the people had the determination and today Williams County is what they made of it. The trees and the wild life of the forest knew nothing of political boundaries, and what is common history in Springfield is practically true in Northwest, although one was first and the other last in point of local organization.

St. Joseph's individual story runs along with the history of Millcreek, and naturally enough it was the prime object with the settlers to lay the ax at the trunk of every tree. They would chop it down or girdle it, thus interfering with the circulation of sap and ultimately causing its decline, but all of that is so long ago that the youth of today does not understand the meaning of the deadening, and of the cabin in the clearing so common in the early history of Williams County. There are lease fields on many of the older farms, some one camping in the woods long enough to clear them, and having the crops from them until they were paid for their labor. They would cut all kinds of timber without discrimination, not even sparing shade trees near their humble dwellings, although those who came after them would have appreciated such fore-

thought by the pioneers. It is a case of hind sight being better than foresight, and the reparation will not come in the next century. The story goes that the hollow but-cut of a walnut tree one time lay at the Bryan railroad station, and it was so large that a horse was led through it, and it required more than one lifetime for it to attain to that circumference.

Black walnut timber was frequently used in making fence rails, the rail splitters of the past having no thought of future scarcity of such timber, and today in some parts of the country connoisseurs are visiting old farmsteads and carrying away walnut fence rails from which artistic and rustic picture frames are made, and artistic and rustic are the words that describe them. Sometimes the fungous growth is left on them. Trees of all sizes and varieties were regarded as encumbering the ground, and the ambition of the settler was to rid the earth of its earliest product forthwith, not taking into the account the wisdom of the Almighty in thus clothing it. Through the enterprise of the United States Tire Company there is a History of the United States, a book sign placed on the trail one-half mile from Bryan toward Pulaski that reads: "When Bryan was first settled in 1840, deer and bears were abundant. Two pioneers, George W. Bible and Frederick Misner in a two months' competition killed 164 deer, and Bible won the contest," and this unique contest was a possibility because of the timber sheltering the wild life of the community. It is elsewhere stated that Bible lived in Superior and Misner in Center, and that Bible only lacked one of having 100 deer to his credit.

Here and there in the towns of Williams County are some fine old trees that have been standing "the mind of man runneth not to the contrary," and yet it is said there is now hardly a tree from nature's own planting, although in 1840 there was a dense forest where the Williams County temple of justice points skyward, and for miles around in every direction there was as fine a body of forest timber as covered any portion of the earth, but the woodman and his ax certainly changed the contour of things. The Volncy Crockers were multiplied, and reforestation long ago became a necessity. This test of strength and endurance in chopping was the ruination of the Williams County forest. No one caught the vision until the trees of the town had been removed, and then everybody regretted it. The graceful elms shading the home of Judge C. A. Bowersox are the result of his own planting, and there are few larger trees in the corporation limits of any Williams County town.

An old account says: "On many of the streets in the towns and lining some of the public highways in the country, are discoverable the pestilential silver maple whose multitudinous roots strike the wells and insinuate themselves through the walls, and defile if they do not poison the water. The introduction of small pox into the country and towns of Williams County could scarcely inflict greater evil on animal life than the transplanting of some of the foreign shade and so-called ornamental trees that have superseded the ones that God planted upon this soil," and now comes the scathing criticism in the guise of truth: "Some of the streets in the towns, as if it were mockery, bear the names: Beach,

Lynn, Walnut, Cherry, Mulberry, Maple, Sycamore, Elm, Hickory, Oak, Ash, etc., but the native trees will not be understood by future generations by the mere names of streets, which to them will be meaningless and have no significance," and the time has come when reaction has set in, and progressive citizens today are planting native trees to adorn their premises, both in town and country.

There are bureaus of forestry now, and every effort is being put forth to perpetuate the life of the native trees. In the log-rolling days in Williams County history, the settlers burned up many fortunes although at the time there was no market for the splendid timber that must be removed in order that the pioneer might tickle the bosom of Mother Earth and coax from it his sustenance. From the twentieth century vantage ground it looks like profligate waste, but the Williams County settler is exempt from censure since there were no transportation agencies opening to him the markets of the world, such as are vouchsafed to his posterity just now beginning the second lap in the Century run in Williams County. In the mind of the settler, he must rid the ground of its encumbrance, and the cultivated field would then become a possibility. The pioneer lived up to the light he had, and even the timber on the public square in Bryan was burned in self-defense—no market for it at all.

