Vol. VII.] JUNE, 1866. [50 Cts.

THE FIRE LANDS PIONEER:

PUBLISHED BY THE

Fire Lands Historical Society,

AT THEIR ROOMS IN

WHITTLESEY BUILDING, NORWALK, OHIO.

SANDUSKY, OHIO:
DAILY REGISTER STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.
1866.

THE

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VOLS. IV, V, VI AND VII.

1863-4-5-6.

GENERAL INDEX.

NOTE.—A Complete Index of the first three volumes will be found in volume three. For convenience in binding, the contents of the remaining volumes are given below.

INDEX TO VOL. IV.

INDEX TO VOL. V.

INDEX TO VOL. VI.

INDEX TO VOL. VII.

THE FIRE LANDS PIONEER.

VOLUME VII.—JUNE, 1866.

FIRE LANDS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEETING.

MORNING SESSION.

The annual meeting was held in Whittlesey Hall, Norwalk, on Wednesday, June 14th, at half past ten o'clock, A. M.

The venerable President, Platt Benedict, Esq., though bending under the weight and infirmities of ninety years, was in his accustomed place, and expressed his gratification that time was dealing so gently with the Pioneers of the Fire Lands, and that so many of them were able to be present upon this occasion.

The Rev. A. Newton, of Norwalk, opened the meeting with prayer. The proceedings of the last meeting at Monroeville were read by P. N. Schuyler, Esq., and approved.

The annual report of the Secretary was then read and approved. It referred to the flattering financial condition of the Society—the successful publication of the Sixth volume of the Pioneer, and the success which has crowned the labors of the Society in collecting and publishing the Historical Records of thirty-one of the thirty-two townships embraced in their organization. It recommended that efforts be made to secure a more complete history of churches and schools, and called special attention to the necessity of immediate steps being taken to collect and publish the material for the Fire Lands Soldiers' Record.

C. A. Preston, Esq., Treasurer, then presented his Annual Report, which was approved. In summary it is as follows:

On hand at last report,.....		$40 20
Received for membership,.....		21 00
Sales of Pioneer per D. H. Pease,.		60 96
		$122 16
Paid to R. T. Rust,.....	60	
Paid to D. H. Pease per acc't of Sundries,.....	$10 60	11 20
Balance in Treasury,....		$110 96

The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year:

President—Platt Benedict, Norwalk.

Vice Presidents—G. H. Woodruff, Peru; Z. Phillips, Berlin; E. Bemiss, Groton; J. H. Niles, Norwich; Hosea Townsend, New London.

Recording Secretary—Charles P. Wickham, Norwalk.

Corresponding Secretaries—F. D. Parish, Sandusky; P. N. Schuyler, Norwalk.

Directors—C. A. Preston, F. D.

Parish, Z. Phillips, P. N. Schuyler, D. H. Pease.

Biographer—S. C. Parker, Greenfield.

Keeper of Cabinet—R. T. Rust, Norwalk.

The roll of Township Historical Committees was called, and Messrs. C. E. Newman, Martin Kellogg and J. H. Niles were appointed a special Committee to report at the afternoon session the names of suitable persons to fill vacancies.

Rouse Bly, Esq., of New Haven, presented a genealogical sketch of Hiram Rogers, of Plymouth, written by himself—a lineal descendant of the ninth generation from John Rogers, the martyr.

The Constitution was then read and twenty-eight persons became members of the Society, when a recess was taken until half-past one, P. M., during which the members enjoyed the hospitality of the citizens of Norwalk.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Session was opened by singing to the tune of Lenox, "*Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow*," after which the special Committee appointed for that purpose at the morning session, recommended the following persons for the Historical Committees in their respective Townships, which was adopted, viz:

Ruggles, S. C. Sturtevant; Greenwich, M. E. Mead; Townsend, Martin Denman; Huron, R. R. Webber; Milan, Seth Jennings; Fairfield, L. D. Allen; New Haven, George A. Knight; Ridgefield, G. W. Smith; Perkins, T. B. Taylor; Sherman, J. E. La Barr; Richmond, D. Sweetland; Kelley's Island, George C. Huntington.

The following articles were exhibited: By Henry and Timothy Garner, Hartland, two stone fifes—one very perfect—found on the farm of J. H. Chandler.

By Judge Charles Standart, of Auburn, N. Y., the New England weekly *Journal*, dated April 8th, 1728.

By Dean Clapp, Peru, a Confederate States Treasury Note, obtained by his son, Lieutenant H. S. Clapp, 19th Regiment U. S. C. T., at Richmond.

By Elon Gibbs, New Haven, *The Christian Observer*, Vol. 2, a periodical published in England in 1803; two letters to General Hull on his conduct as a soldier, &c., 1821; an exposition of Church Catechism, printed in London about 1717; the Psalms of David, printed in 1716, with tunes and "rules for learning to sing."

By John F Green, Perkins, a Methodist Almanac for 1836, being the third of its publication.

By E. B. Harrison, Norwalk, late of the 123d Regiment O. V. I., a $100 eight per cent. Confederate Bond, with coupons.

By E. J. Waldron, Hartford, a pewter spoon made by himself in 1821, in Canterbery (now Hartland,) from an old pewter platter, formerly owned by his grandmother, and cast in moulds used by his grandfather about one hundred years ago.

By C. V. Fay, Norwalk, the Norwalk *Reporter*, August 1st 1829, and the 1841 census of pensioners for services in the Revolution and the War of 1812.

By the heirs of the late Captain E. L. Coit, Greenfield, a cane of black and yellow ebony, with top of tooth of a sperm whale, made on board the ship Palladium from the chips of the hearse and coffin at the exhumation of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena.

By. D. W. Tenant, Berlin, the bottle in which his *medicine* was carried when conveying the mail in early times through the Firelands and North-western Ohio.

A Rebel flag was presented by Lieutenant Colonel Horace Kellogg,

This flag was captured by the gallant 123d at Hatcher's Run, Va., on the morning of April 2d, 1865, at which time the regiment captured a fort with two peices of artillery (brass twenty-four pounders,) 500 stand of small arms, 200 prisoners and two battle flags.

After a few very appropriate remarks by P. N. Schuyler, Esq., the Society unanimously voted thanks for the gift.

Platt Benedict, of Norwalk, presented a copy of the first eight volumes of the *Spectator*, 1710.

The following is the report made by Judge S. C. Parker, of the Pioneers and members deceased since the last report: Samuel Reed, Ridgefield; Henry Chapin, Norwalk; Jeremiah M. Crosby, Norwalk; Giles Baker, Fairfield; Clarrisa Pierce, Greenfield; Mrs. Juliette Taylor, Norwalk; Mr. Henry Lockwood, Milan.

REMARKS OF REV. JOHN KEEP, OF OBERLIN.

Mr. Keep said it was necessary he should say a word about himself. He was eighty-four years old, and owing to a failure of his voice was fearful he could not make himself distinctly heard by the large audience present. He felt honored and gratified to share in the present anniversary of the Firelands Historical Society. Such associations showed a high state of society, and were the means of manufacturing the material for a strong civil government. It commenced at the family circle, and schooled alike youth and age in the sacrifices made by the pioneers, and was the means of forming a safe and enduring society of the yeomanry of the country.

It was well that the children should be well informed of the sacrifices made by their parents, and the spirit they manifested in gathering and preserving the historical relics of the sacrifices and hair-breadth escapes made by their ancestors was commendable in the highest degree. It was a work which inaugurated a healthy, high-toned state of society which would tell upon the people that shall live upon the Fire Lands in after years. The young people present would be regarded as pioneers in the years to come, and the relics now being gathered beckoned them on in the work so nobly commenced by the gray headed sires. He feared his address would be thought tame, and a tame address on an occasion like the present, when the wild state of the country and the sturdy people who inhabited it in its early days was being celebrated, would be tame indeed. How, then, could a non-resident of these historic lands edify the people. He would seek shelter in the patriotism, not only of the Fire Lands, but of our common country.

He then proceeded to give his views on the duties and dangers of the nation at the present crisis, and urged their adoption as the only method by which, judging from the history of the past, the national life can be saved.

REMARKS OF REV. ENOCH CONGER, OF LEXINGTON.

Rev. Mr. Conger, a venerable pioneer clergyman of the Fire Lands, spoke of the ministerial labors of early times—the formation of society—the amalgamation of feeling—thinking, working, and the mode of transacting business, etc., and contrasted them with the present. They had been handed down from sire to son and been the means of making a harmonious people. The relics exhibited showed the simple manners of the pioneers, and their exhibition and the consequent discussion which they occasion, have a marked effect upon the rising

generation. When he came to the country everything was new, society was just forming—there were no churches—so to speak, and but few preachers. He came here in 1824, as a Presbyterian minister—his colleagues, two Methodist and two Baptist ministers, were all then known in this part of the State. He landed at Sandusky and counted but twenty-four dwellings, all told. He went to Lyme and Norwalk, both villages, just commencing. He found one thing there very encouraging, that he blushed to say does not exist at the present day; all the people attended church. All he had to do was to tell one or two of the prominent men that he would preach at his house, or in the grove, on a certain day, and they notified the whole people by sending out couriers, and when the day arrived they were all present. They needed no persuasion to come to hear the gospel, and they all listened attentively. He enjoyed the pioneer meeting—it was interesting to hear men tell of their privations during the early settlement of the country. It was what made the pioneer meetings interesting—he hoped they would be continued, as he believed they exerted a wholesome influence upon all, both old and young.

REMARKS OF MRS. POLLY PIERCE, OF PERU.

Mrs. Polly Pierce, of Peru, exhibited a variety of indispensable articles used by some of the first settlers of that township, and interspersed the presention with sparkling and pithy explanations. Her remarks comparing the stars and stripes in which the Hall was draped, and around which her earliest recollections were entwined, with the torn, soiled and disgraced rebel banner just presented to the Society by the gallant 123d, were charged with pathos and patriotism.

Mr. F. D. Reed, of Norwalk, gave an interesting account of hunting experiences in early days, and explained the manner of trapping wolves as parcticed by the settlers.

Vermillion was selected as the place for the next meeting, the second Wednesday of September next, and Messrs. C. L. Burton, Lewis Wells, B. Parsons, Benjamin Summers, Philo Wells, J. J. Cuddeback and W. H. Crane, the Committee of Arrangements.

On motion of Judge Phillips, the thanks of the Society were tendered Mrs. Gibbs, Miss Page, Messrs. Gilbert and Kingsley for the excellent music, the Committee of Arrangements for their care in making provision for all, and to the citizens of Norwalk for their hospitality. The Choir then sung "Exhortation," and closing with "Old Hundred" the Society adjourned.

D. H. Pease, Sec'y.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

MORNING SESSION.

The first quarterly meeting of the Society for the year 1865, was held in the Methodist Church at Vermillion, on Wednesday, September 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The venerable President, Platt Benedict, Esq., of Norwalk, was present and in the chair, notwithstanding his great age and the distance of the meeting from his home.

The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. L. B. Gurley, of Delaware, Ohio. The minutes of the annual meeting were then read by the Secretary, and approved.

On motion, the report of the Directors, which showed a balance in the Treasury on account of the pub-

lication of the Pioneer, of $15 23, was received and approved.

The roll of Township Committees was called, and none having any additional reports to those already made, to make, on motion, they were requested to make reports at some future meeting of the Society.

F. D. Parish, Esq., of Sandusky, then offered a resolution that the Constitution be so amended that any person by signing his or her name, or causing the same to be affixed to the Constitution, and paying the sum of twenty-five cents, may become a member of the Society; and that any person upon a vote of the Society, may become an honorary member—which was laid upon the table for consideration, at the next annual meeting.

The Constitution was then read by the Secretary, and the names of twenty-one new members were added.

On motion, adjourned to meet in Linwood Grove at 1 o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Society met at the Grove at 1 o'clock, in accordance with adjournment.

The following relics and curiosities, presented by the following named persons, were then exhibited:

By S. A. Pelton, of Vermillion—a portrait of Captain Barlow Sturgiss, born in Fairfield, Connecticut, A. D. 1766, and who came to Ohio, A. D. 1809; also a satchel which was in possession of Eunice Sturgiss, grandmother of Mrs. S. A. Pelton, in 1790.

By Mrs. Wylde, of Vermillion—the English breeches which Benjamin Wylde wore to America in 1831, and for ten years previously, they being over forty years old.

By Charlotte Austin—a basket sent to her mother, Eunice Osborn, from the East Indies, full of oranges, A. D. 1792; also, a book of Psalms and Spiritual Songs, being a present to her mother Eunice Osborn, in the year 1789, and published in England A. D. 1785.

A comb worn by Mrs. Shaddrick's mother, and purchased in the city of New York, in the year 1825.

By Miss Albini Liscomb—an acrostic composed by her grandmother, Mrs. Lydia Benjamin, in the year 1797. Mrs. Benjamin was born on Long Island, in the year 1782, and emigrated to Ohio in 1812, and died in Amherst, Ohio, at the age of seventy-five. By the same—a pair of ancient spectacles bought by her great grandfather, Caleb Franklin, in the year 1785. He was born in Westfield, Connecticut, A. D. 1735, and served his country in the Revolutionary War. He emigrated to the State of New York in 1800, and died at the age of ninety.

By Eunice Pelton—a bottle which has been in the possession of relatives one hundred and fifty years. It contained the first tea brought to America.

By Emily Whitman—who was born in South Bristol, Connecticut, September 24th, 1822, weighing two and a half pounds,—two pairs of baby's socks and one baby's cap, which were presented to her on the 28th of December, 1822, by Miss Betty Munn, and Miss Betty Botchford, as a Christmas present.

By George Whitmore—a canister shot, which he extracted from the head of a dead rebel at the battle of Antietam, at which he himself fought for eight days.

By Mrs. Atkinson—a platter which has been in her possession forty years.

By Jonathan Brooks, of Vermillion—a fork presented to him by his grandfather, Jonathan Brooks. Its history has been traced back to the year 1725. How much older it is, is

not known; also, a bottle presented to him by Benjamin Brooks, who was a captive in the hands of the Indians thirty years. The bottle was bought in 1786; also, a round shot extracted from the side of the brig Detroit, at the time of Perry's victory, by Jonathan Brooks. At the time this ball was obtained, he carried a boat load of green corn and other vegetables to the soldiers.

By Mr. Hosea Hunt—two original writs, issued in Hampshire county, Virginia, and being in the nature of a *capias ad respondendum* by the authority of "George the Third, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c., and dated one in the "sixth" and the other in the "ninth year of our reign," or just one hundred years ago.

By Miss Julia A. Ball, of Vermillion—two numbers of the Connecticut Evangelical Magazine, published in 1802, and 1804.

Prof. Hartsepee, of Elyria was then presented to the Society and delivered a most able, learned, and interesting address, on "The Dawn and Development of Religious Interests on the Reserve, and especially on the Firelands."

The Rev. Mr. Marks, of Huron, then delivered a short and appropriate address.

Rev. L. B. Gurley of Delaware, then made an exceedingly pleasant and interesting address, and then at the request of the meeting, recited a finely conceived and well written poem composed by himself many years ago, and founded upon a romantic Indian legend.

On motion, the thanks of the Society were tendered to the speakers for their eloquent, able and interesting addresses, and copies of the same, together with Mr. Gurley's poem, were requested for publication.

Isaac Fowler, of Berlin Hights, moved that the photographs of every member of the Society be left with the Secretary, for deposit among the collection of relics of the Society. Seconded and adopted.

Mr. Philo Wells, of Vermillion, then addressed the audience, giving an account of some of his early experiences when the country was new.

On motion, a committee, consisting of Messrs. Z. Phillips, F. D Parish and D. H. Pease, was appointed to fix upon and give notice of the place of the next Quarterly Meeting.

On motion the thanks of the Society were returned to the citizens of Vermillion and the Committee of Arrangements for their hospitality, and the excellent arrangements which they had made for the meeting.

On motion, after the singing of "Old Hundred" by the entire audience, one of the most interesting and profitable, as well as one of the best attended Quarterly Meetings of the Society, adjourned.

CHARLES P. WICKHAM, Sec'y.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

MORNING SESSION.

The second quarterly meeting of the Society for the current year, was held in the Methodist Church at Bellevue, on Wednesday, December 13th, at 11 o'clock A. M.

The venerable president, Platt Benedict, Esq., of Norwalk, was in the chair, assisted by Vice Presidents John H. Niles, Esq., of Norwich, Judge Z. Phillips, of Berlin, George H. Woodruff, Esq., of Norwich, and E. Bemis, Esq., of Groton,

The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. E. Y. Warner, of Monroeville. The minutes of the last quarterly meeting were read by the Secretary and approved.

On motion of P. N. Schuyler, Esq., the calling of the roll of Township Committees was postponed until the afternoon session.

Moved by D. H. Pease, Esq., that the Board of Directors be authorized and directed to make the proper arrangements for the publication of the next volume of the "*Pioneer.*" Adopted.

The Secretary then read the Constitution of the Society, after which twenty-two names of new members were added.

On motion of Dr. L. G. Harkness, the Society adjourned till 1 o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Society met pursuant to adjournment at 1 o'clock P. M., Vice President Judge Z. Phillips in the chair.

The exercises commenced by singing 707th Hymn of the Methodist Collection.

The following relics presented to the Society by the following named persons respectively, were then exhibited :

By Seth Jennings, Esq., of Milan —several copies of "The War," a weekly paper issued in New York City during the years 1812 and 1813, and containing a current history of the last war with Great Britain.

By B. P. Smith, of Oxford township—Volume five, (bound) of "The Balance and Columbian Repository," a weekly Federal newspaper published at Hudson, New York, in 1806.

The Rev. John Safford of Bellevue, then delivered an interesting and eloquent address upon "The Social and Moral Condition of the Firelands."

The meeting then engaged in singing the 705th hymn of the Methodist Collection.

The roll of Township Committees was then called by the Secretary.

D. D. Pease, Esq., committee for Norwalk township, made an interesting report of the first shipment of wheat from the Firelands, and the first manufacture of threshing machines, which were made at Monroeville, by C. W. Manahan, Esq., present Treasurer of Huron county.

John Seymour, committee for Lyme township, made a highly entertaining report of his early experiences in Lyme township and vicinity.

Remarks were made by Vice President, E. Bemiss, embodying early reminiscences.

Mr. Ruggles, of Margaretta, son of Alfred Ruggles, was then introduced by Vice President Bemiss, and related the early history of the family of his father, who settled near the mouth of the Huron.

Vice President, Z. Phillips addressed the meeting upon the pleasure derived by the Pioneers from meeting together.

Vice President George H. Woodruff, made a few remarks upon the subject of early life in Norwich township, stating during the course of his remarks that in a few months he will have been a resident of the Firelands fifty years.

D. H. Pease, Esq., announced the death of Mrs. Polly Pierce, and moved that G. H. Woodruff, be a committee to prepare for publication in the *Pioneer*, a suitable notice of her death. Adopted.

The death of Mrs. Eliza Barker, on the third day of September, last was then announced. She was born January 27th, 1800, at Athol, Worcester county, Massachusetts, and was the third of twelve chil-

dren, and second daughter, of Marshall and Elizabeth Barker, both born in Worcester county, Massachusetts. She was married to D. G. Barker, September 13th, 1829; came to Ohio in the same fall, and settled in Ripley, Huron county, where she resided on the same farm upon which her death occured, until that event.

On motion of J. H. Niles, Plymouth was chosen as the point at which to hold the next quarterly meeting, and the following named persons were appointed Committee of Arrangements: Judge E. Stewart, H. C. Breckenridge, S. M. Robinson, R. McDonough, B. B. Taylor, Abraham York, and D. H. Young.

On motion of Judge G. Q. Adams, a vote of thanks was tendered to Rev. Mr. Safford for his excellent address, and a copy of the same was requested for publication in the *Pioneer*.

On motion the thanks of the Society were returned to the citizens of Bellevue, and the Committee of Arrangements, for their hospitality and the excellent arrangements they had made for the meeting.

On motion, after the singing of "Old Hundred," by the entire audience, which filled the Chuch, the meeting adjourned, to meet in Plymouth, on the second Wednesday in March next.

CHARLES P. WICKHAM, Sec'y.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

MORNING SESSION.

The third quarterly meeting of the Society for the current year, was held in the Congregational Church, at Plymouth, on Wednesday, March 14th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The meeting was called to order by Vice President Z. Phillips, of Berlin, who announced that the President was unable, on account of the increasing infirmities of age, to be present, but had sent word that although he could not be present in body he would in spirit.

The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Dubois, of Plymouth.

The minutes of the last quarterly meeting were read by the Secretary and approved.

On motion, the reading of the roll of Township Committees was dispensed with.

The Constitution of the Society was then read by the Secretary, after which sixteen names of new members were added.

A communication from the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, stating that it was in possession of No. 1, Vol 1, of the *Pioneer*, and calling for the numbers and volumes necessary to complete a set of the Society's publications, was read by the Secretary, who announced that he had received by express, from the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and the Moravian Historical Society of Nazareth, Pennsylvania, a large contribution of valuable books, connected chiefly with the history of that State, and read a letter accompanying the books, written by R. Eddy., Esq., Librarian of the former Society. The Secretary also stated that he had written to Mr. Eddy, thanking the Society represented by him, and stating that a complete volume of the Pioneer had been ordered bound, and that when it should be completed, it would be forwarded to him.

On motion of Judge Parish, the Secretary was instructed to write and forward a suitable reply to the communication from the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute.

Mr. Ezekiah Rooks then made some very interesting remarks in regard to the early history of the

country in the vicinity of Plymouth, after which the meeting, on motion, took a recess, until 1 o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Society met pursuant to adjournment, in the same place, at 1 o'clock P. M. Judge Z. Phillips still presiding.

The following relics and curiosities were then exhibited by and on behalf of the following named persons respectively:

By D. E. Bacon, Esq., of Wakeman—a copy of "The Connecticut Courant," a weekly paper, printed at Hartford, October 28th, 1764.

By Hiram Rodgers, Esq., of Plymouth, the following specimens and curiosities brought from the museum of Jefferson College, Virginia, by Mr. George Hoffman, a soldier in the war of the rebellion. A specimen of Sea Fan; a tooth of a Mastodon, being seven and three-fourth inches across its surface; a petrified vertebra of some large animal; a specimen of petrified wood, and a fine specimen of Pacific coral.

By C. E. Bodine, a set of shaving tools that were owned and used by Peter Irwin, a soldier of '76, who served his country in the brigade known as the "Jersey Blues," and who died in 1846, aged eighty-four years. He used the tools sixty-four years; and at the time of his death they were presented to the present owner, who has used them twenty years; so that they have been in constant use for eighty-four years.

By Mrs. Angeline Bodine, a pair of ear-rings, made of old Spanish beaten gold. They were the bridal presents of Mrs. Mehitable Elliott, wife of Laban Elliott, of Kingsbury, Washington county, N. Y., who served his country in some capacity during the seven years of the Revolutionary War. In the year 1783, they were purchased in the city of Albany, when that city was occupied by the Colonial force. Mrs. Elliott, living so near the seat of war, was subjected to a great many changes. At one time she came near being taken prisoner by the British, she and her family escaping in a wagon the latter part of the night. The next morning her house was burned, and everything available was appropriated to the use of the British soldiers. This lady was sister-in-law to Colonel Elliott, and Captain Daniel Elliott, of Revolutionary memory; mother of Asa and Charles Elliott, who were musicians in the war of 1812–13; and great grandmother to Captain James Elliott and Lieutenant Peter Elliott, of the Army of the Potomac. She was also the great grandmother of George Bodine, who was murdered June 8th, 1865, by Cheyennes and Apaches, at Sage Creek Station, Idaho. Mrs. Elliott dying in 1823, the ear-rings and her wedding ring were given to her daughter, Mrs. Mariah Carpenter, who died in 1840, when they were given to the present owner. They have thus had eighty-four years of wear.

By F. Swalley—an old brass button, found in an old dwelling in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, and bearing the inscription: "Long live the President, G. W," and the initials of the original States of the Union.

By Mr. Hart Seymour—a "Book of Sermons," of Rev. Jonathan Edwards, printed in 1780.

By E. Case—an old fashioned breech-loading musket, of Harper's Ferry manufacture, captured from the rebels at Drainesville, Virginia, by S. B. Conger.

By Mrs. Conkling—a small, Silver Spoon, presented to a young lady as part of her "setting out," one hundred and ten years ago.

A series of very interesting papers,

prepared by J. H. Niles, Esq., of Norwich, entitled "Geology of the Firelands," "Bear Hunt on the Marsh,' "Last Charivari of Greenfield," and "Anecdote of General Wayne."

Judge Parish then addressed the meeting, stating the object of the organization of the Society, its benefits to community and its plan of operations.

The names of the new members were then read by the Secretary.

On motion, the thanks of the Society were returned to the citizens of Plymouth and the Committee of Arrangements, for their hospitality and the excellent arrangements they had made for the meeting.

On motion, adjourned.

CHARLES P. WICKHAM, Sec'y.

FIRST THRESHING MACHINES IN OHIO.

The first Threshing Machines used on the Firelands, and probably in the State, were made in Monroeville, in 1834, by C. W. Manahan, Esq., the present Treasurer of Huron county, and his brother, George W. Manahan. They used for a shop the Old Fulling Mill. They made their own machinery, and with the assistance of Mr. Jacobs, the patterns.

The cylinders were made of wrought iron and the holes for teeth drilled by hand. This was a very tedious operation, requiring from a week to ten days to drill one cylinder, and it was hard to find hands with sufficient patience to work.

After working hard six or eight months, they completed about that number of machines, and put them in market. All were sold and used until worn out. It is recollected that Mr. Samuel Clock and Mr. Cone, each bought one. Mr. Clock states that his machine threshed an inch auger the first thing, and stood it well. The manufacturers were offered for one of them fifty acres of land on which the business part of Fremont now stands.

A machine with four horses and four or five men would thresh from eighty to ninety bushels per day.

The machines of the present day, in the main, are constructed on the same principle as these. Those first made had some imperfections which interfered with full success. The hub and standard were made square because there was no chance to get turning done, and would easily get out of order. This difficulty was so serious that the manufacture was finally abandoned.

ABSTRACT OF A VERBAL DISCOURSE UPON THE MOUNDS AND THE MOUND BUILDERS OF OHIO.

Delivered before the Fire Lands Historical Society, at Monroeville, Huron County, Ohio, March 15, 1865.

BY COL. CHARLES WHITTLESEY.

The discourse was based upon and illustrated by a number of diagrams. A skeleton map of Ohio showed the principal ancient earth works of the State. It showed the situation of about thirty extensive ruins on the rivers that run southerly into the Ohio. The sites of these works are the same with those of many of the principal cities of our day. On account of the destructive propensity of our own race, a large number of them are already obliterated.

These remains consist of embankments of earth in a variety of forms, with and without ditches. Some are circular and others elliptical, though they are not precise mathematical figures. Some are in the form of arcs or portions of curves not entirely regular. The horse shoe form is common.

The height of the walls varies from a mere trace of a few inches elevation, not perceptible without close observation, to a height of ten, and in one instance of fifteen feet. At the great circle at Newark, Ohio, the top of the bank is now twenty-six feet above the bottom of the ditch. Here the ditch is inside of the parapet, which is not an uncommon case.

Many of the works consist principally of long lines of parallel embankments, like a narrow double turnpike well raised above the surface. They generally connect other lines of more complicated forms, such as circles, half moons, squares, rectangles, and portions of geometrical figures.

These parallel roads rising two, three, and even five feet above the general level, follow the undulations of the ground, and attain a length of one, two, three and four miles. At Portsmouth, Ohio, they extend from the second bottom on both sides of the river, down to the first bottom, where they are obliterated by the alluvium of the stream, deposited at high water. The entire length of the works at this place, on both sides of the Ohio river, is nearly five miles.

[Here a plan of the eastern terminus on the Kentucky side, was exhibited; it showed four concentric circles of earth without ditches, the inner one four hundred and eighty-five feet in diameter, and the outer one one thousand and ten feet. They are divided into four parts forming quadrants by two open streets running at right angles through them; leading to a mound in the center. The mound is conical, twenty-two feet high, with a flat space on the top sixty feet in diameter. A spiral road leads from the base around the sides to the level erea on the summit. A line of parallels extends more than a mile from the river to the quadrants around this mound. Around the base of the mound is a raised platform also circular, its surface on a level with the embankments composing the quadrants.]

Similar works once existed and in part exist now within or near the limits of Cincinnati, Chillicothe, Marietta, Circleville, Newark and Hamilton. They occupied in all cases important positions on streams which in a state of nature were navigable for light craft, such as rude people would use.

The large works are also in proximity to extensive tracts of excellent land in the valleys of the Muskingum, Scioto, and Great Miami rivers, showing that the mound builders cultivated the soil and selected the richest portions.

It is shown by the map that they did not occupy the entire surface of the State; their principal works occupy a belt from thirty to fifty miles wide along the Ohio river, extending northward along its tributaries as far as Zanesville, Newark, Columbus, Springfield and Troy. North of this there is a space or belt where no extensive ruins have been found until after passing the summit land towards Lake Erie. Throughout the Ohio river tract in addition to the large works and forts near Dayton, Hamilton, and North Bend, Fort Ancient, Warren county, on the Little Miami; in Adams, Pike and Perry counties, there are probably an hundred small detached works and many hundreds earthen and stone mounds of various sizes. One of these near Miamisburg is sixty-nine feet high with a circular base of eight hundred feet in circuit. That at Grave creek, on the Virginia side of the river, is seventy feet high.

[The lecturer referred to his outline sketches of both these mounds, showing their general form to the audience. In the one at Grave creek there were two wooden vaults in the central part of the mound, one near the natural surface of the ground, the other about half way from the bottom to the top. In both of them were human skeletons, surrounded by timbers very much decayed, and with the skeletons were trinkets and other relics. Sketches were presented in full size of several copper tools taken from the ancient mounds. One is in the form of a broad chisel, ten and a half inches long, three and a half to four inches wide, four tenths of an inch thick, and weighing three pounds thirteen ounces. It was taken from a mound in Butler county, Ohio, fifteen feet in hight, by the late Hon. John Woods. There were trees standing over it two hundred years of age. Another tool exhibited is like a thin double-bitted axe, six inches long and three and a half wide, with a hole in the centre. With the large chisel there was found the remains of coarse hempen cloth, of which the speaker has a specimen. Among the sketches was one of a copper gouge six inches long, which weighs two pounds. It is three and a half inches across the bit and one and a half across the head. All these tools were fashion-

ed cold from lumps of native copper that has never been melted.]

There is no region known from which native copper could have been obtained by the mound builders, except that of Lake Superior. In that region there are extensive ancient mines wrought not less than one thousand years since by a people having about the same development as the race of the mounds. In the copper mines of Point Kewenaw, native silver is found in lumps, spots and blotches in native copper, and the same is found in the copper tools of the mounds. There can be little doubt but the mound builders wrought the mines of Lake Superior to obtain these rude tools; copper and silver being the only metals found in these mounds. There is no evidence that copper can be hardened except by means of alloys and by beating in a cold state. All the ancient copper tools of Egypt which were once supposed to have been tempered like steel, are found upon analysis, to have been alloyed with tin.

[Profiles of two mounds, situated in Ross county, Ohio, near Chillicothe, were among the illustrations. On them was represented the layers of stones and ashes that accompany the human remains, and the wooden crib work constituting the burial vaults of the ancients. From one of these mounds a well preserved scull was obtained, of which an outline sketch was presented, size of life. Also *fac similes* of the characters upon two stones with hyeroglyphics; one from the Grave Creek Mound, and another from a mound which once stood at the corner of Fifth and Mound streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.]

The Grave Creek Stone has the characters of the old British Stick-Book engraven upon it, but its genuineness as a relic is very much doubted. The figures upon the Cincinnati stone are apparently ornamental and not designed as hyeroglyphical, or written characters. Thus far no well authenticated written inscriptions had been found to help unravel the mysterious history of the mound builders.

[The speaker was by no means certain as to the effect which must be given to certain recent discoveries which had been made, and which were described as follows:]

On the first day of July, 1860, I was at Newark, Licking county, and toward evening my friend Israel Dillie, Esq., informed me that Mr. David Wyrick of that place had just made a remarkable discovery. We went together to Mr. Wyrick's house in the suburbs of the town. He showed us a stone about seven inches in length, in the form of a truncated pyramid with a base of about one and a half inches and an upper surface of about an inch square. There was at the base a projection made round, with a knob like a button, as though it was intended for a string to be fastened to the stone, It was moderately well polished, with some scratches remaining, and of a dirty brown or yellow color resembling some limestones. The edges of the stone were all rounded off. On the four faces of the pyramid were inscribed Hebrew characters. Mr. Wyrick and his little boy said he had taken it from a small circular embankment constituting a portion of the old works about a mile from the town. He had rubbed and worked out of the depressions made by the engraver, a large portion of the dirt which adhered to the stone, but some of it remained. I found Mr. Wyrick to be a great enthusiast on the subject of the mounds, who spent much of his time in making excavations among them. He was physically much disabled by rheumatism by which he suffered intensely; his fingers were swollen and distorted,

and his feet so much enlarged as to render them almost useless. He is wholly a self-taught man, in many respects possessed of genius. When able to get about, he surveyed lands, having been, I believe, the County Surveyor. In his humble home were many relics he had disentombed from the earth works of Licking county, to which I shall make future reference. Mr. Dille, who has known him from a child, has full confidence in Mr. Wyrick's statements. He stated that the idea of deception was out of the question. Mr. Wyrick, he said, was a man who might easily be imposed upon, but who would not play the part of a deceiver himself.

The remains of that ancient race are very extensive in the vicinity of Newark. They are seen in the form of mounds, ditches, embankments, excavations, roads, and covered ways, extending many miles in length. I made a survey of these works in February, 1838, and found them to cover several hundred acres, at that time in a state of high preservation. At one point the height of the parapet above bottom of the ditch was twenty-six feet.

It was in a circular depression, about twenty feet in diameter, with a low, circular bank around it, that Mr. Wyrick and his little son had been digging that afternoon. Mr. Dille and myself saw the stone, probably an hour after it was found. He said he was searching for human bones in the cavity, and at the depth of twelve or fourteen inches threw out the stone which he showed us, and on which were legible characters. I have a fac-simile of the four faces of the stone and its inscriptions, the characters of which are bold and large, being sunk into the faces.

