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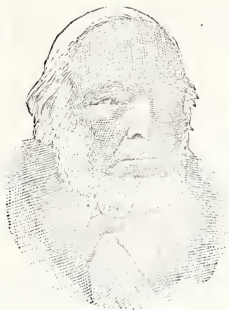
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1888



Martin Kellogg

January, 1888.

Price 30 Cts.

New Series, Volume IV.

The Firelands Pioneer,

— PUBLISHED BY THE —

Firelands Historical Society,

— HEADQUARTERS IN —

THE WHITTLESEY BUILDING,

Norwalk, Ohio.

— * —
PRINTED BY

THE CHRONICLE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Norwalk, Ohio.

1888.

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OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

FOR 1887-8.

HON. E. BOGARDUS, President,	- - -	N. Monroeville
JUDGE A. W. HENDRY, Vice President,	- - -	Sandusky
CAPTAIN C. WOODRUFF, Vice President,	- - -	Penn
L. C. LAYLIN, Recording Secretary,	- - -	Norwalk
J. G. GIBBS, Corresponding Secretary,	- - -	Norwalk
C. W. MANAHAN, Treasurer,	- - -	Norwalk
F. R. LOOMIS, Biographer,	- - -	Norwalk
C. E. NEWMAN, Librarian,	- - -	Norwalk

Board of Directors and Trustees.

J. D. EASTON,	G. T. STEWART,	S. A. WILDMAN,
F. R. LOOMIS,	C. E. NEWMAN,	

January, 1888.

Price 50 Cts.

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PREFACE.

Again we greet the citizens of the Firelands with a new volume of our "Firelands Pioneer."

The Firelands Historical Society was organized in the Court House in Norwalk in June, 1857; for thirty years it has had a name and a history. It has held annual meetings in Norwalk and numerous quarterly meetings in various portions of Huron and Erie counties since its organization thirty years ago.

It has published sixteen volumes (which includes twenty-one books) filled with valuable pioneer history, replete with interesting narratives, biographies and memoirs, and containing invaluable statistics concerning matters of interest relating to the Firelands, which, but for this Society and its publications would have been forgotten and lost beyond recovery.

The aim of our Society is set forth in Article 2d of the Constitution which reads as follows: "Its objects are to collect and preserve in proper form the facts constituting the full history of the Firelands; also to obtain and preserve an authentic and general statement of their resources and products of all kinds."

In addition to the foregoing, every volume contains biographical sketches and memoirs of old pioneers and leading citizens who have made a home in our midst.

This is Volume IV of the New Series and the seventeenth volume published by the Society. Herein will be found a continuation of the records of the Society from Volume III up to the present time; which, with the former volumes, comprises a complete history of the Society and its doings from its organization until this date.

A number of the back volumes are now on hand and for sale by C. E. Newman, the Librarian of the Society. The back numbers are every year becoming more rare and valuable and those who desire them for preservation will do well to secure them at once.

This volume will show for itself, and we trust will prove an interesting and profitable addition to the valuable numbers which have preceded it.

Every citizen in the Firelands should be interested in preserving a history of the events transpiring within our borders. The only way to do this successfully is to support the Firelands Historical Society in its laudable efforts to carefully preserve and frequently publish these volumes of history, biography and record of passing events.

COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

RECORD OF PROCEEDINGS

*Of the Firelands Historical Society, and its Board of
Directors and Trustees.*

CONTINUED FROM NEW SERIES, VOLUME III.

THIRTIETH ANNUAL MEETING, JULY 7, 1886.

MORNING SESSION.

The thirtieth annual meeting of the Firelands Historical Society was held in Whittlesey Hall, Norwalk, Ohio, on Wednesday, July 7, 1886.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Capt. C. Woodruff, of Peru, O., who made a brief and appropriate opening address, after which F. R. Loomis, of Norwalk, offered prayer.

The Secretary's report of the last annual meeting and of subsequent quarterly and board meetings was read by the Secretary and approved by the Society.

The Librarian, C. E. Newman, made his annual report which was referred to the Auditing Committee.

The Treasurer, C. W. Manahan, presented a report of the receipts and expenditures for the past year, and the report was referred to the Auditing Committee.

On motion, the President appointed the following gentlemen as the Auditing Committee, viz: G. T. Stewart, P. N. Schuyler and J. D. Easton.

The Biographer, F. R. Loomis, made his annual report, giving

brief obituary notices of more than sixty pioneers who had departed this life since the last meeting. He stated that the number was more than seventy who had died on the Firelands during the past year. The report was an able and interesting one and was listened to with close attention.

On motion, the President appointed the following committee on nomination of officers for the ensuing year: John S. Davis, G. T. Stewart, C. E. Newman, P. N. Schuyler and E. Bogardus.

The morning session then adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Society was called to order at 2 p. m. with President Woodruff in the chair.

The Auditing Committee reported that it had examined the accounts and vouchers of the Librarian and Treasurer and that the same were correct. The Treasurer had on hand a permanent fund of \$500, and \$19.59 as interest thereon.

On motion, the reports of the Treasurer, Librarian and Auditing Committee were accepted and approved.

The committee on nomination of officers for the ensuing year made a report with recommendations as follows:

President, Hon. E. Bogardus.....	N. Monroeville.
Vice President, Dr. A. D. Skellinger.....	New London.
“ “ L. J. Reynolds.....	Berlin Heights.
Recording Secretary, L. C. Laylin.....	Norwalk.
Corresponding Secretary, J. G. Gibbs.....	“
Treasurer, C. W. Manahan.....	“
Biographer, F. R. Loomis.....	“
Librarian, C. E. Newman.....	“
Directors and Trustees, P. N. Schuyler.....	Bellevue.
“ “ “ J. D. Easton.....	Monroeville.
“ “ “ C. E. Newman.....	Norwalk.
“ “ “ C. Woodruff.....	Penn.
“ “ “ S. A. Wildman.....	Norwalk.

The selection of the Township Historians was referred by the committee to the new Board of Trustees.

On motion, the report of the committee on nominations was received and adopted by the Society.

On motion of G. T. Stewart the thanks of the Society were tendered to Capt. C. Woodruff for efficient services as President during the past two years.

On motion of Hon. E. Bogardus the thanks of the Society were tendered the people of Norwalk for their hospitality and entertainment.

P. N. Schuyler, Esq., offered a resolution extending greetings and well wishes to Martin Kellogg, an honorary member of the Society, now in the 100th year of his life, and asking that C. E. Newman be designated to communicate the action of the Society to Mr. Kellogg. The resolution was carried by a unanimous vote.

On motion of J. D. Chamberlain it was ordered that the Society hold its next quarterly meeting on the grounds of Mr. Kellogg, in Bronson, on September 21, 1886, the 100th anniversary of his birth; and a committee consisting of Hon. E. Bogardus, C. E. Newman and J. D. Chamberlain was appointed to confer with Mr. Kellogg and make the necessary arrangements for the meeting.

A paper on old time reminiscences in Huron County, prepared by Clark Waggoner, Esq., of Toledo, was read by Jas. G. Gibbs.

Isaac Fowler, of Berlin Heights, related some interesting experiences in the life of F. D. Parish, recently deceased, regarding his anti-slavery work, and sympathy with the fugitive slave.

A. A. Graham, Esq., Columbus, Secretary of Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society, then addressed the Society, giving an interesting account of the object and aims of the State Society.

He also gave information relative to the centennial celebration to be held in Marietta, Ohio, in April, 1888, and the State Exposition to be held in Columbus, in the fall of 1888.

On motion, a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Graham for his interesting address.

On motion, the Society then adjourned.

L. C. LAYLIN, Secretary.

Meeting of the Directors and Trustees

JULY 7, 1886.

A meeting of the Board of Directors and Trustees of the Firelands Historical Society was held in the ante-room of the Whittlesey Hall, in Norwalk, O., July 7, 1887.

Present, President, Hon. E. Bogardus; Secretary, L. C. Laylin; C. Woodruff, P. N. Schuyler, J. D. Easton, C. E. Newman.

The above gentlemen then took the oath required by law and were duly qualified as such Directors and Trustees.

The Board then adjourned.

L. C. LAYLIN, Secretary.

QUARTERLY MEETING,

At the home of Martin Kellogg, Bronson, Tuesday,
September 21, 1886.

A quarterly meeting of the Firelands Historical Society was held at the home of Martin Kellogg, in Bronson, Huron county, Ohio, on Tuesday, September 21, 1886.

The meeting was an occasion of extraordinary interest to the members of the Society, and to the people of Huron county, owing to the fact that the vast assembly convened on the grounds of the venerable Martin Kellogg, and on the 100th anniversary of his birth.

At 10 o'clock a. m. the meeting was called to order by C. E. Newman Esq., who announced that the President, Hon. E. Bogardus, would be unavoidably absent.

On motion, Mr. Newman was chosen President pro tem.

The audience then joined in singing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," led by Miss Carrie Bishop, of Norwalk.

Rev. H. L. Canfield, of Bellville, Ohio, read the 90th Psalm, and followed with a fervent and impressive prayer, after which the Doxology was sung.

After a beautiful solo by Miss Bishop, Martin Kellogg, the centenarian, the hero of the day, was introduced to the vast concourse of people, and was received with the waving of hundreds of white handkerchiefs and enthusiastic applause.

He then made an appropriate address which was cordially received.

Hon. F. R. Loomis, the Biographer, then delivered a very able biographical address on the life and character of the hero of the day.

After another song by Miss Bishop, entitled "The Old Hickory Cane," G. T. Stewart, Esq., of Norwalk, was introduced and delivered an eloquent address upon the theme, "The Occasion."

Jas. G. Gibbs, Esq., of Norwalk, then read a fine original

poem dedicated to Martin Kellogg on his 100th birthday. The vast assembly was then dismissed for dinner, and soon the mansion and farm buildings were filled to overflowing with the people, while groups and companies thickly dotted the spacious grounds, and all did ample justice to a bountiful feast provided from stacks of well loaded baskets.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The afternoon session was opened with a few choice selections from the Norwalk Cornet Band, whose presence during the afternoon gave increased interest and enthusiasm.

Mrs. O. P. Dunbar read in a most excellent manner a selection entitled, "The Old Ways and the New," which was followed by the reading of letters of congratulation and greeting from the following: Prof. T. P. Wilson, Ann Arbor, Michigan; Jas. Otis, E. P. Lane, L. A. Hine, Rev. S. A. Davis, Rev. and Mrs. I. W. Hathaway, Mrs. Sarah Campbell, Mayor F. Wickham and Rev. Myron Breckenridge. L. C. Laylin, of Norwalk, in a short address, then presented Mr. Kellogg a beautiful easy chair on behalf of the Society, as a slight token of esteem and friendship.

Capt. C. Woodruff, of Peru, exhibited the first poll book of Bronson township, made in April, 1822, by Martin Kellogg, clerk of the election.

A short intermission then followed during which excellent photographs of the Kellogg family were taken by Mr. F. D. Foster, of Norwalk, and also all of the officers and members of the Society, and all pioneers present who were over 70 years of age.

After the Norwalk Band had rendered several selections in their usual fine manner, Hon. C. E. Pennewell, of Cleveland, delivered an able and interesting address appropriate to the occasion.

S. A. Wildman, Esq., of Norwalk, eloquently addressed the people upon the subject, "A Century and what it has Wrought," and the program of the day was concluded by a solo, sweetly sung by Miss Bishop, entitled, "Good Bye."

This was indeed an occasion long to be remembered. Fully fifteen hundred people were in attendance and all the details of the program of exercises were ably carried out to the evident satisfaction of all.

A large number of pioneers participated whose ages ranged from 70 to 95 years.

Many distinguished persons, well known in Huron county,

now residing in other cities and states were present, among whom were the following: Hon. C. E. Pennewell, of Cleveland, Dr. D. H. Beckwith, Dr. N. P. Wilson, Prof. J. C. Saunders, J. R. Osborn, Esq., Prof. T. P. Wilson.

Thus ended the most largely attended and interesting meeting of the Society held since its organization.

L. C. LAYLIN, Secretary.

Meeting of the Directors and Trustees,

MAY 7, 1887.

A meeting of the Board of Directors and Trustees of the Firelands Historical Society was held at the office of Newman Bros., in Norwalk, Ohio, on Saturday, May 7, 1887.

Present, Hon. E. Bogardus, President; Capt. C. Woodruff, C. E. Newman, S. A. Wildman, L. C. Laylin, Secretary.

S. A. Wildman took the oath required by law and was duly qualified as a Director and Trustee of the Society.

On motion of Mr. Wildman, the President appointed a committee of three to confer with the trustees of the Young Men's Library and Reading Room Association, the Executive Committee of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and other organizations in the discretion of the Committee, as to the possibility and expediency of a united effort to obtain a permanent building and rooms for the joint use of such Societies.

S. A. Wildman, L. C. Laylin and C. E. Newman were appointed as such Committee.

C. E. Newman was requested to correspond with T. P. Wilson, of Ann Arbor, Mich., and if possible procure his attendance at the coming annual meeting of the Society.

On motion, it was ordered that the annual meeting be held on the Fair Grounds, near Norwalk, Ohio, on Wednesday, June 15, 1887.

On motion, Messrs. Bogardus, Woodruff, Newman and Loomis, were appointed a Committee of Arrangements for the annual meeting.

The Board then adjourned.

L. C. LAYLIN, Secretary.

Meeting of the Directors and Trustees, JUNE 11, 1887.

A meeting of the Board of Directors and Trustees of the Firelands Historical Society was held at the office of Newman Brothers, Norwalk, Ohio, on Saturday, June 11, 1887.

Present, Hon. E. Bogardus, President; Capt. C. Woodruff, J. D. Easton, C. E. Newman, S. A. Wildman, L. C. Laylin, Secretary.

S. A. Wildman of the committee on permanent location, reported progress, and asked further time, which was granted.

C. E. Newman of the committee on temporary quarters for cabinet, books and periodicals, then announced that he had procured a room in the Newman block, and that the property of the Society, heretofore kept in the Mansion House block, had been transferred thereto.

C. E. Newman, as Librarian, then presented the following report:

Trustees and Directors of the Firelands Historical Society, in account with C. E. Newman, Librarian.	
September 21, 1886, expense of Kellogg centennial.....	\$5 50
April, 1887, J. E. Lutts, rent for room.....	9 00
May 13, 1887, expense moving library.....	7 50
Postage, 1886-7.....	2 00
Postage and expense on book sent and returned.....	1 80
Total.....	\$26 80

On motion, the report was received, and the Secretary instructed to draw an order on the Treasurer for \$26.80, in favor of Mr. Newman.

Hon. E. Bogardus, President, then announced that ex-President R. B. Hayes, having consented to attend the annual meeting, would deliver an address on that occasion. C. E. Newman also reported that Prof. T. P. Wilson, of Ann Arbor, Mich., would be present and read a poem.

The Committee of Arrangements then reported that an excellent program had been prepared for the annual meeting, and due advertisement thereof made in the county papers.

On motion, F. R. Loomis was instructed to prepare and distribute 2,000 dodgers, announcing the time, place and program of the annual meeting.

The Board then adjourned.

L. C. LAYLIN, Secretary.

THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING.

JUNE 15, 1887.

MORNING SESSION.

The thirty-first annual meeting of the Firelands Historical Society was held on the fair grounds, near Norwalk, O., on Wednesday, June 15, 1887. The business meeting took place in the forenoon with a fair attendance of pioneers and others. President Bogardus called the meeting to order at 10 o'clock, and in a neat speech presented the Society with a highly polished and durable gavel which he had turned out and prepared with his own hands.

Prayer by Rev. J. M. Seymour, of Norwalk, Chaplain of the day.

Minutes of annual and quarterly meetings read by Secretary L. C. Laylin, and approved.

C. W. Manahan, Treasurer, presented his report for the year, which was referred to an Auditing Committee, viz: F. R. Loomis, A. W. Hendry and C. Woodruff.

President Bogardus made a brief report of the condition of the Society. He referred to the needs of the Society for new members, and for a greater interest in its work.

On motion, the address of S. A. Wildman was postponed until the afternoon.

F. R. Loomis, Biographer of the Society, gave brief sketches of the life of twenty-eight deceased pioneers, who had passed away since last annual meeting of the Society. Received and adopted.

President Bogardus then appointed the following committees:

On Nominations—Enos Holiday, Hartland; C. E. Newman, Norwalk; Capt. McGee, Erie county.

On Resolutions—F. R. Loomis, S. A. Wildman, Norwalk; J. D. Easton, Monroeville.

On motion of J. D. Easton an opportunity was given all present to become members of the Society.

Several persons addressed the meeting on the importance of maintaining the Society by lending financial aid by becoming members of the Society, etc.

Secretary Laylin presented a form of envelope for memberships.

F. R. Loomis exhibited a letter written in 1829 by Rev. Alvin Coe, dated Green Bay, Michigan Territory. Rev. Coe was at one time a missionary among the Indians in this section, and helped to organize the Lyme Congregational church.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The afternoon session was called to order at 1:30 o'clock. Several hundred people occupied seats in the Grand Stand besides many others who were on the Fair grounds. S. A. Wildman, of Norwalk, made the annual report in behalf of the Board of Directors and Trustees of the Society.

The Auditing Committee reported that the Treasurer's books were in good condition and recommended the adoption of his report.

Following came the report of the Committee on Nominations for Officers of the Society, as follows:

President, Hon. E. Bogardus	North Monroeville.
Vice President, Judge A. W. Hendry	Sandusky.
“ “ Capt. C. Woodruff	Peru.
Recording Secretary, L. C. Laylin	Norwalk.
Corresponding Secretary, J. G. Gibbs	“
Treasurer, C. W. Manahan ..	“
Biographer, F. R. Loomis	“
Librarian, C. E. Newman	“
Director and Trustee, J. D. Easton	Monroeville.
“ “ “ G. T. Stewart	Norwalk.
“ “ “ S. A. Wildman	“
“ “ “ F. R. Loomis	“
“ “ “ C. E. Newman	“

Prof. T. P. Wilson, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, a former Huron county boy, of whom we are all proud, was then introduced and gave an original poem, “A Few Old-time Pictures,” which was excellent, the speaker being frequently interrupted by outbursts of applause. He spoke of the “Fair City” (Norwalk), “The Old-Time Boys and Girls,” “The Old Seminary,” “The Ravages of

Time," "The Old Cabin," "The School-Master," "The Doctor," "The Old-Time Dance," "The Wooing and The Wedding," portraying in many ways, and interestingly, the incidents connected with his early life in Norwalk and Huron county, with tributes of honor to many persons connected with the educational, religious and business developments of this vicinity in those days.

Ex-President and Gen. R. B. Hayes, of Fremont, was then introduced to the assembly and was greeted with hearty applause.

General Hayes was a resident of Norwalk for a year and a half in 1835-6, and he gave as the topic for the beginning of his address, "A Veteran's Recollections of School-Boy Days in Norwalk Fifty Years Ago." He spoke of the time when he attended the old Norwalk Seminary, and said many of the incidents of that period were just as vivid to his mind as though they had occurred but yesterday; he remembered well the occurrence of the Presidential election when Harrison and Van Buren were the candidates, the first in which he was interested; the people were gathered to hear the news of election; a man rode up and shouted, "All's right—Harrison 66 in Huron, 106 in Milan." He then spoke of the connection of the Firelands with the wars that have marked our history, and stated that the Tory war in Connecticut was the origin of our Firelands; 1875 persons were the exact number who received grants in the Firelands; Norwalk, Conn., from which our city received its name, was second in the amount of lands granted to it in the Firelands, which comprised 500,000 acres; he said one year in six of our history had been given to war; to the war of 1812 the Firelands had given many a noble son; what intense excitement there was throughout the Firelands when the cannons in Perry's great naval battle on Lake Erie in 1813 resounded for miles back into the country; how the populace prepared for the worst when the first news came that Perry had been defeated; and later, how they nerved for resistance when Perry's message reached them: "We have met the enemy and they are ours—three brigs, a schooner and a ship." Speaking of the Rebellion he said that to those who fought to defend and maintain right, it was the divinest war in all history. We are now at peace with all nations; no standing army, no navy; we're the only nation that can look a big debt in the face and say, "I'm your master." The debts of all other nations are growing, and at the end of each year there is an unavoidable deficiency, and the debt continues to grow, while we

are clamoring to know what to do with our surplus. A nation without a navy! A thing to be proud of; we should be proud that we are able to exist in safety without one. No army! the only preparation for war necessary for us is an intelligent, patriotic, virtuous people. Should war come! all the navies of the world are ours except of the nation with whom we are at war.

Gen. John C. Black, of Washington, D. C., U. S. Commissioner of Pensions, who came to Norwalk on Wednesday morning to spend a day or two with his wife and the family of W. W. Graham, of Norwalk, made his appearance at the meeting a short time before Gen. Hayes had finished his address. He was met by a committee and took a seat on the stand. At the conclusion of Gen. Hayes' address he was introduced and spoke interestingly for twenty minutes.

He spoke of the changes time had wrought in the Firelands and dwelt at length upon the character and make-up of the real pioneer. His address was well received and he was heartily applauded at its conclusion.

The Committee on Resolutions then reported through their Chairman as follows:

Mr. President:—Your Committee on Resolutions respectfully submit the following:

Resolved, That the Firelands Historical Society is worthy of the united and hearty encouragement and support of every citizen within the borders of the Firelands and of every lover of pioneer history in America.

Because through its efforts valuable items of history, biography, narrative and old time story have been gathered and published in the sixteen volumes already issued by the Society.

Because through it, old time reminiscences of persons and events in this locality, are now being gathered and put in convenient form for preservation from forgetfulness and destruction, and because through it and it alone will these old time memories, narratives and memoirs continue to be gathered and preserved for the benefit of generations now entering upon the active duties of life and for the information, instruction and entertainment of generations yet unborn.

Because all of these things have an inestimable value which we may not now fully understand or appreciate, but which will be appreciated and valued beyond computation in time to come, and

which, by our sacrificing a little to gather and preserve in authentic form, now, will cause our children's children to rise up and call us blessed:

Resolved, Therefore, in view of all these facts that there is a solemn duty, which every patriotic man and woman should perform, viz: become members of the Firelands Historical Society, and give its good work all the encouragement possible.

Resolved, That the cheerful, hearty and unqualified thanks of this Society are justly due and are hereby gratefully extended to Prof. T. P. Wilson, of Ann Arbor, Mich., for his vivid and interesting "Old-Time Pictures" so beautifully placed before us in pleasing poetic form.

To General and ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, of Fremont, for his eloquent words and noble tribute to the pioneers of the Firelands and for his exceedingly interesting and instructive address; so teeming with original thought respecting the peace making results of American wars and the inestimable value of American example to all the nations of earth.

To General John C. Black, U. S. Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C., for his generous words of encouragement, his patriotic allusions and his profitable thoughts so beautifully expressed to us on this occasion.

Resolved, That the speakers are hereby, each, respectfully requested to furnish their poem and addresses for publication in the next volume of "The Pioneer."

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society are due and are hereby extended to the Huron County Agricultural Society for the free use of their grounds and privileges for this meeting.

Respectfully submitted,

F. R. LOOMIS,
S. A. WILDMAN, } Com.
J. D. EASTON, }

The business of the Society having been transacted and the program of exercises concluded, the Society then adjourned.

L. C. LAYLIN, Recording Secretary.

Meeting of Directors and Trustees,

JUNE 20, 1887.

A called meeting of the Board of Directors and Trustees of the Firelands Historical Society, was held Monday morning, June

20, 1887, in the office of Newman Bros., in Norwalk. There were present, G. T. Stewart, C. E. Newman, S. A. Wildman, F. R. Loomis, Secretary L. C. Laylin, Treasurer C. W. Manahan and Vice President C. Woodruff. The members of the Board were sworn by L. C. Laylin, Notary Public, and he in turn was sworn by C. Woodruff, a justice of the peace.

In the absence of President Bogardus, Vice President Capt. C. Woodruff, of Peru, was called to the chair.

C. E. Newman reported in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements for the annual meeting, that the entire expenses incurred in preparing for and carrying to a successful conclusion the annual meeting, amounted to \$24.05; and that to meet this expense a subscription paper had been circulated among the friends of the Society upon which \$26.00 was subscribed. (\$23.50 of which had been paid) as follows, viz:

J. D. Easton	\$ 1 00	C. E. Newman.....	\$ 1 00
F. R. Loomis.....	1 00	L. C. Laylin.....	1 00
G. A. Lawrence	1 00	F. M. Chapman.....	1 00
B. Cortrite	1 00	G. T. Stewart.....	1 00
J. S. White.....	1 00	J. D. Whitney.....	1 00
E. W. Dorsey.....	1 00	D. D. Benedict.....	1 00
B. C. Taber.....	1 00	S. A. Wildman.....	1 00
J. F. Laning.....	50	W. A. Poyer.....	50
O. Prentiss	50	H. L. Kennan.....	50
D. C. King.....	50	O. S. Griffin.....	50
Dr. J. B. Ford.....	50	C. P. Wickham.....	50
C. J. Baldwin	50	Ellis & McConnell....	50
E. H. Draper.....	50	C. R. Butler.....	50
J. E. Lutts.....	50	W. B. Todd.....	50
W. C. Breckenridge	50	James G. Gibbs.....	50
Theo. Williams	50	E. B. Harrison	50
L. L. Doud.....	50	J. N. Watros.....	50
C. Woodruff	50	Cash	50
Wm. Monnett.....	25	E. E. Little.....	25
W. B. Colson	25	Dr. Gill.....	25
Total.....		\$26 00	

A bill amounting to \$8.50 in favor of the Chronicle Pub. Co. for printing was approved by the Society and ordered paid. Also

bill for expenses for annual meeting, \$15.55, advanced by C. E. Newman, approved and ordered paid.

C. E. Newman reported that he had sold 34 volumes of the last "Pioneer," on which there was due the Society \$12.60; and five annual memberships for the year 1886-7, at 50 cents each, \$2.50. Report received and ordered recorded.

Secretary L. C. Laylin reported a list of the names of persons who had constituted themselves members of the Society, at the annual meeting, viz:

Rutherford B. Hayes, of Fremont, paid \$5 and became a life member.

The following paid \$1 each for annual membership and for a copy of the next issue of "The Pioneer," viz: G. A. Lawrence, Rev. J. M. Seymour, J. L. Vandusen, C. H. Jackson and W. B. Colson, all of Norwalk; J. C. Lockwood, Milan; Capt. T. C. McGee and M. Lipsett, of Sandusky; J. J. Clark, Olena; H. C. Barnard and Samuel Bemis, of Bellevue; Dr. D. H. Beckwith, Cleveland; Clark Waggoner, Toledo; B. T. Day and Israel P. Wicks, Fairfield; Mrs. J. P. Moore, of Fremont; A. F. Kellogg, Peru; Rev. H. L. Canfield, Belleville; J. H. Sterling, Olena.

The following paid 50 cents each for annual memberships, viz: Stella K. Johnson, C. H. Todd, Clarissa Clawson, T. R. Strong, J. D. Chamberlin, W. G. Mead, C. W. Manahan, F. A. Tillinghast and C. H. Jackson, all of Norwalk; Enos Holliday and Mrs. S. J. Holliday, of Hartland; Isaac McKesson, Collins; R. C. Dean, East Townsend; L. S. Owen, Mrs. L. A. Owens and C. Woodruff, Peru; Geo. Burdue, Berlinville; A. W. Hendry, Sandusky; Myron Rogers, Clarksfield; F. G. Lockwood, Milan; Oramel Hunt, Monroeville; John G. Sherman, Wakeman; I. B. Hoyt of Fairfield.

Making a total of 43 memberships received during the annual meeting and \$33.50 in money which Secretary Laylin turned over to Treasurer Manahan.

Treasurer C. W. Manahan reported all accounts and bills against the Society settled in full, so far as he was aware, and that there now remained in the treasury of the Society \$3.83, besides the \$500 belonging to the Publication Fund.