Indeed, the problem of the settler was how to get rid of the magnificent forest, his interpretation of the Bible injunction about earning his bread by the sweat of his brow being an eloquent appeal to him to enter the forest with his ax and grubbing tools, thus overcoming the wilderness conditions in Williams County. While the settler was confronted with the gigantic trees of the forest, the question confronting his posterity and not many generations removed from him is where the next cord of stove wood is coming from, and in the meantime the average Williams County farmer visits a coal yard in town. In war times the fuel administrator ruled against him, and today miners' strikes are of vital concern to him.

The settlers were busy from morning till night, their work always crowding them and while the same conditions prevail today, it is less laborious and machinery does the most of it. While men and women may be happiest when they are working hardest, it holds good in Williams County as in the rest of the world that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and the farmer as well as his city friend has respite today, and sometimes visits a pleasure resort while drudgery was all that either of them knew a generation ago. In the old days of back-breaking, hard work, men and women of Williams County had little time or inclination to plan intellectual improvement, but for many years the Grange, the W. C. T. U. and study clubs have been a mitigating influence in the rural communities as well as the towns. Through those social avenues of escape, and through recent transportation methods the citizenry of Williams County is escaping its thralldom, and farm life of today is no longer characterized by its isolation. The daily mail, the telephone and the automobile have revolutionized conditions in Williams County as well as in the rest of the world.

The traveler seeing Williams County by automobile or aeroplane gets an eye-ful in a day's ride, and when one notes the atmosphere of prosperity everywhere, it is difficult to reconcile some of the stories of the long ago. The daughter in the home has studied the piano, and the son no longer plays the fiddle but draws his bow across the strings of the musical violin, and all of this within the memory of men and women, not yet old in Williams County history. There were hardships and privations when every home was a factory, and beside the hearthstone sat the shoemaker in every family. There were no shoestores in the wilderness days of Williams County history, but where is the youth of today who has ever visited the shoemaker and left his measure? The fathers know all about the split leather red top boots of yesterday. They know all about the copper toes and the common sense heels, before the French heel had been seen in the community. What has become of the split leather boots that used to become so water soaked the school boys could not get them off or on without using the boot jack that has now been consigned to oblivion in economic history? Perhaps it is much the same kind of leather today, but drainage and improved roadways have brought about the changes so noticeable to one who looks backward over the lapse of half a century. If it were not for the changed physical conditions, the boot jack would have to be resurrected again. The boys of today are no more inclined to take care of their leather than were the boys of yesterday. However, some of them would not recognize a boot jack if they saw it.

Aye, the dress suit of cabin days in Williams County was buckskin breeches and a flax shirt, with home made moccasins for the feet—all products of home industry—home tailors and bootmakers. The women cut their garments by guess and experiment, since fifty years ago they could not buy those marvelous patterns in stores, and they sewed by hand until the first rude sewing machines were on the market. When the first models of sewing machines were introduced a woman would go many miles to have ruffles hemmed 'on the chain-stitch hand-sewing machine that would ravel when a stitch was broken, and all her trouble would be for nothing. Although they covered honest men and women, there was not much design to the garments of the long ago. Today the clothier carries all sizes and textiles, and the mothers are no longer the home tailors, some not even making their own kitchen aprons. The woman who can knot a thread on one hand is the exception.

While those who are willing to pay more still visit good tailors, most Williams County men are content with hand-me-downs except one good suit each year perhaps, and misfits do not distress them. There are good furnishing stores in the different towns. The old fashioned grease lamp or tallow dip has been succeeded by the candle and the coal oil lamp, and in many homes both in town and in the country it is only necessary to touch the button on the wall and the rooms are flooded with light. Aye, men and women may "see to read the Scriptures day or night," some rural homes having independent lighting plants, while stock companies are being organized with the avowed purpose of lighting farm homes and supplying power for operating machinery. While there

has been and still is some natural gas, it has never been a universal commodity in Williams County. An artificial product is used in the towns today. Perhaps in an emergency there are still some who could strike fire from a flint, but it has been a long time since any one borrowed fire, nor are the coals kept alive on the hearthstones. The woman who lighted her pipe with a coal has long since gone the way of the world.