There were on each of the four faces an Hebrew sentence, which being shown to the Rev. Mr. McCarty, of Newark, Mr. Peixotto, of Cleveland and Dr. Lillienthal, of Cincinnati, were translated substantially alike, viz: 1st. *Torah Adonai*—The law of God; 2d. *Dabbah Adonai*—The word of God; 3d. *Kadosh Kadosheem*—The Holy of Holies; 4th. *Malach Aratz*—The King of the Earth. By a free translation the whole may be rendered in one sentence, as follows: "The law of God, the word of God, King of the Earth, is most holy." We took Mr. Wyrick and his son in a buggy, and drove at once to the Ancient Works, one mile west of the town, and to the spot where he said it was found. Here was a fresh pit about two feet deep from which they said it was taken. The earth adhering to the stone was the same as that of the pit, a yellowish loam.

No one of Mr. Wyrick's neighbors doubted his statement as to the genuineness of the relic, nor did I discover anything to warrant suspicion in him or his little boy. During the evening it was shown to some Free Masons of the place, who recognized it as a Masonic emblem representing the key-stone of the arch, and one on which the owner might put such an inscription as he saw fit, or none at all. In the days of the craft when Master Masons wrought with their own hands, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, they wore this as an insignia of their rank. The Hebrew characters are said by scholars to be imperfect, but legible, and of the style of writing in vogue in the third century.

As this is the first stone ever found in the works of the mound builders having written characters, it excited great interest among antiquarians. Some denied its authenticity as a relic. I had myself no such doubt, but its position so near the surface did not give it a character of much antiquity. Every one who knew Mr. Wyrick said he was an enthusiast, but wholly inca-

pable of getting up an imposition.

In the south-western part of Licking county, near Jacktown and south of the National Road, is a huge artificial pile of rough stone which was about forty-five feet high. When I first saw it a portion of the top had been thrown down by an adventurer who expected to find a part of Kidd's money in the center. There are many of these conical piles of stone in the vicinity, but this is the highest. On the first of November, 1860, Mr. Wyrick attacked this pile in pursuit of relics, but took the precaution to have reliable witnesses present. A large part of the stone had been removed by the inhabitants and used in cellar walls or in the repair of roads. Under the stone was found some low circular mounds of earth. Mr. W. and his five friends from Newark opened these mounds and found in one of them a grave and the rude coffin of the race of the mounds. There were human bones, copper rings or bracelets, polished stones, a copper plate and pottery.

Under these relics was a stone box in which was a stone with the figure of a man and more Hebrew characters. These were the same in style as those on the Wyrick stone. They were easily read and upon being translated proved to be almost a copy of the Ten Commandments, but somewhat abridged and transformed. Mr. Lederer, an educated Jew of New York, states that the style of the writing indicates that it was not made by a Hebrew, but a proselyte, and it resembles that of the age of the Macabees. In regard to the antiquity of this stone, it must be as great as the mound in which it was found, and not less than one thousand years.

[A fac-simile of the Newark stone was exhibited with the Hebrew characters upon it in full size.]

The Rev. Mr. Newton, of Norwalk, who was present, recognized the letters to be genuine Hebrew, a portion of them easily translated.

Without indulging in speculations upon these singular inscriptions, the remainder of the discourse was devoted to the ancient Forts on the shores of Lake Erie, and the streams which discharge into it from the south. The outline map of Ohio, before referred to shows them to be numerous on and near the southern shore of this lake. They differ in their character very much from those on the Ohio and its tributaries. The northern works are smaller and in general occupy positions of natural strength for military purposes. They are clearly works of defense; there is but one instance, and that not beyond discussion, where there are earth-works intended for the purposes of attack. Neither is there any evidence that any of the ancient military works of the Mound Builders were attacked. They none of them show counter-works such as must have been made by any party who should have attempted their capture. A single capture by assault might have occurred in a few instances, but a whole nation could not have been driven from so many fortified positions without works of circumvallation. A plan of the earth-works and ditches near Norwalk, Ohio, now nearly obliterated, was exhibited. This group occupies the bluffs at the fords of the Huron river, one and a half miles west of the village.

A full description of these and the other works in Northern Ohio, may be seen as given in Vol. I of the Smithsonian Contributions.

THE DAWN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF THE RESERVE AND THE FIRE LANDS.

BY PROFESSOR HARTUPEE, OF ELYRIA.

Mr. President:—Your committee to whom the Firelands Historical Association have confided the duty of selecting and procuring speakers for this, their Quarterly Festivity, have, with the honors bestowed on me, likewise imposed a duty whose doing demands qualifications surely different, perhaps higher than my own. Though born and bred in a more southern section of the State, the arbitrations of fortune, in the early dawn of manhood, cast my lot among you and the people you represent. Kind benignant Providence! I do not, cannot, wish a reversal of the decree which wrested me away even from the loved scenes of my childhood, and gave me a home and kindship likewise, among you. To the institutions you have established and now foster, to the intelligence and social elevation exemplified here, to the athletic vigor of the intellect, to the purity of the religious faith and the earnestness of the religious love found among you, I owe all that has been added to the stature of the boy I was, when twelve years ago, poor, penniless, untutored by the rugged discipline of the world, and the world's rough ways with men, I left the "scenes of my birth and careless childhood hours." To these, to the unnumbered influences which kindle the soul's internal energies and by their plastic power mould its external form and fashion, I owe the honor I have to day. I am at home among you; in the home of my childhood I am a stranger, and my voice makes strange echoes amid my natal halls. Strong, even imperishable, are the ties which bind me to the scenery and society of the Firelands. In your speaker, therefore, is found one element, at least, requisite to him who would to day address you with interest and profit, viz: a deep and abiding interest in the object you had and still hold in view in the organization and continued maintenance of the Firelands Historical Association. The distinguished gentlemen who have previously addressed you, and whom it is an honor even to follow upon the speaker's stand of this Association, have spoken of "Now and fifty years ago," concerning the men and animals whose bones are found in the ancient earth-works, and in the post-pliocene deposits of the State of Ohio, and of the politic-

al and social history of the Firelands, embracing many and most interesting reminiscences of personal achievments and adventure. What, therefore remains to us, but that as well as we can, we trace the "Dawn and Development of the Religious Interests of the Reserve, and especially of the Firelands," concluding as we properly may, by indicating our present religious aspects and the demand our present and the immediate future make upon us? Our effort shall be,

First, To review and commemorate the past.

Second, To hold under view for a moment the present, and

Third, To set forth and enforce our duty as pertains to the future. Or, what, in this respect, we have been, are, and ought and are to be.

A somewhat extended inquiry into the nativity of those whose names *now* stand on the roll of your Association, reveals that of the nearly six hundred comprising it, one hundred and thirteen were born in Connecticut, although a half century has passed since the history of the Firelands began, and the peals of the pioneer's axe waked the echoes of our woods, and the prime and maturity of the second generation are fast yielding their parts in the drama of life, to their uprising sons and daughters of the third.

Massachusetts furnished forty-six, New York one hundred and forty-eight, Vermont thirty-six, Pennsylvania 20, but those portions of these States, it is further found, which contributed most largely to the original population of the Firelands, were themselves settled chiefly by emigrants from the earlier colony of the Connecticut. We shall be able to get a genuinely real impression o- our own religious character as a peof ple, in no other way so readily, indeed in no other way possibly, than by the historic, seeking to learn from the annals of the past, in what convulsions of the religious world, when and where, our religious history had its rise.

He who would know the mettle of the son, must know the temper of the sire. The exceptions but prove the rule. It does not sufficiently answer the inquiry we propose, to delineate the strongly marked and prominent religious character of our New England ancestry. We must know the paternity likewise of this. We find it in England. The Lutheran Reformation was effected on the continent of Europe by moral means. In England it was sought to be accomplished by imperial authority. Henry VIIIth sought to effect by royal edict what, across the channel, was wrought only by the mighty power of God. He disliked the Papacy chiefly because it gave the supremacy of the church to Pope Leo Xth, and not to himself. The Catholic faith was prevalent in England; he neither sought for nor allowed a change. He believed in Popery but not in the Pope. Hence those who avowed the principles of the Reformation and the tenets of Protestantism, were burned as heretics, and those who owned the authority of the Pope were hanged as traitors. But the "merry monarch," neither papal nor protestant, won the love of none and incurred the violent oposition of all. During the reign of Edward, Archbishop Cranmer drew up the tenets and homilies of the Anglican church, in substance as they are now, a compromise between the claims of the Reformation and the demands of the papal hierachy, in the view of many a scheme for serving two masters. These articles of faith, essentially the same as they now exist in the established church of England were never submitted to any assembly of divines,

or to parliament for confirmation, but were imposed on the clergy and the universities by an exercise of the King's authority. This compromise embracing articles of faith and modes of worship, imposed by the sole authority of the King, retained many of the abuses of the papal hierarchy. Many of the Protestant subjects of the King desired a more effectual separation from the church of Rome than the Establishment afforded and the liberty of following the pure word of God, in opposition to the traditions of men and human constitutions. These were the Puritans, a term originally applied to those who desired to complete the Reformation, by reviving a purer faith and simpler worship, "but subsequently," says Sylvester, "the vicious multitude of the ungodly called all 'puritans' who were strict and serious in a holy life, were they ever so conformable. They maintained the highest principles of civil liberty and rigidly defended the speculative principles of the first reformers. The reigning sovereign found it necessary to employ his civil and military power to enforce the absolute supremacy in matters of faith and worship which the Tudor Princes had labored to establish

The spirit of civil and religious liberty, however, could not thus be quenched by the despotism of might. The Puritans united, overthrew the monarchy and established the Commonwealth under the Protectorate of Cromwell. On the death of the Protector, the Commonwealth failed, monarchy without limitation of power was restored, and the persecution of the Puritans revived. The parliament of Charles II, passed its "act of conformity," by which two thousand Presbyterian ministers were deprived of their livings, and the gaols were filled with the Puritans. To the wilds of New England they fled from the face of their persecutors. See now the little May Flower rounding the southern cape of England. One hundred and three souls are aboard—"families of righteous men under covenant with God and each other," to lay some good foundation for religion in the New World. Heroic souls they were, willing to brave all difficulty, all privation, all danger, if on the iron-bound coast of their inhospitable Atlantis and amid the repulsive perils of a new and savage society, they might find refuge against the tyranny of conscience to which they had been subjected. The spirit which led our fathers thus into voluntary exile, in order that they might obey the behests of conscience, and worship God according to the dictates of reason, was a holy inspiration. We must not conceive that our fathers had any political objects in view when they undertook the navigation to the New World.

No visions of empire and imperial purple, and subject peoples; no fabulous Fountain of Youth whose waters were to restore the wasted energies of life, allured them as Ponce de Leon; no glittering gold of a new El Dorado (*auri sacra fames*) fevered their avarice and kindled the energy which to gratify greed laughs peril to scorn. When Hernando Cortes and his Spanish adventurers sought to achieve the conquest of Mexico, he said to Montezuma the native King, "Send me gold; for my companions and I have a complaint, a disease of the heart, which is cured by gold."

It was the free air of the wilderness, the silence and grandeur of the woods, the unfettered praise and prayer they offered to God from beneath the arching limbs of the trees, his first temple, the unceasing anthem of the ocean's roll and roar far away from the dungeons and chains of the Tudor Princes of England,

that healed the discontent of the Puritan. When the May Flower had touched the Plymouth Rock, before they suffered their feet to touch the soil, they bowed the knee to the rock and consecrated themselves and the country to God. They first build a house for God and then for themselves. Let us discover, if we can, how distinctively religious was the enterprise in which they engaged. Religion was the "star in the East" which guided them hither; it was the inspiration of their hopes, the lamp of their pathway in the pathless wilds, light of their dwellings, nerve of their souls and strength of their arms. They were carrying forward the Ark of the Almighty, and why should they fear?

It is not with us, said Robinson, their pastor, at Leyden, when with benediction and many a solemn monition he committed a portion of his flock to the cabin of the May Flower and the care of God. "It is not with us as with other men whom small things discourage and small discontents cause to wish themselves home again." Brave men, and grander in bravery in that it is not a confidence in finite but Infinite Power! They drew up their creed with rigorous precision, and "fenced it round about with 'the Lord thus saith,'" and ordained it for all the churches.

Bancroft says: "They were formal and precise in their manners, singular in their forms of legislation, rigid in the observance of their principles. Every topic of the day found a place in their extemporaneous prayers and in their long and frequent sermons. * * * * But these were only the outside forms which gave to the new sect its marked exterior. If from the outside peculiarities which so easily excite the sneer of the superficial observer, we look to the genius of the sect itself, Puritanism was religion struggling for the people." The dominant idea among them was, to promote the service of God; accordingly when land was granted to settlers it was in adjacent tracts, not generally more than two hundred acres each, and it was an indispensable condition to the license for settlement that a learned and faithful minister should be provided to dispense the bread of life.

To secure constant attendance at meeting and to prevent danger from Indians by dispersion, the Court ordained that no dwelling should be located more than a mile from the meeting-house. Only the sound in faith and the blameless in life, as the records have it, were eligible as deputies, and church membership was an indispensable condition to becoming a freeman. Their jurisprudence was chiefly borrowed from the sacred books of Moses.

When the foundations of the New Haven Colony were to be laid, Mr. Davenport preached to all the free planters assembled, on the words, "Wisdom hath builded her house &c," and the sovereign sway of his influence led them unanimously to vote, that "The scriptures do hold forth a perfect rule for the direction and government of men in all duties as well in families and commonwealths as in matters of the church," and so "Moses and Aaron rejoiced and kissed each other in the mount of God." Thus they fashioned the Commonwealth to the setting forth of God's house as Mr. Cotton styled it.

There is another noticeable feature in the history of the times of our fathers; the preponderant influence of the clergy. They were the framers of constitutions, makers, expounders and executors of law, heads of the people, ecclesiastical, civil and social. The Pilgrim preachers merited the veneration and love of the people. They were master spirits, trained by the disci-

pline of Providence and industry to the stature of intellectual and spiritual grandeur. They inscribed on their banners that sublime declaration of faith "*Qui transtulit sustinet.*" Most of the Pilgrim ministers had been educated in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, brought their libraries with them and were students in the midst of their toil. They read the Hebrew and Greek original scriptures familiarly in their household devotions. Timothies in their houses, Chrysostoms in their pulpits and Augustines in their dispositions. Indeed, early and late in history this has ever been the characteristic of the New England man, he must have an able ministry; vigorous and elastic in intellect himself, he demands it likewise in him who delivers to him the lively oracles of God.

The greatness itself of the Puritan ministers and the union of the civil and ecclesiastical authority were the parent evils of many unjustifiable procedures, and the disasters which subsequently befell both church and the ministry. Out of these grew those persecutions for opinion's sake which tarnish the bright pages of our colonial history. A passing word to this.

The capital error we commit in making up our estimate of the Puritan character, in reference to religious intolerance, is that we unconsciously try the institutions and conduct of the past, by the ideas of the present. The severe enactments found in the early codes of the Connecticut Commonwealth seem to have been directed against a class of fanatics who scrupled not to violate the religious convictions of others, bringing logs of wood to chop on the church steps on Sunday and their spinning wheels to spin by the door. By a large historic induction, we might show that intolerance was the manner of the times throughout the world, and it is difficult to see why such excess of odium should be laid upon our ancestors, whose only reproach in the matter was that they were not further in advance of the civilized world, by another half century. The second and many of the subsequent generations of ministers in the Colony of Connecticut, history compels me to say, were far less zealous and learned, and hence less exemplary, less influential and useful than their fathers had been. Hence the pulpit lost its power and purity, the people failed to maintain the intelligence of their piety and the fervor of their devotion, and there came times of mournful spiritual degeneracy, and in 1702, Dr. Increase Mather was moved to publish a work entitled, "The Glory departing fron New England." Though the simplicity and vigor of the Puritanic faith and the glow of their zeal had departed, the deep impress of their discipline was not obliterated. Its rigors had been softened, its austerities had been mitigated, and many of its speculative errors and extravagances had been corrected and brought within terms of reason, and though "Ichabod" was written on many a New England altar once bright with the glory of God, the times of refreshing were again to come from the presence of the Lord. Though men of shining talents had risen up to preach with "charming accents" a more "liberal gospel" and drew away the multitude after them while death was dismantling, one by one, the few towers of strength on which the banners of the Pilgrims floated; in those years God remembered his Zion, and amid the hills of Northampton awakened the voice of Edwards and elswhere of Davies and Prince and Tennent. Earnest words were spoken in high places defending the ancestral faith and admonishing all of the "rapid current

which, without a breath of air was wafting them away." The "great awakening" came, and a rapid increase in the number and efficiency of the christian ministry and hundreds of thousands of converts and communicants in the various evangelical denominations.

We have thus endeavored to bring under distinct yet rapid survey, the leading historic facts necessary to a correct impression of the religious statutes of the Old Connecticut Colony, when from her cities, towns, hamlets and rural homes came forth the "Pioneers of the Firelands."

On the 10th of May, 1792, Connecticut granted, by a resolution of her Legislature, five hundred thousand acres of land; indemnity for losses sustained by fire during the Revolution. New London, Fairfield, Norwalk, New Haven, and Groton of Old Connecticut are in ashes, but like the Phœnix of classic fable, they rise from their dust, but transplanted to the wilds of the New Connecticut. I have been furnished by a worthy member of this association with all the published historic records of those who wrought this mighty transmigration. With absorbed attention, I have read those records vested in more than the interest of romance, because reposing on the solid ground of historic verity; records of ties and tissues of love which bound the family together around the hearthstone of the dear old Connecticut home, sundered; of farewells mournfully spoken to the loved ones left behind; of perils by "field and flood," by wild beasts and wilder savages, by disease and accident, all bravely endured; of suffering, privations and labor, all cheerfully sustained; records often of faith in God which faltered not in the darkest night of trial, but woke the solitudes with the echo of trustful song.

"Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes;
Rivers unknown to song: where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis naught to me
Since God is ever present, ever felt—
In the void waste as in the city full,
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy;"

or musing sung:

"Earth has engrossed my love too long,
'Tis time I lift my eyes
Upward dear Father to thy throne,
And to my native skies."

I am not surprised sir, that you are not willing that those records should perish, or that the rich legacy of their memory should be lost. Though the pioneer was without house, home, or cities, or fields or flocks, he was not without an altar, since often from tangled copse or green retreat, or solitary spot, his orison or evening prayer arose to heaven, and the notes of his praise filled the air. The hard toil of the day is over, the shades of night are quietly gathering around the solitary scene. The solemn hooting of the owl, and the distant howl of the wolf are heard echoing through the wood; his children gather timidly yet trustfully around him, confident in his strong arm and loving heart. From the rude shelf in the corner of the cabin, the wife brings the Bible, cherished remembrancer of the hearth and sanctuary of the dear fatherland, and he, like Obed Edom, has an altar to the Lord in his own house, and proves that God is a Spirit and seeketh such to worship Him as worship Him in spirit and in truth. He who hears the raven's cry and sees the sparrow fall hears, him, since he is of more value than many sparrows.

The swift rolling hours of the night usher in the morning when

"To the benign and saving power he consecrates his lengthened days,
While marked with blessings every hour should speak his co-extended praise."

The toil of the week is over; he and his neighbors, if indeed he have any, gather together in a cabin, or it may be beneath the open arch of heaven, to speak of the things of God, and there, in the woods, with little of the form, there was often much of the power of godliness. In default of a minister the sermon was read by one of their number; the singing without choir or organ, gushing forth from the broken fountains of sacred song filled the perfumed air with melody; and prayers

"Were borne
Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence on angel's wings through ways
Of light, to the bright source of all."

As the settlements extended and neighborhoods began to touch at their extremities, by the combined efforts of many extended over a wide area of territory, the church was erected; of round logs, or hewn logs at best, with puncheon floor, without pulpit, or with a box huge and high used instead of one, with seats of slabs, smooth, or to be smoothed by the rather tedious process of friction with homespun. Heaven pity the luckless boy, who comes too late to secure the coveted seat against the wall and must sit the long hour away with back against the viewless air, and with feet, bootless and shoeless, dangling, easily clear of the floor. Let imagination dwell for a moment amid the scenes of the time gone by, but dwelling yet as bright, yet fading, pictures in the memories of many here. It is Sabbath morning:

"Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The plough-boy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glitttering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass mingled with fading flowers
That yestermorn bloomed, waving in the breeze.
The faintest sounds attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill;
While from the lowly roof whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise."

The appointed hour of service has arrived, and though no deep-toned, solemn bell peals the hour or fills the air with invitations to the house of God, over plain and woodland, up the hill, and through the valley, along foot-path and wagon-path, and through the pathless woods come the worshipers: the farmer who felled the trees, and with oxen, axe and fire, clears away the forest and makes the field; and his good housewife, sole partner of the joys of which she is herself the greater part, comes in the wagon with him, and, sharing his toil and laborious care "for better or for worse," according to the vow she took, with him trudges along life's journey. There comes the son, a sturdy youth, with sense strong by nature's gift, carrying on his arm, since the weather is warm, the coat of homespun, which his mother, like good old Hannah, made him; and the daughter, fair dame she was, though her dress was linsey-woolsey, and her only flowers the lily nature penciled on her cheek, yet in all womanly virtues not less adorned than the more delicate damsels of to-day, whose wonder is how their grandmothers, the girls of whom we speak, brooked bonnets so large and dresses so small. There came likewise the blacksmith who *struck* for wages. True son of Vulcan though he is, he can weld links of logic as well as iron; the tailor, that once was, but his occupation being gone, his customers and his cunning being both left behind,

he is now the horny-handed son of severer toil; the miller who "took honest toll of the rye;" the neighborhood notable, the country esquire, whose judicial utterances were awful with authority; and the schoolmaster, who "boarded round" and taught reading, writing, and cyphering as far as the "Rule of Three," or Loss and Gain. Before long a varied throng have gathered around the church door, to wait the arrival of the minister; for there even the settled pastor was often a true itinerant, and ministered to the spiritual wants of distant congregations. At length the minister arrives. As he approaches the hum of talking ceases, and as he takes his station at his appropriate place the congregation gather in and fill the rustic edifice, a promiscuous gathering in which the polite fictions and showy conventionalities of the world had little power, but the severer virtues found many most worthy exemplars. Though it be, that the broadcloth gentlemen and the silken ladies of the present, who roll along the highways to the sanctuary in carriages and loll on cushions, are able to worship God, it may be, in a more cultivated figure, yet not in finer sincerity and purer devotion, not with a piety deeper and truer, not with a more tender and intimate fellowship with each other and with the Spirit whose abiding place is the lowly, contrite heart, preferred before all temples. The world wore then an aspect less inviting to ease, less lulling us to luxurious indulgence, and the perilous pleasures of sinful extravagance, and shall we say it more readily relaxed its hold on men, and suffered them to yield to the drawing of the worlds above the world? And in the grave yard, too, on the rising ground at the edge of the wood, there lay beneath its leafy turf all that was mortal of many a pioneer, patient in suffering toil, and brave in the conflict with life's many and rigorous trials. No marble monuments, with starred and titled names of doctors or honorables or reverends, were there, but the unhistoric dead, the dead whose only memorials were their works of benevolence and love, the founders of churchers and schools, the friends of the poor and the dead unnamed, and of whose number God has kept better count than men. All lie right peacefully together on the hill-tops; symbol, shall we say, of the life they lived, as much above the world and nearer to heaven than we? There the pastor sleeps, and his flock around him; the teacher and those he taught, the judge and those whose wrongs he sought to right—now gone to stand together before God's tribunal at the grand assize; the fathers, who with their axes felled the trees, cleared the fields we till and made the roads we travel; and the mothers, patterns often of matronly virtues, they clothed the "the bodies of their children with homespun and their memories with catechism." These, *these*, the dead whose names we cannot mention, perhaps, and if we could we were none the wiser nor they the more honored; these, over whom freshens now the monumental turf, fittest symbol, in the green of springtime, of the immortality they sought and found; these, the good of our fathers and mothers, great in their unconsciousness, most memorable in their deeds of patient toil and suffering patience, were the true founders of the goodly heritage of religion and intelligence we have. This Association with its records cherished in your households as sacred memorials of the past, but attests your devotion to their memory, and the appreciation of the name and legacy they bequeathed us.

Let us return to the church and linger a moment there. The

preacher has arisen and the exercises have begun. He is a plain man—plain alike in the clothing of his person and his thoughts. He is not a worm of the study, or a maniac for books, but a bronzed and weather-beaten toiler in God's heritage, nurtured to endurance by trial, and to strength, by rugged discipline of pioneer life. Whether it be a Bronson, a Betts, a Phillips, a Smith, a Bradstreet, a Conger, a Pattee, a Judson, a Coe, a Goddard, a McMahon, a Bigelow, a Ruark, a Christie, a Poe, or one of many honored names I might mention, you may expect a vigorous and often most effective oratory, terse and conclusive reasoning, fervor of earnestness, faithfulness of application, and often the displays of the divine power and saving presence vouchsafed to the faithful men, who, under God, were the founders of the churches among us.

It may not be inappropriate here, briefly to indicate the plan and leading features of the sermons of the pioneer preachers. The method of sermonizing (and if circumstances admitted they were more methodical than the ministry of the present,) was, first to unfold the text historically and critically, then raise from it a "doctrine," then bring forward the proofs, either inferential or direct, then illustrate and justify it to the understanding by the reasons drawn from the philosophy of the subject or the nature of things; and finally, conclude with an improvement by the way of uses or inferences and timely admonitions and exhortations. These applications or uses and exhortations often formed the greater part of the discourse. In some cases they were made under different heads, as the preacher progressed in his discourse. Occasionally two or more sermons were preached on the same text and discussed the subject negatively and affirmatively. Nor were the preachers then particularly cautious about long sermons, (and the same was true of the hearers,) but spoke on till they had exhausted the subject, though the last sands of the hour glass had already fallen out.

The camp of the emigrant, the cabin of the pioneer settler, the log school house, the meeting house, the chapel and the church, successively resounded with the voice of men who preached the gospel with no uncertain sound, and who, in winning souls were wise. Men of large benevolence, consistent piety, of great positive personal influence while living, they made their mark upon every feature of their age, and though dead, they yet speak—their works following them. The direct, fervent, pathetic and often powerful appeals of the early preachers to the consciences of their hearers sometimes were accompanied by the religious phenomenon called in common parlance "the powers," and the more inexplicable appearances denominated "the jerks." These phenomena are peculiar to no country or time. They occurred, as history attests, in Scotland, England, Ireland and in almost every country of the continent of Europe, in New England and the Western States, during the middle ages of the church, during the Wesleyan Reformation in England, and the Great Awakening in New England, as Edwards has abundantly recorded; although it is worthy of notice that not a solitary example of this kind of religious affection is recorded in either the Old or New Testament. They have not been confined to any denomination. The most remarkable instances have occurred among the Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists. "The powers" were accompanied with a partial or complete suspension of all the rational powers, the will, judgment, reason, and even conscious-

ness, and the subject lay motionless and powerless; and at times the involuntary susceptibilities were abnormally active, and the subject yielded without resistance to the prevalent impression or influence. "The jerks" were rapid jerking contortions of the body, which seem always more or less directly the result of religious causes, affecting however the most irreligious minds not less irresistibly than the religious. Violent opposers were sometimes seized by them. Men with imprecations on their lips were suddenly smitten with them. Drunkards, attempting to drown the effect by liquors, could not hold the bottle to their lips; their convulsed arms would drop it or shiver it against the surrounding trees. Horsemen, charging in upon camp-meetings to disperse them, were arrested by the strange affection at the very boundaries of the worshiping circles, and were the more violently shaken the more they endeavored to resist the inexplicable power.

A pioneer preacher who has seen more than five hundred jerking at one time, in some of his large congregations, says that if they did not strive against it, but prayed in good earnest, the jerking would usually abate.

Dr. Stevens, the historian of Methodism, draws the following conclusions concerning them:

First, They were seldom or never followed by any morbid physical effects. In the revival meetings of the earlier times, persons apparently in sound and even vigorous health have been known to lie motionless and insensible during a week without food or drink, and yet on returning to consciousness, showed no important physical injury or derangement.

Second, They have not yet been identified with any known diseased affections, and never occur except in connection with religious causes.

Third, Though connected with religious causes, they are themselves merely physical affections, and have not always been followed by moral results, and have attended the worst as well as the best forms of religion; the teachings of fanatics and heretics as well as those of sounder faith.

"To be thrown into the cataleptic state, in conversion," says another authority, "is no criterion of the genuineness of the change. The proof of this must be sought and will be found elsewhere. The having of 'the powers' is not a safe indication by which to judge of the religious state during any stage of religious experience; because the same divine influence, exerted upon a person under different circumstances, would not probably produce the same result, nor would it produce the same effect on another person under the same circumstances." Sometimes persons so affected were convicted of sin and converted, sometimes they were not. These things therefore are not and ought not to be regarded as conclusive indications that the Spirit of God is present, and I must be permitted to emphasize the remark that they should by no means be regarded as proof that the power of God is not present and that therefore the work accomplished is not genuine. We do not then sit in judgment much less condemn any one for being subject to these affections. They may be and often have been, deeply pious.

The branch of our subject we proposed to discuss in the second division of our discourse, we may more rapidly pass, as the present condition of religion among us is but the natural and necessary sequel of the past, and in the marked religious history of the past we discover prophecies of things to come. The blessed

fruits of the seed our fathers sowed are seen all over our lovely land—our goodly heritage. The churches all over our land with foundations of stone, symbol of God's enduring truth, and with spires pointing upward to lead our thoughts from earth to heaven, the many and intelligent congregations assembled every Sabbath for worship, the Sabbath Schools everywhere organized and sustained, the immense circulation of religious literature through the Sunday School Library and the religious press, the prevalent morality and respect for the word and worship of God, in short the statistics of this Association, best attest the condition of religion among us. But if the farmer wishes you to know how fertile are his fields, he takes you not to see the stubble from which the harvest has been gathered, but to the barn filled with grain; so likewise, would you know how bountiful has been the harvest borne by the seeds sown by the waters, long ago, look not alone to the fields below, but to the garner above. Though in the condition of religious interests among us there is much to encourage us, there is somewhat to deplore. The sermon has lost much of its ancient power, our minds being overwhelmed and our time monopolized by the rush of secular literature upon us. The religious instruction of our children at home is much neglected, and the Sunday School, unsustained by the more necessary and effective instruction of parents at home, wages doubtful contest with the ever increasing activity of corrupting and seductive influences, and vicious men; and altogether there is a want of deep and fervent spirituality among us.

There remains a moment or two to indicate our duty, to whom are committed the legacy of the religious institutions of the past and the inspiring hopes of the present. To us belongs the solution of the question, "What shall the future be of the land we inhabit?" I but repeat the consenting testimony of the wise, the good, and the great, the founders and legislators of commonwealths, philanthropists, patriots, statesmen, when I declare that the liberty, the public and private weal of no people can be preserved except by public morality and private virtue fostered and sustained by the prevalence of a pure religious faith. Without the conserving influence of religion in the state, our elections must become a mockery, our legislators venal, our courts corrupt and tainted with party spirit, and our law become cobwebs through which the rich and the poor break alike; there can be no security for person or property where there exists a general disregard for public morality and religion. If we fail to comprehend the responsibilities resting upon us and meet them in the spirit of devotion and sacrifice, then we have indeed reached, "we have passed the meredian, and have now to look forward to an evening of degeneracy and the closing in of a rayless and hopeless night of political decline." But if, true to our trust, we see that the Bible is in every household among us, that the church and school are sustained in their present, or raised to a higher efficiency, affording to every youth among us facilities of liberal Christian culture —if with uncompromising firmness and undying zeal, we seek to rescue our youth from all seductive and depraving influences, we stand at the portals of a future, which in social security and happiness, in public tranquillity, in spiritual and intellectual enlightenment, will in its realizations transcend even the dreams of enthusiasm. I but echo your own maturest and most profound convictions when I assert, that among the varied obligations resting upon us,

there is not one so imperative and sacred as that of sustaining among ourselves and transmitting to the future, the Christian morality which has made us what we are, and alone can make our children what we hope them to be.

FIRST SHIPMENT OF WHEAT AND WOOL.

The first shipment of wheat *in bulk*, from the Firelands, or on Lake Erie, was made by Judge Charles Standart of Auburn, New York, then a resident of Huron. He did the first permanent shipping at Huron, and built a frame warehouse in 1824; log warehouses having been used before, and the trade merely local to Sandusky. The wheat referred to was shipped in 1828, in quantity, from eight to nine thousand bushels, and the vessel was caulked for the purpose. It was sent to Buffalo and reshipped thence to Rochester by Erie canal. Previous shipments had been made in bags. It was worth in Huron, sixty-two and a half cents per bushel.

Judge Standart, also made in 1836, the first shipment of wool, from the Firelands. He put in bales between three and four hundred pounds—of his own raising; and sent it to Auburn, New York, where it was made into cloth and returned. He had so good luck that many of his neighbors did the same the next year.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY GATHERING.

A remarkable Thanksgiving gathering took place in York, Maine, at the residence of Daniel McIntyre, Esq. Four generations were present. The venerable grandfather is eighty-two years of age, and what is remarkable, weighs but *seventy-two pounds*, with not even a gray hair intermixed with his black locks or whiskers. He carries on his farm in person; last summer worked with the hands mowing in the field, and now performs all the duties connected with the care of two yoke of oxen, five cows, one hundred sheep, &c., &c.,* assisted only by a young lad. He reads his newspaper regularly without spectacles. His bigger and better half is hale and hearty, weighing two hundred and twenty-five pounds. They have had twelve children, eleven of them being alive; ten of whom were present at the Thanksgiving feast; one, not having quite reached his growth, measuring *six feet three inches* while standing in stockings, with lots of grandchildren to make grandmother's goodies disappear some what rapidly,—*Providence Press.*

ADDRESS OF REV. JOHN SAFFORD, AT THE QUARTERLY MEETING AT BELLEVUE.