The Chronicle Publishing Company, of Norwalk, having offered to publish Volume IV, New Series, of "The Pioneer," on the same terms and conditions as was offered by them and accepted by the Board, August 19, 1885, for the

publication of Volume III, it was unanimously agreed by the Board that the proposition of the Chronicle Publishing Company be accepted and that they be awarded the contract for publishing Volume IV, New Series, of "The Pioneer," at the earliest practical moment.

Upon motion, F. R. Loomis, G. T. Stewart and C. E. Newman were selected by the Board as a publishing committee for volume IV of "The Pioneer."

There being no further business the Board then adjourned.

L. C. LAYLIN, Recording Secretary.

ADDITIONAL MEMBERS.

The following persons have, since our 31st Annual Meeting, upon solicitation of Capt. T. C. McGee, of Sandusky, paid one dollar each, thereby making themselves annual members of the Firelands Historical Society and are entitled to this volume of "The Pioneer," viz: John Mackey, E. B. Sadler, W. F. West, O. C. McLouth, John Youngs, Wm. H. McFall, J. A. Camp, Edward Foreman, Carrie Sprague Alvord, Mrs. E. H. Wilcox, Ann C. McLouth, Clara Boalt Butler, Mrs. Chester Woolworth, Mrs. W. G. Lane, Fannie Rossiter, all of Sandusky; H. M. Clemons, Point Marblehead; Mrs. I. B. Strong, Bloomingville; Mary Drake Gregoire, Catawba Island.

The following have paid 50 cents and are annual members, viz: John G. Pool, S. E. Hubbard, Mrs. A. G. Dennis, all of Sandusky; Dr. N. B. Wilson, of Cleveland.

B. E. Hawks, Norwalk, Mrs. P. Buck, Toledo, and H. Z. Eaton, Hot Springs, Dakota, each paid 50 cents for Volume IV of "The Pioneer."

A BRONSON CENTENARIAN;

Martin Kellogg, One Hundred Years Old September
21, 1886;

A Biographical Sketch of His Life Delivered at the Celebration of
the Event at Mr. Kellogg's Home in Bronson.

BY HON. F. R. LOOMIS, OF NORWALK.

Martin Kellogg, the anniversary of whose 100th birthday we commemorate to-day, was born in the township of Bethel, county of Windsor and state of Vermont, very near the center of the old Green Mountain State, on the 21st day of September, 1786. His father's name was Martin Kellogg, and the name Martin has been perpetuated in the family for many generations. His mother's name was Lucy Dunham, daughter of Thomas and Lucy Dunham. Martin's father was an early settler in Bethel; the first settlers occupying wild uncultivated woodlands about 1776 to 1780; at the time of Martin's birth it was a new country of forests, stumps and stones, very rough, with steep side hills, heavy growths of timber and innumerable stones. It was upon the eastern foot hills of the Green Mountain range. Here Martin lived and grew as a boy and young man up to the age of nearly 29 years. Here he went to school, worked upon his father's farm, taught school and worked on a carding machine, and his early life was thus passed in laborious pursuits. The principal productions of that day and region were large families of children; to feed these children it became

necessary to work early and late on the stony ground which abounded there, and all the family were obliged to work; from the father and mother down to the little 5 year old, each had something to do to assist in providing the daily bill of fare. Mr. Kellogg says the eight hour rule prevailed, but it was on the other end of the handle from that now in vogue; with them it was eight hours or less of rest and sixteen hours of work, sometimes even more. His father's farm consisted of 110 acres joining the south west side of the village of Bethel, and 70 additional acres near to this, making a total of 180 acres, composed largely of timber, stones and hills with dirt mixed in, in tolerably fair paying quantities. Their principal crops were beans, peas, corn, potatoes and flax; they also raised some horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. The family consisted of father, mother and eleven children; one son and three daughters died in infancy; two sons and five daughters grew to adult age. His brother, Thomas, died in Nebraska in his 95th year. The father of Martin lived to be 91 years old, past; Ruth, one of the sisters, lived to nearly 80 years; Philena lived to be over 70; another lived to be 70; all but Martin are now dead. The most common diet of the family was bean porridge and baked peas interspersed by way of luxury with johnny cake and milk, hasty pudding and molasses, hominy, hulled corn, bread and milk, potato and milk and sweetened beer. Martin's first school was attended when he was three or four years old. The village had no church or school house at this time, but a Mrs. Amanda Sally Chaplin taught in the second story of a malt house, and here Martin first secured his primary instruction from Thomas Dilworth's spelling book. In speaking of it to me the other day he facetiously remarked that it was a high school! conducted as it was in the highest story of the malt house. Mr. Kellogg says he remembers his first teacher very well; that she was a first rate teacher, and afterwards taught a good many terms in the village school house when one was erected. He went occasionally to summer schools until he was 13 years old when he attended the village district school for a couple of winters. He afterwards went to school in the new school house but never had any academic or collegiate advantages. He taught his first term of school in the summer when he was 14 or 15 years old, in his native town; he afterwards taught 9 winter terms in his own and adjoining towns. Some of the early methods of living and doing are best

expressed in Mr. Kellogg's own words which are preserved in a series of letters which he wrote, since he was 90 years old, to the *Herald and News* of West Randolph, about 7 miles from Bethel, and which he has nicely scrapbooked himself. I am sure you will not be wearied with my reading some of these writings.

(Here extracts from Mr. Kellogg's scrapbook were read by Mr. Loomis, after which he continued as follows:)

Mr. Kellogg was united in marriage to Miss Polly Fay, of Barnard township, (the next south of Bethel,) December 7th 1809; he being 23 years of age at the time. He had taught school in this neighborhood a number of terms and thus formed an acquaintance which ripened into affection and resulted in the uniting of their lives into one destiny; a union which lasted more than 56 years. After marriage Martin taught school for several winters and worked the farm of his father-in-law summers. He was a hard working young man, a genuine *night of labor*, when the organization of that name was unknown. His credentials of membership consisted in laboring diligently with his calloused hands from before daylight in the morning until long after dark at night. If that does not constitute a true "night of labor," nothing can. With him the eight hour system consisted of eight hours of work before dinner and another eight hours after dinner, and then he tells me, that he often took from two to four hours of the remaining eight hours, for reading and study; rarely ever retiring before ten o'clock and often not until midnight. Yet with this severe manual labor and mental application, we have before us to-day this same diligent man, now one hundred years old.

DEPARTURE FOR OHIO.

On the 17th day of June, 1815, Mr. Kellogg left his native town of Bethel, Vermont, in company with his wife and three small children, also accompanied by his father-in-law and a quite numerous family, all with faces set toward Ohio. The necessary plans and arrangements had been previously made; the cavalcade consisted of three two-horse wagons loaded with only useful accessories and the women and children; two of these outfits belonged to Mr. Fay the father-in-law and one to Martin. After a few days journeying Mrs. Kellogg was taken ill and shortly afterward gave birth to a little daughter, making a family of four girls; this necessitated a delay of six days during which time Martin, and the Fays' hired out to the farmers to work in the cornfields.

This proved a blessing to all concerned, for the roads improved very much during these days, the horses found good pasturage and the menfolks all earned some ready money for the days of need that were to follow. The little daughter born at that time is now Mrs. Polly F. Thomas and lives in Genoa, Ottawa county, Ohio; she is here today, so is also the first born daughter, now Mrs. Mandana Harding, who lives in Furness county, Nebraska. Both now have families of their own.

The incidents of their journey to Ohio would be very interesting and we would be glad to narrate them but time forbids. When they arrived in Buffalo, a portion of the goods, also several of the company took passage via boat for Cleveland. Mr. Kellogg and his family and the remainder of the company came on with the teams. At Cleveland, Apollos Fay and Eliphaz Bigelow procured a skiff or row boat, and taking Clarissa Fay and Melitable Fay, together with some goods into the boat, they rowed all the way to Huron. Mr. Kellogg says they all regarded it a great providence that they were not lost enroute. The teams and goods arrived in Avery, (now known as Milan) July 30, 1815. The journey was made the entire distance through the woods, without roads or highways of any sort, excepting blazed paths and felled timber routes, where the logs had been rolled out of the way sufficiently for the wagons to pass through. No worked roads; stumps everywhere in the route; a vast unbroken wilderness on both sides; no hotels, and but one or two settlements. It was not a pleasure ride from Cleveland to Milan in those days you may rest assured. The contrast between then and now is a very marked one.

The company arriving at Avery, the old county seat of Huron county, at this time, consisted of the following persons: Aaron Fay (father-in-law to Martin Kellogg) and his wife; Mr. Fay's sons, Lucius and Apollos and his daughters, Polly, (Mrs. Kellogg,) and Clarissa, also Martin Kellogg and Eliphaz Bigelow.

Mr. Kellogg thinks there were but four families living at Avery at this time. All of the new comers went into the block house to live until other arrangements could be made.

Father Fay was soon taken sick and died. Martin and his family shortly after moved over to the Underhill farm about a mile west of the present city of Norwalk, into a log house standing there, where they lived a part of the first winter. In February, 1816, Martin moved his family over upon the S. W. corner lot of

Norwalk township where they lived until a log house 20x20 feet in size was built on the site where we now stand, between this present home and the highway in front; here he removed his family, consisting of wife and four little daughters, the oldest not yet six years of age, into this new log house, on the 17th day of June, 1816, just one year from the day they left the old home in Bethel, away back in the old Green Mountain State. Nor must we forget that distance was much greater, seemingly, in those days of slow wagoning, than in these days of steam and electricity.

Mr. Kellogg had previously purchased this tract of land containing 205½ acres, of Messrs. Underhill, Petrey and Baker, and entered into contract with them to pay them for it in installments; the price agreed upon being \$3 per acre. He paid \$100 down, all the money he had or could raise. In about three years thereafter he sold 100 acres from the east portion of the tract to Thomas Hagaman for \$5 per acre. This helped him pay for the whole and fulfill his part of the contract very nicely.

Several years after moving into this first log house 20 feet square, as stated, a log addition 20x28 feet in size was added, making the family a very comfortable home indeed for those days. They continued to live here in comfort and enjoyment until the house you see before you was completed, about the year 1836, when they removed thereto and have since occupied it.

For seventy years Mr. Kellogg has lived and toiled upon this farm. Here he has eaten the bread of honest labor; here he has stored his mind with useful knowledge; here he has reared his family and sent them forth to the world. His life has not been especially remarkable except for its honesty, its vigor and its vitality.

There have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg twelve children; eight of whom are now living as follows:

Mrs. Mandana Harding, the first born, aged 76, now living in Furniss county, Nebraska; she is here to-day.

Mrs. Lucy Thompson, aged 74, now living in Norwalk, also here to-day.

Mrs. Polly Thomas, aged 71, the one born when they were on their journey to Ohio, now living in Elmore, Ottawa county, O., she is also here to-day.

Aaron F., aged 68, now living in Greenfield, Huron county, Ohio, here to-day.

Mrs. Eleutheria Famililar, aged 65 past, now living in Fairfield, Huron county, Ohio, here to-day.

Lyman, aged 64, living in Bronson, Huron county, Ohio, here to-day.

Mrs. Harriet L. Thayer, aged 62, living here at the old home together with her husband and taking good care of our centenarian friend.

Anson, aged 59, living in Norwalk, and here to-day.

The children who have died are,

Rebecca, aged 23;

Martin, " 19;

Kinsley B. " 24;

Thomas, an infant.

Mrs. Kellogg, the mother, died April 1, 1866, after a faithful companionship of over fifty-six years. For the past twenty years Mr. Kellogg has been alone. No not alone! he has had the pleasant companionship of a kind family of affectionate children, grandchildren and great-grand children; yes and great-great-grandchildren, even unto the 5th generation.

He has enjoyed his books and newspapers, and then too he has a wide circle of acquaintances and friends whose visits and letters have given him companionship and comfort.

Mr. Kellogg has had, in his long life, several occasions of severe illness, but the Lord has spared him through them all, and to-day we see a remarkable specimen of well preserved manhood for one of his years.

He has been a great reader in his day, and even up until within the past three years he has been a constant reader of the newspapers and of current literature. He has always been a well informed man.

He has done little manual or physical labor for the past ten or twelve years, except perhaps to work a little in the garden or around the house. His sight was very good until within a year or so, and his hearing though somewhat impaired was fairly sharp until within about the same period. He can still see sufficiently well to distinguish acquaintances and to read a little. I found but little difficulty in holding a two hours' constant conversation with him last week Monday and again for an hour last Saturday. I found his memory bright and active on events that transpired eighty and ninety years ago; not so ready on recent events. Like

all old people he enjoys living over his youthful days; he will talk about them with evidently keen enjoyment, but wearies much more quickly when you confine him to recent or present topics.

His memory of trifling events eighty years ago is vivid and remarkable while much more important matters of recent date of which he was at the time an active participant are almost or quite forgotten.

His first vote for President, was cast for James Madison, the fourth president of the United States in 1808; at which time Martin was 22 years old. He was an ardent admirer and firm friend of Henry Clay. He voted for William Henry Harrison, for Fremont, for Lincoln and for Grant. He was a warm Republican during the war and gave patriotic encouragement to the union cause. He rejoiced at the downfall of the slave oligarchy and the restoration of the old flag over our re-united country.

In 1876 our venerable friend then ninety years of age voted for Peter Cooper, the Greenback candidate for President. He had for some time been reading up, meditating, and studying up Greenback theories until he became thoroughly indoctrinated with that heresy. He has kindly labored with your speaker of to-day, for the past seven years to convert him from the error of his ways and make him over into a Greenback saint. He has found that his labors are all in vain, that I am joined to my idols and he has of late concluded to let me go my way.

Mr. Kellogg united with the M. E. church when a young man and became a class leader and local preacher, but he told me last week that he was never satisfied with the doctrines taught or with the Methodist creed; so he permitted his name to be dropped from the rolls because of nonattendance upon their services. He has for the past forty years been associated with the Universalist people in which faith he is a firm believer. He was at one time clerk of the Huron association of Universalists, and he is now a member of that church in Peru.

Mr. Kellogg is in many respects a remarkable man. He is one among many thousands to reach the age of one hundred years.

His faculties are remarkably good for one of his years. His memory of early incidents is truly marvellous. His firmness of purpose and belief are very observable. He has been a remarkably temperate man all his life. He has never indulged in spirituous or malt liquors or wines. He has never used tobacco in any form. He has always been abstemious in his eating, never drinking even tea or coffee until after finishing his meals. He has much to be thankful for in the dealings of a kind and beneficent Providence and we may all be grateful that we are permitted to see so well preserved a specimen of a grand old centenarian.

A MEMORABLE OCCASION.

The following is taken from the editorial columns of the *Norwalk Chronicle* in its issue of September 23, 1886.

The celebration of the one hundredth birthday anniversary of Mr. Martin Kellogg, last Tuesday, September 21st, at his home in Bronson, was an event that will never be forgotten by the hundreds who were present on that memorable occasion.

The number present was fully 1500 and comprised many of the best citizens of Huron county, including a large number of its aged pioneers.

The hero of the day and the observed of all observers was the Grand Old Centenarian, Martin Kellogg, who appeared upon the platform, quite strong and vigorous, looked serene and happy, and briefly addressed the large assembly in a firm, strong voice. He endured the excitement of the day without nervousness and talked, joked, laughed and shook hands with hundreds of his friends with seemingly very little fatigue. He appeared as well as usual the following day and since then has been lively and well.

The addresses and congratulations were many and excellent; worthy of the day and the occasion.

The music was good; the arrangements for the comfort of all could not have been bettered.

The weather was somewhat unpropitious after the early morn, being cloudy and a little rainy, notwithstanding which, however, the large assembly maintained the best of spirits, gave good heed to the exercises and generally remained until the excellent program was fully carried out.

The presence of the Norwalk Band with its good music, added much to the enjoyment of the occasion. Rial Rundel, C. H.

Morgan and E. H. Draper are to be thanked for being instrumental in securing their services.

Many complimentary words were spoken in behalf of Miss Carrie Bishop's sweet singing. It was excellent as it always is. The thanks of the Firelands Historical Society and of the Committee of Arrangements for the Celebration are extended to her through the columns of the *Chronicle*.

The motto over the speakers stand was neat and appropriate; this is it,

100

1786

1886

70 YEARS HIS HOME.

C. E. Newman and J. D. Chamberlin of the Committee of Arrangements were indefatigable in their efforts to make the Centenary commemoration interesting and profitable; that they were eminently successful is endorsed by everybody. The affair was a complete success in all respects, thanks to their faithfulness, energy and devotion.

A large number of aged people were present ranging from 93 years old downward; probably not less than 200 that might be properly classed as old pioneers were on the grounds. We wish we might publish all their names but it was impossible to get them. Among the many were Charles Gardiner, aged 93, of Peru; Richard Gardiner, 91, of Monroeville; Wyatt Cook, 92, Fairfield; Ozias Joiner, 90, Greenfield; Ami Keeler, 90, Norwalk; Capt. E. H. Lowther, 86, Mrs. E. H. Lowther, 80, Mrs. Judge S. C. Parker, 82, Steuben; James Hopkins, 81, Fairfield; George Lawrence, 81, Bronson; Orson Carpenter, 80, Hon. Chas. B. Simmons, 80, John Enscl, 82, Elijah Price, 81, ex-Sheriff David Johnson, 79, Jefferson Baker, 81, Fairfield; W. G. Mead, 78, Bronson; Wm. Mitchell, 84, Peru; J. S. Hester, 75, Norwich; Charissa Atherton, 87, Peru; Thankful Fanny White, 82, Hartland; Paul B. Mead, 70, Kent; Loomis Chase, 70, and wife, Kenton.

Among those from abroad who were present, we noticed Judge C. E. Pennewell, Dr. D. H. Beckwith, Dr. N. B. Wilson, Prof. J. C. Sanders, and Volney Fay, wife and daughter, all of Cleveland; John R. Osborn, Esq., of Toledo; Prof. T. P. Wilson, of Ann Arbor, Mich.; W. C. Allen and wife, and Wm. Root of Elyria.

It was indeed a pleasant and enjoyable affair throughout and the universal expression was, "It is good to be here."

THE OCCASION.

**An Address delivered at the Centennial Celebration
of Martin Kellogg's Birthday on Tuesday, Sep-
tember 21st, 1886, at the Kellogg Home-
stead in Bronson, Ohio.**

BY G. T. STEWART, ESQ., OF NORWALK.

This occasion is one of honor and rejoicing. It brings us together in a two-fold family reunion. Under the roof-tree of our honored friend, are gathered here five generations, descended from a common head, to honor that head. This continuation and inter-communion of families around their parent source, is a type of perpetual life. But there is a higher and grander family circle here formed, of which we are all members as children of the Divine Father, and that reunion is more than a type, it is a proof of our immortality.

This occasion comes to us as a glorious and inspiring teacher, its logic is sublime and irrefutable. It says with us, "God is our Creator and our Heavenly Father. He is eternal. Therefore, we as his children, are all immortal and share in His infinite love." This is the voice of the occasion, and I am glad to know that it is the philosophy and religion of the friend whom we have come to honor.

Man alone, with the crown of divine intelligence upon him with which he was crowned at the creation, when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy,

communes with the past and the future. Of all animate creatures, man is the only being who aspires to existence beyond this life. He seeks, he strives for immortality. For that in all ages, he thought, toiled, built and achieved. He has been ever rising up to the infinite, stretching out his arms to the generations which have gone before, and to those which are to follow him. In the earth's diurnal revolutions around it, the sun gilds with its glory the summits of the pyramids of Pharaoh by the Nile and of the monument of Washington by the Potomac, binding together the human thought and endeavor which crowned the one, with those which crowned the other, over a chasm of more than four thousand years, with beams of golden unity; and spanned by the same glory, all the way around the globe, is a belt of countless towers, spires, and monumental erections in myraid forms, all reared by human hands, writing history on the skies, to perpetuate names and achievements of men and nations.

The king of beasts who roars through his native jungles in Africa and Asia to-day, knows and cares nothing of or for the lions who roared there in the ages before him, or may in ages hereafter. The king of birds, the proud emblem of our nation, as he soars in his sun-path, has no consciousness or concern as to the eagles who soared there in the thousands of years before him, or those which may follow him in the hereafter. These monarchs of earth and air, when they drop into dust, perish without a record or a memory. All there is in and of them, is with the perishing present. The friend we come to honor, has built no monuments of granite or marble, but in his long life, example and usefulness, he has made a record, and formed an influence which will live forever. We have had an interesting summary of the events of his life presented by our Biographer, in which, one of the most pleasant and enduring, is his connection with the Firelands Historical Society. He was with us at the first meeting held at the old Court House for the organization of the society, on the 20th of May, 1857, and we trust that he will be with us at its thirtieth anniversary on May next. His presence has been a constant benediction and help to us at nearly all our meetings, except the last. Great changes have taken place with those who shared in our first meetings. Of the four members who signed the first circular for historic collections, issued then, three are in their graves. Of the ten officers first elected by the Society, but two survive; P. N. Schuyler, who is now



present, and myself. At that first meeting, Martin Kellogg was appointed one of the Bronson committee to prepare the history of that township and though then in his 71st year, he went to work with his usual talent and energy and the first volume of the Pioneer contained a valuable report of the early settlement and historical incidents of that township, from his pen, to which he made subsequent additions; so that, thanks to his diligence, Bronson is one of the best reported townships in the Firelands.

While we all unite in our greetings, our honors and congratulations to him, as a Society; while he stands thus before us on the summit of the century passed; we leave to others the more personal part, while we briefly consider here the theme which the occasion so naturally suggests, the honors, duties and privileges of old age. In all civilized nations the aged have been honored with personal reverence and with public authority and trust. The earliest civilizations in the world, that of ancient Egypt, and of the Hebrew nation which made Exodus from it, were eminent in this respect. Only the lowest and most degraded of savage nations ever disregarded and destroyed their aged. The fifth Commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," was placed by the Divine builder at the foundation of the Hebrew and Christian civilizations, not only as the rule of families, but as the supreme law of nations. Every nation that ever grew great and permanent in its prosperity, built upon that law; those which rose highest in the scale of human excellence and most potential in their sway, were distinguished by their regard for their aged people. In the gallant state of Sparta, the rival of Athens in the Grecian confederacy, the government was divided into two assemblies, in the highest of which none but those who were sixty or more years of age, were members, except the kings. The Spartans were taught to reverence the aged. In the theater at Athens, where a Spartan embassy were seated together, an aged citizen came in but found no seat. When he approached the place where the Spartans were, they all immediately arose and offered him a seat. The Athenian multitude, seeing this, loudly applauded the act. One of the Spartans with Spartan brevity said, "These Athenians know what is right, but they fail to do it." In Rome, the highest and most illustrious government assembly was composed entirely of aged citizens, eminent for their talents, their virtue and their achieve-

ments, and from the word *senex* (an old person) it was named *senatus*, and its members were styled senators. This we have copied for the legislative department of our constitution, both state and national, in name, and it would have been far better if it had been in fact, as to one of them, which has been mostly filled with mere millionaires. But this occasion and this large assembly proves that our people are not deficient in the right sentiment on the subject; and that there is a visible improvement in the right direction, is shown by the increasing frequency of such manifestations of joy and reverence for persons distinguished for their many years and virtues, both fathers and mothers. On the 26th of last month, over 5000 of the people of Marion county gathered thus to honor an aged father there on his 102d birthday; and in the week before, a large concourse of the people of Hamilton county assembled at the residence of the oldest woman in the county, the mother of Gen. S. F. Carey, in honor of her 95th birthday. Such testimonials are signs of the advance of our Christian civilization along the path of nations, pointed by the Almighty Father and illumined by the light of His law.

It is one of those wonderful and resistless proofs of our immortality which we bear in our bosoms, that we can call up from the realms of the past the spirits of the mighty dead, who went from the visible earth hundreds or thousands of years ago, and enter into communion with them. We can receive into our minds their thoughts, and into our souls their emotions, as though they were personally present and in converse with us. This we do by no wizzard wand, by no art of divination, but by the simple magic of the printed page. Thus, let us here call up the great Roman orator and philosopher, Cicero, and inquire his views of Old Age. Among the classic text books of my alma-mater, I recall those delightful works of Cicero, *De Amicitia*, and *De Senectute*, written near the close of his life, in which he sets forth the charms and duties of friendship and old age. If I brought a wreath of roses to lay at the feet of our friend, or a circlet of diamonds for his head, it would not be so appropriate an offering for this occasion as the few excerpts which I will here read from these works.

(Mr. Stewart then read a number of extracts, commenting upon them, concluding with Cicero's view of the next life, and said:)

Yet in all this, Cicero has nothing to say of meeting the gods and the joy of their eternal presence. His grandest conception of

Heaven is in the restoration of departed friends and in the society of the great and good of all ages. He never conceived the thought in all his religious aspirations and philosophic researches, of approaching the throne of Jupiter with the delight of a child meeting its parent.

Of all the religions of earth, Christianity alone has brought to us the true secret of eternal and infinite happiness, in the relation of God as the Divine Father of all.

While the creed tests of warring sects, and the religious follies of human fabric, are held up, punctured and exploded by the searching intelligence of the age, this grand doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the childhood before him of all his human family, was never so broadly believed and so firmly fixed in the minds and hearts of the American people, as now; and the faith of the whole world is rapidly resting down upon it, as the universal basis of good society and government.

The Declaration of Independence and our state constitution proclaim God as the creator of all men and the author of human rights, but they go no higher. Christianity exalts us to the higher plane, where it reveals God not only as the Creator and Supreme Ruler of all, but as the Divine Father, holding constant communion with all his children on earth, and reaching out his arms to them with an eternal welcome. Up that incline of years, rising in the development of his mental, moral and spiritual nature, goes the aged child, old of earth, young for Heaven, to the bosom of the Divine Father, with the song of rapture on his lips as he passes the gates of immortality, "Nearer My God to Thee, Nearer to Thee."

AN ORIGINAL POEM.

To Martin Kellogg on His One Hundredth Birthday.

BY JAMES G. GIBBS, OF NORWALK, OHIO.

No common greetings bring we here to-day
No formal words, nor haughty nods are ours;
But flowing freely from our hearts, we pay
Our willing homage—strew our fairest flowers.

This is no war-like conquerer, whom we see,
And seeing haste to follow in his train;
He hath not sought for fame on land or sea,
Nor boasts his thousands—nor his hundreds—again.

But his hath been a quiet life of peace,
His triumphs have from war been far apart;
And through the years he's seen his joys increase,—
Those joys from faithful service done which start.

We grasp the hand our aged friend extends,
We note how well, despite his hundred years,
His frame its vigor holds; and, as he bends
His honest gaze on us, our hearts it cheers!

Hail! Venerable friend! Thrice hail to thee!
Well hast thou borne thy part on life's broad stage!
What wonders hath't been given thine eyes to see!
What themes hast witnessed writ on History's page!

The verdant hills looked down upon thy birth
In old Vermont,—a hundred years ago!
Thou wast the fairest babe in all the earth;—
Thy sainted mother would have told us so!

The mem'ries of that dear New England home
Are still among the choicest of thy heart;
For all the ravages of time, which come
With stealthy tread to tear from us apart

The scenes, the words, the friends, we hold most dear,
Have failed to wrest from thy unclouded brain
The old Green Mountain farm house! and the clear
Cut sight of those who long at rest have lain.

And now, we see thee grown to stalwart man,
Who sturdily the wilderness essays,
A pioneer who marches in the van,
And works the wondrous change the world surveys!

Gone are the sylvan monarchs which thou saw;
The timid fawn frequents no more yon glen;
The red men here no longer overawe;
And beasts of prey here make no more their den.

Thy trusty, keen-edged axe and sinewy arms
Have helped to lay the pristine forests low;
Transforming hill and vale to fruitful farms,
With peace and swarming plenty all aglow.