The pleasures of horseback riding render that old fashioned method of travel a pastime today for those who can afford it, but there are men and women still living who witnessed the transformation. When the Cincinnati cheap buggy was put on the market in the '80s, horseback riding waned in popularity among the well-to-do young folks. All the horses were broke to "carry double," and bridal parties have traveled



WHEN THERE WERE NO AUTOMOBILES IN BRYAN

in that way. The pioneer mother had an up-on-block outside the yard fence when the chip-pile was in front, or if the wood was in a side lot the up-on-block was there. When there was sickness she would mount a well trained "critter" and ride to a neighbor's house, and who says there is the same neighborly hospitality today that prevailed fifty years ago? When sickness overtakes the family today it is usually a trained nurse comes into the home instead of the friendly ministrations of some neighbor woman. When the death chill had overtaken a woman of ninety years, she asked for a neighbor woman she had known in the past, saying: "She will warm me up," but her neighbor had already gone on to that bourne from whence travelers do not return, and she had not accustomed herself to the ministrations of strangers.

The woman of today finds time to go to the club, while the pioneer mother always ironed every dish cloth on both sides, and when she had finished she found some other task. She was always busy with much

serving, regardless of the fact that Mary of old had chosen the better part while Martha neglected nothing at all. There are Marys and Marthas today, and Mary seems to get the most out of her life because she omits some of the unnecessary details. The minister's wife who admitted that she would rather read a good book than shine a cook stove, was perhaps a truthful woman. However, times have changed, and there are mothers who pat their pickles as they can them, while their daughters are inclined to hurry through such operations, and find some time for magazines and books, and who is right—mother or daughter? On account of her much serving Martha becomes a bundle of nerves sometimes, while Mary escapes the thralldom of servitude by asserting herself in the club and intellectual life of the community. Martha has need of the physician much oftener than Mary.

The story is told that the pot once called the kettle black, and there are still men and women in every community who insist on the right names for things. Some families in Williams County today still serve breakfast, dinner and supper while others have a cup of coffee in the morning, and a lunch at noon and in the evening the more formal dinner makes up for what the others lacked in variety. However, it behooves the citizen of the twentieth century to make obeisance to those who operated the spinning wheels and looms, and who knew so well the secrets of good cookery before the fire when there were no cookstoves in Williams County. The household arts as practiced by the pioneer mothers would be a revelation to many who are on the firing line of civilization today.

CHAPTER LV

GOD'S ACRE—WILLIAMS COUNTY CEMETERIES

There is a Reaper whose name is Death, and he has been abroad in Williams County as well as in the rest of the world, and yet there are some who wonder if God has not forgotten them. There are some who have been spared beyond the allotted years of man, who have lingered so long that they feel the import of "The last rose of summer left blooming alone, with its lovely companions all faded and gone," and who are more or less impatiently waiting the summons from the Messenger reputed to ride the pale horse, and they say: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

The shadowy boatmen carries passengers only one way across the river of death—he never ferries them back again. In Hebrews, IX, 27, it is written: "And so it is appointed unto men once to die," and Job inquires: "If a man die shall he live again?" In Ecclesiastes it is written: "For the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything," and the grave seems to end it all. While in Westminster Abbey the graves are on top of each other, that condition will hardly prevail in Williams County before cremation becomes more popular, or the many burying grounds are more crowded than they are today. While the proverbial six feet of earth is all the realty some people ever expect to occupy—hardly a possession after they attain it, others are cremated and thus escape the long wait in the grave. The press dispatches say the body of Emery Lattanner once well known in Williams County, and who died recently in Texas, was cremated in St. Louis, and the story goes that Beniah Calvin was cremated, although cremation does not prevail in Williams County at all.