Mr. Safford welcomed the Pioneers to Bellevue and its hospitalities, and remarked that he expected to occupy but a small part of the time of the Society with what he might say, but expected to be a listener to the remarks of other members of the Society. He then proceeded to address the meeting as follows:

The Chairman of your Committee suggested to me as the subject of some remarks to be made on this occasion, "The present Social and Moral Condition of the Fire Lands." It is a topic, doubtless, in which you are all interested, for it is a *home* subject, a subject that pertains to yourselves; it refers to your own circumstances and prospects, and to the prospects and future welfare of your children, and not only this. To some of you, to you who were Pioneers to the lands, or who are the children of the Pioneers, the subject refers to the results accomplished by the labors, the privations and sacrifices incidental to the settlement of these Lands by yourselves or by your parents and friends. I am fortunate, then, in my subject, but I will frankly confess to you in the beginning of my remarks, what you would surely discover for yourselves at the close, that I am not prepared to present the subject in a complete or satisfactory manner.

The subject contemplates, as you see, a statement of the present state of society in Huron and Erie counties. I cannot and do not assume in what follows to give anything like a full presentation of the subject; I have not been a resident here long enough, or at least, have not had opportunities for forming that extensive and familiar acquaintance with the two counties, that is necessary to do that; still I may say that I am not a stranger to the social and moral influences which have been at work in these two counties from their early settlement, and which have produced the present order of things, and given us the type of civilization and society that now exists among us. Born on another part of the Western Reserve, the child of Vermont Yankees, reared and educated here, I ought to know something of this subject, and be able to speak in sympathy with the feelings and views of the settlers of the Firelands and their decendants; so far as I am able to judge, there is but little difference socially and morally, between the eastern and wes-

tern parts of the Reserve. True, I remember that the epithet "benighted" has been applied to Old Ashtabula, but it was applied simply because she has ever been true in heart to Right, and at the polls has always uttered her voice in loudest tones for Liberty. And if this made a community benighted, then my own county, gallant little Lake, was and is worse benighted than Old Ashtabula. But one of her townships ever faltered, and that was Kirtland, where the Mormon upas once struck root and flourished for a time, and which, when it was removed, left a soil prepared for a succession of follies and vices as bad and false in nature as Mormonism, but lacking its energy and power. But Kirtland is now redeemed, and affords another pleasing instance in which correct principles of virtue and morality will survive and triumph over the false and wicked. You see, then, that I am familiar with a condition of society essentially the same as that of which I am desired to speak. I suppose that the leading and primary object of your Society is to collect and preserve reminiscences, facts and memorials of the past. It is to preserve a record of the names and doings of the early settlers; have a record of their trials and privations, of their labors and sacrifices, of their character and principles. The object of the Society is, I presume, to seek out and declare the impulse and direction given to society; to note the institutions planted, the means they tried and instrumentalities they used, to found and build up the social and moral state of things now existing, and this work, I judge, the Society has well done. I have seen a few copies of your Magazine, and find collected there a great amount of interesting and instructive matter. I find there the names and history of many of the pioneers. I read there what they thought and felt and did. I read of their trials and privations, of their fortitude and courage, of their industry and intelligence, of their losses and sacrifices, and of their fidelity and faith. I see what style of men and women many of them were. I see that they were not mere reckless adventurers, but men and women that were intelligent and educated; men of principle, of good character, that believed in virtue, in morality and religion. I do not say, for I do not find, that all the pioneers were people of this class; but in the sketches of the different townships, I find in many, perhaps in nearly all, that early and prompt attention was given to the school and the church; that is, provision was made for the institutions of education and religion. As I have read over these sketches, or rather as I have glanced hurriedly through them, I have believed and still believe, that if there were full and accurate accounts of the schools and churches of these townships, I would have reliable data from which to speak of their present social and moral condition. In the brief and hurried examination which I have been able to give this point, I have observed some curious and instructive facts in regard to certain townships, but which, perhaps, would be unbecoming in me to mention on this occasion. But, as I was saying, the object of your Society is and has been to gather these materials for history, and to show to us what our fathers and mothers were, what they did, what they endured, what they believed and what they labored for. And this we know; a goodly record of their deeds and labors and principles and purposes has been made. And with this record in mind, will it not be interesting and profitable to look around us now, and note what the actual results of their lives and la-

bors have been? We know what they endured, we know what their labors were; and now let us know what were the results of their labor; what did they bring to pass; what did it avail that they endured all? The answer is, they brought to pass Huron and Erie counties. These counties of ours, with whatever there is in them of material wealth and comfort, of social culture, of intellectual and moral powers, of religion, faith and truth, all these are the results of their lives and their labors. They came, weak and feeble handed, and found a rugged wilderness of wooded plains and broad prairies, and bound themselves to a life of toil and conquest, and the result is what you see as you ride along the public roads. The wilderness is subdued and blooms like a garden. In its place you find beautiful and pleasant homes, well cultivated farms, busy towns and thriving villages. Surely the labor of their stout brown arms was not in vain; not in vain that they brought their industry and intelligence with them; not in vain they built their humble school houses, or rude chapel of logs, and sought to preserve and perpetuate the interest, of education and religion. The results of their efforts in these repects may also be seen. In saying this, I have, as you observe, indicated the points that must be noticed in speaking of the present condition of these counties, for the social condition of a people is indicated in part, not fully, by the homes they live in. You can judge pretty accurately what a man is by seeing his home. I mean you can tell whether he is a man of taste and culture, of refined feelings and educated mind, by looking at his home. I do not mean that mere wealth is a true index of social position; it is not. Successful villiany in shoddy speculation or other infamous business, or a fortunate investment in petroleum stock, will give men wealth but not refinement and culture. I could take you to very humble homes, where the occupants are infinitely richer in social qualities, in all that constitutes a true manhood or womanhood, than some who dwell in costly houses. I know of course, that wealth and taste are often found together, and it is surely a very pleasing and desirable combination.

What then is the social condition of these "Fire Lands" as indicated by the homes of the people? I do not mean to dwell long on this point, but could not pass by without a word. I seldom go by a house, or ride along a road, without receiving certain impressions of the people in this way, and I think it an indication worthy of notice. The population as given by the census of 1860 was about fifty-five thousand, and I do not know that anywhere in the land you will find fifty-five thousand people of whom so large a proportion have so pleasant and comfortable homes. It may be a mistaken view of mine arising from want of information, but I believe the fact is as I have said. I have no statistics in regard to the wealth of the people, but I have in several of the townships remarked an air of taste, and refinement, an air of enjoyment and comfort about many of the homes, and this always attracts me more than a showy and gaudy display of mere wealth. Of course there are exceptions; there are neighborhoods, and perhaps whole townships of which these remarks are not true, but still as a whole I think that the homes of the people in these two counties indicate a social condition that compares most favorably with that of any portion of the State of similar extent. But, not to dwell longer upon this point—how, then, shall we decide what the present condition is? Shall

we compare ourselves with other counties, or other States, and see how we stand? Or shall we compare ourselves with an ideal standard of a perfect state of society? If we do the former, we may judge partially, and if the latter, perhaps no two of us would have the same standard in mind. But we can try and look at the facts of our condition as they are. I have already expressed my conviction that the homes of the people indicate that they are industrious, intelligent and refined. There are proofs of industry in the pleasant homes and well kept farms to be seen all over the counties; there are proofs of intelligence in the methods and implements of industry and labor which are in use. The people keep pace with the improvements constantly made; for example, in agricultural implements and methods. At least I have observed this where I have been in some of the townships. The people, I think, are enterprising, disposed to make all improvements necessary for their own and the public welfare. So far as I know, a commendable public spirit prevails, or at least predominates in this region. The interests of education are properly cared for. Indeed I have reason to believe that the schools of Huron and Erie counties are in many cases superior. I heard the excellence of the public schools of Sandusky spoken of and held up as a worthy model, when I lived at the eastern end of the Reserve, and I do not know as the citizens of Sandusky are any in advance of their fellow citizens throughout these two counties in this respect. There seems to be a cordial, generous support to this interest. The vital necessity of intelligence and education to true prosperity and welfare of the people, seems to be recognized. I might enlarge upon this point, but will only say that the condition in this respect is commendable and encouraging.

As regards the sentiment of the people in respect to political matters, I think it is overwhelmingly patriotic and loyal. I think the counties have made a good record in the mighty conflict with slavery, treason and rebellion, that has been tried and fought out on the battle field. I have now no data at hand, but my impression is that during the last 25 years, while the struggle between freedom and slavery was going on, the counties were true in the main, to the cause of freedom, and I am sure that during the four years past they have been true to the Constitution and the Government, and have given freely of their money and their men to support them. Doubtless there have been exceptions, but I am speaking of the predominant feeling. I think our position in this respect is one we may contemplate with satisfaction and pride.

As regards public morality and the religious condition of the people, very much might be said, but I feel restricted by time, as I do not wish to occupy but a little of your session. As a whole, I feel entirely warranted in saying that the population is a law abiding and moral one. The great moral causes are as well sustained among us, to say the least, as by the average of communities.

Perhaps the cause of Temperance has as many friends and supporters in our counties as in any two of the same population. And perhaps there is as much seriousness and attention to the subject of religion.

Probably the Gospel exerts as wide and powerful influence in these counties as in any of the State. Comparing ourselves with others, we may say, perhaps with entire truth, that our condition is as prosperous, as high and good as theirs, and indeed even from this very

hurried and imperfect glance, we see that in many respects our condition is one of encouragement and promise. We may well congratulate ourselves that our condition is as good as it is. As lovers of our common country, and as descendants and as successors of our Pioneer fathers, we have reason to rejoice and take courage in view of our attainments and our prospects. We should with gratitude and praise recognize and acknowledge the blessings bestowed upon us, for the happy and beneficent results which have thus far been achieved by the settlement of the Fire Lands. We should be glad for the industrious, intelligent, loyal and moral population; we should be grateful for the regard that is paid to educational and religious interests. There is much in these things to inspire us with hope and confidence.

But while I speak thus favorably of our condition, and gratefully acknowledge the causes for gratulation and courage, I should be sorry to have you feel that the condition is such that we should be satisfied with it. I should be sorry to leave the impression upon your minds, that I think it is as good as it ought to be; as good as it may be I do not think so at all. As a citizen, as a patriot, as a Christian, I am not content with the social and moral condition of these Fire Lands. I am not satisfied with the state of our Society, nor with the degree of civilization to which we have attained. There is a much higher and better state to which we may, and to which we ought to attain. There are evils existing here which I, as a citizen, as a lover of my race, am not satisfied to have remain. There is a great amount of ignorance which I would have removed; an amount of indolence and thriftless poverty and degradation, which I am not content should remain; and there is a sentiment of disloyalty to the Goverment, the lurking spirit of oppression and injustice, that I am not content with. I would have all this removed and replaced by the sentiment of intelligent patriotism, and the generous spirit of universal liberty and justice. And there are numerous other evils with which I am not satisfied. I am not satisfied, for example, with the indifference and apathy existing in view of the frightful evils of Intemperence; I am not satisfied that in all our towns and villages should be found saloons and drinking houses in which our young men are ruined, body and soul; not satisfied with that public opinion which tolerates and encourages these haunts of ruin and murder. Why, there are single dens of this kind which inflict deeper wounds and more deadly wounds upon our counties every year, than any rebel regiment caused us in a year. We mourn our brave boys who fell upon the red field of battle, but we mourn them not as lost. For them we have consolation: they were not wasted. But for those who fall by the rum murderers at home, who die to manliness and to usefulness, to truth and to honor—Ah! for these where is our consolation? Oh, no, sir! We may not, must not, be satisfied with our condition, till our towns and villages are purged from these plague spots, and our people rescued from the curse of rum. So, too, there is an amount of frivolity and trifling, of irreligion and ungodliness, which no truly earnest and thoughtful soul should be satisfied to have continne. There are moral wastes; places of spiritual desolation, which should be cultivated and made to bring forth better and more abundant fruit; and we should not be satisfied with our social and moral condition till this is done; and I should deprecate it as a fearful evil, if I thought there was a feeling of entire satisfaction in regard to these things. The facts

alluded to ought to stimulate and rouse us to action. An object worthy of our hopes and labors and our prayers, is set before us. Our pioneer fathers have done their work, and done it well. It is fitting that those of them who remain should rest from their labors. They grappled with the material wilderness, and converted it into fruitful fields and pleasant homes—they have done their part, let us do ours. Let us carry forward their work; let us seek out the waste moral places and cultivate, till they shall be reclaimed and bear the fruits of righteousness and peace.

From the Sunday-School World.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Two Connecticut churches celebrated their 150th anniversary, in the month of October. One of these was at Newton, in Fairfield county, the other at Pomfret, in Windham county—the former home of General Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame. Both occasions were of rare interest, and are likely to be long remembered by those who took part in their exercises.

The children who were present learned much of the quaint ways of their Puritan fathers, as the record was unfolded of the earlier years of the ancient churches, and had fresh reason to be grateful for the progress made during the last century in American Society. Distinctions were recognised even in taking seats in the sanctuary, one hundred and fifty years ago, which were long since swept away in our land. In 1714, it was voted in town meeting, in old Pomfret, that Jonathan Belcher, Esq., (afterwards colonial Governor of Massachusetts,) should "have liberty to build a pew in the meeting house next to the pulpit, at the west end of it." A year later a "pew-spot," was assigned to a military official, and then similar privileges were granted to other notabilities. Afterwards a committee was appointed to seat the remainder of the congregation according to their income, "having respect also to age and dignity." To prevent dispute it was declared by vote of the Town that the "second seat in the body of the meeting house, and the fore-seat in the front gallery, shall be judged and esteemed equal in dignity," and so on through doubtful portions of the house.

Yet in olden time the children of all conditions were remembered by Pomfret christians. It was voted "that the space in the meeting house between the stairs and the door, be a place for boys to sit in," including doubtless those not of the families of pew-holders, and in the assigning of each "pew-spot," there was a proviso, that the householders should take in, and cause all their families to sit there, if it may be with convenience. In the recent anniversary celebration the children had a prominent part, and were addressed by their special friends, invited from a distance, cared for as they ever have been in that quiet and pleasant township; it is to be desired that the children of Pomfret, shall imitate all the virtues of their fathers, avoid all their follies, and be possessed of all their grace.

SUBSTANCE OF THE REMARKS MADE BY JOHN SEYMOUR, AT THE MEETING OF THE FIRE LANDS HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AT BELLEVUE, DECEMBER 13, 1865,

Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the Historical Society, Friends and Fellow-citizens: It is with some embarrassment that I present myself before you at this time, from the fact that I have delayed it so long.

When this Society was formed, I thought it to be a good thing, and would gladly have taken a part with you, but I supposed that it was formed of first settlers only, or at least of those who came into the country several years before me. It was a considerable time before I discovered my error. I then prepared a short sketch of my experiences and observations during the first years of my residence in Ohio; united with the Society, and held the manuscript in readiness to be presented when a suitable opportunity should offer. But when the oportunity came, and it was too late to make the needed preparation, to my surprise I could not find the manuscript. Of course I am thrown upon memory.

My voice is weak and very liable to fail, and besides what I have to say is mostly of a private character, which although it will interest me, may interest few if any others. I will, however, invite your patient attention for a few moments.

I came into this country for the first time, in October, 1824. A partner, Joab Tyler, Esq., and a younger brother, R. George Seymour, were with me. We intended to have landed at Sandusky, but were driven past and went to Detroit. We spent a little time in Michigan, looked around and made some inquiry, and then returned to Sandusky, and hired a team to take us to Lyme, Strong's Ridge. The Rev. Enoch Conger and the Rev. John Beach, particular friends of ours, had preceded us a few months. Mr. Conger was located at New Haven, and Mr. Beach, at Lyme.

When we first came to the prairie, the view was very different from what we see now. There was but little appearance of roads; it was not fenced off into broad fields, and dotted over with orchards and gardens, and buildings like an old settled country, but was a broad expanse of level ground.

It appeared to me like water cov-

ered over with a thin layer of earth and vegetation, or like a broad deep marsh which could not be crossed with safety. The appearance of the shores along the ridges and islands clearly showed that they were formed by the action of water, and that the lake, if not the ocean, once overflowed these prairies. When the team at first proceeded boldly from the shore into the wide expanse, I felt an involuntary shudder and unavoidably looked for an undulation or trembling of the surface, if not for a breaking through of the crust. And when I first walked out upon the surface, I stepped carefully, and when I went through a cornfield and found the earth bored full of holes as with an augur, and the holes filled with cool, clean water, but little below the surface, and the ground covered with the shells and bones of craw-fish, (prairie lobsters,) I could hardly avoid a sense of danger. I have, however, since found that the prairie lies on as firm a foundation as any other part of the country. The soil was very loose and black, and in a wet time the wagoning was very heavy, but there was no danger of miring.

We found Mr. Beach in a house belonging to Stephen Russell, the father of Rufus B. and Joseph L. Russell, near where Rufus B. now lives. The four Strongs, who gave name to the place, were living along the ridge. Maj. Joseph Strong was living on the farm now belonging to Samuel Nims and Worthington Nims. Capt. Zadoc Strong near where the burying ground now is. Dr. Francis Strong where Col. James Smith now lives, and Abner Strong on the place now owned by Owen Dole.

Doctor Samuel Stephens, Joseph Kenney and Isaac Slocum are all that I remember as living between Abner Strong's and Bellevue. At Bellevue, I think there were but three or four houses. Chapman and Amsden had brought on a small stock of goods and just opened a store in a log building near the county line.

The Indian title to lands west of Huron county was extinguished and settlements were beginning to be made. We spent one day in traveling over the oak openings. There was no need of roads; we could go where we pleased. There was usually a good supply of large oak trees, but very little under-brush and but few old logs. We went as far as Butternut Ridge, to the place where the Ballards, Horace, Winthrop and Luke had made a beginning, and road in different directions during the day.

Much of this land was then in market at government prices. It was very easy to clear and would produce good crops of wheat, at least for a while, but was not thought to be good for corn or grass. And as it was underlaid with cavernous limestone, it was supposed that it would be very difficult to find good permanent water. I do not remember to have seen more than three or four houses during the day. The Maumee turnpike was located, and Isaac Slocum had commenced the construction of the first mile.

East of the Strongs and along the ridge, were Samuel Bemiss and his sons, Elijah and Rodney, Charles and Livy Rash, George and Jonathan Furgerson, Samuel Cox and Reuben Root.

At Cook's Corners, Esquire Asaph Cook and his sons Asaph, jr., Erastus and Israel, Martin Vrooman, Benjamin Fish; and a little north, Lewis Stone, Hiram Parker and Capt. Drake; south of the corners and between there and Monroeville, were Smith D. Baldwin, Wm. Parrish, the Clock family, Daniel Sherman, Benjamin Read, and his son

Joseph. These were all that I remember.

At Monroeville, were a few houses, one tavern, one store, two blacksmith's shops and a grist and saw mill. Schuyler Van Rennselaer was about closing his store, and George Hollister about coming in.

From Monroeville, we proceeded south, through Peru, Greenfield and New Haven to Plymouth. The buildings were of the roughest kind and the fields usually full of dead trees and old logs, but appeared to be very productive.

We called upon Mr. Conger, spent some time with him, rode around and examined several farms, were well pleased with the country but made no purchase. We returned by way of Maxville and Norwalk. Norwalk was a small, but thriving village. It had become the county seat and the people seemed anxious to increase its business and population, and to improve the state of society. They were about putting the roof upon the first academy building.

We looked at several farms on the way and finally made a conditional bargain for a place called the Vrooman farm, at Cook's Corners. This farm contained 217 acres. It lay south of the Milan road and was divided near the middle by the Sandusky road. We were to pay twelve dollars and fifty cents per acre. This was a high price. Wild lands adjoining could have been purchased for two and a half to three and a half dollars. But this farm was considered superior in soil—had about one hundred acres fenced in; sixty under good improvement, and a pretty comfortable house and barn. Several roads centered there, and it was thought that it would be a good place for a store and tavern, and that it would be central for society. A large hemp machine and a school house were on parts of the farm, sold off for those purposes. The meeting house and most of the little village, now there, are on the same ground. I had been for many years in trade, and intended still to continue that business in connection with farming, and particularly in raising hemp, which we expected to have broken and prepared for market at the machine, for one-third. This we thought would be a good article for remittance, and that the prospect of doing well was very fair.

After returning home and considering the subject, we closed the contract. I agreed to go on and take the whole charge of the business for one or two years, and then if prospects were good, Esquire Tyler would come and assist, and if not, I should probably return.

Accordingly, I removed with my family, in the fall of 1825. Mrs. Seymour's father and mother, (Dr. Moses Thatcher and wife,) and two workmen were with us. We came by teams to Syracuse, thence by canal to Lockport; thence seven miles to Pendleton by teams, and from thence to Buffalo by canal. The canal was finished through soon after we passed.

We had expected to proceed up the lake by the steamboat Superior, but were too late to get passage and were compelled to come by sails or wait a week or more for a boat. There was but one on the Lake, except a very small one, which sailed from Black Rock, and was not considered very safe. We went on board a schooner called the Red Jacket, commanded by Captain Walker, who was well known on the Lakes for many years. He was a good sailor, and an agreeable and accommodating man. The vessel was over-stocked and we had a long and stormy passage. We lay the first night under Point Abino, the second and third under Long

Point; then beat to the right and left for about two days and lay over for one night at Dunkirk, and after about two days more of rough weather, arrived at Cleveland. The wind had now stopped blowing, the water had become smooth and the weather hot. Cleveland was not then what it now is, a large and flourishing city. It was only a small village, partly on the bluff and partly along the river. We were compelled to anchor out some distance and land some families and their stuff with a flat boat, drawn a part of the way by men wading in the water, in consequence of a sand bar which had closed up the harbor. There was but little appearance of business and but few if any teams to be seen. The families who came with us and wished to go a few miles into the country, were troubled to find conveyance. And we found it difficult to get the provisions needed on the vessel. The next day we arrived at Sandusky, and were very glad to see the place. It then appeared to us very pleasant, lying along a bold shore, on the south side of the bay. We entered without difficulty and came along side of a good wharf. The place was full of men and teams. We found no difficulty in getting the provisions and other things which we needed and engaged teams to take us the same day to the Corners. We arrived in good spirits and took possesion the same evening. We put our things into the house and some of us lodged there, others at Esquire Cook's.

We arrived there, I think, on the 5th of October; purchased one yoke of oxen for forty dollars, one for forty-five, a span of horses for eighty-five, and a cow for ten.

Flour was from two and a half to three dollars per barrel; good side pork ten; fresh hogs from two to three. We commenced plowing very soon, and plowed steadily until December. The weather was very fine. We had some rain, but not enough to stop our teams for a whole day at any time. By the first of December we had sixty acres all in one field, as black as a hat and as beautiful as a garden.

It was so furrowed out that no water could stand upon it, and so smooth that I could see a goose from my back window on any part of the field.

During the winter we hunted fire wood and rails, built fence and and broke up thirty acres of new prairie. In the spring sowed nearly all the old land to hemp, and planted the new to corn and set out about one hundred and fifty fruit and shade trees; all were easily cultivated. I was much pleased with the beauty and fertility of the soil, and confidently anticipated a good and profitable business. But I was destined to meet with serious disappointments. The hemp machine which was expected to prepare from ten to fifteen hundred pounds per day for market, would not do more than one-third of that amount, and was out of repair. The proprietors and their particular friends had more hemp than they could dress. Numerous other machines, upon different constructions, were erected, but did no better. During the first year I could get no hemp dressed by the machines. I then made trial of rotting and dressing by hand. The rotting we found to be too expensive, unpleasant and very unhealthy, and the breaking and dressing slow and laborious. The second year we succeeded in getting some dressed by the machine. Purchased some in trade and took some to sell on commission.

With this, and some of the water rotted hemp, I went first to New York, but could find no market. Then went to Philadelphia, and after

much effort and delay succeeded in selling it at a very low price.

The facts were these: that the strength of the raw dressed hemp had been tried and proved to be fully equal to Russian hemp. Application had been made to Congress to adopt its use in the Navy. A Committee had been appointed, of which John Quincy Adams was Chairman. They made a very favorable report, and of course the lots first offered sold well, and hemp men confidently expected great profits. But upon further trial it was found that although the strength of the raw hemp was at first good, yet it would not bear friction, and that when exposed to water, the vegetable gum, of which it contained much, would dissolve and the texture of the cordage become loose and spongy, and of course prove unfit for shipping.

Well dressed water rotted hemp would always sell well and for a fair price, but it required too much labor, of a very unhealthy and unpleasant kind.

This was to me a very serious disappointment. I had brought in a good assortment of goods, but did not expect a large cash business. There is a time in the settlement of a new country when provisions and property of all kinds are high and money plenty, but this was past in Northern Ohio. The tide of emigration was flowing further west, and the Detroit market which had been good, was now beginning to be supplied by Michigan people; and the eastern markets were not yet fully opened and trade established. Of course I did not expect a good cash business, but supposed that goods could be readily exchanged for hemp, and that hemp would prove to be a good and profitable article for remittance. In this I was seriously disappointed, and obliged to change my business. The raising of hemp was discontinued, and it is believed that it was an injury to all who had much to do with it.

I still kept goods for family supply and to hire labor and exchange for such things as we needed, and for a small cash trade.

I then made trial of raising corn and exchanging it for whisky and taking the whisky to New York. This proved unprofitable. I then tried feeding it to hogs. Built a large hog house, with ten apartments, intended to hold from 75 to 100 hogs, with an alley through the middle and a room across one end for boiling and making swill. The hogs most of them grew and fatted well, but some of them made but little improvement. The first year I sent about half my stock alive to Detroit. They sold readily, but not at a price that would be profitable. The remainder, when well fatted, I packed and sent to New York. The pork was good and highly complimented. It was, however, badly cut and packed, and the proceeds, after deducting all the expense, left but a small balance to pay for corn. I found from experience that I seldom did as well by taking property to a distant market as by selling it for what I could get at home. And this, I believe, agrees with the experience of most who have tried it. I then gave attention to a greater variety of crops, and cut more hay, and was perhaps doing a little better, but my health had become poor. I was discouraged, and after a trial of nine years sold out, paid off our debts and returned to the partners the amount of their capital, without interest or profit. This sale was just at the time that property began to rise, and the country to feel the practical effect of the Erie Canal. I could have more than doubled the property in the course of a few years, simply by the increase of value.

We then spent six months in Milan and six months in Massachusetts, and then settled in Lyme, where we now reside.

We came to Lyme, April, 1835. Have since sold some goods, done some farming and manufactured some brooms—all on a small scale, and expecting to make no more than a good living.

There have, of course, been many changes in the prairie townships during the forty years of my residence in Huron county.

The prairies when we came, were nearly all in a state of nature. The people had settled along the ridges and islands, and had usually enclosed no more land than they wished to cultivate.

They depended on wild grasses for the support of stock both summer and winter. This did well and their cattle often became very fleshy, particularly in the early part of the summer, but many died in dry, hot weather for want of salt and good, healthy water.

Men who had been accustomed to the hilly and mountainous countries of the east, were poor judges of size and distance on the prairies.—Major Joseph Strong asked how many acres I supposed there were in a fine smooth field before us. I said perhaps twelve or fifteen. He said there were thirty. And when about to cross a wide prairie, without a bush or tree, the distance would appear small; but after traveling a long time and seeming to gain nothing, if we looked back, the distance would appear perhaps each way about the same as the whole at the beginning. This deception was sometimes very discouraging, when the weather was unpleasant, the road bad, or the team overloaded.

Vegetation then grew very large, much larger than now. It was often very difficult to find cattle at evening, but we could sometimes see the tops of their horns above the grass. Deer and wolves and foxes and dogs were then very plenty, but sheep scarce. I have often seen herds of deer with the cattle. I at one time left about three acres of corn standing in the field until December, and when we went to harvest it found it nearly all eaten up by deer. I put out an orchard of from 100 to 150 maple trees. They nearly all grew and promised well, but were totally destroyed by deer.

During the dry part of the year we were much troubled with prairie fires. They would often come upon us with great fury. We have often been compelled to contend against them until a late hour at night. Our usual method was to plow two or three furrows a little distance from the fence, and when we saw a fire coming, to go and set head fires along the furrows and whip them out with brush on the side towards the fence; but a sudden wind would often drive it ahead and around us in spite of all we could do. At one such time it swept by with great fury and ran through a thicket where a sow and pigs had made their nest, and we had a practical illustration of an old story which we had often heard in the east: "That in Ohio roasted pigs ran about with knives and forks in their backs, squealing, 'eat me, eat me.'" I did not see the knives and forks, but I saw the roasted pigs and heard them squeal.

About this time a Mr. A. brought a suit before Esq. C., against a Mr. D. for stealing his hogs. At the trial a lawyer asked one of the witnesses if his neighbors were in the habit of stealing hogs. "Well," said the witness, "I will tell you, Esquire, just how it is: Here is Mr. A. and Mr. B. and Mr. C, the plaintiff, defendant and Justice. They are all very clever men and good neighbors, but they will steal hogs."

The facts in the case were these: That at that time nuts, roots and acorns were very plenty, and hogs running out would grow and fatten well. Many let their hogs run out all the year, and perhaps lost all knowledge of them. Persons turning their hogs loose, of course became joint proprietors of the common stock. And when they wanted any pork went out and took the first good hog that they could get, and considered it good luck if the hogs did not get them. The hogs were usually peaceable and would not attack a man if he let them alone; but if he wounded one or in any way made one squeal, he must take care of himself—the whole herd would be after him, and many of the boars had become large and old and savage. A man working for me said he had been treed three times in half a day.

I had heard many great stories of Ohio before I came. These, of course, were much exaggerated, but not without some foundation.

Martin Vrooman told me that he had stood on the ridge with his watch in his hand and saw the fire cross the prairie to the bank of Huron River, three miles, in three minutes. Of course no animal could escape it by running.

The country was subject to heavy rains. I was told that an empty barrel standing in the yard, before the house which I purchased, had been filled full in a single hour. And one of my neighbors told me that he was plowing in his field when a shower came up; that he took off the team and left the plow standing in the furrow, and that when he came back after the shower he could see nothing of the plow but the tops of the handles above the water. I had been told frightful stories in relation to the health of the people. One man said that if a man wanted to get rid of his wife he had better move to Ohio; that women would not live there more than one or two years, and that they could not raise children.

I found that the country was subject to heavy rains, and that large portions of the wild prairie remained under water during the wet part of the year. And when dry hot weather came on in July and August, fevers became common and in some cases severe. There had been some seasons when there were more sick than well, and many died. But with the exception of a very few years the health of the people had been pretty good. Old Esquire Cook told me where I came into the country, that in the school district at the corners, when they had forty children, there had been but four deaths in four years. Doctor Tilden who was our family physician for several years, told me that the soil was so productive and the surface so level, that it would be likely to produce bilious complaints, but as the wind during the hot season was usually blowing alternately to and from the lake, he thought that the general atmosphere would not often become so impure as to produce much sickness without a local cause, and that he thought he could usually discover the exciting cause in or about the house. He advised me to keep the cellar, drain and sinks all clean and sweet, to allow no stagnant water near, to keep our feet warm, our heads cool and bowels open; to live well and avoid all excess and anxiety.

We have been sick some, probably not more than we should have been at the east, and are now all living.

I had been told before I came that the people in Ohio lived upon corn and pork, dressed in skins, had no money and went barefoot. That time, if it ever was had, passed before I came.

I found the people many of them

living in the roughest kind of buildings and everything around in primitive style, but I have often been surprised on entering, to find the walls white-washed and hung with pictures; a rag carpet on the floor; the ladies well dressed and much appearance of good taste and comfort.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

There is no time like the old time, when
you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed, and the
birds of spring-time sung!
The garden's brightest glories by summer
suns are nursed,
But, oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place where
you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the
splendors of the morn
From the milk-white breast that warmed us,
from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that
will look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend who
has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage
like his praise;
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy
crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with
sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love that we
courted in our pride:
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and
we're fading side by side,
There are blossoms all around us with the
colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the
light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times,—they
shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place,—keep
green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends,—
may heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves,—God
bless our loving wives!

COON-SKIN LIBRARY.

About twelve miles from Athens, Ohio, there is a library, formed very soon after the settlement had been made, which was obtained by hunting. A meeting of the settlers was held to discuss the matter of improving the roads, and after that business was dispatched, Alexander True, suggested that if anything could be done to improve the minds of the people, it would be very desirable. But to improve, there must be books and teaching. To procure books, money was required. There was no money in the settlement. Accordingly, it was unanimously resolved to hunt during the winter, and in the spring send all their furs to Boston, to buy books. Thus was provided the first public library ever established west of the Allegheny mountains, and it is still known as the Coonskin Library. Hon. Thomas Ewing had the advantage of this library.

GEOLOGY OF THE FIRE LANDS.

BY JOHN H. NILES, HAVANA.

There is perhaps no subject, nor science, so uninviting and repulsive to the popular mind, as that of Geology. And in approaching the subject of the Geology of the Firelands, before this Society, let me illustrate by an allegory.

A young lady, at the age of fifteen, had formed the plan, that at every New Years day, instead of cutting up the dresses she had worn the previous year, she would smooth them out, and pack them down in the bottom of her clothes press. Here they lay and accumulated year after year, just as she had packed them down. At the age of eighty, her granddaughters became interested in that pile of old dresses, and obtained permission to examine them. And as might have been expected, wonder succeeded wonder as the examination proceeded down in the pile. All was new. The constantly changing material, the different style of fabric, the difference in the colors and figures and fashions, all conspired to give them a keener anxiety as the examination progressed.

They soon became so well acquainted with the pile that they grouped the materials off into classes, and allotted to each class a period of time in which it was made. At the bottom they found the dresses consisted of tow and linen, then linen and wool, then cotton muslin, then calico, and as they proceeded, de laines, silks, and satin. Hence, they had the tow-and-linen period, the linsey-woolsey period, the muslin period, the calico, silk, and satin period. Nor was this all; for the girls soon learned by the draw and twist of the thread, just where hand-spinning stopped, and machine spinning began, and, by the evenness of the web, where the power loom was introduced. And when all these peculiarities had been studied and reduced to a system, any one could pick up a rag in any grandmother's garret, and tell by the materials and workmanship exactly in what period it was made.