Thus hast thou borne, a century, thy part,
And manfully wrought out allotted toil;
That title earning which delights thy heart,—
An honest, noble tiller of the soil!

What more could ask, than hath been thine? we say—
Friends, children, home, long life, esteem of all;
Then calmly reach the close of life's long day,
And wait with joy thy Heavenly Father's call.

A HUNDRED YEARS.

BY T. P. WILSON, M. D. PROFESSOR IN THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF
THE MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

To Martin Kellogg, Esq., on the completion of his one hundredth birthday, and in commemoration of his having been a brave pioneer of the West, a fearless anti-slavery man, a zealous promoter of education, a staunch Universalist, and a model American citizen.

A hundred years! O wondrous sight!
Make all the glad bells ring;
'Tis our hero's coronation day
For the Century crowns him King.

A hundred years! Ah! what a song!
Could we the story tell
Of battles fought, of nations born
And empires that rose and fell.

The mighty West was a land unknown—
The red man and the deer
Fell slowly back before the steps
Of the sturdy pioneer.

The trackless forests on hill and plain,
Defying his desire,
Fell 'neath the stroke of his glittering axe,
Consumed by his fire.

The railroad and the telegraph,
The 'phone, the printing press,
Were things unknown when our hero lay
Wrapped in his swaddling dress;

Out of his cradle our warrior sprang
Into the battle of life;
For justice and the rights of man,
He waged a ceaseless strife;

Ever before the eyes of Youth,
With lighted torch in hand,
He open held the beautiful doors
Of Wisdom's temple, grand.

He sought to fill the world with the light
That cometh from above,
To show mankind, that the infinite God,
Is father of infinite Love.

As do the lofty mountain heights,
Capped with eternal snow,
Send countless blessings down
On smiling vales below,

So hast thou stood, through the long years,
Times signet on thy brow,
Giving to all, thy choicest gifts;
Prophet and Teacher thou.

A hundred years! O grand old man
We hail thee, Hero, Sage;
A wonder and a blessing still,
To this most wonderful age.

A CENTURY OF LIFE.

The following communication from L. A. Hine, Esq., of Cincinnati, was read at Martin Kellogg's Centennial Anniversary, September 21, 1886, by Mr. S. F. Newman, of Norwalk:

To the Committee and Members of the Firelands Historical Society:

You do well in celebrating the Centennial Anniversary of our good old friend, Martin Kellogg. Of all the prizes of life, he has drawn the richest and the noblest,—a hearty, happy, and most venerable old age. He has lived an hundred years, and has the prospect of years to come, which we sincerely hope he may enjoy. Such a life is glorious above all other glory, and deserving of the highest honor.

Ten years ago we celebrated the Centennial of our Continental Republic, and to-day we celebrate the Centennial of a MAN—man who is more than a nation, which is but a form of his device for mutual protection and convenience. Man was not made for the nation, but the nation for man; and with the gathered wisdom of an hundred years, our hero will, doubtless, applaud the sentiment—*perish the nation whose policy is not, first of all, the elevation and happiness of every class of its population.*

Our venerable friend was two years old when the elements of a chaotic confederacy were constituted into a strong nationality under a constitution that has proved adequate for any external conflict and for crushing the most gigantic rebellion that ever threatened national disruption.

He had taken his place in the popular sovereignty of his country before Fulton made his crude experiments in steam navigation; and thirty years of age when the first whistle was heard on our rivers, two years before it found an echo on the bosom of Lake Erie.

He had reached nearly half a century of life before the first locomotive brought the land, as well as the waters, under the empire of steam.

Wonderful the progress of the world in every department of industrial and material life which he has witnessed! A single man with horses and reaper and binder now does the harvest work of a dozen men when he was young. Steam power has been so generally applied by inventive genius to human work that a few engines now perform the labor of an hundred millions of men when he was a boy! Then few could travel because the means and rate of travel were uninviting and too expensive, while now, he sees the whole world traveling in palaces that plow the deep against wind and tide, and in parlor cars across the continent, at the speed of the swiftest bird.

But what of a very different kind of progress? Can he look back to the moral state of society in his native New England during his youth and early manhood, and, comparing it with that of the present, joyfully exclaim, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen thy salvation?" Does he find more honesty, more neighborly kindness, more brotherly love now than when he was young? Alas, I fear not, for less than an hundred years ago one could travel with his fortune in an unlocked chest, exposed out-doors and over night unguarded, without thought of losing a dollar. So testifies Chief Justice Taney of 1791 when he went to college, carrying and exposing, in this manner, silver coin for a year's expenses.

But let us not dwell on dismal facts while rejoicing in the splendid tribute to the moral and physical vigor of humanity made by the hero of this occasion. It is a tribute of virtue, for no corrupt or dishonest man ever lived an hundred years. It is a tribute of nervous equilibrium and mental serenity, for no one with nervous delicacy and perturbation of mind ever reached a century of life. It is a tribute of labor and contentment with what labor brings, for no one not sufficiently laborious to insure an appetite that luxuriates in beef, pork, potatoes and corn-bread, and a digestion that never reminds one of any infirmity in the process, and who is not contented with a little and an inexpensive simplicity of life, ever met the salutation of his neighbors in commemorating his centennial anniversary.

And here let me give an anecdote of our hero of an hundred

years which I have not told in your vicinity: "When I was a tramping advocate of Land Reform—which the people now wish had been carried into effect long ago—and when he was seventy years of age, I enjoyed the hospitality of his house. I found him doing his chores, cutting his fire-wood for the day, and eating his breakfast before daylight, that he might be in the woods with his axe in the earliest morn. At night I found him doing his chores and eating supper after dark, then making brooms till nine o'clock, and, after reading an hour or two, retiring to his bed. I said to him: 'At your time of life do you not get very tired at such hard work for so many hours per day?' He replied: 'I sometimes feel a little tired while chopping on a large oak, but then I think what a good time I'll have reading after nine o'clock at night, and I "whale" into it for the day.'

An hundred years are generally the outcome of such a life. It hardens the constitution for enduring all changes of climate, all shocks of fortune, all strokes of affliction, preserving from disease and even defying the contagion. I have watched the reports for many years and found that all centenarians have come from the poor or the simple livers in the middle classes; or if perchance, there was one from the ranks of the rich, the learned or fashionable, he or she was found to have come up from these so called lower classes. The revelations of the census returns are not, therefore, astonishing to me.

The report of 1880 furnishes the figures for the following table of venerable citizens of 80 and upward.

80 AND OVER. NATIVE, WHITE.

Males, 63,856; Females, 78,346. 4 Males to 5 Females.

80 AND OVER. FOREIGN BORN.

Males, 21,434; Females, 23,498. 10 Males to 11 Females.

80 AND OVER. COLORED.

Males, 14,174; Females, 19,708. 3 Males to 4 Females.

The following gives the population of these classes with the proportion of old people.

NATIVE WHITE.

Males, 18,609,235; Females, 18,234,025.

Proportion, 1 to 291 Males; 1 to 232 Females.

FOREIGN BORN.

Males, 3,521,635; Females, 3,038,044.

Proportion, 1 to 164 Males; 1 to 129 Females.

COLORED PEOPLE.

Males, 3,387,920; Females, 3,364,893.

Proportion, 1 to 232 Males; 1 to 170 Females.

The number of old people in these classes is more clearly seen in the following figures:

Native Whites, both sexes, 1 to 252 people.

Foreign born, both sexes, 1 to 146 people.

Colored People, both sexes, 1 to 199 people.

Thus there were in the United States in 1880, 41 per cent. more of old people among those of foreign birth than among the native whites, and 21 per cent. more of colored veterans.

The ladies will observe that in longevity they have greatly the advantage of the masculine gender, in spite of their too much in-door life, which Plato says, "is a life of darkness and fear." This is partly due to the greater exposure of men to fatal accidents, but more, I fear, to their debaucheries.

But let us all give heed to the great superiority of the foreign born and even the colored people, over the better educated, the richer and more genteel native whites in respect to health and long life,—the greatest of all earthly blessings! The reason can only be found in the force of circumstances compelling the classes that live the longest to more thoroughly conform to the conditions of health and physical vigor.

What is our culture worth if it shortens our lives? Of what value is wealth, ease and fashionable dumb show if they increase our diseases, infirmities and wretchedness. Be ashamed of yourselves, ye people of vanity, aristocratic pride, soul-benumbing ostentation, and stupid ignorance of what should, first of all, be known.

But perhaps I am saying too much. I will only add that the number of native whites in the United States who reach the age of our venerable friend is about one to thirty thousand of the people. Thirty thousand have gone to the grave while he alone has survived.

Adieu for the present my dear old friend and may the Muses and the Graces still attend you for many years of life;—life which so many fill with troubles and then blaspheme this good and beautiful world by calling it "a vale of tears."

Respectfully, L. A. HINE.

DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE.

**An Address Delivered at the Centennial Celebration
of Martin Kellogg's Birthday on Tuesday, Sep-
tember 21st, 1886, at the Kellogg Home-
stead in Bronson, Ohio.**

BY JUDGE C. E. PENNEWELL, OF CLEVELAND.

We have met to-day to congratulate our venerable friend, Mr. Martin Kellogg, upon the happy event of having reached his one hundredth birthday. The event which we commemorate is a remarkable one. In the present age, a human life stretching over an entire century is a rare occurrence. While it is probably true that human life has been lengthening a little during the present century, its usual extreme limit is now about where the author of the 90th Psalm said it was in his day,—“three score and ten years.” Biblical critics tell us that this Psalm was written by Moses. If that is so, we find that the duration of human life, sixteen hundred years before the Christian era, was about the same as now. The continuance of human life much beyond this period, in modern times, has been very exceptional. It is true that history records instances of remarkably long life, some reaching one hundred and thirty-seven years and over, some one hundred and fifty years and more, and one reaching to the extreme age of one hundred and eighty-five years; but each of these instances is the rare exception to the average of man's stay here. It may be said, moreover, that the instances which history mentions of men and women living much

beyond one hundred years are not well authenticated. These instances, recently have been subjected to thorough scrutiny and investigation, and very competent authority now asserts that very few, if any, can be shown where human life has extended beyond one hundred and ten years.

Indeed, the most recent mortality tables show that out of one hundred thousand persons, usually, three only reach the age of 95 years, and the three survivors generally die before reaching one hundred years. Even the case of Old Thomas Parr, who is said to have lived one hundred and fifty-two years, and whose body was dissected by the eminent Dr. Harvey, is said to rest mainly, if not entirely, on hearsay evidence; and the opinion of competent investigators now is that he was not so old a boy, after all, by a great many years, at the time of his death, as has been generally supposed.

No question can be raised, however, as to the age of our esteemed and venerable friend. He knows when and where he was born. He was there when it happened, and has always recollected about it. He has had occasion to tell about it years ago, as well as recently, and we have a record of it in the "Firelands' Pioneer." In fact, the large circle of Mr. Kellogg's immediate friends and acquaintances have had knowledge of his age for many years, and as year after year has been added to his lengthened life it has been noted, talked about and it has become thoroughly known to them all, just how long his journey has been; and it has been a matter of pride and pleasure to see him continue among them a hale, robust and vigorous man. To-day he looks back over the stretch of one hundred years. Such a privilege is accorded to very few men; is an event which deserves to be celebrated, and justifies this large assembly of friends and neighbors from near and far gathered to congratulate the Centennarian, and wish him many happy returns of the day.

Mr. Kellogg was born one hundred years ago to-day, in the little town of Bethel, Windsor county, Vermont. He lived there till June 17, 1815, when, in his 29th year, he started on his journey to the Firelands, where he expected to settle and make his home. He had then a family of wife and two or three children, all of them accompanying him upon a journey which in those days required almost as much time to make as it now does to go around the earth; a journey beset, most of the way, with difficulties and dangers

of such an appalling character as to deter all but the most courageous and stout-hearted from undertaking it. Mr. Kellogg reached the mouth of Huron river, or rather Mr. Avery's farm, a few miles above the mouth of the river, on the 30th of July of the same year. The time consumed in making this journey was forty-four days. From this, however, should be deducted a week, during which the family were delayed at Granville, New York. This delay was occasioned by the birth of a daughter there, to the brave emigrants. This event stopped their march to their new home only six days.

Mr. Kellogg located the next year, on the 17th of June, just one year from the day of leaving his old home in Vermont, on the farm in Bronson township, where he has since lived. Here on the spot where we are now assembled, our venerable friend has lived continuously for seventy years. For this long period, this has been his home without intermission. The instances are rare indeed, where one has made his home in one spot for so long a period. The farm on which he then settled was a dense forest. This was then true of the entire territory comprising the Firelands, with the exception of an occasional small clearing here and there, at long intervals, in some of the townships. In Bronson township, however, where Mr. Kellogg then located, there was but one actual settler, when Mr. Kellogg came here—that was Mr. Newcomb, who had preceded him about one year. Mr. Kellogg was the second settler in this township, and has long survived the first, and very many others who came years after him.

Only three years before Mr. Kellogg was born, our country had emerged from the long, disastrous and exhausting war of the American Revolution—thirteen Colonies held loosely together by the Articles of the Confederation. During the first three years of his life those important measures were adopted which resulted in a more perfect and enduring Union of the States under the Constitution. During the fourth year of his life, on the 30th of April, 1789, General Washington was inaugurated the first President of the United States. Thus Mr. Kellogg has been a citizen of the United States from the formation of its government, and has lived under the administrations of the twenty-two Presidents who have conducted its affairs.

During his infancy our Nation was composed of thirteen States, lying along and near the Atlantic seaboard, embracing a settled area of about two hundred and forty thousand square miles, having

an average breadth of settlement, away from the coast of about two hundred and fifty-five miles, and a total area of eight hundred and twenty-eight thousand square miles, with a population, white and black, of about three millions, five hundred thousand. The aggregate wealth of that period it is difficult to state with any degree of accuracy, as statistics on that subject were not taken by the government until the census of 1850; but it is believed that three hundred and fifty millions of dollars is a fair estimate of the wealth of the country at that day. These figures, surely, are not to be despised, but it was comparatively "the day of small things." We then had no foreign commerce, or very little indeed, and no manufacturing industries of importance. Our people were almost wholly agricultural. But as year after year was added to the life of our friend, so was added, year after year, to our area, population, industries and wealth, so that now, from a Nation of thirteen states, stretching along the Atlantic coast, with the limited area already mentioned, we have expanded, on this, his one hundredth birthday, to the magnificent proportions of thirty-eight states, with territories enough to make ten or fifteen more; with a settled area of one million six hundred thousand square miles, and a total domain, of states and territories, of more than three millions six hundred thousand square miles, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, east and west, and from the British possessions to the Gulf of Mexico, north and south; with a busy and prosperous population of more than fifty-five millions; with industries of almost infinite variety, and with an aggregate wealth in real and personal property, reaching to the enormous sum of more than forty-four billions of dollars. These figures almost startle one—and the wonder increases when we reflect that all this has happened within the period of one man's life time, and is the product of a Nation struggling through a seven years' bloody war, emerging from it with all its private and public resources exhausted; poor and burdened with debt, and rich in nothing but its patriotism, virtue, industry, intelligence, skill and indomitable courage and perseverance. History shows no record of growth in material prosperity at all approaching this. In 1880 the United States, in the value of its property, had overtaken and passed Great Britain, till then the richest Nation on the globe. Our aggregate valuation that year exceeded that of Great Britain by over one hundred and eighty millions of dollars.

In the last half of Mr. Kellogg's life time, the facilities for

rapid transit have been so increased and perfected that the journey which he made seventy years ago from Bethel, Vermont, to the Huron river,—and which doubtless he made as rapidly as he could, in about thirty-seven days,—can now be made in less than that many hours, and that, too, with ease, comfort and pleasure, while the traveler takes his meals and goes to bed in the very conveyance which brings him on his way.

The facilities for international communication have so increased during the last half of his life time, that one may leave New York to-day and steam around the world in almost the time it took Mr. Kellogg to reach his new home on the Firelands, after leaving his old one in Vermont, in June, 1815. Steam locomotion has done all this, and what other wonders it will do before our friend shall depart from us, it is not safe to predict.

And now, in his very last years, electricity has come forward and taught us how, instantly, to communicate our thoughts and wishes to the most distant places of the earth, how to converse as easily with friends a thousand miles away from us as if they were sitting by our side, and how, by simply passing it through carbon points, to give us light at night almost as bright as the sun does by day—and promising in the near future to crowd steam off cars and ships, and out of shops and factories, and take its place as the universal motive power in all industries where steam is now used.

One of the pleasures of old age is a retrospect of the past—tracing one's own, his friends' and his country's history during the years he has lived—and, certainly, our esteemed friend has abundant material for a pleasant and instructive retrospect. If it concerns himself personally, he can trace a virtuous, blameless, industrious, studious, useful and prosperous life, blessed by a kind Providence with uninterrupted health and vigor, living in a community for the long period of seventy years, where he has been universally respected, honored and loved. The beautiful sentiment of Tully in his *Essay on Old Age* is applicable to our honored friend—"The fittest arms of old age are the attainment and practice of the virtues, which, if cultivated at every period of life, produce wonderful fruit, when you have lived to a great age; not only inasmuch as they never fail, not even in the last period of life, but also because the consciousness of a life well spent, and the recollection of many virtuous actions is most delightful."

If our friend takes in retrospect the history of this country during the long period he has lived—its political progress, territorial aggrandizement, material prosperity, industrial development and its moral and religious advancement, he can but find abundant sources of pleasure, instruction and profit with which to occupy the leisure hours of his declining years.

And now, in common with you all, I congratulate our esteemed and venerable friend on this auspicious day, and, with you all, wish that he may remain and spend with us yet many happy years.

A CENTURY, AND WHAT IT HAS WROUGHT.

**An Address delivered at the Centennial Celebration
of Martin Kellogg's Birthday on Tuesday, Sep-
tember 21st, 1886, at the Kellogg Home-
stead in Bronson, Ohio.**

BY S. A. WILDMAN, ESQ., OF NORWALK, O.

As astronomers, appalled by the magnitude of the distance from star to star, cease to speak of miles, and tell instead how many years it will take to fly from Polaris or the Pleiades to our system, so, while we measure a man's life by years, we measure the great world-eras by another scale, and say that this is the nineteenth century.

But here is a man whose life is measured by one of these world units! Here is a life whose flame has been kept burning for a round hundred years! A life which reaches back to the days when Washington was in his prime. Less than seven such lives span the distance between us and the time of King John and Magna Charta; eleven of them carry us back to King Egbert, Charlemagne and Haroun al Raschid, mighty history-makers of a historic time; and nineteen of them reach the days of the first Caesars and the wondrous Preacher of Palestine.

This last century of the world's life, has been one of marvelous activity, and as half a year of Europe, with its intelligent progress, is better than a cycle of Cathay, so it is a grander privilege to have lived from the eighteenth century over into the last quarter

of the nineteenth, than to have lived through an ordinary millennium of the world's history.

We rarely appreciate the value of that which is close to us; and we shall not over estimate the importance of the time in which we live.

Says Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh:

"Every age,
Thro' being beheld too close, is ill discerned,
By those who have not lived past it. We'll suppose
Mount Athos carved, as Persian Xerxes schemed,
To some colossal statue of a man:
The peasants, gathering brushwood in his ear,
Had guessed as little of any human form
Up there, as would a flock of browsing goats.
They'd have, in fact, to travel ten miles off,
Or ere the giant image broke on them,
Full human profile, nose and chin distinct,
Mouth muttering rhythms of silence up the sky,
And fed at evening with the blood of suns;
Grand torso—hand, that flung perpetually
The largesse of a silver river down
To all the country pastures. 'Tis even thus
With times we live in—evermore too great
To be apprehended near."

A writer in a foreign review, with clear vision, thus recognizes the real grandeur of our age:

"If the sense of wonder in civilized man has not been wholly destroyed, we cannot doubt that this age in which we live will be looked back upon by our children's children as more replete with wonders than any which the world's history has hitherto recorded."

But despite the marvelous events of the century, we can derive no high satisfaction from their contemplation, unless a critical study of them leads to the conclusion that they have made the world a wiser and better one at the end of the century than at its beginning.

The upward evolution of humanity thro' the ages, if it can be proved, is to my mind one of the surest evidences of the beneficence of God. The sorrows and sins of the world, without some such token of divine goodness, might otherwise cause the saddest doubts.

What has the century wrought?

Has it wrought anything of lasting worth? Has there been a progress? Has the change which we have noticed been like the changing surface of the sea, which tosses its turbulent waves into ever varying forms, but keeps its boundaries substantially un-

changed from age to age; or has it been like the onward march of a glacier, chiseling its own roadway across a continent?

If we look only at those inventions and discoveries which have conduced to the material comfort of men, we shall unhesitatingly answer that our condition is a long advance beyond that of our fathers. Let me borrow for a moment the eloquent words of another, looking not back so far as the birthday of the aged man whom we to-day delight to honor, but glancing over some of the changes of the nineteenth century:

"The man born with this century, has been an eye witness to the sublimest achievements of the race. When seven years old he might have seen Fulton's steamboat on its trial trip up the Hudson. Until twenty years of age he could not have found in all this world an iron plow. At thirty he might have traveled on the first railway passenger train. Fifty years later the world had 225,000 miles of railway. For thirty-three years of his life he had to rely on the tinder-box and flint for fire. He was thirty-eight when steam communication between Europe and America was established. He was at life's meridian, forty-four, when the first telegraph dispatch was sent. Thirty-six years later the world had 604,000 miles of telegraph lines. He was seventy years of age before electricity dispelled the darkness of the city, or bore the human voice through the telephone."

All these material improvements have been seen by the man of the nineteenth century; and we realize that there are other changes and many of them which must be remembered by the man whose boyhood was lived in the eighteenth.

But it is a recital of material changes only which I have quoted, and if the world can show nothing better, it is not yet time to boast.

It behooves us to remember that the days of the Roman Empire were replete with physical comforts and luxuries undreamed of in the earlier times of republican simplicity; but with the growth of luxury grew also vice and crime, until the nation, weakened by selfish indulgence, fell an easy prey to a hardier, freer, ruder, but better race of men.

Reading such lessons, written in the history of nations, Byron gloomily wrote:

"Here is the moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past.
First freedom and then glory; when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption; barbarism at last,
And history, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but one page."



Warned by such example and such words not to felicitate ourselves too hastily upon the seeming amelioration of man's condition during the century, let us study the changes which have been wrought, and cautiously say what they signify.

Let us group into classes the almost innumerable facts which characterize the age in which we live. The hand of time, working ceaselessly for a hundred years, if guided by divine intelligence, ought not only to bring bodily comforts to man, to give him better roads and houses, better food and clothes, but to mould and develop man himself, in body, mind and soul. While our eyes have been upon the weaving of the garment, has the living being who is to wear it when woven, increased in stature and strength?

Have we been blind to a growth of real importance, while we have rejoiced and glorified our age over a building up of externals?

The nineteenth century, like the Theban Sphinx, propounds to us the riddle for our solution.

Man seems to be a physical, mental and moral trinity, and in his physical, mental and moral attributes, we may with wisdom search for changes wrought by time, and determine their value.

Beginning with the lowest of the three, and comparing the physical man of the nineteenth century with the one of the eighteenth, our question whether man has gained or lost, is echoed back to us by those who cling regretfully to the past, and believe in the "good old times" rather than in better new ones.

Have the luxuries of the age and its indoor life added to man's health and strength? Were not the pioneer days, with their simple food and steady toil, productive of better lungs and stronger muscles?

A hasty answer to the last query will be an affirmative one; but all eighteenth century life was not an out-of-door existence, with pure air, invigorating exercise and wholesome food. City and town had their denizens as well as farm and forest. There were brain-toilers as well as hand-workers then as now. A solution of the sphinx riddle will not be found if we make not a wider study than of our own narrow land. It is a world problem, and so understanding it, and studying by the light of statistical research, a gladder response comes to our questioning, and, I trust, a truer one. The improved surgical and medical skill, better methods of ventilation, wiser hygiene, more thorough drainage, and greater physiological knowledge, are all adding to the average duration of human

life, until I am told that the Carlisle tables of mortality, on which life insurance companies have based their expectancies of results, are at fault, and need to be corrected to conform to the longer lives of nineteenth century men and women.

The more wealthy and highly civilized a nation becomes, the longer do its people live, until the average annual mortality is said to be only two and one-half per cent. of the population of England, while it reaches three and one-half per cent. in ruder and semi-barbarian Russia.

Peradventure, in a still wiser age, our children will not marvel when a man survives the weathers of a century, and it shall no longer be said, "The days of our years are three score years and ten," but the prophecy of Isaiah may find fulfillment: "There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days; for the child shall die a hundred years old."

Mind, in a well organized man, out ranks and rules body. Mind is the noble, body plebeian. Mind is man, body animal. When therefore, we question the age a second time, and ask whether the brain-toiling nineteenth century has developed mind as well as body, it is with pride and joy that we hear the answer, voiced back to us in a hundred affirmatives, without one misgiving.

Surely it is an age of intellectual progress. Never from the foundation of the world and the creation of man has there been a day of such general enlightenment as this, and tomorrow will bring new rays.

It is a time of practical intelligence. The scholars of the eighteenth century cherished the classics of the ancients, and clung to Latin and Greek; but I err if we do not utilize the dead languages more in the enrichment and construction of our own living one, while we may read them less.

In sculpture and painting and architecture, the artists of to-day assuredly excel those of the last century, and it may well be doubted whether, if we remove from our eyes the glamour caused by reverence for antiquity, we shall not recognize in Europe and America more than one living peer of the Athenian Phidias and the Italian Angelo.

The age is marked, however, not so much by growth in art as in the sciences of nature.

The practical uses of the giant forces of the universe have con-

verted man's masters into his obedient slaves, making the century first an age of steam; and now, as electricity plays in man's hands, obeying his will, a very age of lightning.

There are a thousand Jupiters, handling thunder bolts, in this Olympian nineteenth century!

Amazed at the miraculous power of his own divine intellect, which has harnessed steam to the wheels of his factories, and lighted his lamps by the lightning, it would almost seem as if man might without temerity begin to dream of subjugating the tornado, the earthquake and the volcano to his uses!

The nineteenth century astronomer measures the distance from star to star; he places Saturn and Uranus in his scales and weighs them; he takes Sirius and Arcturus in to his laboratory and analyzes their substance; so much iron, so much sodium, so much magnesium. He turns a camera toward the sky, and photographs unnamed stars, so distant that the telescope cannot find them.

The nineteenth century geographer points out to the one of the eighteenth, the sources of the Nile, and converts a "Great American Desert" into a land of marvelous fertility.

The historian of the nineteenth century studies peoples and races instead of dynasties, and bringing philosophical research to his aid, learns more of ancient Greece than Herodotus knew, and more of ancient Rome than Livy did.

The scientist of to-day discovers new sciences. The ethnologist studies and compares the races of men, and the philologist their languages, teaching us our cousinship to the ancient Sanskrit writers of India, whose ancestors dwelt in mid Asia, in the same hovels with our own.

Our fathers of the eighteenth century were farmers, but even in the tillage of the soil we could give them lessons, taught by the science of these latter days, and to better skill we have added better implements of husbandry.

The wizard of the century has touched with his magic wand the sickle and the flail, and transformed them into the reaper and the thrasher, with horse and steam for motors.

War was the trade of the ancients, but even in this chosen field of the centuries gone, the inventive genius of our own has found resources before undreamed of. Ships, clad with iron a foot thick; Krupp cannon, sixty tons in weight, hurling projectiles of cast steel or chilled iron by the half ton miles through the air;

Gatling guns, firing thirteen hundred balls a minute; a signal service, speaking a language whose words are flags; reconnoissances by balloons from the clouds; these are the modern arts and appliances of war, by which an American gunboat could sink a Roman navy, and a modern regiment put to rout a Macedonian phalanx or a Roman legion.