When men and women have rounded out their lives in one community, they usually look forward to being buried there. "Live where you will, but after all you owe this sacred spot your bones," and it is but natural that local residents want to be buried in Williams County. While in life they may wander far from their native heaths, in death Williams County soil suits them better than any other spot in the world. With reference to a cemetery between Bryan and West Unity, that veteran Ohio historian, Henry Howe, says: "Here lie the dead and here the living lie," and with that thought in mind the writer scanned many gravestones in Schiffler Cemetery on Decoration Day, A. D., 1920, but there is nothing unusual in epitaphs there. Better than epitaphs:

"Let us bring to the living the roses,
And the lilies we bind for the dead
And crown them with blessings and praises—
Before the brave spirit has fled,"

and it is said there are few noteworthy inscriptions on Williams County tombstones. The epitaph hunter would never visit local cemeteries in quest of the unusual, love of the dead in most instances manifesting itself in the form of suitable markets at the graves.

When the time comes in family history that more of its members are sleeping in the cemetery than are sitting about the fireside at home, relatives and friends—so many times the remnants of once large families—are impressed with the sacred duty of keeping their memories green, and God's Acre will always be hallowed to them. "A spirit that from earth had departed, looking back in its upward flight, saw the friends—broken hearted," and the couplet goes on to enumerate how much better it is to give the flowers while the persons are living and can appreciate them. While some regard it as morally wrong to speak the praise of a man to his face last they minister to his vanity, thereby encouraging personal pride, when kind words no longer comfort him, why extol his virtues on gravestones? In discussing the high cost of living, a Williams County citizen referred to the higher cost of dying, and when grief possesses the family, the expense account is seldom taken into consideration at all. "Money to burn," is the commonplace expression, but unless the undertaker is alert he sometimes buries his money, and never has any returns from it.

When the country was new and there were no community cemeteries the pioneers buried their dead on their own farms, an example in point being the Revolutionary soldier now sleeping in Fountain Grove Cemetery. The Rev. Elijah Stoddard who was among the first to be buried in St. Joseph Township was later exhumed from a grave on the farm, and reinterred at Edgerton. An old account says: "In the early times the dead were often buried in some favorite spot at home. Here and there on the farms of the early settlers are those graves now almost forgotten," and there are many hallowed spots of earth where the present day undertakers have never stood, and although sacred to the pioneers posterity knows nothing at all about them. Springfield, Pulaski, Center and St. Joseph townships vie with each other in point of seniority, and some of the earliest graves in Williams County were made in this tier of townships.

There is a well founded belief that the mounds left by the mound builders contain the bones of their dead, and Dr. Frank O. Hart of West Unity once wrote of some skulls he discovered in a Williams County mound as follows. "They were very thick; the superciliary ridge was very prominent; the orbital processes were profoundly marked; the average distance between the temporal ridges of the frontal bone was three and one-half inches," and to make such a find a local possibility, the living personage must sometime have inhabited what is now Williams County. It is said that Doctor Hart was interested in archeological subjects, and that he possessed a rare collection. There is also an account of a burial plot in Brady Township where a skeleton was exhumed supposedly of an Indian. It was about eight feet in length, and a gun, knives and cups—such things as he might use in some other happy hunting ground, were buried with him. There was a braid of black hair about

the neck, and there were thirteen silver brooches worn as ornaments in this long sleep in the grave. Today men and women do not ask to have their gold and silver buried with them, as the streets of the city—so reads the comforting Bible story, are paved with it.

All over Williams County the dead have been removed from abandoned cemeteries to recently opened ones where more care is given them. It used to be that funerals were conducted from rural churches, and the dead was carried by loving hands to the church yard without the body being placed in the hearse again. Those funerals of other days are sacred memories, while today it is oftentimes a hurried trip to God's Acre, and sometimes burial is private, only the relatives standing by the new made grave. Customs change, and before there were hearses in Williams County farm wagons were used in carrying the dead from the homes of the settlers, and later spring wagons were used—always some neighbor volunteering the service. While the rural church is passing, the church yard near it is like Tennyson's Babbling Brook—it seems to go on forever.