Now, what the girls had been doing to their old grandmother's pile of dresses, the geologists have been doing to the dresses of Old Mother Earth. For each layer of rock pried up in the quarry, no matter how thin, was once the outside dress of the earth, and was worn until anoth-

er was deposited by the waters above it. And of the countless multitudes of shellfish that lived on each layer, a part became entombed when the next was deposited, and the geologist finds them as perfect in appearance as if he had just placed them there with his own hand. He has examined the rocks from the mountain top to the bottom of the deepest valley, from the drift clay on the surface, down to the granite rock at the bottom, and has grouped them into classes, and determined by their constituents, structure and fossils, the relative periods of time in which they were formed. And by examining the pebbles in the creek, or the fragments in the road, he has no trouble in determining the formation to which they belong, and the period in which they were formed.

But to the common observer the Geology ot the Fire Lands presents no peculiar features. A rolling, monotonous surface, with its streams and their valleys, and occasionally a ledge of rocks, either of limestone, slatestone, or sandstone, and lying apparently just where nature in her wildest confusion, had accidently dropped them, is all. But to the Geologist, these formations, that appear so accidental to the common observer, are subjects of his greatest research. He sees nothing accidental in the works of God. All is order, all is system, and each part is in perfect harmony with all others. It is so with the rocks of the Firelands. They are a part of the great system of creation, and must be considered as such, and not as distinct nor accidental formations.

"In the beginning," when "the earth was without form and void," the waters holding in solution all the constituents of the rocks, began the series of deposits under the strictest laws of nature. While the granite rocks, the lowest known in the series, were being deposited, nothing but grains of granite, collected in the waters, and like falling snow in the atmosphere, fell to the bottom. And when the waters had become cleared of the constituents of granite, another law came into operation, and the lime still held in solution was set free, and in turn fell to the bottom, forming the lowest rock that appears on the surface of the Firelands. After the lime had separated from the water, there was a superabundance of muddy matter still held in solution, and another law came in force, and the black slate was deposited, forming the middle rock of the Firelands. The waters thus cleared of their dark impurities, were prepared under the operation of another law, to deposit the clear crystals of sandstone, that forms the upper rock formations of the Firelands.

Hence, our geology has its limestone formation, its slatestone formation and its sandstone formation. But as the rocks of the Firelands are but a small part of the vast sheet that underlies the drift clay of the whole country, from the Allegheny to the Rocky Mountains, it is necessary to look at the whole system in order to understand the position of so small a part.

Were I to draw a line, with long undulations, along the southern horison, from the Allegheny to the Rocky Mountains, it would represent the surface of the great sheet of limestone rock that underlies the North American belt of coalfields. The rock first dips from the Allegheny Mountains westward, under the coalfields of western Pennsylvania, and eastern Ohio, and like a huge ocean wave rises to the surface again in western Ohio, and again dips under the coalfields of Illinois, and again rises to the surface further west, dipping and rising under each successive coal-

field as it occurs in the belt towards the Rocky Mountains.

Again, were I to draw a broad line on the surface across the State of Ohio, from the Pelees in Lake Erie, southerly across the Bass Islands to the main land, and thence to the Ohio river, near Cincinnati, it would mark the crest of the great limestone wave that rises to the surface and forms the dividing ridge in the limestone rock between the coal-fields of Ohio and Illinois. From this line the rocks dip as from the crest of a roof, or more properly, the crown of an arch, both to the east and to the west, forming the depression, or basins of the two coal-fields.

The north-western part of the Fire-lands are situated on the limestone rock, and but a few miles to the east of the dividing ridge, and consequently are on the eastern slope of the rocks, within the great circle of the Allegheny coalfield, and on its extreme north-western border.

To illustrate the position of our rocks, take a large oval plate, and place it with its greatest diameter north and south, and it will represent the limestone rock of the Allegheny coal basin. Place another of smaller size within it, and it will represent the black slate formation, and another still smaller within that, will represent the fine-grained sandstone, and another still will represent the coarse-grained sandstone and conglomerate.

Fill the upper plate with alternate layers of limestone, slatestone, sandstone, coal, and iron ore, and it will be a miniature representation of the Allegheny coalfield. And if the three fingers be placed on the north-western rim of the three outer plates, they will represent the position of the Fire-lands, on the north-western rim of the coalfield, with the limestone on the north-western part, and the slate-stone across the north-western central part, and the fine-grained sandstone on the south-eastern part, leaving the coarse-grained sandstone and conglomerate in the counties further to the south-east, towards the center of the coalfield.

In examining each rock formation in detail, I shall be better understood, to begin in the centre of the coal basin, and proceed outward. But there are difficulties to be met with. The State of Ohio has no geological survey of her own rocks, and until one is made, no accurate measurements can be given. The numbers here given are merely estimates,—the best I can give; and may be far from accurate, but they serve to illustrate the general idea, and must be received as estimates only.

No classification of our fossils has yet been made public, and no accurate mention can be made of them. And, indeed, so imperfect is our knowledge of all that pertains to accuracy in our geology, that nothing more than a mere outline of our rock formations can be given.

The coal-bearing rocks consist of alternate layers of limestone, slatestone, sandstone and iron ore. The coal seams vary in thickness from a mere black mark on the face of the rock, to eight or ten feet, and are separated by layers of the different rocks, sometimes eighty or one hundred feet apart. The coal series has been estimated at two thousand feet in thickness.*

THE CONGLOMERATE AND COARSE-GRAINED SANDSTONE.

Beginning at the base of the coal series, and proceeding downward, and outward, we first meet with the

* See outline sketch of the Geology of Ohio; Ohio Ag. Rep. 1857, by Charles Whittlesey.

conglomerate formation, the coarsest rock of the whole sandstone series.

It is several hundred feet in thickness, and its outcrop forms the first circle around the coal basin. Below the conglomerate lies the coarse-grained sandstone. This is several hundred feet in thickness, and its outcrop forms the second circle around the coal basin, and like all the rocks above the limestone, runs out to a thin edge over the rock below it. Its thin northwestern edge probably underlies a a part of the townships of Greenwich, Ruggles, and New London, but as there are no large streams and deep valleys in those townships, its western boundary is not known.

The State of Ohio has no classification of her rocks, and geologists are obliged to use the classification and nomenclature of the State of New York. But the coarse-grained sandstone of Ohio does not reach the state of New York, and is wanting in her classification. On the other hand, the old red sandstone of New York does not reach Ohio, but lies immediately under the conglomerate in their series, as the coarse-grained sandstone does in ours, but they are not considered as equivalents, and are held to have been formed in different geological periods.

But the most interesting feature in the coarse-grained sandstone at the present time, is the oil it contains. The oil was doubtless the product of the coal, and was formed during the process, whatever it might have been, of charring the vast beds of vegetation into coal. It found its way from the bottom of the coal beds, down into the crevices of the coarse-grained sandstone, where it is now reached by boring to the crevices containing it. And if the crevices ascend with the dip of the rock above the well, the oil flows spontaneously, and if the chamber from which the oil flows is airtight above, and the air at intervals rushes down the well to fill the vaccuum, the flow of oil is intermittent. But where the crevices lie horizontal below the well, force is necessary to raise the oil to the surface. And had not Providence in her wisdom interposed the impervious strata of fine-grained sandstone and black slate below it, the oil would doubtless have found its way down into the caverns and subteranean streams in the limestone rocks and disappeared forever.

The grind-stone rock, so largely quarried at Berea and vicinity, is the finest formation of the coarse-grained series and is supposed to be a formation peculiar to northern Ohio, and lying along the Lake shore, between the coarse and fine-grained sandstone formations, thickening up towards the lake, and thining out and disappearing to the south. The close-grained sandstone is largely quarried at Mansfield and Belleville, and used for building purposes along the railroads.

THE FINE-GRAINED SANDSTONE.

Geologists have considered the fine-grained Sandstone the equivalent of the Portage and Chemung group of New York. It lies below the coarse-grained Sandstone and above the Black Slate, and is over 300 feet in thickness, and forms the third circle around the coal series. Its line of out-crop across the Fire Lands is not straight, but curved to the north-east. The line of its thin north-western edge, where it laps on to the Black Slate, commencing on the county line in the south-west part of New Haven, runs north-easterly across New Haven, the east part of Greenfield, the south-east corner of Peru, the north-west part of Bronson, the south-east part of Norwalk, the north-west corner of

Townsend, to the center of Berlin, where it curves to the east across Florence, to the line of Lorain county. In the townships of Florence and Wakeman, where the Vermillion River has cut its channel through the Sandstone and from forty to sixty feet into the Slatestone, the thin northern edge of the Sandstone may be seen resting on the Black Slate high up on the river banks. Further south, in Wakeman and Clarksfield, the dip of the strata has sunk the Black Slate below the bed of the river and nothing but Sandstone appears. A distinct variety of the fine-grained Sandstone is quarried in the east part of Greenfield. The layers are thin and ripple-marked, and lie at a dip of near forty degrees.

THE BLACK SLATE.

The Black Slate, which lies below the fine-grained Sandstone and above the Limestone and forms the fourth circle around the coal field, is considered the equivalent of the Hamilton group of New York. It is near three hundred feet in thickness and its line of out-crop across the Fire Lands about ten miles in width. The line of its thin north-western edge where it laps on to the Limestone, commencing in the north-western part of Sherman, runs north-easterly, across the north-west corner of Sherman, the south-east part of Lyme, the north-west corner of Ridgefield, the eastern part of Oxford, the south-east corner of Perkins, and curves to the east across Huron to the Lake shore. If a man should travel from the mouth of the Huron River easterly along the Lake shore, and turn southerly into Pennsylvania to the Allegheny Mountains, and along the mountain range across Pennsylvania and Virginia, and passed Kentucky into Tennessee; then west, and then northerly across Kentucky to the Ohio River, west of the Sciota, and still northward, near Columbus and Bucyrus, to the mouth of the Huron, he could travel the whole circle of the Allegheny coal field, on the out-crop of the Black Slate, with the fine-grained Sandstone on his right hand and the Limestone on his left.

THE LIMESTONE ROCK.

The Cliff or buff-colored Limestone lies under the Black Slate and rises to the surface, and forms the surface rock from the out-crop of the Black Slate, west to the Maumee Valley and south to the Ohio River. It has been considered as the upper bed of the Upper Silurian System, but fossil testimony is now collecting that may place it in the system above, (the Devonian,) or compel Geologists to admit those fossils now considered Devonian into the Silurian system.

The Cliff Limestone is divided into an upper and lower formation. The upper bed, of some two hundred feet in thickness, is considered the equivalent of the Helderburg Limestone of New York, and the lower bed the equivalent of the Niagara Limestone. Between the Helderburg and Niagara Limestone in the State of New York, lies the famous Onondaga Salt Group. But here, between the upper and lower formations of the Cliff Limestone, the Salt Group is represented by the thin stratum of Gypsum that crops out in the highest arch of the Lime rock, some miles west of Sandusky City, in Ottawa county. The extent of the Gypsum rock is unknown, but in boring at the Round House in Norwalk, the drill struck the Gypsum sheet about four hundred and sixty-eight feet below the surface or about three hundred and twenty feet below Lake water. The sheet was less than two feet in thickness.

With our present knowledge, we

may consider the Gypsum rock a northern formation, thinning out and disappearing to the south, and thickening up and receiving new members as it goes north, and dips under the Michigan coal field, and rises to surface again with the Salt Group, fully developed, in the Saginaw Valley.

The Cliff Limestone rests on the Blue Limestone that forms the surface rock, from Dayton to Cincinnati, and there forms the bed of the Ohio River, one hundred and thirty-three feet below Lake Erie. The Cliff Limestone as it dips under the Illinois coal field, crosses the Ohio River and forms the rapids at Louisville, Kentucky.

THE DIP OF THE ROCKS.

From any point on the circle of the coal-field, the rocks dip towards the center, and always at right angles to their line of out-crop. The thickness of the Black Slate across the Fire Lands is not accurately known, but will not vary far from three hundred feet, and its breadth of out-crop is about ten miles.

Divide the thickness by the number of miles in the width, and it gives a dip of thirty feet per mile. The Gypsum sheet dips between its out-crop at the Plaster Bed, and Norwalk, only three hundred and twenty feet or less than fifteen feet per mile. But this difference in the dip of the Gypsum and Black Slate is consistent with the facts. For it should be remembered that the out-crop of the Gypsum is in the crown of the Limestone arch, and the rocks for some miles to the east dip but slightly, from a few inches to a few feet per mile, increasing their inclination as they leave the arch, and finally plunge under the Black Slate at the dip of thirty feet per mile.

The depth to which the Black Slate descends under the center of the Coal Feld, must exceed 2,500 feet, before it curves upward towards the surface on the other side, for the basin is deep enough to hold the three Sandstone formations, and the Coal series and still leave the surface of the country comparatively level.

Along the Allegheny Mountains, on the east side of the Coal Field, the same rocks that here dip thirty feet per mile, rise up the side of the mountains nearly to a perpendicular position. On the north side the dip is doubtless not as great as elsewhere, for the Limestone ridge along the middle of Lake Erie separating the Ohio and Canada Coal Fields, does not rise high enough to give so great an inclination to the different strata.

THE DRIFT.

Whether the Drift agencies were mostly ocean currents, or currents floating large fields and burghs of ice is not known, but the vastness of their effects is almost beyond conception. Granite boulders and pebbles supposed to have been brought by the ice from the primitive mountains north of the Lakes, are common everywhere. Our own rocks have been broken up and scattered widely over the country, and mixed with the Drift Clay. The furrows and scratches on the surface of the Limestone rocks along the Lake shore and on the Islands, show that these powerful currents passed over the country from the north to the south. This accounts for the fragments of our indigenous rocks being found only to the south and east of their original formations.

On the Limestone formation, aside from the Granite, nothing but Limestone boulders and pebbles can be found. To the south and east of the Limestone, on the out-crop of the Black Slate, the Slatestone boulders and pebbles are added to the Lime. Still further to the south-east, on the

out-crop of the Sandstone, boulders and pebbles of Sandstone are added to the Limestone and Slatestone, and mixed through the Drift Clay down to the surface of the rocks. Each rock formation has added its own fragments to the Drift Clay, for many miles to the south-east; but not a mile, nor a rod to the north-west. There was no reversed force to sweep them northward.

The drift forces swept southward and plowed up the layers of rocks, and crushed them into fragments, and forced the broken masses along, rolling and grinding one against another, and finally left them at the end of their journey, smooth, rounded and water-worn. The Limestone boulders that are so numerous in the Drift Clay in the south-western townships of the Fire Lands, were broken up from the surface of the rocks, north of Lyme and Ridgfield, and driven south and left literally in piles just above the Black Slate. The Limestone, Slatestone and Sandstone all entered into the moving masses, and when ground to powder became components of the Drift Clay, and formed a soil and sub-stratum, with all the elements of fertility, far into the interior of the State.

But from whence came all these rocks, that were broken up and disseminated through the Drift Clay? Were the rocks along the Lake shore once higher than they are now? Most certainly. The upper bed of the Cliff Limestone that lies above the Gypsum, has been worn away from Lyme and Ridgefield, north to the Lake shore, making a gradual descent of near two hundred feet, and placing Margaretta, North Perkins and Portland more than a hundred feet lower down in the great Limestone quarry than Lyme and Ridgefield, and on rocks infinitely older. In Ottawa county, on the highest swell of the Limestone rock, the upper bed of the Cliff Limestone has all been swept away, leaving the Gypsum sheet on the surface. The Slatestone and Sandstone were doubtless once as high along the Lake shore to the east as the Limestone, and have shared the same fate. Had the rocks along the Lake shore still retained their original height and position, the northern rim of the Allegheny Coal Field would have been some two hundred feet higher than it now is, and the Black Slate and Sandstone would have extended some twenty miles north into the bed of Lake Erie. But this northern rim of the coal basin has been crushed inland by the Drift forces, and the materials ground up and mixed with the Drift Clay, as far south as the Drift forces extended.

If we extend our system of rocks across Lake Erie, to the Canada shore, we find the Black Slate and Sandstone plunging from the Lake shore northward, under the Coal Field of Canada. And if we complete the formation geologically, we should find the Black Slate along the Lake shore, rising from under the north side of the Allegheny Coal Field, and curving over the Limestone wave in the middle of Lake Erie, and dipping into the Canada shore, filling the bed of Lake Erie with a sheet of Black Slate three hundred feet in thickness. But where is the Black Slate? Its broad, double out-crop, from fifty to eighty miles in width, was exposed to the Drift currents, both to the south and down the Lake valley, and its soft structure was easily swept out, forming the basin of that part of Lake Erie east of the Bass Islands. The out-crop of the Black Slate, west of the Bass Islands, as it dips west under the Michigan Coal Field, was also exposed to the Drift, and swept out, forming that part of Lake Erie along the eastern shore of Michigan. The

soft, abrasive character of the salt group, doubtless had something to do in undermining and breaking the Limestone ridge between the two Lakes into channels and Islands, and forming of Lake Erie, one Lake instead of two, as originally formed, with a communication, probably, through Sandusky Bay.

THE SURFACE.

The Drift period was drawing to a close, and the Creative fiat had gone forth: "Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear." The line of high-lands between the Ohio River and Lake Erie, was the first of the Lake slope to obey the command, and slowly emerged from the waters, and formed a barrier on the south, to the Lake valley currents, and turned them eastward, washing the whole Lake slope in a north-easterly direction. Ages rolled on, and the constantly diminishing waters flowed only in broken and detached currents along the undulations, giving the elevations and depressions a north-easterly direction. The waters gradually receded down the Lake slope, leaving the lowest places to be filled with ponds, marshes and swamps, and the future waters from rain and snow, to pick their way down the slope across the undulations left by the currents, and in time cut out their own valleys.

The gradual recession of the waters was doubtless arrested at intervals, and the water stood stationary for long periods of time. The old coast line ridges along the Lake slope, were doubtless formed by the action of the water, during these stationary periods.

Finally, the waters receded down the slope to the present limits of Lake Erie, and the whole Lake slope had become "dry land." Another fiat had gone forth: "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth, and it was so."

A VETERAN BOOK-BINDER RETIRED.

John P. McArdle, now in his 80th year, last week finished up his last job of book-binding, and expresses his determination to retire from the business. He is certainly entitled to an honorable discharge from further service on old books, on the ground of old age and physical infirmities. Calm and peaceful be the remaining hours of the evening of his days.—*Fremont Sentinel.*

Amen, say we. "Calm and peaceful be the remaining hours" of the venerable retired. Our acquaintance with Mr. McArdle dates back some thirty years, at which time he alternately worked at printing and book-binding. He was the pioneer of the press in this township, establishing the "*Norwalk Reporter*" here as early as April, 1827. This he published for a number of years, and was finally succeeded by the "*Reflector*," under other management. Mr. McArdle was a very industrious man, by which sterling quality he was enabled to rear a large family in high respectability and standing, all of whom have, and still maintain, respect in the communities in which they reside. They are a comfort and solace in his now declining sands of life, and in his journey hitherward to the "better land," we trust his pathway may be unobstructed by any adverse circumstances.—*Norwalk Reflector.*

FRANCIS GRAHAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

My parents, James and Isabella Graham, emigrated from Ireland to Philadelphia, in the year 1791. Soon after they arrived, my father took a lease of a small farm in Delaware county, a few miles below Philadelphia, on which he settled, and there I was born, on the 14th of October, 1794.

I had one brother and one sister older than myself. Father remained on said farm until the fall of 1799, when having heard much said in favor of the back woods, as it was then commonly called, and the very low price of land, he was induced to remove west, and settled in Crawford county, North Western Pennsylvania, about fifteen miles west of Meadeville. There he purchased one hundred acres of land of Judah Colt, the agent of the Population Land Company, of Philadelphia.

This Company had established an office there for the sale of their land. It was known as Colt's Station. The Company owned land from the Ohio river to Lake Erie. Judah Colt was principal agent. His office was at Erie. There was also, one office in Crawford county, and one in Beaver county, of which Mr. Colt had the supervision. He spent a portion of his time at his office in Crawford county, to see and advise his sub-agents.

In the course of two or three years, a warm attachment existed between Mr. Colt and our family, when a requisition was made on the family to let their son Frank go to Erie and live with the said Colt, he having no children. Some time elapsed for reflection, when finally consent was given, and in October, 1804, I went home with him, where I was wall cared for.

When war with England was declared in 1812, there was a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania, for volunteers to protect the frontier from invasion by the enemy. Under this call, I volunteered, and served three months.

There were strong nightly guards posted on the shore of the Bay and Lake, for a distance of a mile and a half above and below Erie.

The British at that time, had two or three armed vessels on the Lake, which were soon out cruising, and frequently showed themselves off the harbor, and we had reason to expect an attempt to burn the town. But no attempt was made to molest us in that way. Perry's fleet was built here, and the great victory of September 10th, 1813, over the enemy achieved. On the 30th day of December, 1813, an army of Brittons, about 3000 strong, crossed the Niagara, at Black Rock, burnt our vessels that were in port, also burned the village of Black Rock, made prisoners of a small force we had at

Buffalo, burned the town and retreated to Canada.

The sad news reached Erie on the day following the 30th, and produced intense excitement. Many families fled to the interior, some as far as Pittsburg. At this time General Jannehill, with about three thousand men, was in winter quarters at Erie. Every possible exertion was made to obtain transportion and march against the invaders of our territory.

Volunteers were called for, and about one thousand were raised—myself one of them. The roads were almost impassable. The frost was out of the ground, and the mud deep, but an army of about four thousand moved under General Jannehill. Our march was a very tedious one. There were some days when we did not march more than six miles. When we reached Chautauque county, a snow of eighteen inches depth, fell on the water-soaked earth, which made it still worse for transportation of baggage.

Before we reached Buffalo, the weather became intensely cold. On our arrival, we found that our services were not immediately needed at Black Rock, General Brown having arrived there with a force sufficient to keep the enemy on their own soil.

We pitched our tents on the Commons, in Buffalo. Finding our position a very bleak one, and fuel not being close at hand, we remained there but a few days, when our men began to desert. We then removed about three miles up Buffalo Creek, near the Indian village of Red Jacket, and his little band of Senecas. Here we found more comfortable quarters, but the men deserted shamefully. Mostly men from the lower counties of the State, also from Allegheny, Somerset, &c. They went off in gangs. But few deserted that were from the northern part of the State. The army, or brigade, in a short time became so much reduced, that myself, with many others, obtained a discharge and returned to our homes.

In May, 1814, I obtained a clerkship in Reed & Sanford's mercantile house, in Erie, where I remained until December, 1815. This firm did a large business, and in the fall of 1815, had an overstock of goods on hand. About the first of December they decided to send a stock of goods to Detroit, for disposal, but it was too late to send by some of the small vessels that had navigated the Lake. About the 15th of December, 1815, eighteen inches of snow fell, which made fine sleighing, and the firm resolved to send a portion of their goods to Detroit, by land, and four lumber sleds with a good span of horses to each, were loaded with the assorted goods.

Mr. Stephen Woolverton and myself engaged to go with the goods. We gave the teams forty-eight hours start when we followed in Mr. Woolverton's one horse sleigh. When we reached Grand River, we found less snow, and from there the snow diminished as we went west. We overtook the teams at Rocky River, on about three inches of snow. From Black River to Huron, there was much bare ground, and hard traveling. When at Huron we had but two alternatives, either to send the goods back to Erie, or open them at Huron. We made choice of the latter and sent the teams home empty. We rented a room on the east side of the river, of W. Smith, son-in-law of John S. Reed, of Black River notoriety, and fitted it up for a store. We procured a small out building for storage, put up the goods and did a moderate business for about ten days, when Mr. Woolverton said to me, "I left unsettled business at home, that needs my attention. I will go and see to it and

return in ten or twelve days—do the best you can in my absence." But he never returned, and I was mindful of his charge—"do the best you can."

I obtained the assistance of John B. Flemmond, a Canadian Frenchman, and an honest Roman Catholic. We did not do a large business, for the country was new and thinly settled. Notwithstanding there were some banks in Northern Ohio, money was anything but plenty. I said banks—but I need say nothing of their solvency. To-wit: The Bloomingville Bank, in Huron county; the Farmer's Bank of Mansfield, in Richland county, and the Owl Creek Bank, of Mount Vernon—with a great owl perched on the bills. The paper of said banks had but a limited circulation, and the creation of the United States Bank soon put them out of existence.

A Mr. Hays, on the west side of the river, was my competitor. He had a small stock of goods.

W. B. Smith of Sandusky City and his mother, kept public house on the west side.

On the opening of navigation, in 1816, I received by a sail vessel, an addition to my stock. Produce being scarce, and money not plenty, I took anything of customers that I considered better than goods. I bought ginseng and columbo root, and in the fall, bought hickory nuts from forty to fifty cents per bushel, in all about three hundred bushels, and found a market for them in Montreal.

The morals of the inhabitants at that time would admit of a large margin for improvement. There was neither church nor schoolhouse at Huron at the time of my arrival, and but little attention given to the Sabbath day. There was much intemperance. The beverage called whisky, was considered by a majority of the people, an indispensable article, and was used to great excess.

The Court of Common Pleas at that time, held its sessions at David Abbot's place, five miles up the Huron river. David Abbot was Clerk of said Court.

In 1817, the seat of justice was removed to Norwalk. From that time, the former place was known as the "Old County Seat." In June, 1816, Mr. Giles Sanford, one of the members of the firm of Reed & Sauford, had a younger brother come to Erie from Herkimer, in the State of New York, and he was sent to Huron, to assist me in prosecuting the business at that place. Our business accommodations were not good, and we resolved to put up a building for a store-room and warehouse. We let the job to two men. The house was made of round logs, one and a half stories high—partition through the center—half store-room and half warehouse, with storage above.

We did not obey the admonition the good book contains to "build your house upon a rock, lest the floods come and wash it away," but we built on the beach of the Lake—on the sand—five rods from the water's edge. Well the rain did beat, and the winds did blow, but the floods did not come, and we were permitted to enjoy the uninterrupted possession of our domicil.

In September, 1816, I was confined to the house by an attack of bilious fever, and was unable to do business for about three months. As soon as I began to gain a little, I was taken to Judge Wright's, where I received the best of care and attention. Judge Wright was a warm friend of mine, and Aunt Tamar, as she was sometimes called, was one of the best of women.

A man from Salina, Ichabod Bracket, left us on commission, one hundred barrels of salt. Large teams came to Huron, loaded with

flour, whisky, bacon and butter to exchange for salt or sell for cash, and load back with salt.

Mr. Moulton, a merchant of New Lancaster, sent to Huron several times for salt, as did also P. M. Weddell, late of Cleveland, but at that time of Newark, Ohio.

The Mount Vernon merchants sent produce to Huron—Moody & McCarty, the most prominent in that respect. Anything they could not dispose of at that time to advantage, they would leave with us on commission.

Mr. Bracket would come in the winter to get pay for the salt he had left for sale the summer previous. Salt was very high and one winter was sold for twelve dollars per barrel. Mr. B. was a coarse man, stood six feet four inches in his boots, had a grum voice and but little education, but knew how to make money on salt. He called to make his annual settlement, and was seated in the store with several customers, conversing on the usual topics of the day, when one of them remarked that the salt trade must pay well now, and asked Mr. Bracket what per cent he generally made on the salt he brought to Ohio. His reply was: "I know nothing about your d—n cent per cent., but one thing I do know, if a barrel of salt cost me three dollars and I get ten for it, I am not losing anything." In that, all present coincided with him.

In the fall of 1816 there was a Sheriff to be elected, and I was urged by Judge Wright, Judge Meeker, Captain Jones and others to have my name announced for the office, but I had no desire for it, and Lyman Farwell was elected.

During the first two years I was at Huron, we purchased quite an amount of fur and skins. The marshes and creeks abounded with muskrat and other game, and there were many Canadian French along the Lake shore who followed trap- and hunting. We had furs brought to us from Maumee and the River Raisin, and the Indians hunting on the head-waters of the Vermillion and Black Rivers sometimes came to us in the fall and winter with fur and skins. Many of them came from the west in the fall and spent the winter in the unsettled part of Northern Ohio. I had a desire to go among them for trade, and for that purpose hired John B. Flemmond who spoke the Delaware, Ottawa and Wyandot tongues. I selected a lot of Indian goods, in two packages, and put one on each side of a horse. My interpreter went on foot and I rode occasionally. We went to the head of those rivers mentioned above, where we found many Indian camps, and passed through New London where we found Indians also. There were three or four white families in the township, and one of them was Mr. Sweet, where we stayed two or three nights. Mr. Sweet many years after removed to a farm near Milan. The expedition paid well, and the Indians told us if we would go to Upper Sandusky country, we would find plenty of furs. We returned to Huron about the 15th of January, 1817, after an absence of about twelve days. Stimulated by success I resolved to go to Upper Sandusky, where the Wyandot tribe resided, and about the 15th of February, 1817, I put off with Mr. J. B. Flemmond. We went to Lower Sandusky and followed the Sandusky River to the Tyamochtee and followed that stream to its head. We found the country interspersed with wigwams, and a considerable quantity of fur and skins. Went zig-zag through the country, and arrived at the Indian village and spent two or three days there. Called on John Walker at Sandusky several times, and by him we were treated with

kindness and attention. He was an intelligent gentleman of good information. His wife was a squaw and dressed in the Indian costume. We deposited our furs with the agent until ready to go home. The Wyandot's made a feast while we were there; a large number of Indians congregated, met on the common one pleasant afternoon, about the 5th of March—had roasted two deer, cut into small pieces, and served to the crowd who were seated, forming a circle with a fire in the center. After the appetite was satisfied the old chief made a speech—his name was Cherckerboy—after which dancing commenced, and was kept up (with intervals of speaking) until about twelve o'clock. A large bonfire burned until the close of the meeting. All seemed to enjoy themselves and separated in perfect good humor. We soon after packed our peltry. I hired four Indians with their horses to pack our furs and skins to Huron. We returned by a more easterly route, an Indian trail that brought us by where Melmore now is. Our Indians all got drunk at Huron and were very rude. Mr. Flemmond took their knives and tomahawks from them lest they might make improper use of them. We had been absent about twenty days. Our stock of goods was kept up by supplies from Erie, sent by vessels on our order sent to Reed & Sanford.

In March, 1817, Gideon Olmsted, a refugee from Canada, who now, the war being over, wished himself and family in Canada again, sold me his farm of one hundred acres. About thirty acres were improved, and on it were a log cabin and stable. The price paid was six hundred dollars, one-third store goods and two-thirds money. I consulted Judge Wright as to buying, He said it was a low price, and if I wanted land I would do well to take it. Still there was an obstacle in the way. I was two hundred dollars short of funds to pay for it. I then borrowed two hundred dollars of the Judge for one year, and gave my note with interest. I put John Mason on the farm as tenant. I owned the farm about ten years, then sold it to Jonathan Sprague. It is situated one and a half miles west of Huron.

Our hotel or boarding-house changed landlords about twice a year, and we did not always have a good one. In the fall of 1817, a family from the Green Mountain State purchased the tavern stand. We soon found our fare and accomdations not as good as we formerly had. We made the best of it for awhile, but finally resolved we would try keeping Bachelor's Hall, not from choice, but necessity. A widow woman near by would bake for us, and we agreed to divide the housework so that each one would do his share of the cooking and washing. Graham would cook one day and Sanford the next. We slept in the store, and for about one year we enjoyed life as well as any bachelors could under such circumstances. We then found a new boarding place. The summer of 1817 was a very cold one—had frost every month in that year. Afterward when spoken of, it was called the cold season. There was but little grain raised that year of any kind, and prices advanced. Wheat for family use brought three dollars, corn two dollars, oats ten to eleven shillings, and flour fifteen dollars per barrel. Whisky was not dispensed with; it sold for six shillings per quart.

In 1817 the seat of justice of Huron county was removed from Abbotts Place to Norwalk. In the month of June, 1818, the two Ottawa Indians who murdered Wood and Bishop, were hung in Norwalk. I was present. Sheriff Farwell officia-

ted. Their names were Negosheek and Negonaba. I was well acquainted with both Wood and Bishop. Wood left a wife and two children in Venice. Bishop was a single man.

Well, time passed smoothly until February, 1819, when we got a proposal from our employers to sell out to us, at a discount from cost and terms of payment liberal. Mr. Sanford thought we had better purchase, but I could not see as much money in the goods as he thought he did, and I declined the offer. About this time the pensioners of Huron county (the county was then large,) employed me to go to Chillicothe, to draw their annuities from the Branch Bank of the United States, in that place. I was accordingly furnished with the necessary credentials. I left Huron about the 10th of March, on horseback. I found the roads good and the peach trees in blossom all the way down. I spent one day in Chillicothe—presented my claim to Mr Claypole, the Cashier, and drew from the bank about thirteen hundred dollars, for fourteen pensioners. I returned by way of Columbus, visited the Penitentiary, and found ninety-three convicts there. I was now out of business, and had almost made up my mind to become a farmer. I purchased a good yoke of oxen and wagon and went on to the farm, boarding with my tenant, Mason. I commenced clearing and fencing more land, and raised a field of corn, and broke up some prairie for wheat in the fall. In the month of October, 1819, Moody and McCarty, of Mt. Vernon, took a stock of goods to Portland, now Sandusky City. I had done business for them at Huron, and they hearing I was out of employment, invited me to come into their employ at Portland. I accepted their offer, and went to them in November.