If the man of this living century is fertile in warlike resources, he is richer still in the appliances of peace. Teeming patent offices tell the story of teeming brains and patient hearts.

I have no time for the most meager catalogue of the myriad inventions by which toil is lightened and the productive power of human labor increased.

Every town—every hamlet—has its inventor whose intellect is bearing hard night and day on the problem how to better the condition of the race. Greece had but one Archimedes; America has ten thousand.

This marvelous intellect of the century has found its nurture in the freedom of thinking permitted by modern law. The pulpit, the forum and the press have no censorship, and the mind is becoming less burdened by conventional customs, habits and fashions of thought, the almost worn out garb of centuries past.

Has not *Oedipus* read for us two lines of the sphinx riddle? The third line, which is the last, is harder of solution.

The two fractions of the trinity man, body and mind, may have thriven and grown in this hundred-paged chapter of his life; but if his soul has not thriven and grown as well, we may sadly, despairingly throw down the book we are reading, and say that the author designs the story for a tragedy, despite all our fond hopes of a happy ending.

What says the riddle reader? Is the nineteenth century to be the breeder of a brood of long-lived, bright-minded but soulless men, or is it to be the cherishing mother of a nobler race to come?

Is our age a round in a ladder pointed heavenward, or is it a slippery stair in a gloomy descent to the ruin of a race?

What has the century wrought in the way of moral development? What says the riddle reader?

The hasty reader emphasizes the crimes and vices of the day; the fierce struggles between capital and labor; the lawless harangues of anarchists inciting to riot and murder; the outrages by dynamiters, imperiling lives and property; the heartlessness of the rich

and the wretchedness of the poor; the disproportionate increase of city population with all its vicious elements; the growing consumption of malt drink, and a thousand more ills, real or apparent; and, so reading, renders a hasty verdict, convicting the age.

But *Œdipus*, the riddle expounder, takes the book, and reads between the lines:

Society is no more vicious than a century ago, and crimes are not so numerous; but hundred-eyed Argus has been re-born in a daily press, and discloses crime and vice where a hundred years ago it lurked unseen. There are more philanthropists among the rich, and more almshouses and hospitals to relieve the miseries of the poor, now than then. The riots of St. Louis and Chicago are not comparable in extent and destructive violence to the kindred riots of Roman times, or to that great one, wherein, a century ago, a mob of sixty thousand turbulent men carried fire, devastation and murder through the streets of London. If there are men who handle dynamite, it is only because they know its power. The Guy Fawkes of another age would have used it in his mad endeavor to blow up the house of parliament, if the inventive mind of the nineteenth century had been his. True, cities are growing faster than farms, and the vicious elements of society there congregate; but there also are the drilled police forces and associations of detectives organized as never before; true, in our own land there is an increased consumption of malt drink; but to our shores, through all the century, have been migrating the people of central Europe, to whom malt liquors are a daily beverage. Even among these comers to our hospitable land, the teachings of abstainers are taking root, and among native Americans the drink habit seems to be rapidly passing away.

Œdipus reads on where the hasty reader laid down the book. Slavery, what of it?

In the century past, a man could lawfully be robbed of his honest toil in sight of Plymouth Rock; a family could be separated at the auction block, and a husband sent to the tobacco plantations of Virginia, while his wife was dragged to the cotton fields of Carolina.

A moral sentiment, divinely but invisibly and silently sown in some philanthropic heart, grew in power and multiplied in other hearts, until the whole nation was its fruitful field. A war came, which, like an earthquake, shook the foundations of our govern-

ment, and the captives were freed from their bondage. To-day every toiler except the convicted felon is entitled by law to the wages of his work.

Another moral thought, by divine hand planted in some unknown brain joined to a tender heart, germinated, grew, bore fruit abundantly, and now there are bands of good men and better women in every civilized land, organized in an endeavor to destroy the drink habit. From small beginnings they have become a mightier power than we are apt to dream. Little by little they are leavening the opinion of the world, moulding the laws, shaping the fashions of society, until the time is bright with promise that their dream of ultimate success will be realized.

Although so armed for war and so apt in warlike arts, the man of the century, beginning to feel the softening influences of the gentle teachings published for him so long ago by the Preacher on the mount, studies to avoid war. By shrewd diplomacy, the modern statesman seeks an honorable peace, and resorts to every argument before unsheathing the sword.

A verdict for fifteen millions of dollars, rendered in a court of nations, at Geneva, paid honorably and promptly without any threat of force, paid by one of the mightiest of the nations, is a moral triumph and an evidence of moral progress, such as the world in all its chronicles never read before.

In another century, pilgrims who had sought upon a bleak coast of Massachusetts, "freedom to worship God," themselves intolerant of dissenting opinion, banished Roger Williams, in mid-winter, into an inhospitable wilderness, because he dared to indulge in some originality of thought. To-day, Christian and Pagan, Jew and Gentile, enjoy the equal protection of the law. Thought is unshackled, and a man may freely wear or cast off his own opinions, instead of having a creed locked upon him while another man holds the key.

Mercy, dropping "as the gentle rain from Heaven," has come to soften the rigors of the law in this nineteenth century, and as penalty for crime has become lighter, it has become surer. In Blackstone's day the laws of England recognized one hundred and sixty offenses, punishable by death, and courts and juries grew technical in their reluctance to convict.

In this imperfect catalogue of the salient facts of the century,

touching the moral development of man, let not the momentous, if generally peacefully revolutions of Europe, elude our notice.

A century ago the American colonies had freed themselves from British dominion. Britain herself already had a government in which the people through a house of parliament helped to make their laws. Inspired by such examples, during the present century, the people of continental Europe began to realize their power and right to govern themselves. There were mutterings of discontent, encroachments upon claimed kingly prerogatives, and now there are only two absolute despotisms left in Europe. Every other nation has its representative body drawn from the people, walling in the throne with limitations which king or emperor cannot pass.

Russia, the vast and the mighty, still permits her Czar to rule the seventy millions of his subjects with an iron scepter; but the hand which holds it trembles at the thought that the dynamite and the dagger of the nihilist are very near the throne; while, south of the Danube, the modern Greek, remembering the glories of his race, and imbued with an intelligent love of liberty, is rapidly arming himself for the overthrow of the other European despot, the sultan of Turkey.

Thus, if tediously, still very cursorily, I have glanced at a few indications of what I believe to be the moral no less than the physical and intellectual work wrought by the century.

Rendering all honor to the fathers who found a wilderness to clear away where we have found a garden to delight and enrich us, revering the memories of the men who nobly toiled for the substantial happiness of generations unborn, recognizing the sureness of the foundations laid by the pioneer builders, on which younger artisans are rearing the magnificent structure of the nineteenth century, let us still not detract from the merit of the work which the man whose birthday we commemorate, has seen wrought in these last years; and may we cherish an abiding faith that when the divine Architect and Builder shall have finished his edifice, in what year of the world we know not, it shall not be found lacking in perfect strength and symmetry, from loftiest turret to deepest foundation stone.

A FEW RECOLLECTIONS OF MY BOYHOOD.

Written for the Celebration of Martin Kellogg's One Hundredth
Birthday, September 21, 1886

BY DR. D. H. BECKWITH, OF CLEVELAND, O.

It would be a strange neglect of a beautiful and approved custom of this society, if one whose head is now silvered with age, did not offer a few words at the annual gathering of this pioneer and historical organization, when called upon to do so.

For many years past this society has held its annual sessions, at which time the members have paid tribute to the dead, and gathered facts that may have transpired, that will, in the future be of value historically. It has been a social reunion, a reunion of old friends and neighbors; what happy gatherings there must be when warm hearts meet, and neighbors join in this fond holiday.

But to-day we come to hold communion with one that has been on earth One Hundred Years. But few men reach that age at the present time. Old age marks the man at from 75 to 80 years; his life from that time is decidedly uncertain, and his expectancy is short. I knew Martin Kellogg over fifty years ago; he used moderation in every respect at all times, which is the best thing on earth to produce longevity. A certain mediocrity in a man's life reveals the great secret of reaching old age. All extremes must be avoided in order to prolong life. A certain degree of cultivation of the intellectual organs as well as the physical system is necessary, in order to reach old age.

The regular habits, the studies engaged in, the books read,

the out door work, the pleasure of his friends and family, his religious and political belief, with the sanitary surroundings of his beautiful farm has enabled my old friend to mark his one hundredth birthday, and a bright prospect exists that he may be enabled to celebrate several more birthday anniversaries. The pleasures of a home, with its cheerful surroundings, make life more bearable, and the years pass swiftly around. No idler ever attained old age, and but few instances are on record (In fact I might say none,) where a bachelor reached an advanced period in life. It is a rare occurrence, indeed, for one of this class to attain the age of my friend, C. B. Stickney, Esq.

Fifty years ago I attended school just over these woods; the same stream just below glides and trickles down over stones and pebbles; there stand the margins of the same old woods, but thinned by the axe; the same range of green hills yonder, tolerant of culture to the tops, then shaded by tall forest trees, on whose crest the last of sunset lingered. The same nature is here, undecayed, unchanged. But with him how different; the bright and sparkling eye, the firm elastic step, the auburn hair have all yielded to the ravages of time.

For twenty-three years much of my life was spent on a farm only a few rods from here. Mr. Kellogg's cornfields were in range of the cooning district, his watermelon patches produced the best of fruits, his apples, pears and peaches were pronounced by the boys of that age, the finest in the neighborhood.

At that time he was a model farmer, and a good horticulturist; he had the best library in the township, and wrote an even round hand, which it was my highest ambition to imitate. He was the greatest reader and the best informed man on history, political economy, biography and the various sciences, in this locality; he was always free to impart his knowledge and discuss any topic of the day, be it politics, science or religion.

His library was open to those who wished to peruse its contents. I thanked him for the use of his books then; and now, after the lapse of many years, I again thank him for his kindness to me when a school-boy. I remember him as a man endowed by nature with the noblest of qualities; generous, honest, true to his friends, a loving husband, a kind and noble hearted father. He loved that which was good, and hated evil.

His religion was not a popular one at that time, but he so

lived that no one could say aught against him. That lake of brimstone which was to burn to all eternity a portion of mankind, did not harmonize with his views and sentiments as to what a Heavenly Father should be. He has lived to see that theory and belief in the religious world discarded and obsolete from every intelligent church in the civilized world.

He has lived to see progress and reform that in his early days he could not have dreamed of. He investigated all scientific subjects with care and sound judgment; despised not new things, but was ready to receive them if they accorded with his views.

When a young physician, with not a dollar in my purse, his family was among my first patients, that gave me aid and assistance in introducing a system of medicine, not only new in this locality, but comparatively new in all parts of the world. He has lived to see the reform in medicine adopted in every city on the globe.

It has given me pleasure, Mr. President, to leave the work of the day in other hands and meet with some of my school-day friends, near the place where I was born, and pay a slight tribute to, and grasp by the hand, him who was my friend an half century ago.

PRESENTATION OF AN EASY CHAIR.

The Following Speech was Made at the Kellogg Centennial Celebration, in Presenting a Handsome Easy Chair to Martin Kellogg, the Centenarian, as a Gift from the Firelands Historical Society,

BY L. C. LAYLIN, ESQ., OF NORWALK.

Father Kellogg:

Before we proceed further with the interesting program arranged for this happy occasion, I desire to address you in a few words of greeting. I do not speak for myself alone.

Try, sir, to gather in you recollection, if you can, all the familiar faces of your pioneer brethren, who, like you, have in the providence of God, lived till this good hour. It is in their behalf I come. I speak, too, for their sons and daughters, whose homes are scattered so thickly around where once stood the lonely cabin of the settler.

In the name of all the members of the Firelands Historical Society, present and absent, I congratulate you on this centennial anniversary of your birth.

One hundred years of existence in the pioneer states of our young Republic means more than I have either the time or the ability to express.

How many and how sublimely grand have been the triumphs of science and art!

Customs and ceremonies of your young manhood are now unknown; while the forms and faces of your earlier companions exist only in your memory of them.

But you have lived on—on through the mighty revolutions wrought by the hand of time, until the great circle of your years has unenclosed the conflicts and achievements of more than three generations.

Once cherished and honored by the neighbors and friends who long since crossed the dark river, you are now honored and loved no less by those who gather around you to-day.

For long years you have been an active and zealous member of our Society. In every way in your power you have contributed to its welfare and sought the accomplishment of its mission. Ever since the organization of their Society in May, 1857, the pioneers of the firelands have recognized you as a trusted leader, whose wise counsels and active efforts have at all times been freely given and gratefully appreciated.

With these thoughts of gratitude and with joy in our hearts, we come to your home to greet you on this glad occasion. All who are here and many who are not here would gladly take your hand, to-day, and bid you God speed.

And now, Father Kellogg, in behalf of the officers and members of the Firelands Historical Society, I present you with a slight token of their remembrance and kind regard.

This easy chair, so suggestive of rest, and comfort, and peace, they now give you, and with it they express the earnest wish that you may be spared yet many years; and that whenever your weary body shall seek rest on this chair, the memory of your past may bring you comfort, your thoughts of the present may be peaceful, and your visions of the future may be hopeful and bright.

CONGRATULATORY LETTERS.

From the Rev. and Mrs. I. W. Hathaway. Read by Mr. S. F. Newman.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Sept. 17, 1886.

Dear Uncle Kellogg:

Prevented from being permitted to assist in the celebration of the Centennial event of the 21st, I am constrained to send my congratulations. But what can I say, and avoid saying that which will be said (and said so much better than I can say it,) lest by alliteration you shall be wearied.

No doubt Centennial, Century, Centenarian, Centurial, &c., with all their terminal prefixes and suffixes will be sung in all their changes *ad nauseum*.

To you will be recited in poetry and song the history of an hundred years. How, contemporaneous with *your years* has marched the civilization of the 19th century. How, westward the star of empire has moved. How the infant republic of America has become the envy or the admiration of the world, and the load star among the nations. How shackles have been struck from the limbs and from the minds and the consciences of men. How the watch-word of "Liberty" has become and is becoming a realized fact, and the Statue of Liberty, is America enlightning the world. How the prognostications of the Patriarch Job, are historical and actual: "Canst thou send lightning that they may go and say unto thee, Here we are?" "And the rocks poured me out rivers of oil." All this and much more will be sung and read you, that you will hardly care to have reiterated by one whom you hardly know, but who feels honored in being permitted to address you as

uncle, by reason of the kind Providence that allowed him to marry a little woman who was a niece of the good woman you married. So we say, "God bless the women." What could we do without them. What would *we* have done without them.

I wonder whether any among those who will send their greetings to-day will remember them, and whether among all the elements conducive to long life women will be counted an ingredient. Shades of mother Eve forbid that this occasion shall pass without a voice being raised for her, that she may have her part in this "Centurial Jubilee." Say what we will, we cannot get a start in life without her.

Of all the forces productive of the mighty changes of the century, the most potent are found in both the Cen-tripetal and Cen-trifugal force of woman in human society. Both in their attractions and repulsions they move the world. By them families are Cen-triated—and the Kelloggs have been Cen-triplicated, for all of which we gratefully remember her and ascribe to her a proud place in this Centurial Jubilee. To all the friends gathered please convey our greetings; may heaven smile on that day, and may you, "Sainted Father," receive the benedictions of a kind Providence that shall grant you still further years in the flesh, and then an abundant entrance into the home of the redeemed, where centuries are days and life knows no end.

Yours in fraternal greeting and Christian love,

REV. AND MRS. I. W. HATHAWAY.

From the Rev. Myron Breckenridge. Read by Hon. F. R. Loomis.

NORWALK, O., September 21, 1886.

To the venerable and worthy citizen of Bronson, Martin Kellogg, and to his associates, this day assembled, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of his birth—Greeting:

For ninety years and some months, I have followed after this Centenarian without any nearer approach; for the events of the past are so keenly cut in the records of time, that they cannot be changed. I am a kind of a second edition of pioneer and have passed through some of the scenes remembered by those who led the way.

Although many experiences have been severe and afflicting,

yet the recollection of the past will no doubt be cheering and refreshing to these pilgrims of the West. They were brave and honest seekers after new homes for themselves and their families.

To fell the mighty forests and let the sunlight fall on virgin soil, that it might yield to them the necessities of life; to light down on the broad prairie, build a little shanty and thrust in the plow where the end of the furrow could hardly be imagined, required steadfastness of purpose, hope of success, and faith in God.

These brave and hardy pioneers have opened to their successors a country not surpassed by any on earth. They have builded cities, extended townships, enacted laws, established courts of justice to protect the innocent and punish the guilty; and while these laws are duly executed we shall remain a useful, a happy, and a united people.

But our descendants have two very important questions to grapple with; the one, Intemperance, that has cursed our nation and other nations of the earth, more than anything else. The other, the corruption of the *ballot box*, an important factor in our national affairs.

To recognize the God of Abraham as our God, and Christianity as our religion, gives us, in my judgment, the only assurance of success and prosperity in the future.

Yours fraternally, MYRON BRECKENRIDGE.

From Mayor F. Wickham, of Norwalk. Read by L. C. Laylin, Esq.

NORWALK, O., September 21, 1886.

Dear Brother, Martin Kellogg:

Allow me to congratulate you on this, the one hundredth anniversary of your birthday.

You and your friends have looked forward to this day with solicitude, hoping that you would reach it, as you have.

Unlike the vegetable century plant which blossoms but once in 100 years, your life has bloomed each year with the beauty and fragrance of Christian virtues and graces, till you can look back over the century upon a life well spent.

I had hoped to meet you in person on this eventful day, but our Heavenly Father has ordered otherwise.

Receive my best wishes for your continued good health; and that the remainder of your life may pass sweetly and peacefully along to its close, is the desire of your friend,

F. WICKHAM.

A FEW OLD TIME PICTURES.

A Poem Prepared for the Firelands Historical Society, and Recited by its Author at the 31st Annual Meeting of the Society held on the Fair Grounds, in Norwalk, O., June 15, 1887.

BY T. F. WILSON, M. D., PROFESSOR IN THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have ventured to bring before you at this hour for your inspection, "A Few Old Time Pictures." You will, I am sure, appreciate their value when I inform you that they are pictures painted by "the old masters,"—at least by the oldest masters I could find. They were made to order and paid for by the square yard. The colors are fast and warranted not to run; whether the audience will run or not I do not yet know.

They are not on cloth, but as soon as they are published and agents can be employed, they will be duly canvassed.

They are a sort of an odd mixture of poetry and paint. That which you see in them is due to paint, the rest is poetry—the poetry predominates. I showed them to an intimate friend and asked him if he thought the citizens of Norwalk would be likely to hang them in the new Historical Rooms? Said he, "if they don't hang you before you get through with them, you may consider yourself lucky." I said to him in reply—but no matter what I said. His words of warning had no effect upon me, and so I bring before you my picture gallery.

INTRODUCTION.

1.—The Fair City.

Embosomed in this boundless teeming west,
 The land by daring pioneers possessed,
 Where scarce a generation's time ago,
 The Indian chased his game o'er fields of snow;
 Where mighty forests shook their stalwart forms,
 And bade defiance to the winter's storms,
 Here, like a bride with jewels all bedight,
 Stands a fair city in her beauty bright,
 Queen of the plains that stretch for leagues afar,
 The world hath crowned thee as the Evening Star!
 And thy fair fame hath spread through distant lands,
 Making renowned the place where Norwalk stands.

2.—The Old Time Boys and Girls.

Thy sons and daughters, reared with love and care,
 Though grown to woman and to manhood fair,
 And scattered wide through distant lands and climes,
 Have not forgotten thee; nor, those glad times,
 When on thy streets, beneath thy ample shade,
 Or on the village green they daily played;
 And fought and bled behind their mimic fort,
 Or roamed the ambient fields in search of sport;
 The girls with dolls in gorgeous colors trim,
 The boys regaling in their daily swim;
 Now chasing through the streets the frightened herds
 Now catching butterflies or stoning birds;
 Or, altogether, in a crowd they ran
 To see the monkey and the organ man.
 Nor will they likely soon forget the school;
 The master with his rod, and dunce's stool;
 The weary hours that filled the tiresome day,
 And spent for naught but wearing seats away;
 With aching heads they even now recall
 The tasks that did their youthful hearts appall,
 And joy to think, how oft they truant played;
 Or else they boldly, feigned excuses made,
 To get without the schoolroom's dingy wall,
 And, unmolested, play with top and ball.
 O, bliss unmeasured, when the glad hour came,
 That school was out, and ready for the game,
 Each pupil dropped his hated slate and book,
 And cut himself *sans ceremonie* took.

Nor will they e'er forget, while life shall last,
 Each lovely girl, whose form in beauty cast,
 Whose winsome smile and locks of sunny hair,
 Captured the heart and drove it to despair.
 Her only equal was each splendid boy,
 Whose glance filled many a girlish heart with joy;
 Whose precious private billet doux received,
 Full oft the Master's wary eye deceived,
 And though the gods were on ambrosia fed,

'Twas naught compared with riding on his sled.
 'Tis well, that youthful hearts are made of stuff
 Elastic, else the first severe rebuff,
 Had left them in a thousand pieces broke,
 Sad victims of some wanton lover's stroke.
 Those boys and girls, now to full stature grown,
 Are like the fragments of a whirlwind, strown.
 Go where you will, o'er the whole compass round,
 Some child of dear old Norwalk may be found.
 To such, no prouder moment can befall,
 Than when he hears his native city call,
 For, like Lord Whittington, he thinks perchance,
 He may her glory share, or weal advance.
 So, when she beckons with her friendly hand,
 He glad obedience yields to her command.
 Such, then, is my excuse, it need there be,
 To keep from egotistic flavor free,
 My words and acts on this eventful day,
 "And smooth the even tenor of my way."

Ah! what a joyous thought, that we who live,
 Can tokens of our love and reverence give
 To those grand souls who broke the virgin soil;
 Who bailed for us an empire by their toil;
 Beat down obstructions with titanic blows,
 "And made the desert blossom as the rose."
 All honor to the glorious dead, who sleep
 In graves where loving hearts their vigils keep!
 I too can amply share the general joy;
 For am I not a Huron county boy?
 Have I forgot, that the first breath I drew,
 Was in a quaint log cabin in Peru?
 That there I learned to read my A B C,
 And write and cipher to the rule of three?
 That there I spent my early boyhood life?
 There fell in love, and found a loving wife?
 To this, no doubt, I owe your kind request;
 And here I stand to answer your behest.

You bid me speak: and you might well suppose,
 I would express myself in sober prose,
 That, grown to years when sound discretion rules,
 I'd scarce employ the language of the schools;
 Or write my story in such lines as pass
 For poetry, among the Freshmen class.

3.—The Old Seminary.

Know then, where yonder High School rears its dome,
 Another building stood: the dear old home,
 For many a decade long since passed away,
 Of scores of boys and girls, (ah! grown gray)
 Who sought within those seminary walls,
 To catch some drop that from Parnassus falls;
 Who feasted with Olympian gods by day,

But gave at night their taste for tricks full play.
 There, led by Hector and Achilles bold,
 I fought their wars and heard their stories told.
 'Twas there I sat with Virgil, reading late,
 How poor Æneas fled from Juno's hate;
 How faithful Orpheus with his golden lyre
 Snatched his beloved spouse from hades' fire.
 And so, with Homer seeking deathless fame.
 Alack! I caught the sentimental flame.
 Some old "Reflectors," dim with dust and age,
 Will find my lines embosomed in their page.
 When Gideon held his awful sceptre there,
 I often crept upon him unaware,
 My lines incog, his favor dared to seek,
 And lo! they were in print the following week.

Some vandal hand has torn our temple down;
 Gone are our teachers with their books and gown;
 Gone the good Chaplain, who, with faith and prayer,
 Laid its foundations with discernment rare;
 The saintly Thompson, whose fine, classic mold,
 And finished thought, the perfect scholar told;
 Gone, Holden Dwight, a pure and noble man,
 A faithful leader ever in the van,
 Who wisely guided every trusting youth,
 Who sought from him to find the path of truth;
 And the grand, erudite and courteous Hall,
 From whose pure lips could only wisdom fall:
 The facile, nervous, energetic Pratt,
 A splendid teacher, though an autocrat;
 And Hutchins, full of ancient Grecian fire,
 And dauntless courage which no work could tire,
 The last man of a noble race of men;
 I fear we'll never see their like again;
 To us, who at their feet did wisdom gain,
 Peerless they are and ever will remain.

One other light this constellation bore,
 Whose modest ways shone many a pupil o'er;
 He had not planetary rank nor fame,
 He had the *lehrer geist*—the teacher flame;
 The inspiration which we rarely find,
 That fills and permeates the pupil's mind.
 And though he was but satellite in fact,
 Honor and truth graced Newman's every act.

There was another whom I will not name:
 He was ambitious, and he sought for fame;
 And he was nothing loath to try his power
 In teaching rhetoric each day an hour.
 And still he lives, though, on "Commencement Day,"
 When he his class presented for display,
 The dread "Committee" said, in word and deed,
 "This fellow can't teach pupils how to read."

THE FIRELANDS PIONEER.

'Tis well, in time, their names have passed away,
Else would I be avenged on them this day.

But let us not forget one noble man;
Nor teacher he, nor pupil. His, the plan,
To make that infant school what it should be;
A giant tree of knowledge fruitful, free;
Wisdom's true temple filled with golden grains;
Endowed by wealth and what is more by brains,
Who knows the early seminary days,
But gladly speaks in Harry O. Sheldon's praise?
The tireless, hopeful self-assured man,
Whose heart and purse were ever in the plan;
And in her darkest hour and sorest need,
He was the seminary's friend—in deed.

But why should we lament the past in vain?
That which we have, cannot be loss, but gain;
A matchless present, all aglow with gifts
Of sunlight, shining through the rifts
Of clouds that melt and slowly pass away,
Before the perfect light of Coming Day,
Each hour and generation serves it own,
Along the path where Progress moves, are strown
The shattered remnants of the ages gone.
Still, in its proud career the world moves on
And bravely builds on ruins of the past,
Knowing full well, its labors cannot last;
But each new day, within its own arms brings,
Some priceless gifts, some new and better things,
So, when they razed those old historic walls,
They built for learning, new and better halls;
And the fair temple which is standing there,
Is worthy of our blessing and our prayer;
May the bright youths to whom belong such power
Be worthy of their destiny and power,
But every brick that filled those ancient walls
Their primal glory still to me recalls,
The very air within your marts of trade,
Speaks of a history that cannot fade.
For us, the old familiar spots are gone;
They disappeared like shadows in the dawn,
Like footprints in the sand, were swept away
Beneath the waves of Time, which none can stay.
'Tis under such an inspiration here,
I sing my song and drop my reverent tear.

PICTURES OF OTHER DAYS.

1.—The Ravages of Time.

Time flies. So far it is already sped,
That here lie generations of the dead,
Their gravestones reared with pious love and care,
Slow crumble to the all-corroding air;

And dimmed with age and filled with tears, the eye
 Scarce finds the spot where now our loved ones lie.
 So distant are the "early times" to-day,
 We see but shadows of what's passed away;
 And borne along the tide's resistless power,
 Our whole life seems compressed into an hour.
 While years o'er head like avalanches roll,
 The past a vortex swallows up the whole.
 Though thousand graven columns pierced the air,
 Their tablets never could the loss repair.

Insatiate time! can naught thy hunger fill?
 Gorged with the centuries art thou hungry still?
 From the fell ruin which thy hand has wro't,
 Shall it be said that we can rescue naught?
 And is oblivion's gulf so broad and deep,
 That what it has it must forever keep?
 No. From thy strong and all engrossing grasp,
 Some loved mementos we would fain unclasp;
 Some fragments, howsoever poor and small,
 To help our memories the past recall.
 Safe from the all devouring tooth of time,
 No longer wasted by the rust of clime,
 Each treasure, with a sleepless guard we fold,
 As were the household gods in days of old.