While friendly visitors sometimes remove the bodies of the dead, body snatchers used to rob the graves in order to supply medical colleges with cadavers, and there are some hair-raising, blood curdling stories told about such things. When the country was new the settlers guarded the burial plots from the Indians, and from the wild animals of the forest by locating them nearby, and today the plow turns over the soil without the knowledge of the plowman that some one is sleeping the sleep of the ages there. If bodies are removed in the interests of science today, the fact seems to escape the newspapers. Newspaper readers would stand aghast at such recitals, although the children growing up when word-of-mouth was the only source of information frequently heard them. They used to say of the hyenas carried about the country in the menageries—the animal shows, that if one were to escape it would dig up a whole grave yard in a night, and nervous children did not sleep well until the show was gone from the country.

In contra-distinction to what Alice Morse Earle writes of New England burial customs: "In smaller settlements some out-of-the-way spot was chosen for a common burial place, in barren pasture or on lonely hillside," are some of the burial places in Williams County. The lines from John Greenleaf Whittier:

"Our vales are sweet with fern and rose,
Our hills are maple-crowned,
But not from them our fathers chose
The village burial ground.
The dreariest spot in all the land
To Death they set apart;
With scanty grace from Nature's hand
And none from that of Art,"

may describe New England conditions, but they are not applicable to Williams County cemeteries.

Mrs. Earle writes further: "To the natural loneliness of the country burial place and to its inevitable sadness, is now too frequently added the gloomy and depressing evidence of human neglect. Briers and weeds grow in tangled thickets over the forgotten graves," and it may be some such spots exist in Williams County. The same writer continues: "In many communities each family had its own burying place in some corner of the farm, sometimes at the foot of garden or orchard," thus showing that Williams County settlers patterned after older communities when they buried their dead near their homes before there were community burial plots in so many localities. However, another writer adds, graphically: "Truly our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly show us how we may be buried in our survivors," and there is truth in the suggestion.

Fountain Grove Cemetery adjoining Bryan is one of the beauty spots in Williams County today. Mathias Blessing, who was the third custodian, spent exactly thirty-one years as sexton there. He began working there on Decoration Day, 1880, and died May 30, 1911, and his mantle descended on a son, Mot Blessing. O. L. Brown was the first sexton, and Jacob Shartzler dug just three graves in the interim between the going of Mr. Brown and the coming of Mr. Blessing. The records show that Mrs. Sarah Middlefur was the first person interred there, April 15, 1878, being the date of her burial, and for several years not many families used Fountain Grove as a place of burial. Mrs. Henrietta Arnold who was buried November 23, 1881, was the first person buried by Mr. Blessing one and one-half years after he assumed the care of the cemetery. While a landscape artist planned the drives, Mr. Blessing graded the cemetery and planted all the trees and shrubbery there. The lagoon was excavated by order of the cemetery trustees, and Mr. Blessing sodded its banks and remained in the cottage there until the end of his days. He was a *Blessing* to the community.

The Fountain Grove Mausoleum was built in 1912, in accordance with the specifications and patent processes of the American Mausoleum Company. It has 168 crypts and when it was in process of building they were nearly all sold, and when all are disposed of the mausoleum becomes the absolute property of the Fountain Grove Cemetery Association. It was built by the trustees under contract with E. T. Binns, C. D. Gardner and F. R. Parker, and when all crypts are sold they have no more authority over it than any other crypt owners, the Cemetery Association controlling it. The mausoleum was built at a cost of \$25,000, and there is a fund of \$1,000 set aside to be expended in its upkeep and perpetual care, only the income to be used from this money. Longfellow says: "Dust thou art and to dust returnest was not spoken of the soul," although "earth to earth and dust to dust" is the way most people think about the final disposition of their earthly tabernacles. It is said the community mausoleum has a better ventilation system than is possible in the private one, and through this process all the moisture soon leaves the body. While there is slight discoloration, the body mummifies rather than decays, and the community crypts are entirely sanitary.