During the winter of 1819 and 1820, William Townsend brought a stock of goods to Portland, from New Haven, Connecticut, in a sleigh. Moody & McCarty's business not meeting expectations they moved their goods to Mt. Vernon, in August, 1820. I then went into the employ of Mr. William Townsend, and remained there until September, 1821, when I began to think I ought to do something for myself, and consulted Mr. Townsend on the subject. I had a desire to locate in some country town, and open a store. He then offered me the use of his horses. I went to Mansfield and Union Town, in Richland county, now Ashland, in Ashland county, where I rented a room for my anticipated goods, of Mr. Joseph Sheets. As might be inferred, my purse of money was not large, and through the kindness of Mr. Townsend, I was furnished a letter of credit to a mercantile house in New York, which enabled me to get more goods than I could pay for, though I bought a light stock. I consigned my goods to Gill, Thompson & Co., Black Rock, to be shipped by them to Portland. About the 10th of November, I received a letter from Gill, Thompson & Co., saying my goods had been shipped on the steamboat Walk-in-the-Water, and that she was wrecked off the mouth of Buffalo Creek, on the night of October 30th, and that the goods were now in store, in a slightly damaged state. The brig Union was about to sail for Black Rock. Sidway was Captain of the boat. I took passage, and went down in a south-west gale of wind. I think no one on board had much hope of reaching shore. A Mr. Kuykendall and Mr. Bouley, both from the vicinity of Plymouth, prayed fervently to Almighty God that we might be saved from a watery grave. I believe their prayers were heard. We

arrived in safety. I looked at my goods, and found a few pieces of cotton slightly wet. I opened and dried them. The damage was trifling. I put my goods on board the schooner Red Jacket, Captain Augustus Walker, and took passage with them. The wind was adverse, and we kept on the north side of the Lake. When near North Point the wind increased to a gale. We ran back to Point Abino for a lee—rode the sea awhile. We soon parted cable, and let go the other anchor which also parted. The vessel then ran to Black Rock, and ground into the sand, anchorless. About half the cargo had to be discharged to get the vessel off, and two new anchors rigged, which detained us about two days. We then put out again, and had a long, tedious passage. Weather cold, with snow and sleet. We were fourteen days, from the time we first sailed, reaching Portland. Wesley Anderson and John Bishop each had a good team. I hired them to carry my goods to Union Town, myself going with them. We reached our destination December 6th, 1821.

As my stock ran down, I replenished in part from William Townsend, and in part from Pittsburgh, and did not go to New York until September, 1822. The Yellow Fever prevailed at that time, and the part of the city where I bought my goods the year before, was nearly deserted, and the goods removed to the village of Greenwich, about three miles north of Hanover Square. The merchants had erected them temporary shanties, for the sale of their goods, and kept them strongly guarded at night. I soon found N. & H. Weed, Toverty and Guntly, and others of whom I had bought the year before.

On the 13th of March, 1823, I was married to Amelia Shephard, daughter of Phineas Shephard, of Cleveland, with whom I lived very happy.

In June, 1825, I went to New York in company with Eluetheros Cooke, Esq., late of Sandusky City, deceased, and stopped at the Pearl Street House. The morning papers announced that General Lafayette would leave the city at eight o'clock, A. M., for Newark, New Jersey, en route for Philadelphia, from the residence of Mrs. Bunker, in Broadway. Mr. Cooke and myself went up and saw the General, accompanied by his son, George Washington, and the Mayor of the city. Escorted by the military, they marched to the foot of Barclay street, when the military opened to the right and left, and the officers were marched to the center of the street. The General left his carriage, and with hat in the left hand, walked down the street, taking an affectionate leave of each officer. When the boat left the wharf for Hoboken, a National salute was fired.

I was in New York in 1832, in Cholera time, when many of the business places were closed, and some excitement prevailed; but I found no difficulty in accomplishing my business. I went to Fulton street, where I had been in the habit of buying books and paper. The gentleman that waited on me, asked me if I was much alarmed about cholera. I told him I was not. He remarked that many of the citizens had left the city—that his neighbor on the corner had closed up and gone. He saw that morning a poetical notice to that effect on his door, which he presumed had been placed there by a wag. It read as follows:

> "Not Cholera sick, nor cholera dead,
> But from fear from cholera fled;
> Will return when cholera is over,
> If from fear I do recover."

I returned to Buffalo, and went on board the steamboat Superior, Cap-

tain W. T. Pease, about 8 o'clock, A. M. I found a man walking the cabin who appeared very uneasy, and every few minutes would sit down and rub the calf of his legs, and then walk again, saying his legs cramped badly. His trouble increased—the boat went out—it proved cholera. About ten o'clock Captain Pease had a bed made on deck for him, the weather being warm and pleasant. Dr. Flagg, of New Haven, Connecticut, was on board—gave him calomel, and tried to sweat him, with sacks of scalded oats, but all in vain. He died at four that afternoon. He was a Lieutenant Wells, of the United States Army, now on his way from Washington, to Mackinac, where he had been stationed. His remains were set on shore at Erie.

Another case occurred on the boat the next day—that of an English farmer, bound to Chicago, but he was alive when I left the boat. I felt but little alarm on the boat, but on my arrival home, was very unwell for three or four days, and took medicine. Lest the reader should charge me with desertion from Gen. Jannehill's Brigade, I deem it proper to make some showing to the contrary. Many years after the war, the officers and soldiers who had served their country, were granted land for their services, I wrote to my friend Giles Sanford, in Erie, to have the goodness to get some one to examine the muster roll of Erie county, and ascertain whether or not I was entitled to a a land warrant. In due time a warrant came to me for eighty acres of Uncle Sam's domain, for services rendered in 1812. I wrote Mr. Sanford again, with a request that General Jannehill's muster roll of 1814, be examined, which being done, I was furnished with a second warrant for eighty acres of land for which I feel grateful to that generous uncle.

FRANCIS GRAHAM.

Ashland, Ohio, April 19, 1866.

GENEALOGY OF HIRAM ROGERS.

Hiram Rogers, of Plymouth, Ohio, is the son of Eliphalet Rogers, of Branford, Connecticut. He was the son of Thomas, who was the son of Josiah, who was the son of Josiah, of Branford, who was the son of Josiah of Huntington, Long Island, who was the son of John of Dedham, England, who was the son of Noah of Exeter, England, who was the son of John Rogers, the first christian martyr, burnt at the stake in the reign of Queen Mary, in 1554.

Hiram Rogers was born October 23d, 1795, in Branford, since known as North Branford, New Haven county, Connecticut. He came to Ohio, in 1816, stopping at Burton, Geauga connty, during the season. (This was known as the cold season. It snowed on the 7th day of Jnne to the depth of two or three inches, and it lay on the ground until the 9th.) He returned to Connecticut in the fall, and resided there one year; then moved to the State of New York, and resided there until 1831, when he moved to Huntington, Lorain county, Ohio. In 1838, he removed to Ruggles, then in Huron, now Ashland county, and has since resided in Huron county.

EARLY SETTLERS IN MILAN.

The following notes are furnished by Mr. Martin Kellogg, of Bronson, now eighty years of age, whose perseverance in gathering historical materials of the Firelands, is worthy of all praise:

EBENEZER MERRY.

"Ebenezer Merry was born July 21st, 1773, in East Hartford, Connecticut; his wife, Charlotte Adams, born August 17th, 1780, in Tinmouth, Vermont; were married May 5th, 1800, in Avon, State of New York; settled in Mentor, Geauga county, Ohio, in May 1800; moved to Avery township, (now Milan,) November, 1814; to Milan village in 1819. The following are the names of their children: Sarah, Mary, Julia, Martin, Samuel, Lucy, born in Mentor; Elizabeth, Ebenezer and Charlotte, who were born in Milan. Charlotte, deceased; all the others are now living in Milan."

The preceding was obtained from Mrs. Merry, in the summer of 1865. The following is an extract from the funeral sermon of Ebenezer Merry, preached by Rev. E. Judson.

MARTIN KELLOGG.

TEXT—Proberbs XXII, 1: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

Ebenezer Merry was born in West Hartford, Connecticut, July 21st, 1773. His father removed, while the son was a child, to the State of New York. Mr. Merry spent his boyhood in Kinderhook. At the age of nineteen, he removed to the "Genesee Country," while it was a wilderness.

In 1797, when about twenty-four years of age, he penetrated the wilderness to Mentor, in Geauga county, of this State, where he resided several years. From that place he removed to Milan, in the autum of 1814. It will be seen, that nearly his whole life has been spent as a pioneer, on the outermost borders of the new settlements of the west.

His early advantages for education, were only ordinary. Possesed, however of a remarkably retentive memory, of very careful habits of observation and comparison, and a strong native intellect, he had treasured up a fund of knowledge, that, combined with a cheerful temper, made him a most estimable companion, not for those of his own age only, but for all classes who desired his society.

Both in Western New York, and in Ohio, he was thrown, in the early period of his residence, into frequent contact with the Indians, whose confidence he alway won, by his kind and affectionate treatment. As an instance of this: Since his removal to this State, the old Chief Red

Jacket, on his way west, to attend an Indian Council, turned aside to spend a night beneath the hospitable roof of his ancient friend.

I have spoken of Mr. Merry as having penetrated the wilderness. In 1800, he returned to remove his companion to his new home, in Geauga county. The journey to Ohio, was made on horseback, from the Genesee river, at a time when there was no road, and with the exception of two or three families in Buffalo, one in Leroy, and a small settlement at Erie, Pennsylvania, there was no white inhabitant in the entire distance. Some hospitable Indian cabin, or the green boughs of the forest trees constituted their shelter by night

Mr. Merry, in all the situations of life, has shared largely the confidence of his fellow men. He was elected by the Legislature, an Associate Judge of the Common Pleas for Geauga county, and subsequently to the same post in Huron county, but in both instances declined the honor.

He repeatedly held a seat in the House of Representatives of this State, and filled most of the responsible offices of the county and township, at different times. No feature of his character was more strongly marked than his integrity. If he erred, no one believed it other than an error of his judgment.

His benevolence was a marked feature of his character. He would divide the last loaf with the stranger and the guest. He knew how to do this without grudging. Nor was he less distinguished for his public spirit. No object of public interest was before the community in which he was not willing to lend a helping hand, to the extent of his means, and more.

Were I to judge from the opinions expressed from time to time, since my acquaintance with him, I should say he had a hundred times been censured for being too liberal, where there had been one expression of dissatisfaction with the smallness of his donations. In a higher sense than is otten true of any man, he was the friend of the poor, the protector of the orphan, and the benfactor of the needy.

Nor did he wait for the call of the solicitor—" the cause that he knew not, he searched out."

You will say that I have given our deceased friend, in these several respects, a high character. It is true. I have only followed, however, the promptings of my own heart, and the convictions that are the fruit of more than sixteen years of intimate and cherished acquaintance.

PETER LAKE.

Peter Lake settled in Milan, in 1815; died in June, 1818; his wife, Lucretia Buck, was born April 1st, 1787, in the town of Heath, Massachusetts; married in Buffalo, 1808. Their children, Sophia, Elisha, Lucretia, and Frances. Sophia was born in Buffalo, Frances in Milan, and the others in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Lake, for second husband, married Israel Waggoner, who died in Milan, June 9th, 1857. Of their children, Clark lives in Toledo, editor of the Toledo Blade; Ralph lives in Green Springs, Sandusky county; Mary lives in Milan. Clark's wife, was Sylvia Roberts; Ralph's wife, was Isabel Hunter. M. K.

October 5, 1865.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WAYNE.

The following anecdote of General Wayne, or Mad Anthony, as he was afterwards called, happening at the battle of the Miami, or Maumee, in 1794, was witnessed by General Robert R. Beall, who was, if I mistake not, one of General Wayne's staff during the campaign, and was related to me by General Beall, about thirty years ago.

In order to distinguish the divisions of his army, General Wayne ordered one wing to wear a red sash around the hat, and called them the "Bloodyheads." The other wing wore a white sash around the hat, and he called them the "Palefaces," and the centre, he called his "Rowdies."

His plan of attack upon the Indians, whenever he should come up with them, was formed early in the campaign, and every Sunday during the march, the army practiced in a sham fight, that his soldiers might know thoroughly the part each division was to play in the expected battle.

The attack was to be made by the whole line, but when the final charge was ordered, the "Palefaces" and "Bloodyheads" were to advance to the charge, while the "Rowdies," in the center, were to fall back and feign a retreat, and thus draw the Indians between the two wings, and cause them to be cut in pieces.

The battle was fought on the banks of the Maumee, August 20th, 1794. The Indians, numbering two thousand warriors, had made a stand in the edge of a wind-fall, and Wayne formed his line of battle on his original plan, but it could not be carried out. For when the charge was sounded, and the "Palefaces" and "Bloodyheads" advanced to the charge, the Indians gave away along the whole line, and ran pell-mell over the fallen timber, exposing themselves to the deadly fire of Wayne's riflemen. The "Rowdies," instead of falling back according to orders, caught the excitement, and rushed over the logs into the wind-fall, shooting at every Indian that showed himself in his flight.

And such was the excitement of the battle, that Wayne, as he sat on his horse, in the rear of the "Rowdies," and saw the Indians running, and falling under the hot fire of his advancing army, raised himself in his stirrups, and with his sword arm above his head, and his eyes fixed on the combat, put spurs to his horse, and was wildly rushing into the wind-fall after the "Rowdies." One of Wayne's staff, (I think General Beall,) to check so reckless a move, put spurs to his horse, caught the General's horse by the bit, and brought him to a stand still. But, without taking his eyes for an instant from the battle, Wayne slowly settled back into his saddle, and with a hearty "Ha! Ha!" exclaimed: "see, the G—d d—d 'Rowdies,' sending them to hell faster than the devil can receive them!"

J. H. N.

BEAR HUNT ON THE MARSH.

A small cluster of timber, a little east of the Pigeon Roost, on the Richmond Marsh, received its name from its being the residence of an old bear, for many years previous to 1846, and has since been known as "Bear Island." It is said the Richmond squatters long suspected that a large bear harbored about the marsh, from the annual appearance of a new spot of bark torn from the trunk of a tree standing on the border, and gravely considered it an effort on her part, to preserve a record of her age; always leaving the marks of her huge jaws and teeth as she grasped and tore the bark from the tree.

Her retreat, when discovered, consisted of a heap of brush and grass, with an ingress low on side, and was so massive, that the sides and roof were completely impervious to wind and rain—forming a safe retreat in all seasons.

In the winter of 1846, after several failnres, an effort was made to surround a large portion of the marsh, including "Bear Island," and the Pigeon Roost, and if possible to kill her. At the appointed time, a large number of hnnters assembled, and formed their line in the marsh around the Islands, and started forward. The tall cane grass that grew from eight to twelve feet high, was so thick that each hunter could see his neighbor but a few feet at most, nor could he tell by anything within his sight, in what direction he was going, so that a constant hallooing was kept up along the line, as they slowly advanced; sometimes turning heels forward to crush the unyielding cane from their path. In this way they slowly approached the Island, but the bear had taken warning from the clamor of the hunt, and quietly slipped unobserved through the line, towards the uplands.

A number of citizens who were too cautious to approach the game in her den, had stationed themselves, rifle in hand, along the border of the uplands, to intercept her, should she attempt to leave the marsh in any direction.

Jacob Steel, had made his ambush some two miles west, on Morehead's Point, and discovering the bear approaching, made the fortunate shot. They tied a strip of bark to her nose, and "snaked" her three miles across the marsh to the north shore, where Steel lived. Dr. Hoy, of New Haven, preserved the bones of her head, as his trophy of the days sport.

The last bear seen in Richmond, was killed by James Read and James Cooley, a year or two after.

J. H. N.

THE LAST CHARIVARI OF GREENFIELD.

As the practice of "Charivaring" still lingers in a modified form in some of the ruder sections of the Firelands, perhaps a description of the custom of over thirty years ago, may deserve a place in their history.

Previous to 1832, there existed in Greenfield, a large organized band of "charivariers," numbering some twenty or thirty persons, under the leadership of a tall specimen of a New Hampshire Yankee, familiarly known as "Juggernaut." They never failed to pay a nocturnal visit to every new-married couple, no matter what their circumstances might be, and always were, or expected to be, treated to a portion of the wedding dainties, or to what was more acceptable to them—a jug of whisky.

One of the most faithful workers of the company, in order to avoid the usual clamor of a charivari, was married privately, and kept the matter a secret for a number of days, but the secret leaked out on Sunday morning. Towards night the company began to collect on the village green, and soon numbered twenty or thirty. A goodly number were accompanied by their trusty dogs; not the puny dogs of to-day, but large, noble dogs, that could kill a wild cat, drive away a wolf, or drag down and capture a wounded deer; and whose loud echoing notes the woodsman could follow far away into the forest.

The first point to be decided, on assembling was, whether they should proceed with the charivari on Sunday night, or wait till Monday. The more timorous hesitated to break the Sabbath, but the resolute felt the responsibility of the moment, and argued that the bridegroom had been an earnest co-worker in the company, and for him to "play off" and skulk now, when his turn had come, was an offense against the dignity of the company, that demanded immediate action, and the severest penalty known to the usages of the company.

A vote was taken and a majority were for proceeding immediately to business. The company separated in quest of their favorite instruments—tin horns and cow bells. Tin horns were borrowed from all who had them in the surrounding neighborhood, and wherever a cow bell could be heard to tinkle, the strap was quietly unfastened, and the bell borne away for the intended sport. At length all was in readiness, and the company formed in line, and marched, as was their custom, in Indian file to their place of destination.

On arriving at the house, the order was given: "Around the house and music!" and around they march-

ed. The horns sounded, the bells rattled, and the dogs set in their prolonged doleful howlings, notice to all the surrounding settlements that the "charivariers" were in pursuit of a victim. But the groom did not appear. "Around the house and music!" was repeated with the same results till the order to "search the house!" was given. But after searching the house from top to bottom, the groom was not to be found. They were fairly foiled, but where was he, was the question. Suspicion pointed to a certain neighbor, and with music and quickstep, they were soon on the ground, marched with their best music around the house, and demanded of the proprietor a parley, but obtained no reply. "Around the house and music!" was the order, for they knew that human endurance had its limits, and that such music as they could make would surely bring him to their terms. After two hours of marching and music, the answer came,—the groom was not there. Foiled again! They well knew they were playing a game with one who knew the game they were playing, and the shrewdness of those who were playing it. They had been outgeneraled so far, and it was a rule, that what they could not do by customary maneuvering, they must do by stratagem. "Let us go home!" was the order, and with their best music, away they went. But their night's work was not yet finished, for they resolved, when fairly out of hearing not to go home till they had found the bridegroom. But the night was fast wearing away, and they were getting hungry. Such as had friends or homes in the neighborhood, started off for food, and brought back cold meat, bread, and such dainties as they found at hand. They laid their plans while eating, and the company broke up into small squads. One was to watch this path, leading into the woods to one settler, and another that, until every road, by-way, and cow path in the settlement had their secret sentinels.

About day light, they caught the wary bridegroom, but before night he wished they had not. His crime now deserved a penalty, and he must pay it. The signal note was sounded, and the company came together and formed a line with the culprit in the middle, and marched him away to the village tavern, where with breakfast and dinner at eighteen pence per meal, and whisky at two-and-six-pence a gallon, they enjoyed an all day's "blow-out," at the culprit's expense. And a merrier and mellower set of rowdies, one seldom has the fortune to meet. The penalty was dearly paid.

But this was their last charivari, and the company never met again in that capacity.

But whatever of error and folly lay upon the surface of society in Greenfield thirty or forty years ago, it was not so deeply rooted but that time has long since obliterated all traces of its existence, excepting those upon the memory of the "oldest inhabitants." And it is but justice for me to say that many members of that company, now living, are honored members of both church and State. J. H. N.

EARLY DAYS ON THE FIRE LANDS,

BY REV. L. B. GURLEY.

The following is the substance of the remarks made at the meeting at Vermillion, in September last:

He said he had listened with great interest to the proceedings of the meeting, but had not prepared anything for delivery. Still he was among pioneers, and with them in old times it was customary to shoot off-hand; they would not insult a squirrel by taking a rest; and he had a right now to shoot in the same manner, and what he should say would be off-hand. He spoke of the first time that his eyes ever rested upon the bosom of Lake Erie, fifty-four years ago; of bathing in its sparkling element. Every sound upon the Fire Lands was sweet music to his ear; the chirping of the birds in her forests, and even the voice of the katy-did was more grateful than the music of the magnificent choirs of the great cities. Long years ago he had, with an Indian tomahawk, helped his father build his house in this then new country; and his ideal of the happiest home, is one made of round logs, with a blazing fire in one end, and a bed in each corner at the other end, while the tempest howls without. Scores of those present would sympathize with him in this feeling; those upon whose heads lay the snows that will never melt. It had been his lot to have something to do with the development of religion in the Firelands and their vicinity. He was present at the first meeting held in Bloomingville, when the first religious society in that township was organized. And among those present at the meeting, was the celebrated Indian chief, Tecumseh.

Forty years since, at a mid-night meeting in Florence township, when the minister poured poured forth his lessons of religion, he a rude and wicked boy of twenty years of age, gave his heart to God, and religion had sweetened his whole life since.

He had read that Cotton Mather was a very grave man and had never but once been known to smile in church, and that was at seeing a wag in the gallery in front of him, drop a quid of tobacco into the gaping mouth of a sleeper in the seat below. The distortions of the countenance of the astonished man caused the grave and serious countenance of Cotton Mather to break into a broad smile.

If Mather had lived among the pioneers he would have had his gravity tested upon more than one occasion.

He recollected preaching once in an old vacated out-building that had been used for picking geese and shearing sheep; he was rather careful of his personal appearance in those days, as he was young and unmarried and the ladies were very pleasant; he used for a seat a keg containing feathers, and had a rude barrel for a pulpit; while engaged in prayer, the dogs of the settlement got into a war outside, and a luckless spaniel seeking to escape its pursuers, ran into the building and against the keg of feathers, upsetting it and scattering its contents all over him. It was a grave man who would not have laughed then. He confessed that his own gravity was nearly upset.

We have many men of strength and ability who were developed in those rude days. In Sandusky City, thirty years ago, a bright and beautiful boy used to come to his Sabbath School; he was a quiet and pleasant boy. Now that boy was the great financial agent of the Government—Jay Cooke.

He remembered, too, a little boy at Green Springs, who used to welcome him, and assist him in taking care of his horse, taking great pleasure in waiting upon an humble Methodist minister. That boy became the great, the brave and amiable General McPherson, who died for his country, with her glorious stars and stripes floating over him. Many more of our boys may grow up like him.

In those old times of which he had been speaking, a club of young men to which he belonged, used to meet and study evenings, and on Saturdays, selecting some Justice of the Peace as umpire, would spend the whole day in debating. He remembered that the first question the club debated, was that one which has so agitated our people ever since: "Is it right to enslave the negro?" For himself it was not easy to obtain knowledge; books were very scarce; the first book on theology that he ever owned, he paid three dollars for, earning the money by splitting rails at fifty cents per hundred. Men must make themselves! Learning is of great value, but unless a man work it will be vain; and if he does he must succeed! It seemed to him as if, in those old times, every man and woman helped to carry forward the religious work, and music was one of the most powerful means. Sacred music, ballads and religious songs, were put forth with wonderful pathos and power. He remembered one camp meeting, at which the services had extended to mid-night, when they had become dull and most of the audience had retired; only a few earnest ones being left. At that solemn hour, when all was still, a plain young country girl rose up, and standing on a bench, commenced to sing in a voice sweet, full, round, sonorous, "Old Ship Zion," commencing, "What ship is that is going to sail?"—the sweet tones extending far out into the surrounding woods. Before two verses had been sung, hundreds had arisen from their sleep, and surrounding her were shouting and singing. The meeting continued until morning, fifty or sixty making earnest inquiry concerning their salvation. But he must close; he had not come to the meeting with the intention of speaking. Mr. Gurley then, at the request of the meeting, recited a finely conceived and well written poem composed by himself many years ago, and founded upon a romantic Indian legend.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF JOHN OMICK.

An account of the killing of Buel and Gibbs in 1812, is given in the history of Portland (Pioneer, Vol. 1, No. 3,) That murder was so marked an event in the history of that portion of the Fire Lands that everything connected with the transaction deserves a place in these columns.

The execution of Dr. John W. Hughes at Cleveland, in February last, occasioned the publication of interesting articles respecting those who had suffered the death penalty in that place. It would hardly be just to the writers to condense the following articles; and, therefore, at the risk of some repetition, they are given entire. The first is from the Cleveland Leader of February 5th, 1866, and the second from the Cleveland Herald of February 10th, 1866.

THE OLDEN TIME.

SOMETHING IN THE ANTIQUARIAN LINE —A SEARCH OF THE RECORDS—FIRST EXECUTION FOR MURDER IN CUYAHOGA COUNTY, IN 1812—"JOHN THE SON OF OMICK," AN INDIAN, OUR PRIMITIVE CAIN.

We have received authentic official information that there has never been but one execution in this county for the murder of a party within the limits of the county, and that this case occurred on the 26th of June, 1812. When an antiquarian fit was on the other day, we made, through the kind permission of the gentlemen of the office of the Clerk of the Common Pleas Court, a search of the records, and having found a queer document, which proves to be the first record of a trial for murder in this county, we propose to shake it out in the light of common day and let the air blow from the page, whereon it is entered, the dust gathered during nearly two generations of men.

But for the right understanding of the record by some of our readers, we must make the preliminary statement that Cuyahoga county in 1812 was not the contracted area we now see cramped down on the maps; but it lay around in a loose, careless kind of fashion, reaching beyond Sandusky on the west and stretched far enough east to embrace the present county of Geauga. It was not, therefore, at the time we write of, the "pent up Utica," known to the young geographers of our city schools of to-day.

In reading the document we discover the name of our venerable townsman, Mr. Levi Johnson, on the list of jurymen, being the last survivor of that number. We made haste to find him, and ask that

the grave of his memory give up its dead. He accordingly went over the affair, and we jot down the facts as they fell from his lips.

In the early spring of 1812 two men, named Michael Gibbs and Daniel Buel, went from this place to the township of Wheatsboro', and built a rude cabin on Pipe creek, a small stream about fourteen miles in length, which empties into the bay near the present city of Sandusky, which was then a small affair in the way of a settlement. They were trappers, and owned several of the best rifles and traps then manufactured. It seems that two Indians of the Chippewa tribe, named John Omick, or John the son of Omick, *alias* Beaver, and Semo, coveted these implements, and "not having the fear of God before their eyes," and "seduced by the instigation of the devil," as the document reads, determined to possess themselves of them. They accordingly went to the cabin, and in a friendly manner asked to stay over night. The request was granted. During the night the "devil" began to "operate," as the physicians say of pills, and John the son of Omick arose and dispatched Buel with a tomahawk. How circumstantial the document! It tells what kind of a helve the tomahawk had, the stuff the "tommy" was made off, and the cost. Semo shot Gibbs with a pistol, and the pale faces perished unawares.

A Mr. Nash was living in Sandusky at the time, and early in the morning after the murder, his two sons, Abel and Joel, went back into the woods with an ox team to get some timber. On their return they discovered smoke a little way off, and, thinking it strange, went to the cabin of these trappers, and found it burning. With difficulty they rescued the bodies of the men from the flames, and then made haste to the settlement and gave the alarm. The event created a great stir, of course, and the friendly Indians thereabouts became greatly alarmed, and finally agreed to hunt out the offenders and deliver them up. They were readily discovered, as they had the guns, traps and fur still in their possession. John, the son of Omick, was arrested and delivered up to the authorities of the people of a little settlement at Huron, who passed him along to this place. Semo, finding the fagots kindled about him were proving hot, and conscious that he would be taken, shot himself, and so saved the authorities of Cuyahoga county, the trouble of trying and hanging him.

Omick was chained to an iron staple driven in the floor of a room in what was then known as Carter's building, the site of which is immediately in the rear of Mr. George Worthington's hardware store, corner of Superior and Water streets.

The trial was primitive. It lasted but one day, and was held in the open air under a large cherry tree on the spot now occupied by Mr. George Worthington's store. The indictment and the general record read as follows:

THE STATE OF OHIO, CUYAHOGA CO., SS.
SUPREME COURT, April Term, 1812.

The State of Ohio,
vs.
John Omick.

Be it remembered that at a session of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio, holden at Cleaveland, in and for the County of Cuyahoga, on Wednesday, the twenty-ninth of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twelve, before the Honorable William W. Irvin, and the Honorable Ethan Allen Brown, Esquires, Judges of said Supreme Court, duly appointed and commissioned according to the laws of the State of Ohio, The Jurors of the Grand Jury of the State of Ohio, to-wit: Asa Smith, Hezekiah King,

Horatio Perry, Calvin Hoadley, Lemuel Hoadley, Phinney Mowrey, James Cudderbach, John Shirtz, Benjamin Jones, Jeremiah Everitt, Samuel Miles, Jacob Carad, and Harvey Murray, Good and lawfull men of the County of Cuyahoga aforesaid, then and there returned, impannelled, sworn, and charged to enquire of and present all Treasons, Murders, Fellonies, and all other crimes and misdemeanours whatsoever which shall have been committed or done within the limits of said County of Cuyahoga, upon their oaths present that John Omick, otherwise called "John," the son of Omick, alias Beaver, an Indian of the Chippeway tribe, being a person of sound memory and discretion; and Semo, an Indian of the Chippeway tribe, of sound memory and discretion, not having the Fear of God before their eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, on the third day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twelve, on the night of that day, with force and arms at Pipe Creek, in the Township of Wheatsborough in said County of Cuyahoga, in and upon one Daniel Buel, a human being, in the public peace, the peace of God and the State, then and there being, Felloniously, willfully, unlawfully and of their malice aforethought, did make an assault and that the said John Omick with a certain Tomahawk made of iron and Steele with a wooden handle or helve therein of the value of One Dollar, which Tomahawk the said John Omick in his right hand then and there held, the said Daniel Buel in and upon the head of him the said Daniel Buel, then and there feloniously, willfully, unlawfully and of his malice aforethought, did Strike, Thrust and Cut, giving to the said Buel then and there with the Tomahawk aforesaid in and upon the head aforesaid of him the said Daniel Buel one mortal wound of the breadth of three inches and of the depth of three inches, of which said mortal wound the said Daniel Buel then and there instantly died. And so the Jurors aforesaid do say that the said John Omick, the said Daniel Buel then and there in manner and form aforesaid, feloniously, wilfully, unlawfully and of his malice aforethought did kill and murder against the form of the statute in such case made and provided and against the Peace and Dignity of the State of Ohio.

And the Jurors aforesaid upon their Oaths further present that the said Semo, an Indian of the Chippeway tribe, a person of sound memory and discretion—and John the son of Omick, otherwise Beaver, otherwise called John Omich, an Indian of the Chippeway tribe, being "a person of sound memory and discretion," not having the fear of God before their eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil, on the third day of April eighteen hundred and twelve aforesaid on the night of that day, with force and arms at Pike creek aforesaid in the town of Wheatsboro aforesaid in the County of Cuyahoga aforesaid, in and upon one Michael Gibbs, a human being in the public peace, the peace of God and the State then and there being, felloniously, willfully, unlawfully and of their malice aforethought did then and there make an assault, and the said Semo with a certain pistol, of the value of one dollar, then and there loaded and charged with gunpowder and one leaden bullet, which pistol he, the said Semo, then and there, in his right hand had and held, to, against and upon the said Michael Gibbs then and there, felloniously, willfully, unlawfully, and of his malice aforethought, did shoot and discharge, and that the said Semo with the leaden bullet afore-

said out of the pistol aforesaid, then and there by force of the gunpowder shot and sent forth as aforesaid, the aforesaid Michael Gibbs in, upon and through the body of him, the said Michael Gibbs, a little below the right shoulder of him, the said Michael Gibbs, and through the body of him, the said Michael Gibbs, then and there with the leaden bullet aforesaid by the said Semo so as aforesaid shot, discharged and sent forth feloniously, willfully, unlawfully, and of his malice aforethought, did strike, penetrate and wound: giving to the said Michael Gibbs, then and there with the leaden bullet aforesaid, so as aforesaid shot, discharged and sent forth out of the pistol aforesaid by the said Semo, in, upon and thro' the body of him, the said Michael Gibbs, a little below the right shoulder of the said Michael Gibbs, one mortal wonnd of the depth of eight inches and of the breadth of half an inch, of which said mortal wound the said Michael Gibbs then and there instantly died, and that the said John Omick then and there feloniously, willfully, unlawfully and of his malice aforethought, was present aiding, helping, abetting, comforting, assisting, and maintaining the said Semo the felony and murder aforesaid in manner and form aforesaid to do and commit. And so the jurors aforesaid do say that the said Semo and John Omick, the said Michael Gibbs then and there in manner and form aforesaid feloniously, willfully, unlawfully and of their own malice aforethought did kill and murder against the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the State of Ohio.

And afterwards, to wit, at the same session of the Supreme Court in said county, on the —— in the year eighteen hundred and twelve aforesaid, before the said Judges of the said Supreme Court above named, here cometh the said John Omick under the custody of Samuel S. Baldwin, Esquire, Sheriff of said county, in whose custody in the jail of said county for the cause aforesaid he had been before committed, being brought to the bar here in his proper person by the said Sheriff, to whom he is here also committed, and forthwith being demanded concerning the premises in said indictment above specified and charged upon him how he will acquit himself thereof he saith that he is not guilty thereof; and thereof for good and evil puts himself upon the country; and Alfred Kelley Esquire who prosecutes for the State in this behalf doth the like. Therefore let a jury thereupon immediately come before the said Judges of the said Supreme Court of free and lawful men residing as near as may to the place of residence of the said Michael Gibbs late of Pike Creek, Wheatsboro Township, in the county of Cuyahoga aforesaid, by whom the truth of the matter may be better known, and who are not of kin to the said John Omick, to recognize upon their oath whether the said John Omick be guilty of the felony and murder in the indictment aforesaid above specified, or not guilty, because as well the said Alfred Kelley, who prosecutes for the State in this behalf, as the said John Omick have put themselves upon the said jury.

And the jurors of the said jury, by the Sheriff for this purpose returned and impanneled, to wit, Hiram Russell, Levi Johnson, Philemon Baldwin, David Bunnel, Charles Gunn, Christopher Gunn, Samuel Dille, Elijah Gunn, David Barret, Dyer Shearman, William Austin and Seth Doane, being called came, who being elected, tried and sworn to speak the truth of and concerning the premises, upon their oath say,

That the said John Omick is guilty of the fellony and murder aforesaid on him above charged in form aforesaid, as by the indictment, aforesaid is above supposed against him. And upon this it is forthwith demanded of the said John Omick if he hath or knoweth anything to say wherefore the said Court ought not upon the premises and verdict aforesaid to proceed to judgment against him, according to the form of the statute in such case made and provided. Who nothing further saith unless as before he hath said. Whereupon all and singular, the premises being seen and by said Court here fully understood, it is considered by said Court that the said John Omick be taken by the said Sheriff of said County to the jail thereof from whence he came, and from thence to the place of execution on Friday, the twenty-sixth day of June next, and then and there, between the hourse of twelve and two of the clock, in the afternoon of that day, be hanged by the neck until he be dead.