2.—Relics of the Olden Time.

Here lies a book, which, in our fathers' eyes,
 Was ever counted as a sacred prize.
 It is a dear old Bible, faded, worn;
 Yet of its beauty, not an atom shorn;
 Borne as the ark, where e'er they walked or strayed,
 It lighted up their path, their courage stayed;
 Its leaves were turned with constant love and prayer,
 Seeking the hope abiding ever there.
 And it shall shine undimmed from age to age,
 Glowing with truth from every gilded page.

Here, let me hold within my trembling hand,
 A battered ring, a simple golden band.
 It seems a cheap, perchance a worthless thing;
 Precious to me; my mother's wedding ring.
 O! proud the day when she became a wife;
 Proud still, though fifty years of married life;
 And though at last she laid her burdens down,
 She ever wears a mother's spotless crown.

Still, in my hands, I hold some locks of hair:
 The larger gray, the other brown and fair.
 This, hung upon my aged father's brow;
 This, on an angel maiden's, whose sweet vow
 Death rudely broke, and broke a noble heart:
 Two souls so joined, not e'en the grave could part.

THE FIRELANDS PIONEER.

And here lie letters, crumpled, stained and old,
 Worth more than jewels rare or purest gold.
 Across the smoky page, the dull brown lines
 Show every word, that still in beauty shines:
 And though the hand that wrote them, writes no more,
 Yet, as with brimming eyes I read them o'er,
 I feel there comes a warm and gentle breath,
 That whispers in my ears, "Love has no death."

3.—The Old Cabin.

On yonder hilltop, whose o'er shadowing trees
 Are gently swinging in the summer breeze,
 Stand the last remnant of my place of birth,
 No grander palace ever graced the earth,
 And when in other lands and climes I roam,
 I find no castle royal as that home,
 The daring pioneer who blazed his way
 Through forests dense, made good his right to stay,
 And the first trees that fell beneath his stroke,
 Made the rude cabin: and its milk white smoke,
 Seemed like Shekinah over Israel's band,
 To the vast throng that pierced this western land:
 Two doors, two windows and a chimney vast,
 That seemed it might creation's self outlast,
 With roaring logs whose flames that kissed the sky
 Gave hearty welcome to all passers by,
 With giant cranes that swung their friendly arms;
 And pots and pans brim full of savory charms,
 That filled the tired soul with joy and rest
 As odors do from "Araby the blest,"
 The trusty rifle hanging by the door,
 Its trophies also: eon skins by the score,
 A huge tin horn whose ever welcome voice,
 Made the tired woodman at his work rejoice:
 And the brown antlers on the smoky wall,
 Hanging as treasured trophies over all;
 The stairs: two uprights and some crossing bars,
 Led up to lofty chambers near the stars:
 And there were beds with ticks of crispy straw,
 Whereon the weary sleeper found no flaw,
 For, nightly, did they rest and comfort bring,
 That might excite the envy of a king.

Alas! I gaze with sad and downcast eyes,
 Where now my home in hopeless ruin lies,
 Not by the lightning's flash or cyclone's rent,
 No cruel hands of war those walls have bent,
 But ripe with age and worn with wasting years,
 Their glory fades their beauty disappears,
 O! dear old cabin, in my memory deep,
 Thy sweet remembrance will I ever keep.

4.—The Schoolmaster.

What man is this, with stern and serious looks,
 Who bears with pride his terule and his books,

Beneath whose ample coat, perchance you spy
 A well worn rod as supple as 'tis dry:
 A rod, which freely laid on youthful backs,
 Helped fill the mind with many useful facts.
 He is the Master, learned in all the schools;
 A christian, worshipping no God but rules;
 A patient help to every pupil true,
 To whom his meed of praise fell daily due:
 But living terror to the backless boy,
 Who sought in transient idleness for joy;
 By every faithful pupil loved, revered;
 By all admired and yet by all was feared.
 He dealt with children as with heathen wild.
 His motto: "Spare the rod and spoil the child."
 His work is done, no more his whip is whirled,
 But ah! the boys he ruled now rule the world.

5.—The Doctor.

The old time Doctor rises into view.
 A "well read" man he was; and much he knew;
 For he was "college bred"; and in the eyes
 Of simple folks, no man could be more wise.
 He had a sheep skin in his office hung,
 Which, like a banner to the breezes flung,
 Proclaimed to all the world his wondrous lore,
 Endorsed by learned men full half a score.
 His modest sign that hung above the gate,
 Failed not his many virtues to relate:
 "Physician, Surgeon, Accoucheur," in one;
 And yet, with these the list is but begun:
 He knew and numbered all the bones,
 As well he knew all geologic stones.
 He knew how blood coursed swiftly through the veins,
 He knew the cause of summer drought and rains,
 He cured his patients of each threatening ill,
 And matched the parson in polemic skill.
 In politics, philosophy and art
 He never failed to take a ready part
 The master of the village school his power
 In argument acknowledged; and so, hour
 By hour, they sat in hot dispute; the crowd
 Meanwhile, each dis-patient applauded loud.
 But there were byplays in the Doctor's life;
 With other conflicts he was daily rife:
 For fell disease and death, rode on the air,
 And found their ready victims everywhere.
 Against these foes there was no known defence,
 Except the Doctor's wise omnipotence.
 And so, whate'er his patients might befall,
 He, ready stood to answer every call.
 On moquered horse, he rode the country o'er,
 And carried hope and help from door to door.
 Where'er he went, to gentle babe or sire,
 Pain fled away and fever cooled its fire.
 Of modern healing art he little knew:
 His work was plain, and what he had to do
 His trusting patients quietly endured:

THE FIRELANDS PIONEER.

Though oft uncertain if he killed or cured,
 His lancet was his faithful right hand man;
 For, at its touch, the crimson current ran,
 Till blood, like water, flowed on every side,
 And every cabin was in crimson dyed.
 His massive saddle bag with drugs o'er ran,
 But calomel and jalap led the van.
 His dose, the palate did not always please;
 His pills were large and bitter were his teas.
 His drastic mixtures were no idle play,
 And his emetics brooked no long delay.
 In short, his victims like some luckless craft,
 Were driven again and swept afore and aft,
 And if at last they died there was no one
 Dared say, "They died from having nothing done."
 He promptly, bravely took his part and place
 And every station did his genius grace.
 Heroic man. He did his duty well;
 He fought for others till at last he fell.
 Above his grave we need no column raise;
 He lives immortal in our love and praise.

6.—The Pioneer Preacher.

In every home the pioneers prepared,
 One welcome guest their toil and pleasure shared;
 For him, the "prophet's room" was neatly laid,
 And every hearthstone blessed round which he prayed;
 And when death tore their loving homes apart,
 'Twas he assuaged and bound the bleeding heart.
 In every path which daring Progress strode,
 The faithful preacher of the gospel rode;
 And full of zeal, as was his constant wont,
 He bore his Master's ensign to the front.
 No lofty spire, no loudly sounding bell,
 Was needed, worship's hour and place to tell.
 Through winding paths, o'er corduroy like roads,
 The patient oxen drew their willing loads;
 On foot, on horse, the farmer and his wife,
 Came, eager to receive the bread of life;
 And in some cabin larger than the rest,
 They heard the law expounded and were blest.

7.—The Old Time Dance.

Methinks I hear some happy voices call:
 The merry revels of an old time ball.
 The boys and girls from many a mile around,
 Are tripping to the viol's dulcet sound.
 Not callow youths from nurseries just escaped,
 But stately dames, in cotton fabrics draped,
 And manly beaux, in common homespun clad,
 Each vying make the merry hours go mad.
 No doubtful exhibitions mar their sport;
 No amorous dances from Parisian courts;
 But plain, square steps, the graceful bow and swing,
 The all hands round that made the rafters ring;

And then, the lunch: no caterer marred the feast;
 No costly viands from the south and east;
 Apples and cider, pumpkin pies and cake;
 Doughnuts, "just like our mothers used to make";
 Such were the things the ample table graced,
 By generous hands provided, and with taste,
 Nor did they vex the weary hours of night;
 Nor "burn to socket" every tallow light,
 For, ere the midnight hour came stealing on,
 The dance was out and every dancer gone.
 They woke with morn, to life and toil endeared,
 By duty guided and by pleasure cheered.
 Say what you will, those hard and rugged days
 Were greatly softened by such sportive plays,
 And rest from toil, and social grace were found
 In circles where the merry dance went round.

S.—The Wooing and The Wedding.

One little picture and I am done;
 It shows how wives in early times were won;
 How, far from modern mercenary ways,
 The fond young lovers spent their courting days;
 And in due time, with no words falsely coined,
 Their simple lives (they had no fortunes) joined.

Sweet Annie with her brown bewitching curls,
 Had long been envied by the envious girls,
 At home and school, while happy as a lark,
 Unconsciously she flamed full many a spark;
 And oft she found her pleasures sadly marred,
 By declarations ardent, but ill starred;
 And while delusive hope her suitors lured,
 Her love for handsome Will she held assured.
 Will was a ploughman's lad of humble birth;
 And strong and fair and full of virtuous worth.
 No vices stained his simple heart or mind;
 For naught could he in base allurements find.
 To lead an honest, humble, useful life,
 He'd be content, could Annie be his wife.
 He'd known her well from childhood's earliest hour;
 His heart had felt her fascinating power,
 In playing "snap and catch 'em," "fox and geese,"
 Or watching while she spun the snowy fleece;
 But still the plain and potent fact remained
 He'd never yet her sweet consent obtained.
 And this to settle, with no long delay,
 He mounts his faithful horse and rides away.
 No broadcloth clothes, no polished tile he wears;
 Plain linsey woolsey suits his love affairs.
 Five miles he went, midst many a flower and bird,
 Yet naught their beauty saw or music heard.
 He seemed to sail the air and not to ride,
 So full was he of glorious hope and pride.
 Not long he vexed the intervening ground;
 His Annie's cabin reached, he, with a bound,
 Entered the door and with a "flustered" air,

Received her greeting; took a proffered chair,
And thus began: "Sweet Annie how'd'y do?
For years we've played together, me and you;
But play won't do forever as you know;
And life's more serious as we older grow."
He crossed his legs and twirled his ebon skin cap,
While Annie blushed and gazed into her lap.
And then Will rose and strode across the floor,
With trembling hand he shut the outer door,
Then said, as he sat down by Annie's side,
"I want to ask you if you'll be my bride."
Now Annie's voice was merry, sweet and free;
Though a good talker, not a word said she,
But raised her eyes, brimful of heavenly bliss—
Will said no more but took the proffered kiss.
A week passed by, and then Will came once more.
There was his Annie, standing in the door;
Two aged forms beside her stood, and there
Their blessings gave upon the happy pair.
Then mounting horse—there was but one you mind—
With Will in front and Annie close behind,
They found the parson, and without delay,
He made them "man and wife" that very day.
"No cards" there were; no wedding cakes or ball;
They loved and they were married, that was all.

Such is the past within our hearts enshrined;
And they who delve, shall richer treasures find.
Hidden in many an old worm eaten chest,
From which the antiquary yet shall wrest,
Whole volumes of this long forgotten lore
And give it to the eager world once more.

TIME'S CHANGES.

BY I. M. GILLET, OF NORWALK.

It is more than forty-eight years since the writer of this traveled westward from the State of New York, and 48 years make great changes in any part of our country, especially in its newer portions.

Each year the farms grow cleaner and better cultivated; the buildings more substantial and complete; the stock choicer and in greater variety.

And yet no one who had passed from the East in the days when Lake Erie was a passenger route, and the experiments of a strap rail upon a wooden stringer were beginning to be made, would fail to recognize even now some of the features of that early time. There are fields full of rough and rotting stumps as there were then, and a few Virginia rail fences left; and the tumble-down tavern near the lake shore where the drivers gather to drink and horses and mules are fed, has not succumbed entirely to the more pretentious railway restaurant. In the methods of travel, in the enormous growth of towns and cities, in the continuous transit of wealth on wheels from the West to the seaboard, and in the vast provision for the storage of freight and grain and cattle at central points, in the rush of thousands of emigrants over the railroads, and the hurrying to and fro of a crowd of men of business and pleasure seekers in the elegantly appointed trains of a dozen different railway companies, we see the great and wonderful contrast to the early days of western travel, and a decided change within the past 20 years.

One goes to sleep in New York at nine o'clock and awakes in Buffalo to breakfast. He rides all day along the lake shore or through Canada and Michigan at an average speed of thirty miles

an hour, but so smoothly that he can read and write and dine with comfort on the train, and after another night he is in Chicago.

This is commonplace now, but 45 years ago you sat on the deck of the express sail vessel while it crawled along at 10 miles an hour from Buffalo to Sandusky, and had no thought of the hour but only of the day when you should arrive.

When the railways began to run, there was danger from collisions on the single track, or from accident caused by imperfections in machinery, and most of all from the treacherous snake-head—a loosened end of the strap-rail which had a vicious way of piercing through the car and impaling the unfortunate passenger.

All this is passed and gone. The increase of wealth in the towns, and its display everywhere, in dress and equipage and houses, and shops, marks an entire change which has come over East and West in the twenty and more years since the war. It may be questioned whether, large as have been the gifts of education and benevolence and religion, the beneficence of the people has kept equal pace with the growth of their resources, their riches, and their luxuries.

Among the perils of the time, we may count wealth in the hands of many who have no purpose and no desire to devote it to the service of God and the blessing of men. Next to the peril of ignorant and discontented labor I would place that of thoughtless and selfish riches.

These thoughts come naturally as we ride through one elegant town after another and note its characteristics and the manner of its development; as we see men and women working in the field together as they did in the German fatherland, or hear the jostling multitudes in the railway stations speak in different tongues, some of which we cannot understand a syllable, and wonder what will be the condition of the land fifty years hence.

Olden Times Along the Old State Road.

BY I. M. GILLETT, OF NORWALK.

The Old State Road was cut out and cleared in the winter of 1809-10 by Ebenezer Hays and Frederic W. Fowler; it commences near the north line of Norwalk township running on the north and south section line to the south line of the Firelands. The first house erected in Huron county was on the line of this road near the north side of the township by Nathan S. Comstock in the spring of the year 1809.

The writer of this article moved on to this road in the spring of 1840, where he has resided up to this time and is able from memory, with the assistance of friends, to give the names of all families that were living on the road in the year 1840 in Norwalk township, beginning on the north side: Ambrose S. Gillett, Betsey Keeler, Philo Comstock, Cornelius Harsen, James Cherry, George Golden, Raymond Perrin, Rodney Mason, David Gibbs, Sarah Hoyt, Isaac Benedict, Mr. Burr, Ira Curtis, Samuel Gibbs, Abram Mead, Eben Boalt, George Powers, Samuel B. Lewis, Caleb B. Jackson, Charles Jackson, Mr. Huyek, Mr. Hurd, Milton Slater, Seneca Birch and Philander Cleveland. And to-day there are but four persons living on the road that were here at that time, viz: Mrs. Henry McDonald, O. F. Gillett, I. M. Gillett and Mrs. J. F. Randolph, Jr.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

A Contrast Between 1822 and 1887.

BY CAPTAIN T. C. MCGEE, OF SANDUSKY.

The following is a correct list of all the vessels that entered the harbor of Sandusky during the eight months of navigation in 1822. Counting the number of the trips of each and aggregating the tonnage it will be found to be about 10,150 tons. I will give below the names of the vessels and nearly all the captains and it may be that some old person may recognize an old acquaintance in vessel or captain.

Brig Union, of Buffalo, Capt. Johnson, 90 tons, 4 trips.

Steamer Superior, of Buffalo, Capt. Rodgers, 340 tons, 16 trips.

Schooner Hannah, of Dunkirk, Capt. Fox, 38 tons, 1 trip.

“ Wolf, of Danbury, Capt. Tyler, 28 tons, 1 trip.

“ Wasp, of Sandusky, Capt. Goodwin, 28 tons, 15 trips.

“ Sylph, “ Capt. H. Haskins, 20 tons, 30 trips.

“ Huron, “ Capt. Ransom, 33 tons, 7 trips.

“ Red Jacket, Black Rock, Capt. Walker, 40 tons, 12 trips.

“ Erie, of Black Rock, Capt. Peas, 35 tons, 7 trips.

“ Michigan, of Black Rock, Capt. Norton, 130 tons, 2 trips.

“ Pontiac, of Erie, Pa., Capt. Seth Ried, 25 tons, 4 trips.

“ Beaver, of Erie, Pa., Capt. John F. Wight, 28 tons, 9 trips.

“ Diligence, of Erie, Pa., Capt. G. Miles, 28 tons, 2 trips.

“ Ann, of Black River, Capt. A. Jones, 38 tons, 6 trips.

“ Gen'l Huntington, Black River, Capt. Day, 30 tons, 3 trips.

Schooner	Farmer, of Grand River,	Capt. Naper,	33 tons, 8 trips.
"	Liberty,	" Capt. H. Reid,	22 tons, 2 trips.
"	Phœbe,	" Capt. Green,	20 tons, 1 trip.
"	Dread, of Sandusky,	Capt. S. Nichols,	35 tons, 12 trips.
"	Gen'l Scott, Cleveland,	Capt. Lockwood,	22 tons, 2 trips.
"	Lake Serpent,	" Capt. Burtis,	30 tons, 1 trip.
"	President,	" Capt. Hungerford,	33 tons, 6 trips.
"	Minerva,	" Capt. Foster,	35 tons, 1 trip.
"	Merry Calvin, Detroit,	Capt. Person,	18 tons, 2 trips.
"	Munroe, River Raisin,	Capt. Gillett,	35 tons, 1 trip.
"	Vienna, Danbury,	Capt. Wells,	14 tons, 4 trips.
"	Traveler, Grand River,	Capt. Naper,	18 tons, 1 trip.
"	Neptune, Danbury,	Capt. Chapin,	22 tons, 1 trip.
"	Micator, Erie,	Capt. S. Ried,	18 tons, 1 trip.
Sloop	Happy Return, Venice,	Capt. Costelow,	15 tons, 5 trips.
"	Ohio, Ashtabula,	Capt. Talbot,	14 tons, 2 trips.

Aggregate in 8 months, 10,159 tons.

Without burdening your pages with the names of the different vessels arriving during just eight days in 1887, from August 1st to 8th inclusive, the tonage from these eight days is 11,809. This will show the "contrast" between the *"Old and the New."*

The compiler of the above statement well remembers all the above list of vessels, with the captains; not one of whom are now living.

PERRY'S VICTORY SEPT. 10, 1813.

COMPILED BY CAPTAIN T. C. MCGEE, OF SANDUSKY.

From hill tops to valley where rush the rude fountain,
Reverberating echoes descend to the plain;
A messenger sent by the maids of the mountain,
To hail her brave heroes the sons of the main;
She flies and the caves utter forth their devotion,
The forest in silence reclines on the air,
She waits by the verge of the hill bordered ocean,
And greets thus her children who won laurels there.

Rejoice now my heart 'tis a time to make merry,
For each hath in turn had at Britain a blow.
The last, not the least, is the name of our Perry,
Who bravely hath swept from Lake Erie a foe;
By Malden their Union Jack ever a soaring,
A visit on Erie it ne'er dared to make,
At length grew superior, the fleet slipped its mooring,
But Perry was posted to watch on the lake.

Six barks trimmed for battle with red cross displaying,
By Barkly commanded, their wings widely spread,
Forsook their stronghold, on Erie came sailing,
To meet with that foe they so lately did dread,
But Perry, their Union Jack joyfully greeting,
Addressed thus his tars who impatient stood by,
"My lads, there they come and most joyful the meeting,
We conquer, remember, we conquer or die!"

The Stars and the Stripes on our banners were waving,
The Eagle was perched on the noon burning sun,
The battle ten minutes at us had been raging,
When Perry thought proper to give them a gun,
Then like a strong Lion disturbed in his quarters,
Destruction and carnage from slumber arose,
And death in a flame walked abroad on the waters,
In council discerning the fate of the foe.

Their doom was promulged in the voice of our thunder,
The flash and the sound did enforce its decree,
Astonishment stood with its eyes fixed in wonder,
To witness the fate of the "Liberty tree."
All hid in the smoke, both fleets were contending
Their guns flashing fire while the wide waters shake:
"My lads they are ours, see their union descending,
The Eagle in triumph shall soar o'er the Lake."

Here's health to the name that shall live long in story,
To Perry who plead with such force for our rights;
The voice of all hearts will give him the glory,
Secure him high honor secured in this fight;
See Perry in glory with modesty glowing,
May the tars of Columbia receive all renown,
And while on the tyrants their horrors are flowing,
Observe how the union he conquered came down.

BIOGRAPHIES AND MEMOIRS.

MRS. ROSAMOND WARD MCGEE.

Sketch of her Life by Capt. T. C. McGee, of Sandusky, Ohio.

Died, in Sandusky, August 8th, 1877, Mrs. Rosamond Ward McGee, wife of T. C. McGee, in the 64th year of her life.

She was born in Saratoga county, New York, on the 21st day of March, 1813, the second child of her parents, John and Rosamond Whitford Ward. Her mother died when the child was eight days old. She was taken to the home of her grandparents, John Ward, Sr. (This home was but five miles from the now famous battle fields of Saratoga. This same grandfather having been a soldier and took a part on this well fought field.) Here in this humble but kindly home she remained until she was eleven. Her father having again married and removed to the village of Fort Ann, Washington county, Rosamond went to live with him. Here she grew up to young womanhood, having the usual school advantages of a New York state rural village, and when past her nineteenth birthday, a *rambling Ohio lad* who was visiting the adjoining town in which she was living, espied her red cheeks and raven hair, sat down and persuaded her to come to Ohio. (And this persuasion succeeded in spite of the dreadful stories then rife about that always dangerous Lake Erie.) On the 25th of September, 1832, she was married and after a few weeks visit among friends at Saratoga, came to Schenectady, taking a fine new line boat, arrived at Buffalo on the seventh day. On coming in sight of the lake, all her former fears were so strongly revived that she had liked to have fainted, but as others did not seem to think there was any danger she gathered courage. We took the steam boat "Niagara," Capt. C. C. Stanard, and in two days were landed in Sandusky after a very fine, calm passage. In

years afterward she went many voyages with her husband on sail vessels and often met some sharp gales, but she had learned that the Lord is to be trusted just as much on the waters as on the land. She resided at Sandusky continuously (with many pleasant visits to her old home) until her death, always fulfilling all the duties of wife, friend and neighbor. Some dark clouds passed over her domestic life, but the dark tints were none of her making. After weeks of illness she died as she had lived, a Christian; leaving a mourning husband and friends.

CHARLES F. AND MARY LIVINGSTON DRAKE.

Amongst the old residents of Northern Ohio, who were pioneers in the West and were virtually of the Firelands class, are Charles Ferris Drake, and his wife, Mary Livingston Drake, both of whom lived until they were "crowned with years."

Mr. Drake passed away at his home, Catawba Island, November 9th, 1876, in the 86th year of his age, without pain and without apparent disease, and in the full possession of all his mental faculties. These, as is well known, were of a rare order. His was an intellect of unusual discriminative powers, which was fortified by a strong love of books and a retentive memory. To these qualities, sharpened as they were by the rude friction of a pioneer life, was added a fine sense of humor, original of its kind, and which rendered him the charm of every convivial circle. One of the characteristics of this quality was the tact with which he on occasions, resorted to it, making of it a weapon of defence for warding off imposition of every kind in whatever garb it might present itself. These qualities fitted him especially to fill the position of landlord in the pioneer inn, and it is in this capacity he is best remembered. Born at Cherry Valley, near the Hudson river, New York, the son of a soldier of the Revolution, and not very far removed from its stirring events, he himself saw some service in the war of 1812. This was in his early manhood after he had become a resident of Ohio. The greater part of his life was spent at or near Sandusky, where his well-known figure, with its erect and sprightly carriage is a familiar recollection.

His widow, Mary Livingston Drake, survived until within a few months. She was born in Herkimer county, New York, in 1802. Belonging as she did, to the Livingston and Van Vechten families

of the Mohawk Valley and of Albany, her recollections of her early days were of a refined society and of the presence and service of slaves in the family, as they were at that time held. Her removal with her mother's family to Ohio in 1819 was marked by an interesting reminiscence that graphically presents some of the difficulties our early settlers were forced to encounter. On reaching Buffalo on their journey westward, the party found to their dismay that the Walk-in-the-Water, the only steamer at that time on Lake Erie had just left port on its weekly trip. In this dilemma, the family set sail on a vessel. But the storms and adverse winds were such that the Walk-in-the-Water twice passed their craft ere their destination at the mouth of the Vermillion river, was reached. Married at the early age of eighteen, and the mother of nine children, six of whom survive her, Mrs. Drake's life was essentially a domestic one, but in every exigency, she showed that she possessed unusual strength of character. In her latter years her frame was much enfeebled but the mind remained clear and her sense of justice and forbearance continued undimmed to the end. She died at Catawba Island, February 20, 1887, in the 85th year of her age, and was followed to her last resting place by those who felt they had lost a tender and loving mother, and a kind and generous neighbor.

JAY CALDWELL BUTLER.

Jay Caldwell Butler was born September 3d, 1844, in Venice, Erie county, Ohio. With his parents he removed to Sandusky in 1846 where he passed his childhood days until 1858, when he entered the Academy of Genl. Patrick at Sing Sing, N. Y., continuing his studies there until the second call for troops in the war of the Rebellion, when he, with his elder brother, John M., volunteered and was mustered into the service in Co. B., 101st O. V. I., Capt. Fernald in command of the Company and Col. Leander Stem of the Regiment. Only 17 when he enlisted as a private, he soon rose from a Sergeant to a Lieutenantcy, having command of his company through the Chattanooga campaign under Gen. Rosecrans, returning home at the close of the war with a Captain's commission, earned by gallant and faithful service. He served also in the Atlanta campaign under Gen. Jeff. C. Davis. Three years of hard service

and the wounds received at the battle of Nashville, were too much for one of his immature years. He came home very much shattered in health; while we hoped and believed in his ultimate recovery we now know that the dread disease of which he died had then marked its victim.

After a short time for recuperation, he entered into partnership with his uncle, John M. Boalt, in the manufacture of sash, doors, and blinds, building up a business of large proportions solely by his indomitable energy and close attention to it in all its details.

In 1873 he was married to Elizabeth, only child of Watson Hubbard, Esq., who with two children, a son and a daughter, survive him. At the burial services over sixty of his employes (nearly a score being boys whom he was fitting for a useful life in the acquirement of an honorable trade,) filed past the casket to take a last look of the friend they had lost. They then headed the cortege to Oakland cemetery, marching on foot, a mark of respect the more impressive as it was voluntary on their part. He was a consistent member of Grace Episcopal church and for eight years one of its vestrymen.

Loyal to his country, faithful to his trust, loving and devoted to his family and friends, he has left an example well worthy of emulation.

DR. ROBERT R. McMEENS.

Dr. Robert R. McMeens was born in Lycoming county, Pennsylvania, on the 26th day of February, 1820, and was of Scotch descent. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in the spring of 1841, and soon thereafter settled in Tiffin, Ohio, where he commenced the practice of medicine, and where he soon secured not only a large practice, but also the esteem and confidence of the older doctors and the people generally.

On the 31st day of August, 1843, he was married to Ann C., the oldest daughter of John Pittenger, one of the pioneers of Seneca county, Ohio. In the fall of 1849, the Doctor moved to Sandusky City, where he lived till the time of his death, October 31, 1862, and where he is buried.

He organized and was Captain of the Bay City Guards, one of the finest independent military companies of Sandusky City,

and assisted greatly in the organization of the Monumental Association.

During the prevalence of the cholera in 1852 Dr. McMeens had the charge of an improvised hospital and treated his charge with so much skill that the disease was comparatively stamped out. He was also very efficient during the cholera that prevailed to some extent in 1854.

MEDICAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE,
DANVILLE, KENTUCKY, October 31, 1862. }

To His Excellency, Gov. Tod, Ohio:

SIR:—It is with feelings of the deepest regret that I have to announce the death of Surgeon R. R. McMeens of the Third Reg., Ohio Vol. Army, which occurred suddenly at Perryville, Ky., on the night of the 30th inst.

Surgeon McMeens was among the first to offer his services to his country after the breaking out of the rebellion. Entering the three months service as a regimental surgeon, he was immediately after ordered to Camp Dennison, where his gentlemanly deportment and great professional skill soon won for him the esteem and confidence of his brother officers, at whose request he was appointed Medical Director of the post; all the arduous duties of which office he performed in such a manner as to win for him the warmest commendations of the Surgeon General of the State.

From that time until the period of his death, he has continued in active service, filling many important positions in the medical department of the army.

Shortly before the battle of Perryville, he was appointed Medical Director to the troops under the command of the lamented Jackson, and after having participated actively in the battle, was detailed to assist in taking care of the wounded at Perryville, in which position his kindness of heart, sound judgment, and great professional skill, enabled him to contribute very largely toward the relief of our suffering soldiers.

He has fallen while nobly working at his post; although suffering greatly from disease, he refused to abandon his work, and performed several important surgical operations only a few hours before his death.

In his death the army has lost a kind-hearted, faithful and

efficient officer; the country a pure patriot, and the medical profession one of its brightest ornaments.

I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEORGE G. SHUMARD, M. D.,

Medical Director Danville District.

The following letter is from Gen. W. H. Lytle to the Cincinnati *Commercial*:

THE LATE DR. R. E. MCMEENS.

Editors Commercial:—The announcement of the sudden death of this distinguished medical officer, at Perryville, will be received with profound sorrow in Ohio. Surgeon McMeens was one of the ranking medical officers in the Ohio line, his commission in the service bearing date April, 1861. He was originally commissioned Surgeon in the Third Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, a veteran regiment which did good service in Virginia, and which recently at Chaplin Hills, side by side with the 10th Ohio, the 15th Kentucky, the 42d and 88th Indiana, and Loomis' battery, constituting the 17th brigade, covered itself all over with glory. A few days before the battle, Dr. McMeens was appointed acting Medical Director of the 10th division, commanded by the lamented Jackson of Kentucky. The writer of this notice met him at Perryville three days after the fight, apparently in his usual health; but it is quite probable that over exertion, fatigue and anxiety in his department, had brought on the illness which so suddenly terminated his career. Surgeon McMeens was a resident of Sandusky City, Ohio, where his professional abilities had secured him an extensive and remunerative practice, while his estimable qualities endeared him to a large circle of attached and appreciative friends. Impelled by a high sense of duty, and the noblest of motives, he exchanged at the very beginning of the rebellion the endearments and comforts of home for the perils and hardships of the tented field. Through the dark ravines, and over rugged mountains of western Virginia under Rosecrans; through Kentucky, Tennessee and northern Alabama under Mitchell and Rosecrans; and back again through all the vicissitudes of Buell's last campaign, to where it terminated, in the sanguinary struggle at Chaplin Hills, he discharged with the utmost skill, faithfulness and heroism, his varied and responsible duties. His devoted care and watchfulness, the strict observance which he compelled to the laws of hygiene and police, ren-

dered the camps of his regiment at Huntsville and elsewhere, models in the service. Officers and men had implicit faith in his professional skill, while his noble, genial and chivalric traits of character, linked all hearts to him inseparably. No soldier, however humble, ever complained of his neglect, nor accused him of sacrificing duty to his personal comfort. The eye of the invalid brightened at his presence, and as he moved through the dreary hospitals, crowded with the ghastly harvests of war, despairing sufferers turned toward him on their pallets and smiled hopefully once more. Beloved and lamented by all who knew him, a brave, whole-souled, gallant gentleman, thus, with "harness on," discharging faithfully the high behests of his profession, died Robert R. McMeens. Ohio will offer up no nobler sacrifice on our country's altar.

CHESTER WOOLWORTH.

Chester Woolworth was born in Longmeadow, Mass., April 1st, 1817. In the spring of 1819 his parents removed to Westfield, Mass., and settled upon a farm. At the early age of four years he commenced his district school life. In the school of those days, reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic, with a sprinkling of grammar and geography, were taught.

Young Chester was apt to learn, and occasioned little or no trouble to his teachers, and was a general favorite with all. As he grew in years he grew in knowledge, outstripping his schoolmates, especially in arithmetic. Thus in his early years he showed that application, and perseverance, which crowned his after life with so great success.

Left at nine years of age without a father to train and control him, he literally clove to his mother, whose watchful hand, brave heart, and true motherly devotion, made a deep impression upon the heart of the son. A widow with four young children, of whom Chester was the oldest, left with the homestead, a small farm, situated among those New England hills, not the most fertile or best of land, with a considerable encumbrance upon the same, would make the outlook very discouraging, but she rose above all these difficulties and by self-sacrifice, hard work and careful management, she paid the encumbrance and reared her four children, not only with good common school, but academic education, and

with habits of industry and economy, which served them so well in after life. The farm was leased for a while upon shares; young Chester with his brothers working out for the munificent sum of twelve and a half cents per day. But this was carefully kept and handed over to the mother. When twelve years old he received four dollars per month for six months. With the amount all in silver, he carries his bag, in his long walk home, with some apprehension of robbery on the way, but on reaching home, this too was given to the mother to help lift the debt upon the place. Thus were the summers occupied, while in the winter he attended the Westfield Academy, walking three miles each way.

In this way and by studying and reading evenings, he obtained an excellent education; and if means had permitted would have taken a collegiate course.

He was offered a clerkship in a store and accepted, which ended his school privileges. For a short time he was in one of the Hartford banks, then in New York and Buffalo, and with something of the western spirit, he moves on west as far as La Gro, Indiana, here entering into a partnership in a general country store, remaining about two years.

In 1843 he was married to Miss Lucy Bartlett, of Westfield, Mass., and in December, 1844, came to Sandusky, which has been his home since that time, with the exception of one year spent at Dubuque, Iowa.

Before going to Dubuque he was engaged in the dry goods and notion store, known as the White store. Then followed the stove and tin business on Water street with Mr. A. H. Gale as partner.

On his return from Dubuque, he entered with his brother James into the axe handle business. The war came; an unusual demand arose for handles; prices greatly advanced; the government used a great many; profits were large. So the brothers by careful attention to business, by prudent and judicious management, met with great success. Finally, in 1885, the business was removed from Sandusky. Since then Mr. Woolworth has been engaged in several enterprises, continuing active in business until his health began to give way. For a year or more before his death his friends could see that he was failing. The months, then the weeks, and finally the days, were telling upon his health. So the body wasted away, until the spirit took its flight above, (January

5th, 1887,) where there will be no wearing out, but all will be bright and joyous in the strength and presence of the Master.

Mr. Woolworth united with the Centre Church, Hartford, Ct., when quite a young man. He was faithful in his church relations to the close; attending not only upon the Sunday service, but the weekly prayer meeting. Always giving according to his means, and as trustee, or member, giving his time and counsel in church matters. As a business man, Mr. Woolworth was active, earnest, and true to his word, and highly honorable in all his dealings. He took great interest in the welfare of our city; was ready to help in every way in all the public improvements.

As a friend, he was kind and generous, willing ever to lend a helping hand in time of need.

To his family he was all in all. Ever gentle, kind and affectionate; watching over them with a true husband's love, and a devoted father's care.

But he has gone to his reward. The city, the church, his many friends, as well as his family, realize that they have met with a great loss.

JOHN GREEN CAMP.

By J. A. Camp, of Sandusky.

The subject of this sketch was born the 10th of August, 1788, in Culpepper county, Va., and died in Washington, D. C., while there on a visit, the 21st of February, 1855. His remains were brought to Sandusky and were buried with Masonic honors in Oakland cemetery.

As one of the early settlers of Sandusky, though not one of the earliest, a notice of his life is sought by the *Firelands Pioneer*.

On the 15th of November, 1809, at the age of twenty-one, he was appointed by President Madison a midshipman in the Navy of the United States. He served as such until the 25th of May, 1811, when he resigned.

On declaration of war by this country against Great Britain, known as the "War of 1812," he sought and obtained an appointment as 1st Lieutenant in the 12th U. S. Infantry, March 12th, 1812, and was commissioned to rank from the 6th of July of the same year. In that rank he went with part of his regiment from his native place in Culpepper county, Va., on foot to the Niagara

frontier near Buffalo, N. Y. On this journey he passed through the then great wilderness of Pennsylvania and western New York. Once on the frontier he was appointed Regimental Quartermaster. He probably served in that department with that rank, until May of 1813. From the latter date he bore the rank of Captain in the 12th Infantry and was Asst. Quartermaster General, by appointment dated Nov. 14, 1813, to rank from the former date. In the succeeding year, April 7, 1814, he was made Deputy Quartermaster General, and was commissioned Sept. 7th, 1814, with the rank of Major. *In October, 1813, he appears as the Quartermaster, furnishing the transportation for part of our army then at Ft. George at the mouth of Niagara river, to Sackett's Harbor on Lake Ontario. The army had to go via Canandaigua and this movement was undoubtedly a tedious and difficult matter as it was mostly, if not entirely, through a wilderness.

When appointed Deputy Quartermaster General in 1814 he had orders to report to Maj. Gen. Brown, then commanding on the Niagara frontier. During the winter of 1813 and spring of 1814 he was employed along that frontier. The plan of the campaign for the year 1814 involved the invasion of Canada from Buffalo to Ft. Erie. The British having collected and destroyed very nearly all the boats on the lake, means for water transportation across the Niagara river had to be created. Gen. Winfield Scott, then a Colonel, serving on that frontier under Gen. Brown, and who was with his command to take part in the invasion, thus speaks of the efforts of the subject of this sketch. Referring to the means to cross the Niagara river he says: †“For the perfection of these means the army was indebted to the extraordinary zeal and abilities of the Quartermaster, Capt. John G. Camp, who with other high claims to promotion, continued the chief of that branch of the staff throughout the campaign without other reward than compliments.” On the occasion of the actual crossing, which was on the 14th of June, 1814, Major Camp went in the same boat with Col. Scott, as a volunteer. On this occasion an incident occurred which is related in a speech made at Sandusky, O., on the 14th of October, 1852, by Gen. Scott, at the “Exchange” in that city, printed in the issue of the 8th, of the Sandusky Register; he says, amongst other matters complimentary to Major Camp, as to his procuring under

*Gen. Scott's autobiography, Vol. 1, Page 104.

†Gen. Scott's Autobiography, Vol. 1, Page 122.—Mansfield's Life of Scott, Page 103.

seemingly impossible difficulties the means of transportation: "And what is more, he had the honor of leading on that occasion my brigade; and he stood side by side with me on the little quarter deck of that boat by which we landed under the heavy fire of the enemy, though I had to swim for my life and he assisted me, plucking me up or I should have been drowned. He took me by the collar while struggling in the stream and pulled me over the bows. But for Major Camp, there my little history would have ended."

Major Camp was in the battle of Chippewa, fought on the 5th of July, and in that of Landy's Lane fought July 25th, 1814. The latter battle continued into the night and the troops of both sides were confused and mixed with their opponents. On one of these occasions the Major received a slight wound in the knee and was a prisoner for some ten minutes, when some part of our army appearing he was released.

Major Camp continued to act until peace was made, as Chief Quartermaster on that frontier.

In August of 1814, Major Camp was twenty-five years of age and thus it appears that these services were rendered and honors won at an exceptional early age.

I will cite a passage in a letter of Gen. Scott's dated in February, 1841, intended to be laid before the legislature of Virginia in conclusion of the account of this part of his career: "He was particularly distinguished as chief of the Quartermaster's department. He organized, nay, created the means of that branch of the staff, which gave the Army of Niagara the success which it attained and when active operations commenced was ever ready to encounter the dangers of the field. These great services were always handsomely acknowledged by Gen. Brown, and were he alive, I next in rank, should deem it superfluous to add my humble testimony to the weight of his conclusive approbation."

Major Camp was mustered out of service after the peace on the disorganization and reduction of the army, Jan. 15, 1815.

Three days before the crossing of the army at Ft. Erie, June 14, 1814, Major Camp was married to Rhoda Barker at Hamburg, a village a few miles from Buffalo. He left his bride of three days and before she saw him or heard from him again the armies had crossed to Canada and the battles of Ft. Erie, Chippewa and

Lundy's Lane had been fought, in all of which he participated.

After the war he settled in Buffalo and lived there some twenty years. He saw it grow from nothing (for every house but one was burned by the British) to a city of 20,000 people. He participated in its early struggles and bore his part in all its enterprises.*

His connection with Erie county, Ohio, began in 1831. In July of that year he bought of Ebenezer Jessup, of Connecticut, 6080 33-100 acres of land, which was conveyed by deed of that date, for the consideration of \$6080.33 or one dollar per acre. This land was situated in Margaretta Tp. He sold this land off usually to actual settlers. This purchase included lands in the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th sections of Margaretta Tp. and annexation. There were 54 different original lots or surveys. Some of these are now owned and occupied by the Caswells, Whites, Graves, Ainslies, &c. Many of them are valued at a hundred dollars per acre or over. This is a noteworthy increase in value in 55 years, of purely agricultural lands.

In this deed, Venice is referred to as "Jessopville, formerly Venice." "The distillery" is one of the monuments named. So whisky preceded flour in Venice—as corn did wheat as a crop among the farmers.

In 1834 Major Camp came to Sandusky with his family. He had previously purchased, in conjunction with Mr. O. Follett and the late Mr. Thos. Neill, a part of the town plat of the old proprietors. Sandusky was then a village of some 400 inhabitants. With the new proprietors the town took a start. Among the enterprises of Maj. Camp was that of a steam flouring mill, a saw mill and a foundry; three very useful and in fact essential things in a new country. The steam mill is now the three story stone part of the B. & O. depot or shops. The walls were put up by the old proprietors and sold to Maj. Camp.† The saw mill was the next east and the foundry east of that. These buildings occupied the whole block of Water lots. The flouring mill had the best of machinery for four

*In 1825 he was appointed by Dewitt Clinton, Governor of New York, "Inspector of 21th division of N. Y. Militia." The commission for this office is signed, "Dewitt Clinton, General and Commander in Chief of all the Militia and *Admiral of the Navy*."

†This structure was undertaken to furnish work for the purchasers of lots of the old proprietors, and more than one purchaser partly or wholly paid the purchase money of their lots on this building by labor. Mr. Forman worked to pay for his purchase, the southwest corner of Perry and Water streets. The building occupied by Mr. Kunzman on Water street was put up in the same manner.

run of stones. It drew large supplies of wheat from the surrounding country. It absorbed a large amount of money and was never remunerative property. Milling by steam then was only possible when the country was a wilderness and wood an actual drug. When that time passed as it soon did and when Venice and Castalia water mills were built the steam mill at Sandusky ceased to run. The saw mill was of course a great element in the growth of the town. This was before the milling of pine lumber had started in Michigan. Our early houses were built of oak, walnut and poplar.

On the completion of the Sandusky, Mansfield & Newark Railroad the entire block was sold to that corporation. The milling machinery part of the steam mill was taken to Manhattan and there put into a flouring mill run by water from the canal. The saw mill went out of existence and the foundry was moved to the corner of Water and Warren streets where it continued to do business for many years.

Major Camp assisted in procuring Erie county to be set off from Huron county in 1838, and in making Sandusky the county seat. He spent two winters in Columbus on that business. He was an early advocate of railroads and one of the first contributors to the stock of the Old Mad River and Lake Erie R. R., and for a time director.

In the view of Major Camp and others like him the contributing to such public enterprises was chiefly with the end to develop the country and build up the city and so indirectly benefit their private enterprises. And such generally was the result. Not infrequently, moreover, the contributors themselves reaped little or no benefit. But public spirit stimulated all. If a church was to be built, help was given by worshippers in other sanctuaries. A good instance of this and of the kind of public spirit shown, is the subscription to Grace Church in this city which now lies before me. While Major Camp and others expected to worship within its walls, it bears the names of members of other churches followed by substantial amounts. Amongst others I may notice that of the venerable pioneer John Beatty—Squire Beatty, who was a pillar of the Methodist Church. That society had the first building for public worship built in this city.

Major Camp was ever an active, ardent politician. He was a personal friend and supporter of Wm. Henry Harrison who was elected by the Whigs. On his death, John Tyler succeeding

appointed Major Camp U. S. Marshal of the District of Middle Florida the 22d of March, 1841, Daniel Webster then being Secretary of State. Florida was then a territory and had within its borders numbers of refugees from justice from states north, as well as settlers of the adventurous class ever advancing beyond the lines of civilization. They pushed their private quarrels to the extremest limit and some had refused to obey the warrants of the judges and set the law at defiance. Major Camp was advised of the state of affairs. One of the means to extort obedience to the writs of the court, was as original as effective. He selected two of the better class, reckless fellows, and persuaded them to accept appointments as his deputies. He personally assured them, and all others, that the laws would be enforced, his writs served and the arrests made. The men proved staunch and loyal and the show of firmness and determination broke down all opposition. Several of the most contumacious and those of good social standing surrendered themselves; others fled the territory and went to Texas. In a year no complaint could be made that the law did not reign there as elsewhere. Major Camp held office four years and then returned to Sandusky about 1847-8. He remained in Sandusky as a resident until the time of his death.

Major Camp had had large and varied experience; had great practical knowledge of affairs. Few men living when he did, had as large an acquaintance throughout the Union as he. He was a man of deeds rather than words; of a generous, ardent and impetuous disposition. Easily conciliated and a true and steadfast friend. Personally popular, over six feet in height, he had the manner, bearing and carriage, of a gentleman of the old school. His death was greatly regretted by all classes of people.

ALEXANDER CLEMONS.

By R. M. Clemons.

Alexander Clemons, son of John and Mary McClellan Clemons was born at Hiram, Oxford Co., Maine, February 11, 1794. His first wife, Angeline Hollister, to whom he was married February 11, 1824, was born in Connecticut, April 5, 1806, and died March 24, 1861. Of fourteen children born to them, eleven sons and three daughters, the five eldest were born in Sandusky, the others at Marblehead. Nine sons and two daughters are still living, all within sound of the dinner bell except one son, now in the gov-



ernment employ at Little Rock, Arkansas. Mr. Clemons was married to his second wife September 2, 1862. Mr. Clemons' father moved from the east to Ohio in 1817, locating at Sandusky, where he was engaged in the cabinet and undertaking business. His mother died in Sandusky, in 1832; his father moved to Marblehead, Ohio, with him in 1834, where he died in 1855.

Alexander Clemons owned and worked the extensive limestone quarries of Marblehead for over forty years, quarrying and shipping many thousand tons yearly. He opened the first quarry on the point. I have heard father relate some of the incidents of his early life on the Marblehead; in 1837, when the so-called patriot war was at its height, he hitched a team to a sleigh and drove over with a party on the ice to see the fun as he called it. When the 160 patriots met the British, they went as far as Pelee island where they came near being captured by a squad of British regulars, and concluded they had seen all the fun they wanted and returned.

He used to travel from here to Detroit on foot, there being no railroad in that day, going by way of Toledo through what was called the black swamp, a distance of over 100 miles.

When he came on the Point it was almost a wilderness; the wild prairie grass grew so high that when you were horseback you could just see over the top of it, now there is none. The place was well stocked with deer and the wolves used to make the night hideous; but they are all gone and no trace left except now and then a stray deer.

Alexander Clemons was a pensioner, he being one of the soldiers of 1812, belonging to the New York militia in Captain McClure's Co. He had also three sons go through the rebellion, serving over three years each.

Father Clemons died March 12, 1886. A sight seldom seen was presented at his funeral; every one of his eleven children with their companions, except one son-in-law, deceased, and many grandchildren, numbering over sixty were there to follow him to his last resting place. His sons reverently did the last earthly office for father, placing him tenderly away to peacefully sleep until the resurrection morn.

ABEL KINGSBURY WEST.

Abel Kingsbury West was born in Pittsfield, Mass., October

22, 1817. His father was a man of prominence and decided character, and his mother a woman of intelligence and energy. Passing his boyhood days upon his father's farm, in common with New England boys of that day, he laid the foundation for that upright, honorable integrity that characterized his after life.

A limited common school education was all he ever enjoyed, but of this he made the most, and had the practical ability to use what he knew. Although of a delicate and nervous temperament he always showed, as a boy, the same perseverance and constancy of application that marked his career as a man.

At eighteen years of age he bade farewell to the paternal roof and started out with a firm determination to make his way in the world. He acted as clerk in a small store for a year and then entered the large dry goods house of Quackenbosh & Lee of Troy, N. Y., where his clear understanding and untiring attention to business won for him the confidence of the firm, and at 22 years of age he was given the entire charge of one branch of the retail department. This responsible position, requiring so much tact and skill in managing, overtaxed his constitution and he was taken violently ill with inflammatory rheumatism, a malady which returned several times in his life and which finally caused his death.

In 1841, at the request of his brother, William T. West, he came to Sandusky and together they commenced a dry goods business on Water street on the site now occupied by William Robertson as a grocery store.

In 1848 they took possession of the one on Columbus avenue which is at present occupied by his brother, so that for more than 45 years the store of W. T. & A. K. West has been a landmark to the old pioneers, who are rapidly passing away.

In 1853 the brothers commenced building the large hotel which still bears their name. This was a great venture for them at the time and taxed the skill and energy of them both to their utmost. It was completed and thrown open to the public at the time of the state fair in 1858.

Mr. West as a business man was clear in his perceptions, cautious and experienced, and when his judgment was settled as to any course of action he pursued it boldly and liberally. He was a model merchant, intense in his nature, strict and exacting of those in his employ, showing small sympathy to the indolent and shiftless, but to those who were faithful in their duties he was a

dom friend and judicious counsellor. He was a regular attendant of the Presbyterian church, manifested a deep interest in its welfare and was one of its most liberal supporters.

He was married in 1860 and leaves a wife and two daughters. He was kind and sympathetic in all the relations of life and a true and faithful friend. He died after a short and severe illness, April 16, 1880 and was buried in Oakland cemetery.

CAPTAIN JOHN YOUNGS.

By John Youngs, Jr.

And still another has departed. Slowly they are passing out of the country they have helped to settle and are going to swell the population of a much better world.

Captain John Youngs was born in Oswego, N. Y., on the 6th day of April, 1814, amid the exciting scenes of the war of 1812. When but an infant the city was burned by the British, and the family were forced to fly. They embarked in a small sloop and sailed to the mouth of the Niagara river, where they were transported around the world famous Niagara Falls and reembarked on Lake Erie. They finally reached Sandusky bay and falling in love with the beautiful place decided to locate. Their first home was on the peninsula near what is now called Fox's dock in the old "Indian Orchard." They lived here and at divers other places around the bay until they finally settled in Venice, where Captain Youngs' father embarked in the hotel business, being proprietor of the Venice City Hotel. Reared on the bay shore he early became interested in lake navigation and followed this line of business until 1849.

In 1838 he was married to Miss Orinda Dewey. Eight children were the fruit of this marriage, three of which still remain to deplore the loss of their father. In 1849 the Captain was appointed Collector of Customs at the port of Sandusky. He held this position for about a year when a controversy arose between him and his deputy which culminated in a newspaper quarrel between the two contestants and the result was the removal of Captain Youngs and the filling of his place by Harlow Case. Case subsequently absconded with his deputy's wife and \$30,000 of government funds. Captain Youngs engaged in different occupations until Lincoln became president and then he was immediately re-

instated to his old place in the Custom House. On the 15th of May, 1867, he was again married, to Mrs. Mary McGee, who still survives him with their only son. In 1874 he resigned his position in the Custom House and retired to private life. He passed away after a long and severe illness of five months, on the 31st day of January, 1886. His funeral took place from the family residence on Franklin street. His remains were escorted to their final resting place in Oakland cemetery by his many friends and relatives who all felt that they had lost a true friend and relative.

LESTER S. HUBBARD.

From the Sandusky Register of July 11, 1875.

Of the more prominent business men of Sandusky, Lester S. Hubbard, whose death is announced this morning, was one of the most highly and extensively known. His death will prove a serious loss not only to the Second National Bank of which he has been president since its organization in 1864, but to the business interests of the entire city. Lester S. Hubbard, son of John Hubbard and Mabel Barnard Hubbard, was born on the 16th of December, 1807, in Windsor, Hartford county, Connecticut, where his family had been settled for many generations. He secured a liberal education and when only nineteen years of age, removed to New York and there engaged in mercantile business until the autumn of 1834, when he came to Sandusky, where has been his home and place of business for forty years. In company with him came Timothy Lester; the two, forming a copartnership under the firm name of Hubbard & Lester, engaged in the sale of general merchandise. In 1836 he went to Columbus, Ohio, where he remained one year, and then returned to Sandusky, reengaging in mercantile business with his brother, S. E. Hubbard. In 1841 another brother, R. B. Hubbard, became a member of the firm; subsequently he became actively engaged in the forwarding and commission business, then an important trade of this port. In 1855 he became associated with F. T. Barney and William Durbin in banking, under the firm name of Barney, Hubbard & Durbin. Upon the organization of the Second National Bank of Sandusky he was elected its first president, and served the bank in that capacity until his death. Under his capable and prudent

management the bank prospered, and its stock greatly appreciated in value. He became the owner of much valuable real estate in Sandusky and built upon it many large and ornamental structures. In business he was eminently practical and of good judgment, honest in purpose, lenient and kind to the unfortunate. He was a man of a broad and cultured mind; was patriotic and statesman-like in his views. In public affairs he was much interested, and to promote the public good he was always ready to help. To his family he was a devoted husband, a kind and generous father, and an hospitable host. In social life he was a model gentleman, a dignified, polite and cheerful companion. His place among men will be difficult to fill.

AMOS AND ELEANOR COLVIN McLOUTH.

By O. C. McLouth.

Amos McLouth was born in Berkshire county, Mass., Feb. 16, 1793, and died at Bedford, Monroe county, Mich., Jan. 12, 1870.

At sixteen years of age he left home and was variously employed until the fall of 1817, when he emigrated from western New York to Groton township, now in Erie county, where he was engaged in farming for several years and was married.

In August, 1821, when O. C. McLouth, his oldest child, was four weeks old, he moved to the "Ogontz Place," now Sandusky, where he remained with an interval of a few months spent in Ontario county, N. Y., until April, 1835, when he bought a farm in and returned to Groton and remained there seven years. He then removed to Sandusky county, O., staid a few months, but owing to some sickness in the family and death of two grown-up daughters, he returned to Erie county where he remained a few months, then purchased another farm in Sandusky county and returned there and remained several years. Having sold his farm he removed to Bedford, Monroe county, Mich., in April, 1845, where he died as above stated.

Mr. McLouth was a farmer, a public spirited and genial man, a quiet, neighborly and patriotic citizen, a good husband and kind father.

Eleanor Colvin McLouth, widow of Amos McLouth, was born in Kingsbury, Washington county, N. Y., October 27, 1802, and died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Fanny DeWitt, at

Toledo, O., August 25th, 1885, in the eighty-third year of her age.

She came to Ohio with her parents, arriving at Huron May 18th, 1818. The family settled in Groton, where she remained until after her marriage to Amos McLouth, and the birth of her eldest son when they removed to Sandusky. She was the mother of ten children, three sons and seven daughters; her oldest son, O. C. McLouth, of Sandusky, Mrs. Charlotte M. Bristoll, of Lambertville, Mich., and Mrs. Fanny J. DeWitt, of Toledo, O., still survive her.

Mrs. McLouth (known generally as "Aunt Ellen") was a woman of extraordinary tenderness and generosity of heart; was a woman who never had an enemy, and who never tired of doing for the sick and unfortunate. She was an affectionate and faithful wife, a loving and good mother, and a consistent and sincere Christian.