The different community centers all have their burial plots and Riverside at Montpelier; Floral Grove at West Unity; the shaded retreat at Pioneer; Maple Lawn at Edgerton, and at Edon in the Edon and Florence township cemetery is another community mausoleum containing seventy-two crypts that were sold from the beginning, and there is an upkeep fund as required by the laws of Ohio for its maintenance. Brown Cemetery is used by many families, and Schiffler—few rural cemeteries show so much care, and all over Williams County, are costly monuments to the memory of those who once lived in the community. There are two cemeteries at Stryker—Boynton and French, and West Jefferson has long been landmark on a Williams County highway. There is a Catholic cemetery at Blakeslee, and all are hallowed ground to those who have followed their friends to sequestered graves in any of them. An old account says of the Edon cemetery: "There are now as many tombstones marking graves as there were trees growing out of the soil in the early days," and the same words apply to other burial plots in Williams County. Marking the grave is the last tribute of respect, and many plant shrubbery or deck the lowly mounds with cut flowers.

It is impossible to mention all the private and smaller burial plots unless one followed the highways and byways in search of them, and an old account says: "The names of those buried in the woods of St. Joseph were: Baker, Horton, and Staley. They were probably the first, but of what they died or when and by whom they were buried is impossible to find out. A little farther south and nearer the river bank is the grave of Zediker who once owned the land; he died at an early period and was buried in the woods. By his side was buried a child, an infant daughter of one Thomas Hill," and what is true of one locality may be true of another. The Recording Angel must have noted their burial, since "Not a sparrow falleth but its God doth know," and the same local writer says further, in describing an abandoned burial plot: "There was quite a number buried in this early graveyard, but at present it is difficult to find their graves," and the above was written before the time of expensive tombstones in Williams County.

While in many instances the churchyard has survived the rural church, and the living now worship in the towns, the dead sleep on peacefully where worship was once their privilege, and in the hereafter angels may roll from their graves the stones away, and there will be further trace of them. The passerby today is unconscious when he treads on some of those lowly mounds of earth, and why should the sleep of the ages be disturbed in the onward rush of humanity? When an aged man with unimpaired memory dies, it is like burning a book from the public library because so much of past history must be buried with him. Along in the '50s, so the story goes, there was a grave outside the fence near a cemetery in Superior Township, northeast from Montpelier, on an angling road that has long since been closed to the public. The sorrow of the family must have been increased because that long ago a suicide was denied burial among others in the community. It was like adding insult to injury, but the cloak of charity is not always donned

by all. When such visitations come home to people, they are more charitable in the future.

It is related of a Williams County pioneer that his explanation about his age and the condition of his health not admitting of long rides in attending funerals, said: "But it does give me great pleasure to attend the funerals of my friends." It is a counterpart to the story of the woman who called where the family had just moved into a new house. When the visitor remarked that it would be a fine place to hold a funeral service, the woman never liked her house again. Customs change in funerals as in other things, and while in some families relatives prepare the body for burial the family grief seemingly mitigated by those sad offices, in others everything is left to the undertaker even to the minutest details of the funeral service.

Those who have followed friends to city cemeteries where single graves are purchased, and the spot thereafter designated by number, better understand the beauty and sacredness of a rural God's acre, where one does not require the service of a guide in locating the lowly mound again. There are always tired feet awaiting the rest that is promised in the grave, and those who remember the funeral along in the '80s and '90s will recall the obituary notices sent out by most families—mailed to out-of-town friends, but left by carrier at every house in town. They used to toll the church bell—the number of strokes indicating the number of decedent's years, and usually everybody knew who was seriously sick in the community. While six feet of earth is allotted to every man, some find their allotment in the potter's field, there usually being a place in every cemetery and at the county farm where indigent persons may be laid to molder back to earth.

SOME ATTRACTIVE SPOTS IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

While the last resting places of Williams County residents are attractive spots, made so by loving hands and by some who now rest in the grave, there are breathing spots for the living who do not care to frequent cemeteries in order to be near to Nature in God's great out-of-doors. "All Williams County a park," would be an excellent slogan, and yet some farmsteads and city homes are well kept because of the inherent love of the beautiful in the hearts of those who live there. In some places nature has done the work, while in other spots the hand of man is necessary in order to make the most out of the surroundings. The landscape gardener should be employed by the community, and then there would be harmony in decorative schemes that would add to the attractiveness of the picture.