Wm. W. Irvin, Presiding Judge.

It will be seen that John the son of Omick was sentenced to be executed on the 26th of June. The gallows were set up on what is now the Public Square, and stood about midway between the monument and the terminus of west Superior street. The gallows consisted of two upright posts joined at the top by a cross piece, which was strengthened by a brace on either side. The rope was passed through the center of the cross piece, and was tied as support to the platform. John the son of Omick was placed on this platform by Sheriff Baldwin, when he called for "fire water." A half pint of whisky was brought, which he gulped in a desperate sort of way, when he entered upon an oration in the pure Indian tongue. He soon called for more fire water.

Another half pint was brought, which, having shared the fate of its predecessor, stimulated the orator immensely, and he went into the merits of the case with far more particularity. He evidently scorned the pale-faces, and said: "Two days to-morrow come back here with great many Injuns and kill you all off." This was all the English he deigned to use on the occasion, save the simple exclamation, "Too high! Injuns laugh at me." This he said when looking at the gallows and reflecting on the disgraceful mode of death.

He soon called for more whisky, although quite drunk by that time. Before the request was complied with, Judge Walworth made a speech, denouncing the proceedings as barbarous,—a speech which had the effect to stop further demonstrations in that line.

Sheriff Baldwin then strapped Omick's hands firmly behind him, drew the cap over his eyes, and adjusted the rope; after which he mounted his horse and was about to sever the rope with a hatchet, when it was discovered that the convict had in some way got hold of the "line" above his head. The officer was forced to get off his charger, and right matters with John the son of Omick. When all was thought to be well, he again took to horse, but before he could cut the rope, the supple Indian bounded and caught hold of one of the braces with his pinioned hands! The Sheriff must dismount once more and re-adjust John. The third trial was a success; the Indian was strangled. When life was pronounced extinct, the "boys" drew the head of Omick close up to the cross piece, and suddenly letting go, the corpse dropped, and fell whole length into the grave which had been already dug under the platform. And to this day the remains of John the son of Omick,

the man who on one unfortunate occasion had not the fear of God before his eyes, but allowed himself to be seduced by the instigation of the devit, rest in Monumental Park.

THE FIRST EXECUTION IN CLEVELAND.

On the night of the last of March, or first of April, 1812, Michael Gibbs and Daniel Buel were killed by two Indians named Semo and Omick, at the cabin of Gibbs, near Sandusky. This cabin was still standing in 1859; it was on the Milan road and within the late enclosure of the State Fair grounds at Sandusky. Buel was a trapper and went one evening to pass the night with Gibbs. On the same evening the Indians called as friends, to stay over night. Gibbs was engaged preparing supper, and Buel being tired and wet, had spread his blanket on the floor and lay with his feet to the open fire. Gibbs went out doors to get some wood, and while out Semo seized an axe and buried its edge in the face of Buel. Buel sprang to his feet and made for a gun suspended upon the side of the cabin, but a second blow from the axe brought him to the floor a corpse. The pole of the axe was buried in his head, and one arm cut off, connected only by a little skin. Gibbs, on opening the door, received a blow across the face from the handle of the axe. With a stick of wood he felled Semo to the floor, but Omick struck the right arm of Gibbs with the blade of his war club, which wholly disabled it. Gibbs turned and ran about ten or twelve rods from the cabin, when a ball from the pistol of Semo brought him down. The Indians then plundered the house of five dollars in money, some furs and blankets, and attempted to burn it, but the floor being green the fire went out. The bodies of Gibbs and Buel lay several days before the murder was discovered. A party of three or four went from the head of Cold Creek, (now Castalia, Ohio,) to bury them. In washing the body of Gibbs a spear was taken out of his head; it was about three inches long and two inches broad at the butt end, running to a point. There was a shank at the butt end, with square shoulders; the shank was set in a club and fastened. The blade entered under the ear, and the shank broke off and left the blade in. The latter circumstance led to the detection of the murderers. The blade was recognized as belonging to Semo by the person who had made it for him but a short time previous. The Indians were arrested, but Semo made his escape to his tribe and claimed their protection. He was arrested the second time and brought to a house near Fremont. While a messenger was sent to notify the whites to come and get him, he destroyed himself with a rifle; though pinioned with his arms behind him, he contrived to get the muzzle of the piece to his head, and discharged it with his toe.

Omick was brought to Cleveland and tried before the Supreme Court of Cuyahoga county, in April 1812, convicted and sentenced to be hung on the 29th day of June following. The gallows was erected on the north side of the square, near Ontario street. An eye witness of the first execution in this county, gives the following account of it. He says:

I was present at the execution, and as distinctly recollect the facts I shall narrate, as I did the night of the day when they occurred. I was not at the trial, but I understood that Peter Hitchcock was assigned as counsel for the accused. The custody of the prisoner was assigned to Lorenzo Carter, (there being no jail,) because he was a man of uncommon energy, and because he had

more influence over the Indians than any other man in the West, or at least in Cuyahoga county. Mr Carter's house was on the high ground near the bank, to the right of the road that descended the hill to the ferry across the river, and to the left of the street that leads to where the light-house stands. The prisoner was confined in a chamber of Mr. Carter's house. Strong irons were above his ankles, with which was connected a staple that was driven into a joist that supported the floor, so that the prisoner could not go to any window. Probably I should have said with more accuracy, that a chain was attached to the fetters, and a staple was attached to the other end, which was driven into the joists, etc. After his conviction, Omick told Mr. Carter and Sheriff Baldwin, (who was from Danbury,) that he would let the pale-faces see how an Indian could die; that they need not tie his arms, but when the time came he would jump off from the gallows. Before Mr. Carter's house, in the direction of Superior street, was an open space, somewhat extensive, and covered with grass. The religious exercises were held there. Several clergymen were present, and I think the sermon was delivered by Rev. Mr. Darrow, of Vienna, Trumbull county. The military were commanded by Major Jones, a fine looking officer in full uniform, but he was in the condition that Captain McGuffy, of Centervile, said he was in, when he was commanded to perform an evolution by his company, and could not do it. His explanation was: "I know Baron Steuben perfectly well, but I cannot commit him to practice." Omick sat on his coffin in a wagon painted for the occasion. He was a fine looking young Indian, and watched everything that occured with much anxiety. The gallows was erected on the Public Square, in front of where the old Court House was erected. After the religious exercises were over, Major Jones endeavored to form a hollow square, so that the prisoner should be guarded on all sides. He rode backwards and forwards with drawn sword, epauletts and scabbard flying, but he did not know what order to give. The wagon moved ahead and stopped; but as the Sheriff doubted whether he was to be aided by the military, he proceeded onward. Major Jones finally took the suggestion from some one who told him to ride to the head of the line and double it round until the front and rear of the line met. Arriving at the gallows, Mr. Carter, the Sheriff, and Omick, ascended to the platform by a ladder. The arms of the prisoner were loosely pinioned. A rope was round his neck with a loop in the end; another was let down through a hole in the top piece on which was a hook, to attach to the rope around the neck. The rope with the hook was brought over to one of the posts and fastened to it near the ground. After a short little time, Mr. Carter came down, leaving Omick and Sheriff Baldwin on the platform. As the Sheriff drew down the cap, Omick was the most terrified being, rational or irrational, that I ever saw, and seizing the cap with his right hand, which he could reach by bending his head and inclining his neck in that direction, he stepped to one of the posts and put his arm around it. The Sheriff approached him to loose his hold and for a moment it was doubtful whether Omick would not throw him to the ground. Mr. Carter ascended the platform, and a negotiation, in a regular diplomatic style was had. It was in the native's tongue. As I understood at the time, Mr. Carter appealed to Omick to display his courage, narrating what he had said about showing the pale-faces how

an Indian could die, but it had no effect. Finally, Omick made a proposition, that if Mr. Carter would give him half a pint of whisky he would consent to die. The whisky was soon on hand in a large glass tumbler, real old Monongahela for which an old settler would almost be willing to be hung if he could now obtain the like. The glass was given to Omick and he drank the whisky in as little time as he could have turned it out of the glass. Mr. Carter again came down, and the Sheriff again drew down the cap, and the same scene was again re-enacted, Omick expressing the same terror. Mr. Carter again ascended to the platform, and Omick gave the honor of an Indian in pledge, that he would not longer resist the sentence of the Court if he should have another half pint of whisky. Mr. Carter representing the people of Ohio and the dignity of the laws, thought the terms were not unreasonable, and the whisky was forthcoming on short order. The tumbler was not given to Omick, but it was held to his mouth, and as he sucked the whisky out, Mr. Baldwin drew the rope that pinioned his arms, more tight, and the rope was drawn down to prevent the prisoner from going to the post, and to prevent him from pulling off his cap. The platform was immediately cleared of all but Omick, who run the end of his fingers on the right hand between the rope and his neck. The rope that held up one end of the platform was cut, and the body swung in a straight line towards the lake as far as the rope permitted and returned, and after swinging forth and backward several times, and the weight being about to be suspended perpendicular under the center of the top of the gallows, the body turned in a circle and finally rested still.

At that time a terrific storm appeared and came up from the north-north-west with great rapidity, to avoid which, and it being doubtful whether the neck was broken, and to accomplish so necessary a part of a hanging, the rope was drawn down with the design of raising the body, so that, by a sudden relaxing of the rope, the body would fall several feet and thereby dislocate the neck beyond any doubt; but when the body fell, the rope broke as readily as a tow string, and it fell upon the ground. The coffin and grave were near the gallows, and the body was picked up, put into the coffin, and the coffin immediately put into the grave. The storm was heavy, and all scampered but Omick. The report was at the time, that the surgeons at dusk raised the body, and that when it lay on the dissecting table, it was easier to restore than to cut it up.

The Worcester *Spy* prints a genuine curiosity in a doctor's bill, dated no longer ago than 1830. The price of a visit in those days was fifteen cents, but when the conscientious physician took one ride to see several patients, he divided the price among them, so that the most frequent item in the bill is "to part visit, .08." The charges for medicine range from five to twenty cents, and the highest amount in the column is "to sundry medicine, compound tincture, and the box, .39." The total of the bill, which is for constant attendance and medicine for a period of eight months, the visit averaging as often as once a week, is less than five dollars.

[From the Sandusky Register.]

THE SANDUSKY CLARION; OR EVENINGS WITH THE PIONEERS.

EVENING THE FIFTEENTH—(CONTINUED FROM VOL. SIX.)

Mr. Asa Smith, the father of our informant, died on the farm where he originally settled, a little west of the mouth of the Huron, August 30th, 1815, and thus never lived in Sandusky, as stated to us by some of the pioneers. The family after his death removed to Sandusky; but Mr. Asa Smith never resided here.

It has been somewhere stated that a Mr. Wright was the first justice of the peace at Huron. Mr. Smith's recollection is that his father was elected at the first election held there, on the first Monday in April, 1811, and that a Mr. Newcomb was elected constable at the same time. Jabez Wright was afterward elected a justice of the peace in Mr. Smith's place; but at the time when Mr. Smith was a magistrate, Mr. Wright was engaged as a surveyor, and could not have been a justice of the peace.

Mr. S. says the first saw-mill in that part of the county was built by Judge Ruggles, on Cranberry Creek. He had also a grist mill, the first one built in the east part of the county. He remembers going to mill there in the winter of 1814. Arrived at the mill in the woods in the night and found nobody there. He went into an unoccupied cabin and spent the night, wet and cold, without fire or any other comfort. In the morning he went two miles to the house of the miller, a Mr. Lee, who had been wounded in the battle on the Peninsula. He thinks that if this mill had been built in 1810, as stated in Jabez Wright's letter to John Walbridge, it could not have been in operation, as he remembers that he went to Cleveland to get milling done in the fall of 1811, and others went there and to Monroe, and this would not have been, if there had been a mill only a few miles from home.

Mr. S. thinks Dr. Ansolem Guthry was the first physician in Huron; and it is his recollection that he came there in 1816. He remembers that he exchanged horses with the Doctor in the fall of 1816, and is quite certain that he had been there but a few months at that time. Dr. Dake came in 1817. We have made mention of these matters as stated

by Mr. S., because they differ somewhat from previous accounts as given in the "Pioneer."

After the death of Mr. Asa Smith, the family resided on the farm until the spring of 1817, when they moved into a tavern at the mouth of the Huron, on the west side. It was the usual double log structure, built by a man named Hayes. Here they kept a public house and had charge of the ferry for one year.

In the summer of 1817, Judge Zalmon Wildman offered some lots in Sandusky City at public sale. The sale proved a failure, as there seemed to be no purchasers. With a view to accommodate those who had already commenced business at Sandusky, and to invite others to come, as well as to bring his land into market, Judge Wildman went to Huron and proposed to Mrs. Smith and her son that if they would build and keep a boarding-house at Sandusky, he would give them a lot of land on which to locate the same. Mr. Smith came here and selected a lot on what was then the corner of Wayne and Water streets, west of Wayne and south of Water, and erected a frame building, 18×22 feet with good chambers above. This building was torn down by Mr. Porter, a few years since. It stood just back of the little brick which forms a part of the old Verandah. A Mrs. DeZang, a widow lady and a half-sister of Mr. Smith, went into the house and kept a boarding-house until winter, when she returned to Huron. Moors Farwell, Silas Dewey and Amos Fenn boarded with her during the summer. Dewey and Fenn afterwards married sisters of Mr. Smith; the wives are both dead. Amos Fenn is still living at Clyde. Dewey went east and is still living.

In the spring of 1818, about the first of April, Mr. Smith, with his mother and the whole family, left Huron and came to Sandusky on the ice, and went into the frame building erected the previous year. In the spring of 1818, a man named Hector Kilbourne, came here and was employed to make a new survey of the town. In this survey one lot was added to the east of the one selected by Mr. Smith, and in the winter following, Mr. Cyrus W. Marsh bought this corner lot and built the "Steamboat Hotel," now known as the "Old Verandah." His family lived meantime in a room done off in one corner of the "Old White Store," in which Mr. Moors Farwell was then doing business.

It was during this year that Dr. Anderson came down from Venice and boarded with Mr. W. B. Smith and his mother. The Doctor boarded with them two years or more.

In the summer of 1818, Mr. Smith commenced the building of the two-story brick, which still remains and forms a part of the "old Verandah," and is the oldest brick structure in Sandusky. It will soon be half a century old, and is so far as we know, the oldest structure left which connects the present with the infancy of our town. Thus it will be seen, Mr. Smith erected the second frame building, the first frame dwelling, and the first brick building put up in Sandusky. The "Old White Store" which stood opposite and a little to the west of Smith's lot, was erected in 1817, by Z. Wildman, and was up before Smith's frame house was erected. The building of the brick structure was quite an undertaking for those times. By some turn of the wheel, which is immaterial to our purpose, Mr. Smith failed to get a title to his lot and eventually lost both the land and the buildings.

THE OPENING OF THE ERIE CANAL.

Forty years ago to-day, the formal celebration of the opening of the Erie Canal was held simultaneously and enthusiastically at all the places along the canal. The meeting of the waters of Lake Erie and of the Hudson River was the occasion of much rejoicing. The meeting took place at Lockport, and the late Captain Daniel Cady, of this city, put the first boat through the locks at that place, in which he was assisted by Major Henry Olds, now residing here. —*Syracuse Journal, Oct. 25th.*

We do not think the Journal is demonstrative enough about the great celebration of October 25th, 1825. Nothing of the kind at that day had even equaled it in this country. The first boat left Buffalo with all the most prominent magnates of the State, DeWitt Clinton being at the front, to traverse the whole line of the Canal, and their progress was an ovation exhibiting the wildest enthusiasm till they reached the battery in the city of New York. Cannon were placed within hearing of the report of each other, from Buffalo to Montauk Point on the east end of Long Island, a distance of almost seven hundred miles, and when the boat started, the first cannon was followed as fast as sound could travel from one extreme to the other. Even here in the little hamlet of Cleveland, tradition has it that there was a "high old time" among the four or five hundred residents then composing the sum total of its population.

Of the importance of that canal enterprise, the present generation has no adequate conception. The whole West would have been dependent, in a great measure, upon the Mississippi River and its tributaries, but for that canal, the pioneer of ours and all others at the West. The railroads of the then future day have been and always would be entirely insufficient for the necessities of the great west. The Erie Canal set other minds at work in other States, and such men as Benjamin Tappan, Alfred Kelley, M. T. Williams, Governor Worthington, and a score more of such in Ohio to whose sagacity, energy and integrity we owe greatly more than we shall ever pay, began the agitation of our canal policy as soon as the completion of the Erie Canal was assured, and which resulted in the construction of our canals. True, financially, they have proved failures since the introduction of railroads in every direction through the State, and we have the debt incurred for them to pay by taxation, but the increased wealth of our people by reason of them would pay this debt a dozen times over.

The first cost of the Erie Canal, we think, was not more than eight millions of dollars, but with branch canals and enlargements the present sum would reach forty millions, we suppose, and large as that may seem, we do not hesitate to express the opinion that out of that directly and incidentally, the resulting increase in the value of the property in the West has been equal to a much greater amount than our present national debt, whether it be three thousand millions or four, and the end of the stream of rich fruits is not yet, nor will it terminate while our Government lasts—*Cleveland Herald.*

OBITUARY NOTICES.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

Died October 20th, 1865, at his residence in Perkins township, Mr. Joseph Taylor, aged seventy-six years, two months and nine days.

Joseph Taylor was born in Connecticut, 1789. He removed to Ohio in the fall of 1815. In company with many others he endured all the privations and hardships incident to pioneer life. How numerous are they who, year after year, waged incessant war with the forest, amid the hardships of a new country; and it is with commendable pride that as they become aged, and as they sit in the shadow of years, that they look on the broad and well tilled acres that their strong hands have cleared. Such should have all the honor and praise. Stern and rugged men as they are, ever enduring monuments to their herculean labor, the true conquerors, whose brows should be entwined with the oak and the laurel. Let their memories be perpetuated. Such men need no labored eulogy to set forth their merits; but to hold in grateful remembrance the illustrious dead, is not only a debt we owe to them, but a duty we owe to ourselves and posterity. To this honored class belonged the late Joseph Taylor. As a husband and father, he was kind and indulgent; as a friend and neighbor, genial and obliging. He was a consistent christian, ever striving to retain his religious integrity. He needs no higher encomium than the numbers that gathered to pay the last tribute to his memory. He leaves a bereaved circle of friends, who "knew him only to love him." But we shall meet again; yes, we shall meet in the "white radiance of eternity." T. B. T.

DATUS KELLEY.

Died on January 24, 1866, at the residence of his son, on Kelley's Island, Datus Kelley, aged seventy-seven years and nine months.

Mr. Kelley first visited Cunningham's Island as what is now known as Kelley's Island was then called, and became, jointly with his brother Irad, interested in the title of the same, sometime in the autumn of 1833, and moved his family there from Rockport, Ohio, in the spring of 1836. Since his first visit there, his life has formed no inconsiderable part of the history of the Island. For two or three years past his health had seemed to fail him, and for several months it had become evident to his friends, that he was slowly but surely fading from earth. For some two years he had suffered from partial paralysis and general dropsy, and other maladies incident to old age, came in as instruments to cut him down, and at half past-five on Wednesday morning last, completed the work.

MRS. PLINY BROWN.

Mrs Pliny Brown departed this life on the 22d instant, at the resi-

dence of her son, Orlando Brown, Esq., in Margaretta. Her remains, attended by a goodly number of friends and neighors, were, on the 24th instant, interred by the side of those of her husband, whose death preceded hers but five years.

Mrs. Brown was born in Ashley, Connecticut, in 1785, and came to Ohio with her husband in 1816. They settled in Margaretta, where they resided, except two brief intervals, till death removed them, as we trust, to a better and brighter world.

For thirty years Mrs. Brown was a faithful member of the Presbyterian Church at Castalia. In her later years, being infirm in health and a great sufferer, she was watched over with assiduous care and filial attention by her son and his interesting and devoted family. Thus she has made her way through all the privations, hardships, trials, and toils of a western pioneer, and gained a haven of rest. S. A. B.

NAHUM GILSON.

Died, in Norwich, Huron county, Ohio, June 14th, 1864, of erysipelas, Nahum Gilson, in his seventy-second year. He was born in the State of Connecticut, came to the place where he died, in 1817, cleared a patch of ground and erected a cabin. In the fall of 1818, he returned east, married Miss Sally Ormes, January 28th, 1819, and immediately with his bride set out for his wilderness home. He was thus one of the pioneers who helped to plant civilization and religion in this, the then far off West. Of those who settled in the township, as early as he, but two or three now remain. He was a kind neighbor, devoted husband and father, true patriot and a faithful and exemplary christian. For forty-three years he was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was one of the first class that ever organized in the township, in 1821. The first minister that ever visited the township lodged with him in his cabin.

Twelve years ago he had a Neuralgic attack since which he has been an intense sufferer and cripple. Although confined much of the time to his house, he was yet often able to ride and sometimes walk to church, from which place no slight illness or trivial circumstance ever kept him. Often has the writer of this seen him, with a staff in each hand slowly and painfully wending his was thither. He conversed freely and feelingly upon the subject of religion, and often spoke with bright anticipations of his home above.

For some weeks before his death, his wife was seemingly at the gates of death, which caused him often to express fears that she would be taken first. His desire was to go before, which desire was granted. His aged wife and five of their children are yet behind. May they all when called to follow, rejoin him on yonder peaceful shore.

E. Y. WARNER.

EZRA CHAPPELL.

The New London (Conn.) *Daily Star* announces the death of Ezra Chappell, July 1st, 1865, at the age of eighty-nine.

Mr. Chappell was well known to many in Cleveland. He was the uncle of Mrs. Parsons, mother of Hon. R. C. Parsons. In former years, Mr. Chappell made large investments in Ohio, especially at Norwalk, in Huron county, where his annual visits brought him into intimate business relations with the principal men of that vicinity, and where his death will be sincerely mourned, as the loss of a personal friend.

He was one of an eminent generation which is fast passing away—"a gentleman of the old school," a man of the strictest integrity—"right to a

shaving." At one period he was almost the sole financial agent of his own city, and was then as well known and appreciated in Wall street as any of its old money kings. His life was as pure as the quaintness of his personal habits and character. In every walk of life he was himself and "we ne'er shall look upon his like again." In all business transactions he was very exact, but withal was very generous and openhanded, especially to the poor.

His faith was firm and of the real Puritan stamp; and his religious character as quaint and practical as his business life, but "rich in good works."

For many years his chief occupation has been to "clothe the destitute," and "deal his bread to the hungry." He enjoyed an "afternoon of leisure and an evening of rest," and has "come to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

MRS. CATHERINE PENFIELD.

Died, at the residence of her son, R. H. Penfield, in Elyria, on Sunday evening, October 29th, 1865, widow Catherine Penfield, of Penfield, aged eighty-eight years, relict of Peter Penfield Esq., whom she survived thirteen years. She died in the exercise of a strong faith in the merits of the Savior, having been a professor of religion near seventy years. Her remains were taken to Penfield for sepulture. The family emigrated to Penfield in 1821, where she lived till within the past year. Her husband built the first log house in the town, in 1819. This, with several contiguous townships in Lorain and Medina counties were then one solid body of unbroken forest. In the migration of the family, the "Cattaraugas Woods" was to them, as to all emigrants in those days, a source of anticipated dread, but to them even this was secondary to "Rocky river," as from the ferry boat the teams on the west side had to plunge into a slough, from which it was very steep to gain the side lying road ascending the bank. All the long journey of five hundred miles, the "Rocky river" had been a hideous spectre ever flitting before the imagination. At this time the village of Cleveland was first reached from the east on emerging from the Euclid bush road on the west side of the square or park.

The subject of this notice was noted for household industry, and economy, especially in the war of 1812. Having a large family to clothe, the "home made" was in good supply. Flax, cotton and wool, were taken to the carding machine, the spinners, the weavers, the clothiers in different neighborhoods. For seventy consecutive years, till the last one of her life, she worked with her own hands the butter for the family use, and a surplus for sale; and at the Golden Wedding four or five years since, of the late Rev. Dr. Betts, of Brownhelm, her plate of butter was selected from among others as the banner plate. In latter years she had taken a lively interest in the Republican cause, and at the late State election of the 10th, towards the close of the day, frequently inquired how the vote was. In the evening inquiry was made at the newspaper office, when the probable majority was stated at 20,000; this afforded her much satisfaction. She was a native of Bridgeport, Connecticut, daughter of Elijah Hawley, Esq., whose grave, as that of the mother, is in the same cemetery of Penfield. Deceased remembered the case when a stalwart negro was sold in Connecticut, at the current market value of £80 or $200. Slavery existed at that time in that State. She also remembered when cotton was universally carded by hand-cards, in Connecticut.

JUDGE LYMAN.

Judge Darius Lyman died in Cleveland, on the 13th of December, 1865, at the age of seventy-six. He was a native of Goshen, Connecticut, and was the youngest son of Col. Moses Lyman, of Revolutionary fame. He studied law and came to Ravenna, in this State, in May, 1814, where he remained during most of his life. He was the first legal practitioner in the town. He served in both Houses of the Legislature between 1816 and 1833. In 1832 he was the candidate of the Anti-Masonic and National Republican parties for Governor, and was beaten by his opponent Robert Lucas, by 8,000 votes. He was the prominent advocate in the Legislature of the building of the Ohio Canal. In 1850 he was again chosen to the Senate, and became identified with the Free Soil party. During the nine years between 1855 and 1864, he held the position of Probate Judge of Portage county. He was also a member of the Board of Trustees of the Western Reserve College. The Ravenna Democrat, from which we condense the above facts, describes Judge Lyman as a pattern of stern morality and a sound and valuable attorney.

NATHAN PERRY.

The death of Mr. Perry removes from us the person longest resident in Cleveland. Mr. Perry came to the spot where Cleveland now stands, in 1804. He soon went to Black River and engaged in trade. How long deceased remained at Black River we do not know. An incident of his life, given in Howe's Ohio, relates that in the Spring of 1807, a fishing expedition set out from Cleveland for Maumee river. The vessel was a Canadian batteaux, on board which were goods "sent by Major Perry to his son Nathan at Black River." The batteaux was wrecked opposite the now township of Dover, and all hands lost save a Mr. Plumb, who floated ashore at the foot of a rocky precipice, which he could not scale, and from which he was relieved by the arrival from Black River of Nathan Perry and Quintius F. Atkins.

On Mr. Perry's return to Cleveland, which was before the war of '12, he engaged in trade with the Indians. Mr. Perry's house and store, under one roof, stood at the corner of what is now Superior and Water streets, where the Central Buildings now stand. His house was the third house built in Cleveland.

Mr. Perry made the great bulk of his fortune by purchasing real estate, of which, as most of our city readers know, he died largely possessed. He made some money, however, in the fur traffic with the Indians, their hunting grounds at that day being bounded on the east by the Cuyahoga river. It is related of Mr. Perry that one time taking $12,000 worth of furs to New York, he followed the wagon containing them from Buffalo to New York. On arriving in that city he encountered John Jacob Astor, who endeavored to get from Mr. Perry the asking price of his furs. Mr. A. becoming importunate, Mr. P. told him flatly that he could not have the furs at any price. Mr. P. had made up his mind that he could do better with any one else than Mr. Astor, hence declined any sale to him, and would not even show his furs to Mr. Astor, who was the great fur merchant of those days.

As showing the great advance made in real estate here during the life time of the deceased, we will mention the fact that between 1820 and '25, Mr. Perry purchased that elegant property on which his homestead is located, running east, and

amounting to some seventy acres, for five dollars an acre. Later than that time he purchased a number of acres where the Medical College stands for ten dollars an acre. We have said that Mr. Perry's wealth was due to fortunate purchases of real estate, and a few years since Mr. P. told a friend that he never made $20,000 in trade.

The last illness of Mr. P. was of about five weeks duration. Paralysis set in, first attacking the lower extremities and gradually working up until it reached the heart. Mr. Perry leaves a very large estate.

Cleveland Herald, June 27th, 1865.

HENRY LOCKWOOD.

Died, at Milan, Ohio, on Friday, 9th inst., of dry gangrene, Henry Lockwood, in the 71st year of his age—son of Stephen and Sarah Lockwood, deceased, the former in 1830, at Norwalk, Connecticut, the latter in 1848, at Milan.

Born at Norwalk, Conn., May 11, 1795; became a hatter in his father's hat-shop; intermarried with Miss Amelia Chichester, May 15, 1813. The deceased in 1815, with his father and senior sister's husband, the late David Gibbs, (a lawyer, then recently from the disbanded army of 1812-15,) sought in the "Fire-lands" in Huron county, Ohio, a new home, and began a "clearing" at what was afterwards known as "Gibbs' Corners." In the ensuing season, he and Mr. Gibbs made a "winter removal" of their families by wagons, with full experiences of early settlers. Their "big wagon" breaking through the ice of Cataraugus Creek—the drowning and loss of teams—the cheerful aid of kindly Indians in the recovery and drying of sunken goods—desperate illness—deaths in each family of the eldest or only child; all within fifteen miles' travel, in the then "wilds of Cataraugus and Canadaway," (now Fredonia, N. Y.,) were only concatenations of their begun pioneer life. Stately forests invited and wearied sturdy arms; a strife for living impelled earnest vigor, and visions of "good for the next generation" encouraged unrepining settlers. Then were unplanned the "Erie Canal," nor the strong schooner—much less the docile steamer. To the present active generation these things are traditionary history.

Mr. Lockwood, as farmer, hatter, trader, Justice of the Peace, and in other duties to promote the improvement of his village and county, had with others the ever active experience. His life's companion continued with him till January 1, 1863—till of their eleven children, only five survived. Truthfulness and rectitude, and their usual companions, patience, industry, kindness and intelligence, were his standard as evinced in practical life. These were also evinced in his last incessant, painful illness of nigh five months, when his lower extremities, by supposed arterial ossification, lost their vitality and parted, and all without a complaint or a murmur. To the usual salutation of a returning son, "How do you do? he responded, "Dying as fast as I can," as he did, easily, calmly—and was buried from the Presbyterian Church on the afternoon of the coming Sunday.

Thus passed the useful, genial, kindly, practical citizen, the last of four brothers, (Stephen, Ralph and George)—preceded by his eldest sister, Sarah, (Mrs. Marvin)—leaving only three sisters surviving, Eliza (Mrs. Gibbs,) Esther (Mrs. Saunders,) and Mary (Mrs. Benedict.)

COM.

Mr. Lockwood will be remembered by some of the early settlers, and especially by the pioneer traders and hotel-keepers, whom he met in his trips through this region peddling

hats manufactured at his establishment in Milan. For many years he furnished most of these articles worn in Northwestern Ohio, and they ever held a high reputation among the people.

AUNT POLLY PIERCE.

Aunt Polly Pierce, died in Peru, Huron county, Ohio, September 26th, 1865—aged sixty-seven years.

She was a pioneer as a settler and a pioneer as a christian. She loved her God and her country ardently.

She came to Huron county in Jannary, 1816, after a toilsome journey of forty-four days, in mid-winter, with an ox team from Massachusetts. She died on the same farm on which she settled in Peru.

She joined the Methodist Episcopal church in April, 1820, under the ministry of the Rev. Dennis Goddard. She was an ardent patriot, a devoted christian, and a faithful member of the church of her choice.

She was a member of the Fire Lands Historical Society, and contributed much to its interest. As a mere complete notice of her life and character is to be prepared, it is sufficient now to say, that in every respect she was a remarkable woman. Possessing a retentive memory, fearless disposition, and a ready wit, together with a remarkable gift of expression, few will ever forget the interest she excited when present at the meetings of the Society. Last June, at the annual meeting at Norwalk, was her last attendance and many who read this, will long remember the excitement and enthusiasm caused by her comparison of ancient with modern fashions, and her impassioned apostrophe to the flag of our country.

The last class meeting she attended, was one of interest and spiritual profit to her. She spoke of her acquaintance with the Methodists forty-five years ago, and then said: "This people shall be my people, and their God shall be my God," and then as if anticipating her end, she spoke with feeling of soon meeting in the great class meeting in the heavenly world, which shall endure forever.

ROSWELL EDDY AND OTHERS, OF PERKINS.

Again the pen is called into requisition to chronicle the departure of an aged pioneer; another of our landmarks is gone, Mr. Roswell Eddy died at his residence, in Perkins ,Friday evening, April 13, 1866. He was born in Chatham, Middlesex county, Connecticut. By his death, the Church has lost one, who in the noontime of life, was one of its most amiable, earnest, and devoted members, and society, in which, by his integrity of purpose, correct habits, and devotion to duty, he won the esteem and respect of all, one of its most energetic citizens, adorned with ennobling virtues, robed in the vestments of holiness, and enriched with that wisdom which is more precious than rubies, he has left a world which he lived to bless, for one where he will be blessed forever. His death was a triumph of faith. Truly he showed how Christians die, peacefully and triumphantly the Lord's. He married Hannah Taylor, in the year 1802. She was born in the year 1784, on the second day of November. They had, in all, six children; five of whom were born in Connecticut, viz: Almira, Mary, Emeline, Edwin and Joseph. They had one child born after moving here—a daughter named Caroline. The oldest child died a number of years ago. Mary, the second, married a Mr. Cook, who is now deceased. She is living at present with her sons in Sandusky, Ohio. Emeline is married and lives near Mount Vernon, on the Sandusky, Mansfield and Newark Railroad. Edwin, the elder son, lives in Milan,

Ohio, and at one time farmed near the old homestead. He has two children living—William and Albert Eddy. Joseph, the younger son, lives on the old homestead, and with him the parents have always lived. He is an enterprising and wealthy farmer. He married Caroline Akins, of Euclid, Ohio. They have had in all three children; the oldest dying at the early age of six years. The two younger are living at home, and are named Mary and Martha. In the Spring of 1817 Mr. Eddy having heard of the richness of the soil and healthfulness of the western climate, determined to seek a home in what was then known as the the "far-west." The party with which he traveled consisted of but two families. For the transportation of their families and goods, they used the large and time honored "Yankee Wagons" made for the purpose.—Their propelling power consisted of two yoke of stout oxen, assisted as the driver thought necessary, by a dexterous application of rawhide. Although with many regrets at leaving the scenes of childhood sports, around which clustered all the pleasant associations of early life; yet, feeling that the call of duty must be obeyed, they bade adieu to loved ones—and with many a "God bless you" and silent prayer for their future welfare, started. They commenced the journey in the heat of summer, and suffered many inconveniences resulting therefrom. The weather for the greater part of the journey was very good. They were six weeks on the road, and reached their destination in the month of August. The roads were badly cut up and large ruts had been formed and were filled with mud and water. They encamped nights where they could find pasturage for their cattle. Having turned out the teams they then prepared for supper. Their provisions consisted mostly of bread, butter, bacon, cheese, and rusk. Having taken out a capacious trunk that served the purpose of a table at mealtimes, they spread the evening repast, and having partaken of the eatables in a regular old backwoods style, they again resumed their places in the wagons for a night's repose. It was next to impossible to sleep in the open air, the musquitos and flies were so severe in their attacks. Many a conflict was there between the huge insects and the weary travelers, and and many an unwarry musquito was brought to grief by a vigorous tap from the awakened sleeper.