For several years before her death, up to the end, she was a great sufferer, but was cheerful and uncomplaining, and died deeply mourned by all who knew her.

Her remains repose by the side of her husband at Lambertville, Monroe county, Michigan.

MRS. SUSAN B. CALDWELL.

By E. W. Sadler, of Sandusky.

Mrs. Susan B. Caldwell, who died at Sandusky on the 7th of May, 1886, was an early pioneer of Huron county, O. She was the widow of the late Judge S. B. Caldwell, whose biography is found on page 112, volume XI, old series, of the Firelands Pioneer.

She was born in Norwalk, in the state of Connecticut, in August, 1806. She was one of the daughters of John and Ruth Boalt, and of nine sisters and three brothers, only four are now living, viz: John M. Boalt and Clara Butler, of Sandusky; Iantha B. Strong, of Oxford, Erie county; and Martha Moss, of Osborn, Greene county, O. C. L. Boalt, formerly of Norwalk, was one of her brothers, a man distinguished for his ability and well known in all this part of the state.

Her father and family came to Ohio and located at Norwalk in 1818, and resided there two or three years. In 1823 they moved to Sandusky, where for a number of years her father kept the Steam Boat Hotel.

She was married to Samuel B. Caldwell in February, 1827.

After her marriage, she and her husband resided in Bloomingville until 1830 when they removed to Sandusky and resided there till their deaths.

The writer of this was intimately acquainted with both Judge Caldwell and his estimable wife. She was a woman possessing all of the most sterling virtues. She was a devoted wife, a most sincere and consistent Christian; hospitable and kind in the extreme, at her home, any one received a warm and hearty welcome. She had no children, but her generous nature and kindness of heart made her as tender and kind as a mother to all that came under her roof. Her domestic virtues, benevolent spirit and universal kindness, were among her most prominent characteristics. Her husband left her a large estate, which, by will, she wisely distributed among his and her relations, remembering especially those she thought the most needy, and giving a reasonable share to public and charitable institutions.

After a long and lingering illness she died the death of the good and the righteous, without one enemy, but leaving thousands to mourn and regret her departure.

MRS. MARY A. McGEE.

By her granddaughters.

Died in Sandusky, on September 20th, 1881, of typhoid fever, after three weeks' illness, Mrs. Mary A. McGee, widow of S. M. McGee, aged 66 years. She was born in Washington county, N. Y., October, 1815. Emigrated with her parents to Meadville, Pa., when young, and from there to near Cleveland, O., and at the age of 17 years removed to Sandusky, where she made her home with an uncle's family. When 18, she was married to Samuel McGee, as above stated. After her marriage, she with her husband struggled on faithfully; never attaining wealth, but such comforts as could be procured by industry and economy. Five children were born to them, all of whom she raised with a Christian mother's care. Two of her children survive her. Her husband died in 1854, leaving her to struggle on as best she could. Her record is: A good neighbor and friend.

PELATIAH STRONG.

Pelatah Strong died in Bloomingville, Erie county, O., Feb-

ruary 25th, 1881, at the age of 74 years, 2 months and 3 days. He was born in Homer, Cortland county, N. Y., December 22d, 1806. He moved with his father's family to Lyme, Huron county, O., in 1815. He was married to Miss Jantha Boalt, April 5th, 1829, in Bloomingville, Erie county, O. They settled in Lyme, Huron county, living there till the year 1854. When they moved to Ilyria, Fayette county, Iowa, and remained there until 1865 when he moved with his family to Bloomingville, where he died. He was a sober, industrious man, upright and honest in all his business affairs. A kind husband, a loving father and a much respected neighbor.

CLARISSA S. McFALL.

Died at Sandusky, Erie county, Ohio, October 24th, 1886, Clarissa S., wife of William H. McFall, in the 66th year of her age.

The subject of this notice was born in Townsend township, Huron county, O., May 26th, 1821. Her father, Jasper Miles, settled in that township in 1817, at which place and in Milan and Berlin townships he lived up to the time of his death. Clarissa S., his sixth child, always resided on the Firelands.

CAPTAIN EBEN J. DENNIS.

By C. B. Dennis.

Eben J. Dennis was born in Queensbury, Washington county, N. Y., May 8, 1796. He moved from Washington to Onondaga county, N. Y., about 1805, and lived in Onondaga and Oswego counties up to the time of his removal to Ohio. Mr. Dennis was married July 15, 1818, to Amanda Caldwell, a sister of the late Judge S. B. Caldwell of Sandusky. To them were born a family of eight children, five of whom are still living; the eldest, a daughter, being sixty-seven years of age.

Mr. Dennis moved to Ohio in 1852 and settled on a farm 2½ miles south of Sandusky where he lived until 1883 when he moved into the city and resided there until his death, September 11, 1886. He enjoyed the love and respect of his family and a very large circle of friends. His health remained remarkably good and his mind clear and vigorous up to a short time before death. And when the dread summons came he met it with the same manly

fortitude that characterized his long and useful life. He was a good representative of the long line of noble pioneers that have made the Western Reserve what it is; almost a Paradise. He received a pension for long and honorable service at Sackett's harbor during the war of 1812.

Mrs. Dennis survives her husband, and notwithstanding her advanced age enjoys very good health.

SOPHIA SPRAGUE PATRICK.

By F. W. Alvord.

Sophia Patrick was born in Sullivan, Madison county, N. Y., January, 1798. She had nine brothers and sisters, she being the seventh, and all of them like herself living far beyond the allotted time and some more than four score and ten.

Shepherd Patrick, of Norwalk, Matthew Patrick, of Athens, Amos Patrick, of Johet, Ill., and Maria Patrick Haseltine, of Wisconsin, her brothers and sister, are the only children of the family besides herself who looked to the West for homes. One, Spicer Patrick, found his in Virginia and died but a short time ago, aged almost one hundred years.

In 1826, Sophia Patrick married Nehemiah Sprague and moved to Lyons, Wayne county, N. Y. Seven children were born to them; Henry, Elizabeth, Caroline, Sophia, Sarah, Maria and Charles.

In '48 her husband died and then began the struggle which so many have fought, and so few battled to success. The business affairs of Mr. Sprague being left in an unsettled condition, what should have been saved for the mother and little ones was consumed in the settlement of the estate. Being a woman of affairs and of wonderful executive ability, she comprehended the situation at once and commenced her work.

Seven bodies to clothe and feed, seven minds to train and educate, was no small task for a woman, but she was equal to it and performed her work well. One by one they arrived at man and womanhood and were married, but until that time she provided them all a home and her work in that direction was not completed until there were none to look after. From that time on she found a comfortable home with those she had brought through trials and hardships from childhood to man and womanhood. Two of her daughters, Elizabeth and Sophia, married, one in 1853 and one in

1856, and moved to Ohio and to that state she followed them, with the rest of her children, in 1856; since that time she has resided in Sandusky. As long as any of her children remained unmarried, she kept her own home for them; when they were all gone and her duty done to them, she took up her abode with the children to whom she had been so faithful.

Few in the great battle of life achieve so successful a victory.

The work of her earth life was completed November, 1886, having continued about 89 years.

Her children now living are Mrs. Charles Drake, Catawba Island, Mrs. Fred Alvord, Mrs. E. H. Wilcox, Mrs. J. T. Beecher, of Sandusky, and Charles L. Sprague, of Dayton.

Mrs. Sprague was for many years a member of the Presbyterian church, and died in that faith. She lived the life of a constant Christian, doing her duty as she understood it and doing it faithfully and well.

A. H. BARBER.

By John G. Pool.

Mr. A. H. Barber was born in the town of Georgia, state of Vermont, and died at Sandusky, O., without a pain or a struggle, of heart disease, November 7th, 1884.

In his early manhood he taught school for some time in his native state. He went from Vermont to Troy, N. Y., and was engaged in the forwarding transportation business until he came to Sandusky, in the fall of 1835. He bought the brick store of the Hon. Eleutherius Cooke on the corner of Water and Jackson streets where he established the first hardware store in Sandusky. Mr. Alden was partner in the business. Mr. Alden died the next spring, and in December, 1836, Charles Barney came in as a partner the firm name being Barber & Barney, which name still marks the building. The new firm built a dock and warehouse in the rear of the store and did a forwarding and commission business in connection with the store. About 1839 the firm sold the stock of hardware to F. T. Barney, who added dry goods, &c., to the stock.

In the year 1841 the firm of B. & B. built the schooner Buckeye, tonage 118, and in 1847 they built the brig Columbia, tonage 176. These vessels classed amongst the largest on the lakes at that time. Chas. Barney died of cholera in 1849. The

business of the firm of B. & B. was taken by F. T. Barney, Mr. Barber going into the employ of the Sandusky & Mansfield Railroad Co. as station agent and manager at Sandusky; Mr. Burr Higgins being president at that time.

After remaining there for several years Mr. Barber went into the grain and produce business with Mr. Lyon, the firm name being Barber & Lyon. After a year or two Mr. Lyon went to Detroit. Mr. Barber continued to do more or less grain and flour business for several years. He then engaged in the coal business, which he continued until his death.

Mr. Barber was married to Miss Emeline Brooks, daughter of John Brooks, Esq., of Columbus, O., July 11, 1837. Mrs. Barber and their five children survive him, viz: J. Jay Barber, of Columbus, O., artist; Emeline B., now Mrs. J. G. Chandler, of St. Louis; Lieut.-Com. F. M. Barber, U. S. Navy; Mary A., now Mrs. J. R. Warfield, of St. Louis; Fannie B., now Mrs. F. E. Thompson, of Elkhart, Ind.

Mr. Barber was a kind husband, indulgent parent, liberal in his charities, always giving to the needy when called upon; an extensive reader he kept well posted on the current events of the times; was often called on to manage the local government of the township and city, which was always done with fidelity and economy; a social and genial companion, an unassuming gentleman, loved by all who knew him. His death was a great loss especially to his family and intimate friends and companions.

EDWARD HARMON WILCOX.

By his wife.

Edward Harmon Wilcox was born in Hudson, O., May 15, 1830. When he was three years of age the family moved to Rock Creek, in Ashtabula county. In 1844 moved to Cleveland with his parents where he attended the private seminary of R. B. Dennis for two years. He came to Sandusky in 1846 and entered the employ of his uncles, the Messrs. Hubbards, who were extensively engaged in the general merchandise, produce and forwarding business. He remained with them eight years.

In 1854 he was located at La Salle, Ill., in the employ of one of the leading transportation companies of the country. Returned to Sandusky in 1855 and formed a partnership with Stiles E.

Hubbard and his brother, R. M. Wilcox, to engage in the dry goods business. In 1871, Mr. Hubbard retired from the firm and Mr. Wilcox and his brother removed from the old location on Water street to Columbus avenue, where they continued extensively in the dry goods and carpet business.

His well spent life was ended in Sandusky in the early morning of February 17th, 1886. He was a man of sterling integrity, a faithful and consistent Christian, as a husband considerate and affectionate; as a father kind and indulgent, a neighbor of many good qualities and a firm friend, foremost in every good work. Always ready to help in any good cause, his courtesy and kindness constituted a character and won a reputation of which his family and friends may well be proud. His sickness was short, his departure sudden, but so he was willing it should be and "He went down with all sail set."

ALVAN C. HALL.

By L. S. Hall.

Alvan C. Hall was born in Brimfield (at that time called Wiles Town), Portage county, Ohio, February 18th, 1818. His home in early life was a rude log cabin in an almost unbroken wilderness. His advantages of education were such as the common schools of those days afforded, when the parents had to pay the school bill and furnish wood to keep the house warm with an old fashioned fire place. Being of studious nature he managed to get a very good practical education.

At about sixteen years of age he made a profession of religion and united with the Congregational church of Brimfield, 1834. In 1836, he moved with his parents, one brother and two sisters, to Wakeman, the oldest brother being at Oberlin College. His father built a rude frame house into which the family moved with nothing but the siding on the outside to shield them from the blasts of winter. For several years after coming to Wakeman his time was spent chopping, and clearing land in summer, and teaching school in winter; there not being an acre of land cleared on the farm on which the family settled and which he has ever since occupied. He obtained a letter from the church in Brimfield and united with the 1st Congregational church of Wakeman, of

which he remained a member until the second church was organized, he being one of the original twenty members of which the second church was formed, August 31st, 1844.

Previous to this, October 6th, 1842, he was married to Cordelia Bestwick, of Edinburg, Portage county, Ohio, she bringing a letter from the Edinburg church, and uniting with the others to form the 2d Congregational church. He was the father of three children, one of whom, and the beloved companion have gone before him to the unseen shore.

He was a man of very decided opinions where he thought he was in the right. He was with the first anti-slavery movements, voted a Liberty ticket when it was no honor to do so. He was radical on temperance, opposing not only the use of intoxicating liquors but tobacco in all its forms, and conscientiously opposed to secret societies because he thought them not consistent with Christianity; if in error in this it was of the head and not the heart. He had failings; who has not?

He was an honest, upright citizen, a good neighbor, a kind and loving father. His work is finished. His record is made. He died October 31st, 1887, of cancer in the stomach.

ABEL WHITNEY.

By Jno. G. Sherman.

Abel Whitney was born in New Town, Connecticut, the 23d of September, 1797. He belonged to a large family, there being thirteen children. Early in life he learned the blacksmith trade, but in after life his principal business was farming. October 1, 1821, he was married to Lavina G. Beecher, and in about three years moved to Hanover, Bridgewater, Connecticut, and from there to Sandy Hook. In 1849 he moved with his family to Vermillion, Ohio; after living there about a year he moved onto the Shafer farm in Birmingham. He soon after bought the Elias Denton farm and lived there 6 years. From there he went to Iowa where he remained 3 years. After returning he moved onto a farm in the south part of Wakeman township, where he remained one year. From there he moved onto what was known as the James Burhause farm in the east part of Wakeman township, where he died at the advanced age of 89 years, and 11 months, August 7, 1887. In 1824, he and his wife united with the Meth-

odist Episcopal Church of Bridgewater with a number of others.

There were nine children born to them, five sons and four daughters. Three sons and three daughters are still living, as follows: Charles, Fred, Theodore, Eunice, (Mrs. Charles Shelton), Mrs. Hill and Amelia, (Mrs. W. A. Canfield, of Sandusky). Mrs. Whitney at an advanced age has gone to live with Mrs. Canfield, which she enjoys very much.

REV. S. B. WEBSTER.

By Rev. E. C. Long.

The Painesville *Telegraph* of June 30th, 1887, contained the following notice:

"Rev. S. B. Webster died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward M. Hitchcock, in Northfield, Minnesota, June 26, 1887. The remains were brought to Painesville and the funeral services attended at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. A. D. Malin, St. Clair street, Tuesday afternoon, Rev. E. C. Long, pastor of the Baptist church, officiating.

Rev. Mr. Webster was for many years pastor of the Baptist church of this city and was beloved by all who knew him. He leaves a wife and two daughters to mourn the death of a kind and beloved husband and father. His age was 73."

The facts of this brief notice came forcibly home to many hearts, bringing sorrow, arousing sympathy and kindling reflection. Sorrow, because the world has lost one of its purest and best of men, a church has lost a much loved pastor, and a family bereft of a kind and loving husband and father. Sympathy, because of both love and compassion. A large number of friends have by word or deed given expression to their love for Mr. Webster and their sympathy for the bereaved family. Many who could not be present at the funeral sent some token of their friendship; among the most comforting of these should be numbered the letters received from different parts of the state, all full of sympathy. Especially beautiful and kind were those received from Deacon J. W. Griggs, of Mansfield, Rev. Mr. Bucl, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Page, and Mrs. A. H. Adams, of Cleveland, Rev. Mr. Rapsen, of Canton, members of the W. C. T. U., of Northfield, Minnesota, Mrs. Parr and Miss Lilly Parr, of Euclid. None the less comforting were some of the letters, because received the day before Rev. Mr. Webster's death, having been written by friends who felt that Mr. Webster could

not recover from his illness. Reflection, because naturally the thoughts turn back to review the life of one whose record on earth, death has suddenly closed. Recollections of the past crowd hurriedly forward, jostling each other in their eagerness to be first presented as most important events or characteristics. Demanding a little order as to events, a few recollections of Mr. Webster, as they have been gathered from several of his relatives and friends, seek the privilege of being chronicled here.

Mr. Webster was born in Jefferson, Ashtabula county, A. D., 1813. Soon afterward his parents moved to Painesville, O., where they lived six years, and where, through the instruction of Prof. Huntington, Mr. Webster received his first knowledge of the English language. He then returned to Jefferson, where he lived until he entered Madison university in Hamilton, N. Y.

Immediately after his return from school he began to preach the Gospel which he so much loved and to which he gave his life. He was ordained fifty years ago last February at Lima, and had his first pastorate at Monroeville, O. Afterwards he served as pastor of the Baptist church in Norwalk, O., and in Lockport, N. Y. Returning to his own state he was successively pastor at Mansfield, Painesville and Euclid, Ohio. One year he preached as supply at Perry.

Painesville was a home to him always. Here lived a few of his relatives and many of his friends. Nowhere was he more loved; nowhere, perhaps, were his labors more blessed. During the ten years of his pastorate here the church membership was nearly doubled, the house of worship greatly improved and the Baptist society extended in influence. Especially strong is the friendship of those who were at that time members of the church. So long was he their pastor, so long did he minister to their joys and comfort them in their sorrows, so often had he performed the rite of baptism, marriage and burial, and so was his life and their's interwoven by common sympathy in the weal and woe of humanity, that no spiritual father can ever seem quite so like one of them as did Mr. Webster.

At the time of his death he was pastor of the Baptist church at Euclid and was dearly beloved by his people. The interest which the young people of his church manifested during the past month in his welfare and the eagerness with which they looked for his recovery and return to his field of labor, show that Mr. Webster's

spirit had never grown old. He lived not in the past but in the present, not separate from, but alive to and in sympathy with, the thought and interest of present time and generation.

October 2, 1837, Mr. Webster was united in marriage to Miss Harriet L. Morse, of Norwalk, O., who has shared his joys and sorrows all these years and whose presence was permitted to soothe his last conscious hours. So nearly completed was the half century of their married life that only a few weeks before his death his children had looked forward expectantly to a golden wedding the next October. But Mr. Webster has been "called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb," and no earthly treasure can compare with heaven's gift which fills him with "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Mr. Webster was the last man to desire that his name be glorified. His request was for an exceedingly plain and simple funeral, such as left no room for eulogy, therefore nothing was attempted beyond a brief and simple tribute to his life and work, and a word of comfort to his sorrowing family. The three beautiful hymns which were sung by Mrs. Maltbie were those which Mr. Webster himself especially loved. Prayer was offered by Rev. O. M. Merriek, of Perry. Rev. E. C. Long took for the ground of his remarks 2d Samuel 19:36: "Thy servant will go a little way over Jordan with the King." He first spoke of the meaning of the words in their reference to Barzillai, then applied them in a spiritual sense to Mr. Webster, showing how his was the peaceful ending of a loyal, noble and loving life. Rev. G. O. King, of Cleveland, followed with remarks touching more particularly Mr. Webster's characteristics as a Christian minister and a godly man, and closed with a beautiful invocation for Divine aid and blessing to rest upon the bereaved family.

It has been one of God's great gifts that he was spared to his family and friends so long, and even now the separation cannot be long, for he is but a little way over Jordan with the King.

MRS. CAROLINE PERKINS.

By R. C. Dean.

Caroline, wife of George Perkins, of East Townsend, was born April 1, 1806, and died July 23, 1886, aged 86 years, 3 months and 23 days, or 31,534 days.

The deceased was the eldest daughter of Jonathan Brecken-

ridge, in a family of eleven children, five sons and six daughters. From her childhood her father's house was the welcome home of the faithful Methodist ministry. Her religious impressions were very early, deep and abiding, though she did not unite with the church until January 18, 1818. At that time she was greatly aided by the ministry of David Lewis and Nicholas White. She was also instructed by such men of God as Bishop Hedding, George Peck and Thompson. She heard the first when he was Presiding Elder, and the latter when he preached the dedicatory sermon of the church at Townsend Center.

At the age of thirty she was married to George Perkins, of Shelburn, Vermont. In 1846 they removed to Ohio and settled in Erie county until 1850 when they moved to Townsend Center, Huron county, Ohio.

Thenceforward this philanthropic home has been a place of rest and refreshment with christian liberality to many, both ministers and members. She lived to see her four children members of the Methodist church, two of whom passed from the church militant to the church triumphant before her, who may have given her a joyous welcome to those bright and glorious climes on high.

For ten years she had been a great sufferer from consumption. But the wheels of life stood still at last, after having been a consistent christian sixty-eight years, a faithful wife fifty-six years; and as her tearful husband said: "she made home the dearest spot on earth." At one time she said, "my one desire has been since I started for heaven to see the end of this christian journey." Again near the finale she said, "how long, O Lord, how long." A little later she whispered, "he is coming," the heart stood still and she was gone.

LEVI PLATT.

Levi Platt was born in Huntington, Fairfield county, Conn., December 22, 1795. When 22 years of age, in the spring of 1818, he came to Huron county, Ohio, on horse-back. He started on his journey March 5th and arrived in Huron county (now Erie county) March 30th, being 25 days on his journey. In traveling from Albany to Buffalo every house appeared to be a tavern. When he left Buffalo he came to Cataragus creek. The ice had broken up in the middle of the stream and passed down, and as the water fell

there were long cakes of ice that broke off from the shore; one long cake was pried off and the lower end was held while the upper end swung around to the opposite shore. On this narrow cake of ice many teams and wagons passed over for a number of days.

He spent the summer in Vermillion township. As he came through Norwalk he spent the night with Platt Benedict, the first president of the Firelands Pioneer Society. At that time there was not a frame building in Norwalk or in Huron county. He taught school 3 months at the centre of Greenfield and received thirty-nine dollars for the entire term. He was the first male teacher in the place.

In the spring of 1819, he returned to Connecticut on horse-back where he remained 3 years. In the spring of 1822 he returned to Greenfield and purchased a farm three-quarters of a mile south of the center, on which he remained until the time of his death.

On the 10th of May, 1825, he was married to Abigail Bodman, of Hopewell, Ontario county, N. Y.

It was a common thing to see Indians at that time. They sometimes encamped on his farm and as many as 15 or 20 were often seen at one time on ponies. There was a swamp within 50 rods of his home, where the wolves seemed to collect nights and sometimes come near the house, howling and making a frightful noise. Those who have heard them will never forget it. He saw at one time 17 wild turkeys within eight rods of the house.

He was a man of strict integrity, upright in all his dealings and esteemed by all who knew him. He with his wife united with the Congregational church in Greenfield in the year 1833, was elected and ordained deacon in 1836. He was very much attached to the church and was a regular attendant until prevented by the infirmities of age. He retained his faculties up to the time of his wife's death which occurred about 5 years ago. Since then he has gradually failed until September 8th, 1886, when he quietly passed away.

HULLIBERT PINNEY.

Hullibert Pinney was born in Manlius, Onondaga county, N. Y., December 29, 1801.

In the year 1832 Mr. Pinney was united in marriage to Miss

Harriet Fay, and in the year 1835 moved with his family to Ohio and settled in Berlin township, being at that time in Huron county; after remaining there one year he moved into Townsend township, Huron county, where he spent the remainder of his life.

On March 26, 1880 the deceased laid to rest a beloved wife, the partner of his bosom and sharer of the joys and sorrows that are incident to an early pioneer life, with whom he lived 48 years and loved more dearly than all the world beside. After the death of mother Pinney, father Pinney spent the remainder of his life with his youngest son, Frank Pinney. After many years of toil and cares, he had accumulated sufficient of this world's goods to place him beyond penury and want. After abiding his time, at last the death messenger summoned him away to his final rest, on October 2, 1886, at the ripe old age of 83 years, 9 months and 3 days. And thus the home and community were robbed of a father, brother and friend. The deceased leaves four children; three sons and one daughter. Mr. Pinney was a kind husband and affectionate father. He gave one son to die for his country's cause. He was honored and respected by his neighbors and friends for his many noble deeds.

The sick he soothed, the hungry fed,
Bade cares and sorrows fly,
And loved to raise the downcast head
Of friendless poverty.

COLLINS A. BROWN.

From the Norwalk Chronicle.

Collins A. Brown, of Fitchville, Huron county, the Centenarian, whose one hundredth birthday was celebrated by his friends and neighbors August 10, 1885, with so much enthusiasm, by the presence of more than a thousand people who participated in the remarkable occasion, died at his old home in Fitchville township, Thursday, April 14, 1887, at about 1 o'clock p. m. He had been seriously ill for one week as the result of a severe cold which settled in his throat and terminated his existence. Our readers will remember Mr. Brown from the very full and graphic accounts given by the *Chronicle* at the time of the celebration of his centenary anniversary under the auspices of relatives and old friends. At the time of his death he was 101 years, 8 months and 4 days old. His funeral, largely attended, was held in the Union church

at Rumsey's corners, Sunday, April 18th, at 11 a. m. He was buried beside his wife, long since departed, in the Fitchville cemetery.

MRS. ELIZABETH GORDON.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon died at her home in Milan, Thursday, November 11th, aged 91 years, July 9, 1886. She came to Milan in the spring of 1836, and had been a constant resident of that village for more than 50 years. She had been a member of the Presbyterian church 74 years. Her husband died sixteen years ago. She has buried two sons, both, while studying for the ministry. One son, Dr. P. A. Gordon, and one daughter, Harriet, survive her, all living together at the time of Mrs. Gordon's death. The mother and daughter had not been separated more than three months in 72 years. Her funeral services were conducted at her late residence in Milan, on Saturday, Nov. 13th, 1886, by the Rev. W. L. Swan. Thus passes to her eternal reward a most excellent and noble woman.

AMY R. ADAMS.

Extracts from her personal journal.

Amy R. Adams, nee Bedell, was born in Manchester, Vermont, January 31st, 1804. She lived there until seven years old; then removed to Township No. 4, Clinton county, about fifteen miles from Plattsburg, N. Y. When twelve years of age we moved to Worthington, Ohio; came with a three-horse team over the Alleghany mountains and were six weeks on our journey.

My education was at this time very limited, but through the indomitable perseverance of one of the best of mothers, though we were poor and had a large family, I was sent out where I could work for my board and go to school. These were halcyon days and well did I improve them, and still do I remember them with tender and grateful emotions.

At sixteen I began to teach school. I was married the 4th of May, 1823, in Madison county, Ohio, to Horatio R. Adams. I continued teaching for some time, making in all about seven years as teacher. In these years I ever endeavored to lay a foundation of Christian character on which to build a scientific fabric. We

passed the winter of 1827 in Rochester, N. Y. In the fall of 1828 we began farm life on Darby Creek, Madison county, Ohio. Here we staid two years, worked hard and saved a little.

In the fall of 1830, we sold on time and moved to Lyme, Huron county, Ohio, renting some land of Jerry Sheffield for one year. This was a sad, toilsome year, husband working in mud and rain most of the time. Planted 26 acres of corn and sowed six acres of oats; got 200 bushels of corn, and no oats.

On New Year's day 1832 moved onto the farm where I now live in York township, Sandusky county. This farm was mostly new and as wild as when the Indians left it. We bought it for 12 shillings per acre. The house was eighteen feet square of rough logs, with a puncheon floor. The roof was of clapboards, fastened on by weighty poles. A window intended for ten lights of glass, with seven of them boarded up, and another with 3 lights high up in the end of the house, a low stick chimney built on the outside, and about four feet deep, and a small cellar built of logs joining the house. This we gladly and even proudly called home, after our year of severe trial on the Sheffield farm. In process of time, we had tightened the lower floor, put on a shingle roof, built a stone chimney. About this time I had a nice rag carpet ready to put on the puncheon floor, "and by the way," it was the first rag carpet in the township; bought a new stove, whitewashed the logs, set bushes in the fireplace, and felt quite aristocratic. We found a few apple trees when we came and now had gathered our first barrel of rambos.