The public square in Bryan is a breathing place for all of Williams County, and it is a philanthropy to have the seats scattered about for all. Garver Park, which is the Bryan playground, takes its name from the donor of the five-acre tract at the entrance, and it is a pretty little fresh air zone centrally located in Bryan. It is called Garver Park because the original site was given the community by John A. Garver and the stone gateway leading into it is the gift of M. D. Garver. While in

early life J. A. Garver lived in Bryan, he had lived for some years in Des Moines, Iowa. In 1905, he was a visitor in Bryan, and he felt inclined to do something for the community that had been his home when he was young. The school board owned some adjoining property, and the park board purchased more land until now there are thirty acres—the public school athletic ground and Garver Park not being separated at all. There is some natural shade and some shrubbery has been added, and the drive-ways and walks are flanked with flowers.

Montpelier has utilized its opportunity in beautifying the Williams County fair ground as elsewhere mentioned, and the square about the town hall is a central breathing spot for its citizens. There are backyards at many homes with all the accessories of a public park, and people need not quit their homes to escape the noontide heat in the middle of summer—just repair to the backyard, and it is more comfortable and less expensive than many of the summer resorts visited

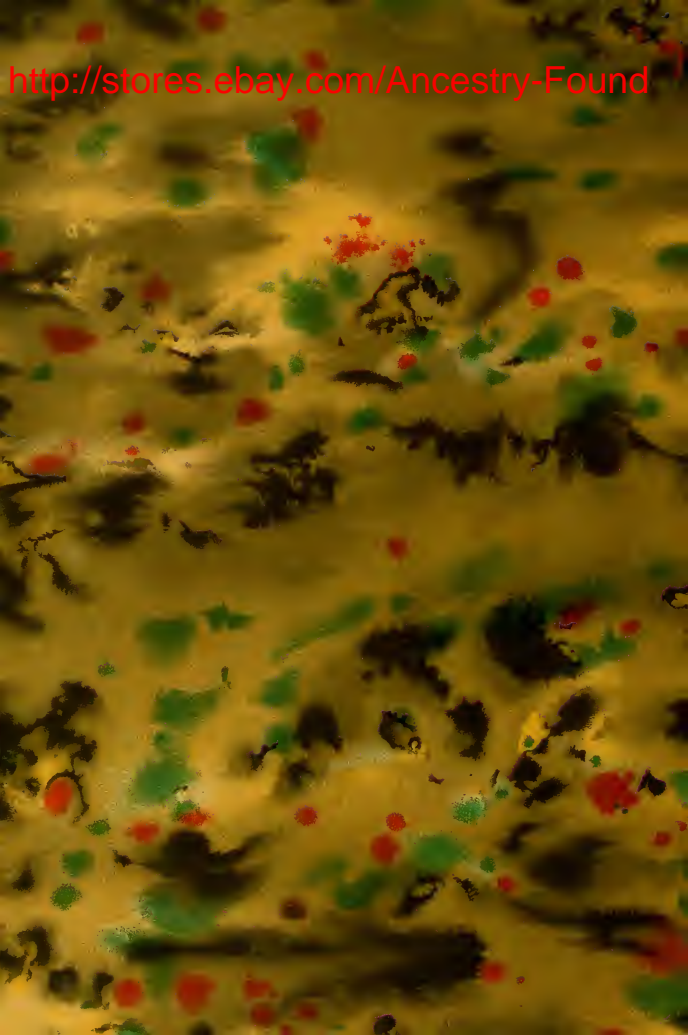


GATEWAY TO GARVER PARK, BRYAN

by others in quest of comfort. There is a shady spot in Edgerton awaiting the necessary park seats, and the philanthropist has a rare opportunity there. When the town was platted this shaded spot was given it by the real estate firm on condition that it be used as a park, and lying along the New York Central tracks all it lacks is the benches. The town hall is on this tract, placed there by special concession of the Ohio Legislature, but when the real estate firm, Bement, Sargent & Crane, who platted Edgerton thought to hold the property by locating an office on it, they wakened one morning to find the office across the street, the citizens of Edgerton having taken snap judgment on them. While Edgerton has shady dooryards it also has its park in the center of the town. Everybody say it: "All Williams County a park."



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