Mr. Eddy was accompanied by another family by the name of Akins, consisting of Mr. John Akins, his wife and seven children—four boys and three girls. They stopped at Euclid, near Cleveland, where they have ever since resided. They had one daughter born while in Euclid, called Caroline, who afterwards, as before mentioned, became the wife of Mr. Eddy's younger son. The children walked most of the way, and as the teams walked very slowly they were often far in the advance. They busied themselves in picking berries, running and playing, and looking with wondering eyes upon the new sights that were constantly opening to their view. One day a man passing with an empty wagon, and overtaking the children, who were considerably in advance, persuaded them to ride with him, and left them at a tavern far in advance of the wagons, much to the alarm of the parents, who did not know this, and were very much alarmed, thinking that perhaps they had strayed into the woods and had been lost. Mr. Eddy was often compelled to wade into the mud and water up to his waist to find a ford for the teams in crossing the many streams on the route. One day, when crossing a large and very rapid creek, the old-

er son's hat was blown from his head, and he being about six years of age, and thinking, perhaps, that hats were not very plenty in a new country, set up a cry and kept it up lustily, until the missing property was recovered.

The prairies would often catch fire from various causes, and do a great amount of injury. Stacks of hay were never safe from the devouring element. When they saw the grass on fire, they would plow several furrows around the stacks, and thus greatly lessen the danger of their catching on fire. One Sabbath, while going home from church after a large fire had taken place, they could see deer that had been so blinded by fear that they had run headlong against the fence and killed themselves. One day, while out chopping, a deer kept browsing near Mr. Eddy, and as it was there when he went home from work, he thought he might secure some venison, and taking his gun, he retraced his steps and was fortunate enough to secure his game. At another time, Mrs. Eddy was out walking, when a huge deer came rushing by, and in attempting to leap the fence, made a misstep, and was caught in the fence. Mrs. Eddy immediately ran forward and caught hold of it and held it until a settler came to her relief.

Mrs. Eddy, more familiarly known as "Aunt Hannah," is left, but not alone. She is surrounded by kind friends and devoted children, that will make her happiness while she remains, the great object of their lives. She has the consolation of believing that the husband of her youth, the partner of her life for more than sixty years, whom she ably seconded in all his undertakings, has gone with a christian's trust, to reap in a better world, the rewards of a life of usefulness in this.

BLACK HAWK.

The July number of the "Annals of Iowa," a quarterly publication issued under the auspices of the State Historical Society, at Iowa City, under the editorial supervision of Theodore S. Parvin, is worthy of extensive patronage from the people of our State. Its historical sketches and details of early legislation in the Territory are worthy of preservation. From an interesting article entitled "Sketches of the Sac and Fox Indians, and the Early Settlement of Wapello County," by Uriah Biggs, we extract the following account of the death of the celebrated warrior, Black Hawk:

Black Hawk died in the fall of 1837, near Iowaville, the scene of his triumph under Pash-a-pa-ho over the Iowas, in the early part of his warlike career. He was buried in a sitting posture, in a frail tomb made of wooden slabs set upon the ground in the form of an inverted V. His war club, a shaved post four or five feet high, was placed in the front of his rude tomb, upon which a great number of black stripes were painted, corresponding with the number of scalps he had taken during life. Openings were left in his tomb, so that his friends and curious visitors could witness the progress of decay. Sometime after the removal of his friends higher up the river, and after the

flesh had wasted away, a Doctor Turner, of Van Buren county, removed his skeleton to Quincy, Illinois, and had the bones handsomely polished and varnished preparatory to connecting them by wires in the skeleton form. When his wife heard of the exhumation, she affected great and uncontrollable grief, and poured out her sorrows to Robert Lucas, Governor of the Territory and ex-officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs, who promptly recovered the bones and placed them in a box in his office at Burlington, and dispatched a message to the bereaved family, then staying at the Des Moines, some ninety miles distant. A cavalcade was soon in motion, bearing the disconsolate widow, and a retinue of her friends to Burlington. On the evening of their arrival the Governor was notified by a messenger, of their readiness to wait upon him, who fixed the audience for ten A. M. the next day. Several visitors were in attendance. The box containing the august remains opens by a lid, and when the parties were all assembled and ready for the awful development, the lid was lifted by the Governor, fully exposing the sacred relics of the renowned chief to the gaze of his sorrowing friends and the very respectable audience who had assembled to witness the impressive scene.

The Governor then addressed the widow through John Goodell, the interpreter for the Hard Fish band, giving all the details of the transfer of the bones from the grave to Quincy and back to Burlington, and assured her that they were the veritable bones of her deceased husband —that he sympathised deeply with her in this her great affliction—and that he now hoped she would be consoled and comforted by the return of the cherished relics to her care, under a strong confidence that they would not again be disturbed where she might choose to entomb them. The widow then advanced to the lid of the box, and without the least seeming emotion picked up in her fingers bone after bone, and examined each with the seeming curiosity of a child, and replaced each bone in its proper place, and turned to the interpreter and replied through him to the Governor that she fully believed they were Black Hawk's bones —that she knew he was a good old man, or he would not have taken the great pains he had manifested to oblige her—and in consideration of his great benevolence and disinterested friendship so kindly manifested, she would leave the bones under his care and protection. The conference then closed, and the distinguished visitors took leave of the Governor and the assembled auditors. This scene was detailed by the Governor to the present writer, while standing at the side of the famous box, soon after its occurrence.

On the accession of General Harrison to the Presidency, Governor Lucas was removed from the gubernatorial office of the Territory, and he removed his private office into the same room with Dr. Enos Lowe, now of Omaha City, Nebraska. An historical society was organized in Burlington about this time, and efforts were made to get these relics into their cabinet and under the control of the society. This arrangement was never formally accepted, but in the course of events they happened to be in the same building with the society's collection, and the whole were consumed in the burning of the building in 1852.

From the Cincinnati Gazette of April 7th, 1866.

PIONEER ANNIVERSARY EXCURSION TO MARIETTA.

On Friday morning last, through the liberality of the Marietta Railroad Company, the Pioneers' Association of this city and vicinity, took the occupancy of three of the Company's new passenger coaches, and started for Marrietta. The object of the excursion was to unite with the Pioneers of Marietta in celebrating the 78th anniversary of the first settlement of Ohio, the Association of the latter city having tendered our "Old Folks" an invitation to spend the day with them on that occasion. The party, including a few who were not strictly pioneers, but who went as companions of some who were, numbered over a hundred, many of them being females, the grandmothers and great-grandmothers of the present generation. Membership in the Association is confined to those who emigrated to, or were born in the West prior to the year 1812, and of such we noted the following on the train:

E. B. Reeder, President of the Association, born in Cincinnati, in 1808.

J. S. Ross, Vice President of the Association, aged sixty-five, from New Jersey, in 1806.

Wm. P. Stratton, Chaplain, born in Cincinnati, aged fifty nine.

Mrs. Wm. P. Stratton, born in Hamilton county, aged fifty.

Mrs. Louisa Perry, aged sixty-three, from Virginia, in 1806.

John S. Perkins, born in Brown county in 1808, where his father, from Virginia, settled in 1804.

Isaac McFarland, from Pennsylvania, in 1806, aged sixty-four.

Daniel Cameron, born in Hamilton county in 1796, where his father, from Pennsylvania, settled in that year.

J. W. Mason, from Maryland, in 1804, aged sixty-seven.

Joseph Bates, aged fifty-seven, born in Cincinnati, his father having moved here from Massachusetts in 1791.

William Moody, aged seventy-seven, born in Cincinnati, to which place his father moved in 1789, having resided two years in Marietta.

William McMakin, of Spring Grove, aged sixty-four, from Pennsylvania, in 1810.

Emma Hart, aged fifty-six, from Pennsylvania, in 1810.

Mary B. Dunn, aged sixty-eight, born in Cincinnati.

Emeline Myers, aged fifty-eight, from Virginia, in 1807.

Andrew Myers, aged sixty-seven, of Cumminsville, from Virginia, in 1803.

J. K. Wetherby, aged seventy, from Vermont, in 1806.

Sarah C. Wetherby, born in Cincinnati, aged fifty-six.

Samuel West, aged seveenty-ight, from Virginia, in 1801, to Marietta, and thence to Cincinnati, in 1809.

A. B. Shaw, aged sixty-two, from Pennsylvania, in 1807.

Mary H. Wellshear, born in Cincinnati, in 1808.

Mrs. Diana Ross, aged fifty-six, born in Marietta, where her father settled in 1807, but moved to Cincinnati in 1810.

Louisa Stuart, born in Cincinnati in 1810, where her father settled in 1791.

Margaret Sweeney, aged sixty-seven, from Virginia, in 1811.

Miles Williams, aged sixty-five, from New Jersey, in 1806.

J. M. Clark, aged sixty-six, from New Jersey, in 1802.

Francis Harrison, aged sixty, born near Chillicothe, where his father settled in 1798.

Lydia Denvers, aged sixty, born in Cincinnati.

Charles H. Simpson, aged fifty, from Maryland.

William L. Cummings, born in Warren county, Ohio, aged fifty-three.

Louisia Daily, aged sixty-five, from New Jersey, in 1812.

Elizabeth Woodruff, aged sixty-six, emigrated in 1812.

Olive L. Reeder, aged sixty-nine, born in Cincinnati.

Joseph A. Reeder, born in an Indian wig-wam, into which his father moved from Virginia, in 1792.

Eliza Williams, born on Duck Creek, aged fifty-seven.

John Williams, of Carthage, aged fifty-two, born in Cincinnati.

C. S. Walker, of New Richmond, came to Cincinnati in 1801, aged seventy-two.

A. N. Riddle, Esq., born in Cincinnati, aged sixty-five, his father having come from New Jersey in 1790.

Col. Morris, U. S. A., aged sixty-six, having come West in 1806.

John McMakin, aged sixty-two from Virginia, in 1810.

A. L. Bramble, of Plainville, aged sixty-seven, from Pennsylvania, 1806.

John H. Girard, aged sixty-four, born near Mt. Washington.

C. Cropper, aged sixty-nine, moved west 1810.

Jas. G. Payne, aged seventy-one, from New York in 1806.

John Whetstone, aged seventy-eight, from Pennsylvania in 1792.

Zebulon Strong, of College Hill, aged seventy-eight, from Vermont, in 1809.

H D. Stout, aged fifty-eight, moved west in 1811.

Benjamin Ludlow, born in Cincinnati in 1797.

H. S. Earhart, born in Huron county, Ohio, in 1800; has the old compass that belonged to Judge Symmes, to whom was granted the land between the two Miamis.

Judge David Oliver, aged seventy-five, of Oxford, born in Belpre, in 1791.

Daniel Ackerman, aged seventy-eight, from Kentucky, in 1801.

William B. Dodson, aged seventy-nine from Maryland.

Jacob Sloop, aged sixty-eight, first settled in Columbiana county in 1803.

Wm. M. Bates, born in Cincinnati, in 1811.

J. L. Mallot, aged seventy-three, from Maryland, in 1797.

S. J. Brown, from England, aged seventy-nine, his father having settled in this city in 1798.

Maria Vanmeter, born in Cincinnati in 1807.

Mrs. Submit Strong, aged eighty-two, in 1798, from Connecticut.

Hannah Strong, of College Hill, aged seventy-four, from New Jersey, in 1804.

Joseph Snodgrass, born in Green county, in 1803.

M. L. Broadwell, aged sixty, born in Clermont county.

Rebecca Leatherby, born in Springfield township, where her parents settled in 1811.

Mrs. Dr. Oliver aged sixty-nine, daughter of David E. Wade, who emigrated in 1790.

Mrs. Dr. Alexander Duncan, aged sixty-seven, from Pennsylvania, in 1805.

Sarah Price, born in Cincinnati, in 1803.

N. Goshorn, aged sixty-five, from Pennsylvania in 1807.

Rees E. Price, aged seventy-one, from Maryland in 1807.

John Toms, of Mt. Healthy, aged seventy-three, from New Jersey, in 1798.

Mary A. Smith, born in Cincinnati, 1810.

Henry Rogers, aged sixty, of Mt. Healthy, from Pennsylvania in 1806.

Nathaniel Reeder, of Hamilton, born in Cincinnati in 1810.

C. Mallott, from New Jersey in 1811.

Mrs. Deborah Dodson, from Massachusetts in 1811.

Johnson Hukil, aged sixty-five, from Virginia in 1805.

Charlotte Carshmer, born in Cincinnati 1810.

J. W. Gillespie, born in Cincinnati, aged sixty-three.

S. W. Lodley, born in Cincinnati, aged seventy-five.

N. Harroll, from Virginia in 1806, aged sixty-eight.

John Horrocks, aged sixty-two, from England in 1810.

E. Ross, aged sixty-eight, from New Jersey in 1806.

J. F. Cunningham, born in Hamilton county in 1810.

Maria Thompson, born in Butler county in 1807.

E. T. Hubbell, aged sixty-two, from Pennsylvania in 1811.

Margaret M. Lathrop, from Vermont in 1810.

Sarah Hukill, aged sixty-nine, from New Hampshire in 1807.

Mrs. Ira Athern, born in Cincinnati in 1805.

Mrs. Mary Cassiday, born in Clermont county in 1801.

James Cunning, aged sixty, from New Jersey in 1810.

Mrs. Sophia B. Williamson, born in Cincinnati in 1798.

The following were the Executive Committee, having charge of the excursion:

Messrs. N. Goshorn, Lew. Ludlow, J. B. Dennis, Dr. D. A. Ross, A. M. Ross.

Among the invited guests present were Hon. Judge Storer, members of the press and others.

Although the day was cloudy, the faces of all were cheerful, and pleasure seemed to prevail in all hearts. Conversation was spirited, and many a scene of pioneer life was lived over as they were recounted to each other during the day. Most of them brought their wholesome lunches along with them, and thus cheated the eating houses at Chillicothe out of several expected greenbacks.

At half-past seven the train arrived at Harmer, where a Committee ot Reception met them, placed them in carriages and omnibuses, and distributed them among the hospitable citizens residing on both sides the Muskingum.

THE WEATHER ON THE SEVENTH.

The sky was clear, and the stars shining brightly on the evening of our arrival, and all predicted a pleasant day; but, alas! the disappointment. First it rained and then snowed, and then blowed; and there was not an hour in the day when one could venture out without an umbrella. Of course this prevented all, except a very few of the younger and more rugged ones, from visiting the many out-door localities of interest. Full attendance,

however, was given to the in-door gatherings and exercises.

RECEPTION CEREMONIES.

At ten o'clock the old bell of the Congregational Church, where sixty years before, many of the visiting pioneers had regularly attended service, called them once more to enter its revered walls. Carriages sufficiently numerous conveyed them to its doors, and many a one saw again, for the first time in half a century, the old familiar "meeting house."

Half an hour was spent, as in olden times, in fraternal recognitions and friendly gossip, during which the organ solemnized the scene with its sacred tones. Then prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Wicks, the present pastor, which was followed by the choir singing "God of our Fathers," etc.

Mr. William R. Putnam, President of the Marietta Pioneer Association, and grandson of Gen. Rufus Putnam, next addressed the assemblage, in substance as follows:

On the 7th of April, 1788, there landed on yonder point of land the first pioneer settlers of Ohio, of whom Gen. Washington said:

"No colony was ever settled under such favorable auspices as that which has just commenced at Muskingum. Information, property and strength will be its characteristics. I know many of them personally, and there never were men better calculated to promote the welfare of such a community."

In the same year, on the 24th of December, another band of pioneers landed opposite the mouth of Licking river, on the north side of the Ohio, where Cincinnati now stands, a city no less celebrated for its pioneer history than for its literary, scientific and benevolent institutions, its architecture, its manufactures and commerce—in a word, all that entitles it to the appellation of the Queen City of the West.

At an early day the agents and proprietors of the Ohio Company passed a resolution that the 7th of April be forever considered as a day of public festival in the territory of the Ohio Company. In compliance with this resolution and from the impulse of our own hearts, we are assembled to commemorate this 78th anniversary. At your invitation, these venerable men and women, representatives of the early pioneers of Cincinnati, have come to unite with us in this celebration. We bid them welcome—welcome to our hospitalities, welcome to the scenes where Captain Pike, the celebrated chief of the Delawares, accorded a hearty welcome to the early pioneers; where the first court of justice in the great Northwest was held, where the first marriage was solemnized; where the first Sabbath School was taught; where the first sermon was preached.

The worthy President briefly referred to many incidents connected with the early settlement of Ohio, and then gave way to the

RESPONSE OF MR. E. B. REEDER.

Mr. Reeder, as President of the Cincinnati Association, responded briefly, being in very poor health. His mind was filled with stirring emotions, suggested by the interesting occasion. He and his associates, some of them four score years and ten, and many of them three score had come up from the Queen City which they had seen grow up from the wilderness, the second settlement in a State that now contained nearly three millions of people. He thanked the pioneers of Marietta for their cordial invitation, and this generous hospitality they were receiving. Many of them would never enjoy another such occasion, for before another anniversary they would

be trying that "undiscovered country" which their fathers had tried before them.

The speaker's mind ran back seventy-eight years, and called up the original forty-seven emigrants who landed at this point. They knew not where they were going or what they were to do, except that they were trying to better their condition. He briefly alluded to the fact that the Ohio Company had early battled against the establishment of an institution in the new territory, which had everywhere proved a curse, and dwelt somewhat on the blessings that had resulted from that wise provision.

Mr. Reeder then introdnced Judge Storer, as one of the worthy pioneers of Cincinnati, though arriving too late (1817) to be admitted to membership in the Association.

REMARKS OF JUDGE STORER.

The venerable Judge, now seventy years of age, delivered a handsome address, which we are sorry our limited space compels us to abridge of its fair proportions. First, he drew a picture of the landing of the May Flower at Plymouth Rock, and the disembarking of the Puritan fathers, who, belonging not to the world from whence they came, nor yet to New England exclusively, came to fulfil the purpose of the Almighty. Then he compared with that scene the landing of the little arks, as they were called, seventy-eight years ago, on such a misty April morning as the present. Who were they and what their purpose? They were cultivated men, qualified for any position in life; many of them had passed through the revolutionary war, had come from the land just freed from the British yoke, where the school house and the church exerted their wholesome and hallowed influence. When their boats touched the shore, and those men, and women, and children, landed in the illimitable waste, what their purposes were they could hardly have told; but one thing was sure; the same course that was pursued when the Mayflower landed, was pursued here. They built—in their hearts, at least—an altar to Almighty God, and the first object was to worship Him and invoke His blessing, and depend upon His care. It required something more than mere physical courage, hardihood, endurance growing out of strong limbs and good health, to meet the difficulties and trials of those days. It required a principle within, a fire of faith to be kindled in the hearts of those men and women, to face those dangers and overcome them.

The speaker then drew a graphic picture of the results that had followed fast and thick, and were now so wonderful to behold. He spoke modestly of the part he had taken in the great work. Forty-nine years ago this very month, he crossed the mountains from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and there, finding no steamboats as now, he, in company with a dozen other young men, obtained some skiffs and started for Cincinnati. Stopping at Marietta for a few days, he made the acquaintance of Gen. Rufus Putnam, David Putnam, Col. Barber, McFarland, and others, and felt quite at home. He had read Aaron Burr's romantic description of Blannerhassett's Island, and on the way down he stopped there, where he became acquainted with William Putnam and his sister. He agreed that the island was a lovely place, but not a little magnified. He found Cincinnati with a population of 5,000 people. In describing its wonderful growth, he spoke of its High Schools, founded in part upon funds furnished by Thomas Hughes, a New England shoemaker, and William Woodward, a tanner—the former having donated the proceeds of

a large farm, now in the bounds of the city, to endow a school for poor children.

The speaker was here interrupted by an aged pioneer in the audience, Mr. Zebulon Strong, who asked the privilege of saying that he split the rails to fence in Mr. Hughes' farm.

After some suggestive remarks in regard to the future, Judge Storer closed. A quartette of gentlemen then sang, with touching effect, a song beginning:

"Old friends, old friends,
The dear old friends,
That time has swept away."

DR. OLIVER AND THE OLD CHURCH.

Dr. David Oliver, rising in the audience, wished to give expression to the emotions of his soul. Looking up and about the old church, he said that he remembered the time when he had helped to raise and build this sacred house; that he had not seen it for fifty-five years, and he was rejoiced that the pioneers of Marietta had not forsaken the altar they had in an early day dedicated to the living God, and he hoped they would never do so, nor their descendants after them. He hoped they would escape the humiliation that mortifies the true believer as he looks back to the home of the Pilgrim Fathers, which is now the seat and hotbed of all the isms of the land.

BIRTH PLACES.

Dr. Oliver remarked, in closing, that he had been trying to find the place where he was born, but had not succeeded. He was like the sailor who, when asked where he was born, replied, "Well, at Cape Cod, Cape Ann, and—pretty much all along the shore." Seventy-five years ago continued the Doctor there stood, on the point over the Muskingum, a block-house, in the south-east corner of which they say I was born; but as not only the blockhouse is gone, but the point itself is washed away, and its sands scattered from here to the Gulf, I think I may say I was born all along the shore.

The laughter that followed was renewed by the remark of W. P. Putnam, grandson of old Israel Putnam —"You say, Doctor, that you were born in the south-east corner of the blockhouse in 1791. I was born in the south-west corner in 1792."

"And I," added Col. E. S. McIntosh, "was born in the same place in 1793."

VARIOUS OTHER REMARKS.

Mr. Walker, of New Richmond, narrated some of the incidents of his pioneer life that were listened to with interest.

Adam N. Riddle, Esq., of this city, followed in a happy little speech. He described the inauguration of the first Court in the territory, at Marietta, in 1788, on which occasion the Sheriff, with drawn sword, headed the procession that marched up to Campus Martius hall, through the woods, followed by any number of Indian chiefs looking on with wonder. That Court was opened the good old way—with prayer.

Col. W. P. Cutler, grandson of one of the leading members of the Ohio Company, made some very interesting remarks, chiefly to the point that the ordinance of 1787, so generally attributed to Thomas Jefferson, was in a great measure the work of the Ohio Company, and especially of his grandsire; that Jefferson's ordinance was framed in 1784, and contained a provision permitting the existence of slavery in the Northwestern Territory for sixteen years, or until the year 1800; that Jefferson was not in this country when the subsequent ordinance was adopted in 1787. He closed with a poetical and eloquent allusion to the prosperity that had attended the State of Ohio and the

great Northwest, in consequence of the prohibition of slavery.

MARIETTA COLLEGE EXERCISES.

At 3 o'clock the visitors were transported through the falling snow to the chapel and society rooms of Marietta college, which they found decorated from basement to roof for their entertainment. President I. W. Andrews, the pioneer officer of the institution, in conjunction with the Committee of Arrangements, was successful in making all feel at home. The valuable library and the cabinet of the college were then thrown open to the inspection of everybody, and the time was well improved.

PIONEER PICTURES AND CURIOSITIES.

The rooms of the two college societies were the chief places of attraction, and the most prominent among the matters of interest were the fine oil portraits of the the original pioneers who have gone to the better land. The following named are only the more prominent:

Rev. Dr. Manassa Cutter, Director of the Ohio Company, died in 1781, aged 81 years.

Judge Ephraim Cutter, died at 86 years.

Gen. Artemus Ward, born 1727, died 1800.

Major General Rufus Putnam, landed at Marietta in 1788.

Major General Nathaniel Green, born 1742.

Governor Return Jonathan Meigs, first Governor of Ohio. Also, portraits of Col. Levi Baker and wife, Gen. Eward W. Tupper, Nathan Ward, Col. Ichabod Nye, W. R. Putnam, Major Anslen Tupper, Wm. Dana, Dr. S. P. Hildreth, David Putnam, and of twenty other pioneers of that section, of both sexes. It was a very interesting picture gallery.

Next in interest were the pioneer curiosities. such as the powder horn of Israel Putnam, the one he wore when he killed the wolf.

Upon it was the following inscription, cut by himself with his penknife:

"When bow's weighty spears were us'd in fight,
'Twere nervons limbs declared a man of might;
But now, Gunpowder scorns such strength to own,
And heroes not by limbs, but souls are known.

"ISRAEL PUTNAM'S Horn.

"Made at Fort Wm. Henry, Nov. 10, A. D., 1756.

"A plan of the stations from Albany to Lake George."

And here followed a kind of map of the road and the fortifications referred to.

The following are the more prominent of the curiosities:

Shovel and tongs of Commodore Whipple.

Gov. Winthrop's chair, brought over in the Mayflower.

Gen. Artemus Ward's pistols.

The original order for the arrest of Blannerhasset, signed, by Gov. Return Jonathan Meigs, and directed to Gen. Joseph Buell, dated December 10, 1806.

A powder horn presented by Aaron Burr to Blannerhassett.

Mrs. Blannerhassett's work box.

REPAST AND REUNION.

During the afternoon a most sumptuous repast of all that was good to eat, was kept upon the broad and long tables in one of the college rooms, where all were invited to help themselves.

At the same time a speaking meeting was organized in the chapel, where the loqnacious indulged in, and delighted their hearers in five minute speeches, President Adrews presiding. At its close the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the pioneer members of the Association of Cincinnati, who have, by the invitation of the people of Marietta, participated in the celebration of the 78th anniversary of the landing of the first settlers of Ohio, now tender to their hosts their hearty thanks for the kind attention and the warm welcome they have bestowed during their entire visit; and they ardently hope that both the guests and the hosts may enjoy many more such reunions, and when, with time, they shall pass away, those may remain behind who will honor the memories of our Pioneer Fathers.

Resolved further, That the thanks of the Association are cordially extended to the President and officers of the Marietta & Cincinnati Railroad for the very handsome manner they proffered a free passage from Cincinnati to Marietta, for all the members, and the care and skill with which the whole transit was conducted.

Resolved furthermore, That the papers of Marietta and Cincinnati be requested to publish these resolutions

A. N. RIDDLE,
WM. P. STRATTON,
B. STORER.

COURTING TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO—A ROMANCE OF WETHERSFIELD.

Among the amusing reminiscences of those days is the famous courtship of the Rev. Stephen Mix, of Wethersfield. He made a journey to Northampton in 1696, in search of a wife. He arrived at the Rev. Solomon Stoddard's informed him of the object of his visit, and that the pressure of home duties required the utmost dispatch. Mr. Stoddard took him into the room where his daughters were, and introduced him to Mary, Esther, Christiana, Sarah, Rebekah, and Hannah, and then retired. Mr. Mix, addressing Mary, the eldest daughter, said he had lately settled at Wethersfield, and was desirous of obtaining a wife, and concluded by offering his heart and hand. She blushingly replied that so important a proposition required time for consideration. He replied that he was pleased that she asked for a suitable time for reflection, and in order to afford her the needed opportunity to think of his proposal, he would step into the next room and smoke a pipe with her father, and she could report to him. Having smoked a pipe and sent a message to Miss Mary that he was ready for her answer, she came in and asked for further time for consideration. He replied that she could reflect still longer on the subject, and send her answer by letter to Wethersfield. In a few weeks he received her reply, which is probably the most laconic epistle ever penned. Here is the model letter which was soon followed by a wedding:

Northampton, 1696.

Rev. Stephen Mix:

Yes.

MARY STODDARD.

The matrimonal mixture took place on the 1st of December, 1696, and proved to be compounded of the most congenial elements. Mix was pastor of that paradise of onions for forty-four years.—*N. Y. Evang.*

MEMBERS OF THE FIRE LANDS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

CONTINUED FROM VOLUME 6TH.

NAMES.	RESIDENCE.	WHEN AND WHERE BORN.	WHEN AND WHERE FIRST SETTLED ON FIRELANDS.
Andrews, W. B.	Vermillion,		
Adams, H. R.	York,	Montville, Ct., 1802.	1820.
Amsden, T. G.	York,	Seneca, Ontario Co. N.Y. 1797.	Fall of 1819.
Austin, E. L.	Plymouth,	Worthington, Mass., 1820.	Ripley, May, 1832.
Armstrong, S. L.	Plymouth,	Norwalk, O., Oct. 17, 1838.	
Bowen, W. T.	Townsend,		
Brainard, John.			
Barker, Mrs. D. G.	Ripley,		
Bartow, Alvin T.	Milan,		Vermillion, 1812.
Bunce, Mrs. Olivia J.	Wakeman,		
Betts, Alfred.	Brownhelm,		
Bodine, Angeline.	New Haven,	Auburn, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1825.	Fairfield, 1833.
Bodine, Cornelius.	New Haven,	Sempronius, N. Y., Nov. 1817.	N. Haven, Nov. 1838.
Bevier, Abram.	Plymouth,	Brown Co., N. Y., May 3, 1818.	
Beckwith, A. C.	Groton,	Elstead, Cheshire Co., N. H.	1834.
Chandler, J. S.	Monroeville,		
Cole, Manley K.	Bronson,		Bronson, 1816.
Cable, Owen A.	Brownhelm,	Ridgeville, 1813.	
Curtiss, Norman.	New Haven,	New Haven, May 12, 1821.	
Dole, D.	Lyme,	Franklin Co., Mass., Sep. 1802.	1845.
Dimick, W. B.	Bellevue,		
Drennan, Wm. W.	Plymouth,	Canton, Stark Co. O., 1820.	New Haven, Aug. 1824.
Fuller, Levi.	Vermillion,		
Gates, S. W.			New London, 1838.
Hall, Rev. F. P.	Fairfield,		
Hoyt, Mrs. A. B.	Norwalk,		Clarksfield, 1828.
Hartupe, G. H.	Elyria,		
Hartupe, Cordelia.	Elyria,		
Harris, Thos.			
Harrison, Ruth A.	Florence,		
Harkness, L. G.	Bellevue,	Salem, Wash'n Co., N.Y. 1801.	Lyme, Aug. 1823.
Holton, Susan S.	Lyme,		Strong's Ridge, 1815.
Hilbish, John.	Bellevue,	Freeburg, Union Co., Pa. 1828.	York Tp., 1852.
Haskell, Mrs. J.	Bellevue,	Harbor Creek, Pa., 1821.	Florence, 1838.
Ingham, S. R.	Florence,		
Jones, Levi H.	Norwalk,		
Jones, M. O.	Norwalk,		
King, Parmelia.	Bellevue,		
King, W. H.	Bellevue,	Burtsville, R. I., 1809.	Bellevue, 1834.

NAMES.	RESIDENCE.	WHEN AND WHERE BORN.	WHERE AND WHEN FIRST SETTLED ON FIRELANDS.
Morse, R.			
McMillen, Henry.	Milan,		Norwalk, 1820.
McMillen, Mrs. H.	Milan,		
Merry, Charlotte.	Milan,	Tinmouth, Vt., Aug. 17, 1780.	Avery, Nov. 1814.
Miles, H. B.	Florence,		
Miles, Mrs. L. B.	Florence,		
Minkles, Edgar.	Vermillion,		
Morgan, Fred. W.	Vermillion,		
Moore, John.	Fremont,	Long Island, Sept., 1792.	Lyme, Spring of 1822.
McKim, James.	Lyme,	Cumberland Co., N. J. 1792.	1842.
Moore, David.		Lehigh Co., Pa., Feb. 1, 1809.	May, 1836.
McCord, J. D.	Plymouth,	Bethel, Bond Co. Ill., Oct. 1832	
Nims, Worthington.	Lyme,	Shelburn, Mass., 1801.	Lyme, 1826.
Nims, Joel B.	Lyme,	Shelburn, Mass., 1815.	Groton, 1837.
Omig, John.		Schuyler, Co., Pa., May, 1806.	1832.
Patchen, A.	Bronson,		
Perry, R. C.	Brownhelm,		
Pelton, Allen.	Vermillion,		
Rowcliff, James.	Townsend,		
Rogers, Wm.	New Haven,		
Rooks, Ezekiel.	New Haven,	Saratoga Co., N. J. 1789.	New Haven, 1816.
Smith, D. H.	Berlin,		
Strong, Asahel.	Cleveland,		
Standart, Chas.	Auburn, N. Y.		
Sprague, Simeon H.	Florence,		
Summers, Julia B.	Vermillion,		
Starr, Caroline A.	Clarksfield,		
Swift, Jos.			
Sheratt, Jacob.	Vermillion.		
Stebbins, Alfred.	Lyme,	Franklin Co., Mass., 1810.	Lyme, 1832.
Strong, Curtis.	Lyme,		Strong's Ridge, 1815.
Severance, Ralph A.	Bellevue,	Greenfield, Mass. Jan. 1803.	Bellevue, July, 1854.
Smith, James F.	York,	State of N. Y., May 1, 1809.	1831.
Safford, John.	Bellevue,	Perry, Stark Co., O., 1830.	Lyme, 1862.
Savage, Eliza W.	Berea,	Columbiana Co., O., 1812.	Bronson, 1827.
Seymour, Hart.	Plymouth,	Otsego, N. Y., June 18, 1798.	Bellevue, April, 1845.
Smith, W. A.	Plymouth,	N. Fairfield, O., Mar. 14, 1839.	
Taylor, D. G.	Perkins,		
Taylor, T. B.	Perkins,		
Taylor, Wm.	Plymouth,	Greenfield, Huron Co. 1832.	
Tucker, J. A.	Plymouth,	Windham, Portage O., 1819.	
Taylor, B. B.	Plymouth,	Bronson, July 5, 1821.	
Vail, David.			
Wilson, Levi.	Norwalk,		
Wilson, Lucy.	Norwalk,		
Wickham, Lucy B.	Norwalk,	Nashua, N. H., 1814.	Norwalk, 1819.
Wickham, C. P.	Norwalk,	Norwalk, Sep. 15, 1836.	
Washburn, Amasa.	Vermillion,	May 21, 1798.	
Williams, David,	York,	Center Co., Pa., 1810.	York, 1836.
Willard, C. A.	Bellevue,	Albany, N. Y., Oct. 20, 1832.	1836.
Warner, E. Y.	Monroeville,	Wayne Co., O., 1833.	Fairfield, 1858.
Williams, Mrs. Eliza.	Bellevue,	North-East, Pa., Jan. 1, 1817.	Bellevue, 1836.
Woodworth, E. C.	New Haven,	Truningburg, N. Y., 1830.	New Haven, 1832.
Young, James.			
York, Abraham.	New Haven,	N. Haven, Huron Co., O. 1818.	