The following is added by her daughter, Mrs. Sophie Berger, of Bellevue, O., viz: Father and mother lived on the farm mentioned to celebrate their golden wedding, in 1873. They lived together on this farm nearly fifty years. Father died about six years earlier than mother; she lived on this farm a trifle over fifty-four years, and in her journal she says "hope and cheerfulness sweetened all our toil." Here she died after a long illness, May 7, 1886.

MRS. C. W. MANAHAN.

From the Norwalk Chronicle.

Mrs. C. W. Manahan, of West Main street, Norwalk, died,

after a lingering and painful illness, on Tuesday evening, March 29th, 1887, at 6:45 o'clock.

Mrs. Manahan, *nee* Wheeler, was born in Wellington, Mass., in 1822; moved to Cayuga county, New York, with her parents when a child. Was married to C. W. Manahan December 13th, 1841, and came with her husband to Ohio the same year. They first moved onto a farm, and in 1850 removed to Olena where Mr. Manahan was engaged as a merchant for 12 years; later they took up their residence in Norwalk where he continued in business as merchant in this city for 12 years. For the four years between 1862 and 1866 Mr Manahan was County Treasurer.

Three children were born to them—two sons and one daughter. Both sons now reside in Michigan; the daughter, Mrs. Peckham, resides in Norwalk. Mrs. Manahan's father, Cyrenus Wheeler, is still living at the advanced age of 96 years.

Funeral services were held at her late home on West Main street on Friday morning, April 1st, at 10 o'clock, conducted by her pastor, Rev. S. W. Dickinson of the Congregational church. Her two brothers and sisters were present at the funeral.

Thus passed away a pioneer Christian woman, who died fortified by the consolations of Christ and his word, leaving behind a testimony to the efficacy of the Christian religion which long years cannot erase.

MYRON BRECKENRIDGE.

From the Norwalk Chronicle.

Myron Breckenridge died at the home of his daughter, on East Main street, in Norwalk, on Sunday afternoon about 4 o'clock February 6th, 1887, after a patient illness of many months, in the 92d year of his life; his spirit passed peacefully, quietly out of its mortal tenement as calmly as the setting sun of a summer's day. He maintained his consciousness to the last, giving directions regarding his wants but a few moments before he breathed his last. He died as he had lived, firm in the faith that his Redeemer liveth and that he should also live with him eternally.

Mr. Breckenridge was born in Charlotte, Chittenden county, Vermont, December 9th, 1795. His father's native home was in Bennington, Vt. His grandfather came from the north of Ireland,

in company with two brothers; one settled in Ware, Mass., the other in Kentucky.

Myron Breckenridge was married to Almira Morton in 1831; they have for about 56 years met life's vicissitudes together; she survives to mourn the breaking of the golden cord that has so long bound them in very happy matrimonial relations.

They came to Ohio in 1836, settling in the woods, in Peru, this county, where he cleared away the forest and converted the wilderness into a blossoming farm.

With the exception of a residence of three years on a farm in Plymouth, Richland county, Ohio, and five years in Richmond, Indiana, they have resided in Huron county since coming here in 1836.

Mr. Breckenridge's family consists of eight children, all living. Three daughters and one son live in Norwalk; two sons in Toledo; one son in Omaha, Neb., and a daughter in St. Louis, Mo.

For fifteen years Mr. B. had been in business with his son, E. P. Breckenridge, under the firm name of E. P. Breckenridge & Co.; first for about 5 years in Richmond, Indiana, then a few years in Galesburg, Ill., and after that in Toledo. Although he has never given the business his personal attention, it has been so successfully managed, by his son, that his income has been more than enough to meet all his wants; thus enabling him to feel easy and comfortable in his declining years.

He experienced religion and joined the M. E. Church in 1820 and for 67 years he has been an earnest, active, faithful and consistent member of the church.

At the age of three years he accidentally fell under the pitman of an old fashioned saw mill and was taken out as dead. He revived however with both legs broken, one of them twice, and a terrible cut across his head.

His strong temperance sentiments are well known in this community where he has never hesitated to express his convictions by word and act. The *Chronicle* has often published searching articles from his pen, the good influence of which will live for years to come. Although not a political party prohibitionist, for 60 years, by precept and example he has taught the beautiful doctrines of *total abstinence*.

The strong points in his character were unflinching integrity and moral conscientiousness. No influence could prevail upon him

to swerve a hair's breadth from the plummet's line of uprightness and scrupulous honesty.

On the 14th of April, 1886, he had a fall, since which he has been a confirmed invalid. He has never complained or been impatient; he has superintended his business affairs and given directions regarding his expenses up to the close of his life; making presents and bequests and disposing of his property with an intelligent understanding quite remarkable. He maintained the vigor of his intellect and memory even up to within a few moments of his death.

His funeral was held in the M. E. Church in Norwalk on Wednesday afternoon, February 9th, attended by a large concourse of friends and admirers; the services were ably conducted by his pastor, the Rev. T. F. Hildreth, assisted by the Rev. John Mitchell.

The bearers at the funeral were the four stalwart, noble looking sons of the deceased. It was an affecting scene when those worthy sons of a noble father bore the casket containing the earthly remains of their loved parent down the aisle of the church to the rostrum, and back again at the conclusion of the service.

The floral offerings were very beautiful indeed; consisting of a pillow upon which was the word "Father," a sickle and shock of grain, an anchor, and a magnificent representation of the gates ajar with a white dove perched above, bearing flowers.

The sons and daughters of Mr. Breckenridge were all present at the funeral together with a goodly number of grand-children and other relatives and near friends.

His remains were temporarily placed in the receiving vault in Woodlawn cemetery.

Thus endeth the earthly life of an upright Christian man who walked in the fear of the Lord all his days, and who will now dwell at his right hand where there is fullness of joy and pleasures forevermore.

ISAAC FOWLER.

By Rev. Wm. M. Jones.

Isaac Fowler was born March 9th, 1805, at Guilford, Conn., and was married to Rocksay Davis, at East Haddam, Conn., October 6th, 1826. On May 26, 1830, he moved to and settled in Vermillion, Ohio, where his wife died, leaving him a widower, with several young children to care for, February 23d, 1852. He was again

married, in East Haddam, Conn., to Prudence R. Snow, September 6th, 1852. In 1853 he moved from Vermillion to Berlin Heights, where he resided until his death, which occurred about noon on Wednesday, Nov. 24th, 1886, at which time he was 81 years, 8 months, and 15 days old.

His ancestry was traced back to three brothers, William, Ambrose and John, who came from England, among the early settlers of this country. William Fowler settled at Milford, Conn.; Ambrose at Westfield, Mass.; and John at Guilford, Conn. Isaac Fowler was in the sixth generation of the descendants of the youngest brother, John. His father was with Ethan Allen when he took Ticonderoga, and arrived at Bunker Hill the day after the battle, but was not in time to participate, though he took an active part in the Revolutionary war. In the olden time, Mr. Fowler belonged to the Whig party, and was among the first in the Republican ranks in this vicinity, indeed he was one of its founders here.

He was sheriff of Erie county, at one time, and has held many other offices of public trust. His death was exceedingly sudden, and the very morning it happened, he was one of the most cheerful of the number awaiting the distribution of the morning mail at the postoffice. A little later he went for some sand, which he wheeled home from an adjacent building. When he reached home, a little after eleven, he complained of a pain in his chest, sat down in a chair and very soon expired. His sudden death shocked the whole community, for no other man was held in higher esteem by his fellow citizens.

Friday afternoon, November 26th, at two o'clock, a very large number convened in the Congregational church, to listen to the funeral discourse, delivered by the Rev. W. M. Jones. When he was sick about two years ago, he expressed a wish that Mr. Jones might not leave Berlin Heights before he (Mr. Fowler) was gathered to his "long home"; and his wish was satisfied, for a council convened at Berlin Heights the day after the funeral, which severed the connection between pastor and people. Mr. Fowler was in his accustomed place, in front of the pulpit, when Mr. Jones read his resignation, Sunday, Nov. 21. On Sunday, Nov. 28th, his chair was vacant, and his pastor combined his farewell words to his people with those of Deacon Fowler's memorial.

Isaac Fowler was a good man. He was mature for the "Father's house," and the verdict of christian and unbeliever is, "He was

ready." He lived an unblemished life, and his memory is blessed. He was the third oldest member of the Congregational church, and has been a consistent christian man since he was about sixteen years old. He spoke ill of no one; no one speaks ill of him. He had hosts of friends, but no enemy in the world. This is great tribute to the memory of the departed one. May a double portion of his spirit rest on this community. Marc Antony's words over Brutus, as given in "Julius Cæsar," can be applied to him with increased force:

"This was the noblest of them all;
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"

Thus lived, and thus died one of the purest men we ever knew. Earth is poorer, and heaven is richer by his death. May his God and our's shower His blessings on the widowed and orphaned ones, and reunite them with their loved one beyond the jasper gates.

ANSEL PAGE.

By Rev. G. H. Houk.

Died, in North Milan, Ohio, on Monday, February 4th, 1884, Ansel Page, in his 82d year. Deceased was amongst the large number who came to Milan about 1835, and had remained a resident here to the time of his death. During all his residence here he had lived an upright christian life, and had won for himself the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He had been a member of the M. E. Church for upwards of 40 years and was always a faithful and earnest worker in the cause of his master. The example of such a christian cannot be estimated. His abiding faith in Christ was a great comfort to him in his old age, and he went "down into the valley of the shadow of death" with a hope both sure and steadfast. Ansel Page was born in Vermont, July 23d, 1802; was married in 1826, his wife still surviving; they having journeyed hand in hand, sharing alike the joys and sorrows of earth, for 58 years. A family of 7 children were reared by them,

all of whom are still living. Funeral services conducted by Rev. G. H. Houk were held at the late residence on Tuesday afternoon.

MRS. ANSEL PAGE.

From the Sandusky Register.

Mrs. Ansel Page whose death on Saturday, June 26th, 1886, has already been announced in the *Register* was one of Milan's pioneers. She was born August 11, 1804, in Connecticut, and was married to Mr. Page in 1825. In 1831 she and her husband came to Milan where she has ever since resided. For 58 years she and her husband had trod life's way together, until February 4, 1884, when Mr. Page died. From that time Mrs. Page began to fail, losing all interest in life and waiting resignedly to be called from earth. Three daughters and four sons survive. Homer Page, of Milan township, one of the county's wealthy men, being a son. The old homestead of this pioneer family has been a land mark at the entrance to Milan village for many years. A large brick house standing on the hill at North Milan, overlooking the winding river and the valley below and Milan nestled in the hills beyond. One of the most picturesque country homesteads in our county. The funeral services conducted by Rev. Chas. Gallimore, of Berlin Heights, were held Sunday afternoon, and a large concourse of neighbors and old friends honored by their presence the memory of a woman who had indeed been the salt of the earth and was ripe for the final rest and reward beyond.

MRS. SALLY DEMUND.

By Mrs. Mary M. Stevens.

Mrs. Sally Demund died at her home in Milan, October 6th, 1887. She was born at Chagrin, now Willoughby, Ohio, March 27th, 1808, and was therefore in her eightieth year. Mrs. Demund was the daughter of the late David Abbott, who came with his family to Milan in 1810. Sally Abbott and John B. Demund, of Perkins, were married September 12th, 1831. Mr. Demund was a very estimable young man, but lived only a few years, since which time his widow has lived in Milan.

Mrs. Demund was the youngest and last remaining member of her father's family. Her father died in 1822; her mother in

1847. Her brother, Benjamin W. Abbott, died in 1854, aged 67 years. Lorena Judson, wife of Benj. W. Abbott, died in 1868, aged 52 years. Her sister, Mary O. Abbott, who married F. D. Parrish, of Sandusky City, September 12th, 1831, died in 1838. Mr. Parrish died in Oberlin in 1886, leaving a widow and two daughters still living there. Her sister, Lucy Abbott, married Guy Stevens, who died in 1841. Mrs. Stevens died in Toledo in 1876.

Benjamin W. Abbott left three children, Mary B., David, who became blind when a little child, and Everton J., who is now a practicing physician of St. Paul, Minn. The daughter, Mary B., died in 1865, at the age of twenty-one years. Mrs. Mary O. Parrish left only one child; Frank Parrish, now of Chicago. Mrs. Lucy Stevens left five children; David A., Benjamin, and Lucy A., of Toledo, Emma Ingersol, of Rome, N. Y., and George, of Utica, N. Y.

Mrs. Demand had no children but her life was a useful one. Her last years were devoted to the care of her brother Benjamin's son David and his little daughter, which, however, she never could have done but for the ample help she had from David's cousins of Toledo; particularly from Benjamin, who furnished money without stint. Mrs. Demand was conscientious and charitable and in every sense a christian woman.

David Abbott, Sr., was a lawyer by profession, was a man of ability, of the strictest integrity, and of large influence. His family were among the most respectable of the pioneers of the Firelands. The reader will find some interesting reminiscences of the Abbott family in numbers of the Pioneer published in May, 1859, page 45, and in November of the same year, page 21.

G. H. CAMP.

By Mrs. Mary A. Strong.

G. H. Camp was born in Cooperstown, Onondaga county, New York, October 15th, 1806; was taken by his father and mother to Connecticut at the age of two years; remained there until he was eighteen. Came to Ohio in 1824 with his uncle, Taylor Peck, by the way of the Erie Canal and Lake Erie. Landed at Huron and footed it from there to Ruggles, which was then a part of Huron county. For the next seven years he labored at chopping, and clearing land, and teaching school. First taught in Ruggles; next footed it to Talmage, Portage county, and taught three months at

\$12 a month, and footed it back to Ruggles. For the next year resided in Bronson and labored at felling trees; next found himself in Florence and labored on the farms of Judge Sprague and Joab Squires; from there to Wakeman and taught school in John Denman's district.

He bought his first piece of land of Cyrus Miner and Asa Wheeler on the place now occupied by George B. Sherman and James M. Cahoon, which he afterwards sold and bought the farm of David Manville, now owned by B. T. Strong, where he spent the greater portion of his life. He was married in 1831 to Miss Lydia Carey, by whom he had eight children, only two of whom are alive; Mrs. Mary Strong, of Oberlin, and David A. Camp, of Fort Scott, Kansas, who were present at the funeral. Mrs. Camp is now living with her daughter.

For most of his life Mr. Camp was what is called an infidel, but in 1886, when 80 years of age, he experienced religion and united with the 1st M. E. Church of Oberlin. He was a man of integrity and paid his debts without compulsion. His funeral was attended from the M. E. Church in Wakeman, Thursday at 1 o'clock p.m., December 8th, 1887, Rev. F. A. Gould, of Oberlin, officiating.

I regret very much that I did not write some anecdotes of father's life before he died, while he could tell them to me. He used to tell us interesting things about his early and pioneer life, which I can remember partly but not definitely enough to write down: While he lived in Connecticut he used to help burn charcoal on the mountain in Kent.

My father's father at one time owned one of the most beautiful farms in Connecticut, near New Milford. It was entailed property after the old English law, and the document entailing it to the eldest son is now in the possession of brother David. Grandfather disposed of his right, and father being the eldest son, after he was old enough to understand what his father had done, made up his mind he would have some land anyway, and very early conceived the idea of coming to Ohio where land was cheap. It was a great undertaking but he came and succeeded by chopping wood and teaching school—they then taught reading, writing, and arithmetic as far as the "rule of three," perhaps a little geography. He had one thing worth more than money, *i. e.*, sturdy health and a strong constitution; never had a hard fit of sickness in his life. He had the ague while living near Brandy Creek, and was afflicted with

chills in his old age. I have heard him tell how he slept all one winter, after coming to Ohio, in the loft of a log cabin, and the snow drifted through upon his bed. He slept well too he said.

He was sent as delegate to a Presidential Nominating Convention; before what President I do not know. The convention was held in Philadelphia and it is not long since I read a very interesting letter that he wrote home while on that trip. I am sorry I have not got it now. He was a man of steady nerve and ready to do his duty in the face of danger, as evinced by his voluntarily going to take care of a man with small pox. I was a little girl and remember how afraid mother was that he would give it to some of us when he came home. When the M. S. railroad was cut through his farm he was prevailed upon to board some of the workmen, and before they all left the cholera broke out. He kept a man who had it and nursed him through; had the inside door nailed up and a door cut to the outside so we received no harm.

When the war broke out he said to his boys, "If I was a young man I would go;" but when he became old and thought what a comfort his son who was killed would have been, and when he considered how contrary to the law of Christ war was, he became a bitter-opposer of war, or anything which might seem to promote a war spirit.

Father was a man who read many books, but he knew how to listen better than he knew how to talk. He always deplored the fact that he had not more education, and as far as he could tried to educate his children; but for some cause they had not the physical stamina of their parents and were not able to finish courses of study.

And now, dear Pioneer, do emphasize the thought to all the children of the pioneers that they make sketches of their parents' life while they are yet alive, to tell them the many interesting things which occurred to them.

MRS. C. C. CRITTENDEN.

By Preston Palmer.

Mrs. Crittenden, widow of C. C. Crittenden, passed away on Friday, February 18, 1887, in the 77th year of her life. She had been a resident of Fitchville township for some 54 years; was a native of New York, and came to Ohio in the year 1823. There

are now only three persons living in Fitchville township who were residents here when she came.

Mrs. Crittenden had united with the church when 20 years old and maintained her membership until her death. Funeral services were held in the Congregational church on Sunday, February 20, Rev. Phelps, of Greenwich, officiating. He preached a very able sermon from a text found in the book of Job.

MRS. JERUSIA PALMER.

By Preston Palmer.

We note the death of the widow of Rev. Dr. Marcus Palmer, who died in Milan on February 18th, 1887, aged 82 years. She was born in Connecticut in the year 1805; was married to Rev. Dr. Palmer in 1836, at Granville, O. A few years later they moved to Fitchville where Mr. Palmer commenced his labors with the Presbyterian churches in this locality. They moved to Milan in the year 1866 where Mrs. Palmer resided until her death. Her remains were buried in the Fitchville cemetery on the 21st.

The death of Mrs. Palmer was sudden and unexpected to all. She had not been at all well for some time, but was not confined to her bed until the Wednesday previous to her death. She had been a resident of Milan for many years, and was the last one of her family, having buried her husband a few years ago. Her funeral services were held from her late residence on Center street Milan, O., Sabbath afternoon at 3 p.m., Rev. W. L. Swan officiating. The remains were taken to Fitchville, her former home, Monday morning, accompanied by friends, where, after a short service in the Baptist church there, they were deposited in their last resting place.

MRS. JOHN FISHER.

By J. B. Darling, Esq.

One after another the grim Reaper gathers the old pioneers into his garner.

Mrs. John Fisher died at her home, one and one-fourth miles south of the center of Hartland, on the 29th day of January, 1887, in the 69th year of her age and the 52d of her married life.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher emigrated from New York state in the

spring of the year 1844; rolled up a log cabin in what was then little less than an unbroken wilderness, where the howl of savage wolves was heard, many times uncomfortably near; and when the idea of bringing the Hartland or Buckley swamp under subjection was classed among the impossibilities; when there was not a road opened out through the township either east or west, north or south, save only an opening on Hartland Ridge. There they have lived all these years and together fought the battle of life, raised their children to be respectable citizens of the Republic, and have been permitted to see the forests cleared as if by magic, the swamps drained, brought into cultivation and blossoming as the rose.

In her last hours Mrs. Fisher was sustained and supported by an unwavering trust in Him she endeavored to serve for many years, and surrounded by her children, whom she loved so well, and who were all anxious to minister to her every want and smooth her dying pillow and her pathway to the grave.

Her funeral services were held in the Baptist church on Sunday, January 30th, 1887, conducted by Rev. J. J. Gorham. Mrs. Fisher was one of the oldest members of the Baptist society, and had professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ for over fifty years.

She is laid to rest in her lowly bed in the graveyard at Olena, near the scenes of all her trials and triumphs, 'till called forth to the reward that is held in store for the finally faithful.

WILLIAM STRONG WATROS.

By J. N. Watros.

The subject of these lines was the eldest son of William W. and Nancy Watros of Fitchville, Huron county, Ohio. He was born in Ridgefield township, Huron county, June 15th, 1818; and died in Santa Monica, California, October 20th, 1887, aged 69 years, 4 months and 5 days.

His parents moved to Fitchville in 1819, when William was only a little over a year old, where he spent the days of his childhood and youth. About 1840-42 he left friends and native town for the then far west, and settled in or near Freeport, Illinois, where, on the 16th of July, 1843, he was united in matrimony with Harriet B. Wilcoxson, who also was a native of Ohio (Old Town, Scioto county), who, with a son and daughter still live, and mourn, as wife and children, the loss of an affectionate husband and tender

father. Just before the death of his father, April 30, in the spring of 1850, he came to Ohio with his family, and returned to Illinois in the spring of 1851. In April, 1861, with family and effects he started for California, by the overland route, where they arrived in October of the same year. From 1861 to 1887 he changed his residence several times. For a time he resided in the mountains, then in San Jose, then in San Bernardino, then in Compton, Los Angeles county, and since last spring in Santa Monica, where he closed his somewhat wandering earthly pilgrimage.

He was converted to God at a quarterly meeting held in a barn belonging to Hezekiah Johnson, of North Fitchville, probably about 1840 or '41, and united with the M. E. Church in Fitchville, and did not forget to take a letter from there to the church in Freeport, Ill., and from thence to California. And to the day of his death he ever remained a steadfast, faithful christian man, and member of the church of his choice.

His health became impaired about eighteen months before his death so that he could not labor, and early in September 1887 while sitting in his yard, in the sunbeams, he fainted (symptoms of sun-stroke) and was carried in by his son, and from that time his mind wandered and never for any length of time regained its native clearness. But for a brief period near the last, his mind rallied long enough to bid a final earthy "good-bye" to his grief-stricken wife, and henceforth fatherless children, and make kindly mention of brothers and sisters far away.

We most sincerely sympathize with our bereaved sister, nephew and niece and commend them to the tender mercies of the God of their husband and father now gone.

HARVEY WOOD.

From the Sandusky Register.

Harvey Wood, of Groton township, Erie county, died at his residence, July 7, 1886, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. Mr. Wood was probably the oldest settler of Erie county at the time of his death, he having come here with his parents in the year 1810, since which time he has always maintained his residence here. He passed through the hardships and struggles of pioneer life. He was a man of sterling integrity and moral worth, respected by all who knew him. He contended long with disease,

having been confined to his bed for over two years. Funeral services were held at his residence July 10th, after which he was laid to rest until the Life Giver comes.

MRS. RAYMOND PERRIN.

Mrs. Perrin, widow of the late Raymond Perrin, of the Old State Road, died suddenly on the morning of September 13, 1885, about 3 o'clock, at the Perrin homestead, of old age. She was a resident of Norwalk township 47 years, having come here with her husband from Plymouth, Luzerne county, Penn., in 1838. She was 87 years old, a member of the M. E. church in this city, well known and highly esteemed for her womanly and christian character. She was the mother of J. F. and W. R. Perrin, who reside near Norwalk.

CHARLES ELECTUS NEWMAN.

By Hon. F. R. Loomis.

Charles E. Newman was born June 6, 1820, in Greenville, Greene county, N. Y. The son of Shubel Newman, he came with his father's family to Huron county, Ohio, in June, 1834, being 14 years old at that time.

The family settled in Bronson township, on a farm about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Norwalk, on the Fairfield road. Charles was the sixth of ten children. His boyhood was spent on the farm; he attended the old Norwalk Seminary one or more terms. He began teaching school when 17 years of age, at the center of Bronson, and for several years following he taught school in the vicinity of his home. He went to Kentucky afterwards, about the year 1840, and taught school there between three and four years. September 15, 1842, he came back to Norwalk and was united in marriage to Mary R. Fay, daughter of Lucius Fay. In April, 1843, Mr. and Mrs. Newman returned to Kentucky, where he resumed his teaching; both returned to Bronson in 1844 and lived with his father's family, looking after matters in the home and on the farm until 1847 when he removed to Norwalk, where he taught a term of select school on Pleasant street. In the fall of 1846 he engaged in book selling, in Norwalk, in partnership with Jerry M. Crosby, under the firm name of Crosby & Newman. They afterwards

divided the business, each engaging in the book business for himself. Mr. Newman followed this business for ten or more years. He then engaged in banking for a time, being located in Attica, Indiana. This was not a successful venture. He returned to Norwalk, and about the year 1857 he engaged in the dry goods trade which he followed until 1869 when he took charge of the St. Charles Hotel in Norwalk. Mr. Newman and family managed the hotel for about five years when he sold out his interests and engaged in the life and fire insurance business with his brother, Samuel F., which he followed to the time of his death, viz, Monday morning, November 14, 1887.

Mr. Newman had been an active and consistent member of St. Paul's Episcopal church about 44 years. He was appointed Clerk of the Vestry, April 13, 1846. He was elected a Vestryman in 1847. He was elected a delegate to the Diocesan Convention in 1849 and attended nearly every convention from that time until 1887. He was superintendent of St. Paul's Sunday School for about 36 years, and was always an active, efficient and liberal member of the church.

He was deeply interested in the work of the American Bible Society, of which he was a life director; he was also secretary and member of the board of directors of the Huron County Auxilliary Society for many years, even up to the day of his death, doing a great deal of labor and devoting much valuable time to the interests of the society. He was actively interested in the Ohio State Sunday School Union, in which he for years held some official position. He was president of the Huron County Sunday School Union for many years, and its most active and earnest friend, doing a great deal to keep the organization in an interesting and flourishing condition. He was president of the County S. S. Union at the time of his death.

He identified himself with the Fireland Historical Society at its organization and has been one of its most ardent friends through its thirty years of existence; doing much in time and money to perpetuate the society and make its influence and usefulness felt by everyone. He was a life member of the society, and has always ably filled some official station in the work of the society.

He was a prime mover in the organization of the Huron County Children's Home Association, and it was largely through his

labors and instrumentality that a home was purchased and this useful society put in condition to care for and look after the homeless and neglected children of our county.

In every good work Mr. Newman was always foremost. He never asked others to do more than he was willing to do himself. His time, talents and money were always at the disposal of the causes of religion, bible work, sunday school instruction, the pioneer interests, the poor and the destitute.

No one with a worthy cause was ever turned away without words of encouragement and practical acts of sympathy from this friend of humanity. Mr. Newman was full of public spirit on all occasions. He never seemed weary in well doing. He was one of the principal movers in building the St. Charles Hotel, in Norwalk. He erected the Newman block on the corner of West Main and Hester streets. He was a member of the Norwalk Board of Education for a number of years. His life has been one of faithful devotion to religious and charitable objects, ever foremost in all good works.

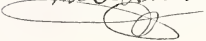
He had a slight stroke of paralysis on the 22d of November, 1886, which greatly alarmed his friends. He rallied from this however, although he never fully recovered his usual activity and buoyancy of mind and spirit.

On the morning of November 8, 1887, he was stricken with apoplexy and lost all consciousness. He lingered until the morning of November 14, when he quietly passed away from many endearing earth ties, to his Heavenly home. The funeral services of the Episcopal church were held at his late residence on Hester street, in Norwalk, and his remains were quietly buried in beautiful Woodlawn cemetery.

He leaves a wife and one daughter, Mrs. T. D. Shepherd, and a large circle of loving relatives and warm personal friends to miss his always pleasant face and mourn the silence of an ever welcome voice.

There are few men and fewer friends like Charles E. Newman. The place he filled in Norwalk and Huron county will long remain unfilled, because no one can wholly fill it. He leaves the fragrance of a delightful memory that will always be a pleasure to everyone who knew him. Personally, we never knew one like him; so always true and ever reliable and trustworthy. A true friend indeed.



My truly
Obedt. Servant.


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