THE OLDEST NATIVES OF OHIO.

In noticing the death of Judge Arius Nye, two weeks ago, we stated our belief that he was at the time of his death, on the 27th ult., the oldest surviving native of Ohio, except Judge Oliver Rice Loring, of Belpre. The Times also made an exception of one, but named James V. Cushing, of Zanesville. Both were in error.

The facts are these: James Varnum Cushing, now of Zanesville, was born in Marietta, in January, 1789. He was a son of Colonel Nathaniel Cushing, whose family was one of the first eight which arrived in Marietta in August, 1788, four months after the arrival of the forty-eight "Pilgrims"—all men—who came the 7th of April previous.

Alpha Devol, son of Wanton Devol, and grandson of Judge Gilbert Devol, is now living in Waterford, this county, and was born in Marietta, August 12, 1789.

Judge Oliver Rice Loring, of Belpre, was born at that place, June 17, 1790, and is still living, a highly respectable farmer, near the place of his birth.

Jeremiah Wilson, son of George Wilson, was born in "Fort Frye," at Waterford, April 21, 1791. He still lives in Waterford.

Wm. Pitt Putnam, son of Aaron Waldo Putnam, was born in "Farmer's Castle," at Belpre, April 2, 1792, and still lives just above the place of his birth, one of the most prominent citizens of the county.

These five are probably the oldest surviving natives of Ohio, although Thomas Kain, of Clermont county, is still living—about which we are not certain—is the senior of some of them. And Mary Heckewelder, daughter of Rev. John Heckewelder, one of the Moravian missionaries, was born at Salem, a missionary station in the present county of Tuscarawas, April 16th, 1781, and is still living, as we are advised, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in her eighty-fifth year. She was the first white child born in Ohio, but before the permanent settlement. St. Clair Kelly, who was born in Marietta, in December, 1788, was the first born after the first settlement. He died in 1823.

Col. Enoch S. McIntosh, of Beverly, is not far behind. He was born at the "Point," in Marietta, May 23, 1793.

Judge Arius Nye, who died on the 27th ult., was born in "Campus Martius," Marietta, December 28th, 1792; and George Dana, who died at Belpre, last April, was born at that place in 1790, in March, we think.—*Marietta Register.*

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

INITIAL FACTS IN OUR HISTORY.

Our children are taught French, moral science and conic sections and read histories of Greece and Rome. How few of them, and how few men and women know anything of the history of their own country, except an outline or a few detached facts. How few undergraduates know that Columbus undertook his first voyage in the expectation of finding the Grand Khan of Tartary; that he set sail on Friday, 1492—that unlucky and direful day—and on Friday, ten weeks after, discovered land; that he supposed Cuba to be the Continent; that he first reached the continent on the north coast of South America six years afterward; that upon his fourth and last voyage he founded the first colony on the mainland on the Isthmus of Panama; that twenty-one years after the first discovery the Old World was astonished to find they had discovered a new world, when they reached the Pacific across the Isthmus; but that Cabot, an Englishman, reached the shores of New England a full year before Columbus touched the continent; that San Augustine, Florida, is the oldest town in America, being just 300 years old; that Santa Fe, New Mexico, is the second town in point of age; that twenty years later—1602—California was discovered and explored; that in 1603 a Frenchman, Sieur de Monts, made the first permanent settlement north of San Augustine, at Annapolis, and twice attempted a settlement on Cape Cod, but was driven off by the natives; that Champlain founded Quebec in 1608; that our coast, from Pennsylvania to New Brunswick, was named Acadie, afterward New France; that Canada formerly comprehended our Vermont and New York; that Virginia was so named by Sir Walter Raleigh in honor of Queen Elizabeth, 1584, when he made his exploration of the North Carolina coast; that the first English child born in America was Virginia Dare, daughter of Ananias; that the projected colony failed; that Jamestown was the first English town in America, began 1607 and named for King Jame I; that the want of wives in Virginia was so great that in 1621 a large number of young women "of good character" were transported to the colony on speculation and sold to the lonely settlers for a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco each [Mem: to suggest that a certain governor borrow a hint thereby]; that New England was so named by John Smith, 1614; that at

length a settlement was made, without a grant from the king's council, at "New Plymouth," and set its roots deep and wide into the scanty soil by a band of 102 passengers, Dec. 11, 1620, who came in a craft whose name has name has been spoken from from the occident to the orient, to wit: the "Mayflower."

NEW ENGLAND FARM HOUSES.

It is hard to draw a picture of New England country life without making a portrait which the fancy at least of many will gift with a resemblance to their early recollections. Is there not more than one here who remembers such a place as this which is now set before him? It is an ancient looking brown house—brown with that peculiar tint that belongs to weather-stained pine, and is the natural complexion of unpainted New England houses. It fronts with two fair stories to the road; but if you take it in flank, you see that the roof runs back with a great slope to within a few feet of the ground. One huge square chimney rises through the center of the ridge pole; a tall poplar, its emulous companion, has overtopped it, and drops a few leaves every autumn into its black throat. There is the barn, of course—vast, brown, like the house, with a ring of swallow's nests, like barnacles, all around the eaves; there ought to be a swing inside, and plenty of hen's nests, and secret deposits of ripening apples in holes of the haymows. We should find them all no doubt, if we went in and knew where to look.—Ever graceful and beautiful, the well-sweep, with the clanking, iron-bound bucket, and the heavy stone, its counterpoise, stands a little back and at one side. There is the orchard—there are trees in it famous for early apples, and limbs of trees that the boys knew well for the fruit they bore; wondertully sagacious are boys in detecting a large graft on a slow tree; there are fifty men that remember fifty such boughs while I am speaking. Of course we do not forget the crooked foot path running across the lots to our neighbor's farm—that curious little solitary highway, that turns, and twists and struts aside for no concievable reason; all foot-paths in the fields look as if they had been trodden out by lovers or madmen. Not far off was the wood where the sweet fern breathed its fragrance, and the bayberry repeated it; where the checkerberry spread its aromatic leaves and berries, and the black birch imitated its flavor with its bark—so economical is New England's nature in the matter of perfumes and spiceries. If you were born and bred among such sights and sounds as these, they will never die out of your remembrance.—*Dr. Holmes.*

WASHINGTON'S TEXT BOOK.

The New York Tribune says a gentleman in that city, recently came in possession of a book which was doubtless the architect of George Washington's character. It was found in Virginia during the occupation by our troops. The book was presented to Gen. Grant, who, however, refused to accept it, but agreed to take it in trust until the owner is found. Should he not be discovered, it will be placed among the national archives. It is a small octavo volume of 472 pages. The name of George Washington is written upon it in boyish chirography, but large, bold, with every letter distinct, as in his maturer days, to which the year 1742 is added in the same hand writing. Washington was then ten years of age. The title of the book is this: "Young Men's Companion or Arithmetek Made Easy, with Plain Directions for a Young Man to Attain to read and Write True English,

with Copies of Verses for a Writing School. Instructing of Letters to Friends. Forms for Making Bills, Bonds, Releases, Wills, &c. Likewise Easy Rules for Measuring Board and Timber by the Carpenter's Plain Rule, &c. Also, Directions for Measuring, Gauging and Plotting out of Land, &c., and Taking the Distance by Quadrant and Triangle, together with a Map of the Globe and Water. Also a Map of England, together with Choice Monthly Observations for Gardening, Planting and innoculating Fruit Trees. Written by W. Mather in a Plain and Easy Style that a Young Man may Attain the same without a Tutor. Thirteenth Edition. London. Printed for S. Clark."

The Young Men's Companion opens with instructions in spelling, punctuation and composition. Selections for practice are presented from hymns, prayers and prose. Easy copies for writing, with instructions how to sit, hold the pen, and to make ink follow. Rules are laid down for writing letters on love, business and friendship, and how to begin and end a letter, with the different styles to be addressed to people of rank and plebians. Forms for all kinds of mercantile and legal papers are presented, with Powers of Attorney, Deeds and Wills. Arithmetic comes next. Surveyings, Mensurations, Navigation, Building, Gauging, Taking Observations, and Architecture, accompanied by rude drawings, have their place. Rules for behavior in company are then given, how to enter and leave the presence of nobility and rank with the order of precedence, so that a young man's manners may be well formed. Banking and Exchange follow, with rules for farming and gardening, with innoculating, as grafting was then called, the raising of flowers and fruits, and instructions for each month in a year. Receipts are given for the making of cider, wine and preserves. The book holds a medical department; and household games, tricks and pastimes are not overlooked.

FIRST USE OF PAPER MONEY IN AMERICA.

The first American colonists used pelting and wampum as substitutes for coin. In 1640, the Council in New Netherland, petitioned to raise the value of money in their colony in order to prevent its exportation. Afterward, Gov. Stuyvesant tried to introduce a specie currency and to establish a mint at New Amsterdam. New England already had her mint.

Massachusetts was the first of the colonies to use paper money. In 1690 it issued bills to the amount of seven thousand pounds to pay the soldiers engaged in the expedition against the French in Canada.—Twelve years after, Carolina issued paper money to pay her soldiers. Three or four years later, a paper money act was passed in the island of Barbadoes. A little later, in 1709, Connecticut and New York passed enactments creating bills of credit.

The low state of the currency at this time in New York was thought to arise from the fact that most of the foreign trade of the country came through Boston and other New England ports, drawing thither money and produce. In 1695 the difference between New York and sterling money was about one-fifth; in 1700 about a quarter.

The present legal rate of interest in New York (7 per cent.) was establish in 1738.

OLD-FASHIONED FUNERALS AND ORDINATIONS.

The following authentic letter from John Hancock will show how funerals were celebrated in Boston a hundred years ago :

BOSTON, February 11, 1760.

SIR: My uncle has sent some wine, two pieces of Beef fully corned, & a Cag of New England rum; he brings up with him a doz. more of Madeira wine, he supposes will be enoug, & some west India Rum & ½ doz. loaves of bread—Would have the corps put in the coffin as soon as may be for fear of the Ratts—sends the plates for coffin by bearer, with Directions on the Box and send back the Box. You have also some sugar.

What else may be wanted that will do to be there on Wednesday morning, let us know by the bearer.—There is no good Beef to roast to be had to-day, but can get some to-morrow, and if any one is coming down to-morrow would be glad if he'd call at Warehouse.

I am, dear sir, your assured friend,

JOHN HANCOCK.

The following bill, the original of which we have, was presented to the Beneficent Congregational Society, of this city, after the ordination of "Father Wilson" as colleague pastor:

Congregation Society to Tho. Jones			Dr.
1793, Oct. 15	£.	s.	d.
To 1 gall. W. I. rum for the workmen near the Parsonage House		5	6
FOR THE ORDINATION DINNER.			
To 17 bottles of sherry wine 3¾ galls. 9s....	1	13	8
To 3 quarts do. 9s		6	9
To 18 juggs old cider, 9s		4	6
To 5 bottles Jamaica spirits, 7s. 6d. gal....		8	5½
To 8 decanters wine for the Counsel at my house, 2 galls, 9s		18	
To 3 decanters Jamaica spirits, 7s. 6d. gall.		5	7½
To 2 bottles Durham mustard		2	
	£4	4	7
Deduct—			
6 juggs cider returned 1 6			
5¾ bottles wine.....11 3—		12	9
	£3	11	10
To one dollar paid lawyers..... 6			
To keeping two men.....14	1	00	00
Cherry rum, brandy, etc., etc.....	0	00	00
	£4	11	10

GOLDEN WEDDING—COL. JAMES SMITH.

Col. James Smith and wife, invited their family and the older class of their neighbors and friends, to meet at their residence, at Lyme, Ohio, September 21st, 1865, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

Of their children, five are living, a daughter and four sons, and all were present except Martin, who was in California. Grand children were also present, representing three different branches of the family. Of the friends present, twelve were more than sixty years of age, and including Colonel Smith and wife, the united ages of the fourteen were nine hundred and seventy-one years.

The company passed a pleasant afternoon, socially relating incidents of "ye olden time." After a very interesting and appropriate prayer and address by their pastor, Rev. W. T. Hart, and a kind invitation to the company by Deacon John Seymour, to meet him at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, refreshments were served, and the happy company returned to their homes. COM.

From the Springfield Republican.

FROM POMFRET, CONNECTICUT.

CELEBRATION OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST CHURCH ORGANIZATION.

Pomfret, Ct., October 27, 1856.

Everybody knows that in this ancient town Israel Putnam killed the wolf; but only a few are aware how rich is Pomfret history in incidents that have a value to every son of New England. Yesterday being observed here as the 150th anniversary of the organization of the First Church of Christ in Pomfret, the commemorative discourse on the occasion, with the historical papers, and reminiscent addresses, brought much of this interesting material to light. From these sources it is gathered that John Eliot, the Indian apostle, on his mission to the Nipmucks and Mohegans, visited eastern Connecticut while it was yet a wilderness, and "held up the cross in view of the children of the forest when their council fires were lighted within four miles of the spot upon which now stands the Pomfret church." It is more than probable that Eliot's report of the fertility and desirableness of this immediate region induced members of his Roxbury church to colonize hither, first to Woodstock and later to Pomfret.

Pomfret was settled in 1713, and, as was often true of the early Puritan communities, the good people took action in town meeting to secure a settled ministry, even before their town organization was fairly completed. Rev. Ebenezer Williams of Roxbury, having been invited to preach six months on trial, was requested before the expiration of his probationary term to settle over the new church, "the people by the little experience they have had of Mr. Williams being very well satisfied with him, finding him to be a gentleman very agreeable to them, and every way willing to accept of him for their minister." When he gave a favorable response, and the time for his ordination approached, a committee was appointed by the town "to take care that a good dinner be prepared and all things be carried on in good order," and it was voted that the ministers and messengers of the church "be entertained as much as ne necessary before the ordination at the town charge." Whether the guests had anything to eat after they had performed their day's work, does not

appear in the record. Mr. Williams was nephew of Rev John Williams of Deerfield, well known for his captivity among the Indians. One of his sons, while pastor of the church at Hadley, a member of the council which dis was missed Pres't Edwards from his Northampton pastorate. He continued nearly forty years over the church at Pomfret. The successor of Mr. Williams was Rev. Aaron Putnam of Reading, Mass. His pastorate included the years of the American revolution. John Hancock, president of the continental Congress, passed his summers in Pomfret, sitting under the preaching of Mr. Putnam and sustaining with him relations of warm personal friendship. The Pomfret community was eminently loyal and patriotic. The record of Israel Putnam is familiar to all. Besides him a considerable company of volunteers hurried to Boston after the battle of Lexington, and of these two were killed and sixteen wounded at Bunker Hill. A lieutenant of this company became famous as Col. Thomas Grosvenor, laying the foundations of the strong works at West Point, where is now the military academy, having Kosciusko as his engineer in this and other enterprises. Rev. Mr. Putnam taught as well as preached, fitting for college many young men, including some afterwards prominent in their professions, such as Rev. Dr. Sumner, of Shrewsbury, the celebrated Sam'l Dexter of Boston and Hon Wm. Prescott, father of the historian. When Mr. Putnam's voice failed, he for several years wrote out sermons regularly for his people, and had them read in their hearing on the Sabbath. He also wrote frequent messages of affection to members of his flock and and occasionally a tract for them, sending the missives around by the hand of his little grandson, who came to be known as "Mr. Putnam's Post." Rev. James Porter, fourth pastor of the Pomfret church, was active in good works. He organized the first Sabbath school, and instituted the monthly concert of prayer for missions in connection with his church and took up a collection and paid into the treasury of the American board of Commissioners for foreign missions "the first money that was collected at a monthly concert in Connecticut."

Provision for a house of worship in Pomfret was made almost as early as were arrangements for a pastor, and the votes with reference to the latter seem even more quaint and peculiar than those on the former subject. With formality and in order the dignitaries and honored citizens of the community were assigned places in the sanctuary according to their social status. At a Pomfret town meeting in 1714, when it was decided to build a meeting house, it was voted that Jonathan Belcher, Esquire, (subsequently colonial governor of Massachusetts) should "have liberty to build a pew in the meeting house next to the pulpit at the west end of it." A year later it was voted "that Lieut. Chandler shall have liberty to build a pew for himself and and family in our meeting house, at the south end between the great door and the next window." "Pew-spots" were thus assigned to a number of prominent citizens, it being "provided that they all finish their pews by the last of Sept. next, take in and cause all their families to sit there if it may be with convenience." When the notabilities were provided for, a committee was appointed to seat the rest of the congregation, it being formally declared, to prevent controversy, "that the second seat in the body of the meeting house and the fore seat in the front gallery shall be judged and esteemed equal ni dignity and the third seat of the body and the fore seat of the side gallery shall be equal; and that the

governing rule in seating the meeting house shall be the first three rates which were made in the town on the last year's list, having respect also to age and dignity." Again it was voted "that the space in the meeting house between the stairs and door be a place for boys to sit in;" that "there shall be pews built over the men's and women's stairs going up the galleries, (called "swing pews," being suspended from the ceiling); that "each seat in the front gallery shall be lengthened on the men's side and shortened on the women's side so far as that two men more may be accommodated in each seat;" and finally that "the lower half of the hind most seat in the galleries shall be fitted for and devoted to the negroes." Connecticut was more generous with religious privileges for the negro then than at present with privileges of citizenship, not being willing now to accordto the blacks even"the lower half of the hindmost seat." In the vote that Nathaniel Young should have "liberty to build a house in the highway for himself and family to sit on Sabba' days" is the first distinct mention of the "Sabba'-day houses," which were one of the peculiar institutions of New England. These houses were small buildings erected near the meeting-houses as resting places for families coming from a distance, where they could build a fire, fill their foot-stoves, and thoroughly warm themselves as preliminary to the long campaign in the unwarmed church, and where they could take their lunch during the noon intermission.

Besides Gov. Belcher, Gen. Putnam and Col. Grosvenor, already referred to, many other citizens have gone out from Pomfret to become well and widely known in other communities. Among these are found the names of Hon. Benjamin Ruggles, United States senator from Ohio; David Hall and J. Prescott Hall, of New York city; Dr. Thomas Hubbard, professor in the Yale medical school; Rev. Drs. Alexander H. and Francis Vinton, of New York; Rev. Thomas Williams of Providence, and Henry Dexter, the sculptor; and this list might be largely increased. The sons and daughters of this ancient town are widely scattered through the land, doing honor to the memory and perpetuating the virtues of their Puritan fathers in the old church on the hill-top.

The commemorative exercises yesterday were of rarest interest. The principal discourse was by Rev. W. S. Alexander, the young pastor of the church: Rev. Daniel Hunt, an ex-pastor, contributed historical papers on the pastors and meeting houses of the church. Addresses of fraternal sympathy were made by Rev. Messrs. George Soule, of Hampton, and Andrew Dunning, of Thompson, of neighboring parishes, while Rev. Messrs. C. P. Grosvenor, of Canterbury, and George N. Webber, of Lowell, Mass., gave reminiscences of their early days in the good old town. Gov. Buckingham was present and addressed the assembly, and Rev. Dr. Augustus C. Thompson, of Roxbury, Mass., gave greeting from descendants of the fathers in the parish from whence the Pomfret church came forth. At the close of the forenoon service the children of the Sabbath school had their share of the celebration, singing their beautiful hymns and listening to remarks from Messrs. David Hawley and H. Clay Trumbull, of Hartford.

Last evening there was a social reunion at the house of Col. Charles Mathewson, where the friends from abroad met each other and the Pomfret citizens in more familiar intercourse than was practicable during the day. At this gathering letters were read from invited guests who were unable to attend the celebration; also a paper from the pen of

Dexter, the sculptor, full of interesting reminiscences of his early Pomfret life. There was good old fashioned singing, led by one who was the church chorister fifty years ago. The ancient pitch-pipe was brought into requisition, and the words of the hymns were "lined" or "deaconed" off by a gray-haired singer. In this exercise the old people joined with heartiness, and there was rich melody in the trembling notes of their aged voices, as they raised the familiar strains of "Coronation" and "When I can read my title clear," just as they were accustomed to in the long gone years.

Each service and exercise of the day and evening was pleasant and impressive, and the occasion will never be forgotten by any who shared its privileges. Perhaps as striking an illustration as any the anniversary afforded of the changes the passing years produce, was found in the simple recital at the evening gathering of an old man's personal story. He was born in Pomfret, and there passed the years of his boyhood and youth. When a young man, he went westward. At that time, as he said, there were to him no strangers in Pomfret; he knew every face in the street and the dwellers in every home. For nearly fifty years he did not once visit the town; now, for the first time, he had come back to it—back to his old home—but only to find himself among strangers and with strange surroundings. He knew no face among the passers, and even the houses were nearly all changed. The very foundations of the house where he was born no longer remained. When he looked for the old church that was gone: and he saw a new church in a new place. He had thought, he said, to find the church new, but he was disappointed that it was not upreared on the old foundation. And the whipping-post and stocks which he left near the church were now missing; those he could not mourn; but he did regret the absence of the great stone horse block, which was broken up years since, and its fragments worked into the underpinning of the new church. Change! change! Everything was changed. Even those who still lived of his former associates he did not recognize and they failed to recognize him; he must be introduced to them as strangers. Sitting in the church during the day he had looked over the filled house searching vainly for familiar features; one person only he there recalled, and that was his own nephew—one whom he had left a youth, but whose hair and beard he now found silvered with age. It was in all sincerity and with touching eloquence that the old man repeated: "I am a stranger here—a stranger in my own home." The story of the flight of time, with the mutability of all that is earthly, could not have been told more impartially than in his simple narrative.

Pomfret will have a higher place henceforth in the estimation of its sons and daughters, and among other citizens of Connecticut, for the revealings of this anniversary day, as the record goes abroad, and it is well that the men of this day have made these things known, "that the generation to come may know them, even the children which shall be born, who shall arise and declare them to their children." H. C. T.

THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are gray, and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep,
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between,
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue,
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of the rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

O, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand;
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick—
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick—
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that flew
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray threw,
Ere the blossom waved, or the green grass grew,
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

GENERAL SIMON KENTON.

The following sketch of the life of the noted pioneer, Gen. Kenton, was given on the occasion of the re-interment of his remains at Urbana, in November last, by Hon. W. T. Coggshall.

He said:

The ceremonies of to-day carry us back three-quarters of a century, when what is now the rich and populous State of Ohio—the third in all the appliances of civilization in the great American Republic—was a wilderness inhabited by savages, who contended hopelessly against the encroachments of that small band of determined whites, the pioneers of the civilization of to-day. The most famous of the latter class was Gen. Simon Kenton, who died in poverty, but whose bones are to-day re-interred with distinguished honor. Let us pause, and carefully re-read the chapter in history devoted to the eventful career of this distinguished American.

Simon Kenton was born April 3d, 1755, in Culpepper county, Virginia, and in 1771, at the age of sixteen, he emigrated to Kentucky. It is related of him that from that time on until the treaty of Greenville, he was almost constantly engaged in conflicts with the Indians, and encountered greater peril, and had more narrow escapes from death than any man of his time.

One of these escapes was remarkable and certainly providential. It was in 1778, when, becoming tired of inactivity, he devised one of those disgraceful horse-stealing expeditions, so common among the whites, in retaliation for Indian wrongs. Taking with him two companions, Alex. Montgomery and Geo. Clark, he crossed the river and pushed for Chillicothe, (now in Ross county, Ohio) an Indian village. They caught six horses and started for the river, but the river ran so high they could not cross, and they concealed themselves until the following day. But though the storm had abated, the horses would not "take to the water," and they turned three of them loose, determining to push for the Falls, where there was stationed a garrison. If they had adhered to this purpose all would have been well, but their cupidity would not let them leave the three extra horses behind without further effort to carry them off. They separated, and soon the Indians were upon them. Kenton attempted the bold game of shooting his pursuers, but his gun failed him and he was taken prisoner. Montgomery was killed and scalped, while Clark alone escaped. Now commenced for Kenton a series of sufferings, the contemplation of which almost turns the heart sick, and to survive which seems almost miraculous.

He was first, like Mazeppa, lashed with stout thongs to the back of a horse. The wild animal was turned loose, and he ran furiously through the brush, which terribly lacerated the face and limbs of the poor victim; but finding he could not shake off his burden, he returned and quietly followed the cavalcade to Chillicothe. During the several days that followed the arrival at the Indian village, the prisoner had to submit to the taunts and jeers and jibes of Indian women and children, and the nights were spent standing firmly bound to a post. He was now doomed to run the gauntlet. This savage pastime is familiar to every one. Kenton had not run far between the lines before he discovered an Indian with a knife drawn ready to plunge it into him, and he suddenly broke through the lines and made with all speed for the town. He had been previously informed by a negro named Cæsar, who lived with the Indians and knew their customs, that if he could break through the Indians' lines, and arrive at the council house in the town before he was overtaken, that they would not force him a second time to run the gauntlet. But Kenton was intercepted and thrown down before he reached the goal, and was terribly beaten; then he was dragged to the council house, where, after much animated discussion, sentence of death was passed upon him. It was decided also that the place of execution should be Wapatomika, (now Zanesfield, Logan county.)

The next morning he was hurried away to the place of execution. From Chillicothe to Wapatomika they had to pass through Pickaway and Macacheek, two other Indian towns. At each he was compelled to run the gauntlet, and was severely punished. Being carelessly guarded at the latter place he attempted to to escape but was overtaken and dragged back to what he now considered his inevitable fate—death. He was removed to Wapatomika. As soon as he arrived here, the Indians of all ages and sexes crowded around him. It was here where that memorable meeting between him and the notorious Simon Girty took place. Kenton and Girty had been bosom companions at Fort Pitt and in the campaign with Lord Dunmore. But so black had the Indians painted their prisoner, that it was not until he told Girty that he was the Simon Butler once his friend, that the renegade white recognized him. Girty threw himself into Kenton's arms, embraced and wept over him—calling him his dear and esteemed friend, and promising to do everything in his power to save his life.

Girty called a new council of the Indians, and after addressing them in rough but eloquent language, he succeeded in saving the prisoner's life, and having him placed in his care. He dressed him in new clothes and for some time they roved in the wilds, boon companions again. But the hand of fate seemed against Kenton, and he was doomed to suffer more than ever before.

The Indians had been defeated by the whites in an engagement near Wheeling, and returning home they were determined to be revenged on every white man. Girty received notice to bring his friend before a grand council at Wapatomika, which he dared not disobey. When they entered the house, the Indians all rose up and shook hands with Girty, but Kenton was received with malignant scowls. A chief addressed the council in violent language, frequently turning in a menacing way towards Kenton. Girty followed in an earnest speech in behalf of his friend, appealing to them to spare his life in return for the faithfulness with which he had served their cause in fighting against his own countrymen. If they would in-

dulge him in granting his request to spare the life of this young man he would pledge himself never to ask them again to spare the life of a hated American. Several chiefs spoke in succession; and with the most apparent deliberation the council decided, by an overwhelming majority, for death. After the decision of this grand court was announced, Girty went to Kenton and embraced him very tenderly, said that he very sincerely sympathized with him in his forlorn and unfortunate situation; that he had used all the efforts he was master of to save his life, but it was now decreed that he must die; that he could do no more for him. Girty, however, persuaded the Indians to take their prisoner to Upper Sandusky, a trading post where the British paid off their Indian allies giving as a reason that the vast numbers there would be gratified in witnessing the death of the prisoner. Kenton was placed in charge of five Indians, who forthwith set off for Upper Sandusky.

On their way they passed a night at the wigwam of the celebrated chief Logan, the friend of the whites, and a brave, humane, high-minded, noble man. During the evening, Logan entered into conversation with the prisoner. The next morning he told Kenton that he would detain the party that day; that he had sent two of his young men off the night before to Upper Sandusky, to speak a good word for him. After the return of the young men the guard carried their prisoner forward, and when they arrived at the place of destination he was again forced to run the gauntlet. But Logan had done good work for him. A fourth council was held to consider what should be done with the prisoner, now nearly exhausted. A Canadian Frenchman, by the name of Peter Druyer, here appeared as Kenton's champion. He was a Captain in the British service, an interpreter, and a man of great influence among the Indians. It was to this man that Logan, with good judgment, had sent his young men to plead for Kenton's life. In his speech Druyer argued that it was the wish of the British government that not an American white should be left alive, but that strategy should be used in conducting the warfare, and that the intelligence which might be extorted from the prisoner would be of more advantage in conducting the future operations of the war, than the lives of twenty prisoners. He concluded by demanding the prisoner for the British General at Detroit, who might in future return him to be put to death. As the Indians had been to a good deal of trouble he would give them one hundred dollars in rum and tobacco. The Indians accepted the ransom, and gave up the prisoner to Druyer. Kenton was taken to Detroit and lodged in the fort as a prisoner of war. He soon recovered from the severe treatment he had undergone with the Indians, and in the following June he escaped, and after great privations rejoined his friends.

In 1802 Kenton settled in Urbana, where he remained some years and was elected a Brigadier of militia. In the war of 1812 he joined the army of Gen. Harrison, and was at the battle of Moraviantown, where he displayed great bravery. In 1820 he moved to the head of Mad river, and a few years after, at the solicitation of Judge Burnet and General Vance, a pension of $20 per month was granted him by the Government. He was very poor, and frequently wanted the necessities of life. He has been seen to walk the streets of the town barefooted, but dignified and erect as if he were the richest man in the country. He spent a good deal of his time in Kentucky, where he had many friends.

Gen. Kenton resided during the

last few years of his life in a small log house, about five miles northeast of Bellefontaine, on Mad river. He was buried on a grassy knoll, and around the grave was placed a rude picket fence. A rough stone slab bore the following inscription:

"In memory of Gen. Simon Kenton, who was born April 3, 1755, in Culpepper county, Va., and died April 29, 1836, aged 81 years and 26 days. His fellow-citizens of the West will long remember him as a skillful pioneer of early times—the brave soldier and the honest man."

It was from this place the remains have just been removed, by order of the General Assembly and Governor.

Gen. Kenton is described by his friend, Col. McDonald, as "a man of of fair complexion, six feet one inch in hight. He stood and walked very erect; and in the prime of life weighed about one hundred and ninety pounds. He never was inclined to be corpulent, although of sufficient fulness to form a graceful person. He had a soft tremulous voice, very pleasing to the hearer. He had laughing, gray eyes which appeared to fascinate the beholder. He was a pleasant, good-humored and obliging companion. When excited, or provoked to anger, (which was seldom the case,) the fiery glance of his eye would almost curdle the blood of those with whom he came in contact. His rage, when aroused, was a tornado. In his dealing he was perfectly honest; his confidence in man, and his credulity, were such that the same man might cheat him twenty times, and if he professed friendship, he might cheat him still."

The act for which Simon Kenton deserves to be longest remembered, was the impulse of a noble nature, and was performed near where he is now buried by the State. This has been well described by Judge Burnet in his letters. He states that when the troops were stationed at Urbana, a mutinous plan was formed by part of them to attack and destroy a settlement of friendly Indians who had removed with their families within the settlement, under assurance of protection. Kenton remonstrated against the measure, as being not only mutinous, but treacherous and cowardly. He contrasted his knowledge of the Indian character with their ignorance of it. He vindicated them against the charge of treachery, which was alleged as a justification of the act they were about to perpetrate, and reminded them of the infamy they would incur by destroying a defenseless band of men, women and children, who had placed themselves in their power, relying on a promise of protection. He appealed to their humanity, their honor and duty as soldiers. Having exhausted all the means of persuasion in his power, and finding them resolved to execute their purpose, he took a rifle and declared with great firmness that he would accompany them to the Indian encampment, and shoot down the first man who dared to molest them; that if they entered their camp, they would do it by passing over his corpse. Knowing that the old veteran would redeem his pledge, they abandoned their purpose, and the poor Indians were saved.

Mr. Coggshall concluded as follows:

To-day we may bear in mind with significant force that to Simon Kenton and his associates we owe the peaceful plains in which agriculture thrives; across which lines of railway and of telegraph run; on which our towns, our cities, our churches and our school houses stand. This thought is worthy of careful amplification. I can only suggest it. Take it with you, men and women of Ohio, and especially take it, young men; and from the lesson of

Simon Kenton's career, as a brave, chivalrous, patriotic and honest man, learn that true manhood alone makes fit the monumental stone and the representative statue. Take it along with the lessons which lie thick along the pathway of our nation during the memorable years in which rebellion distracted and devastated the land, and apply it to the duties which are required for restoration, for general prosperity, for the common good, for the unanimous respect of the country's flag, for pervading intelligence and high public morals.

The rest of the services were in charge of the military, under command of Col. J. B. Armstrong, of the 4th Ohio National Guards.

The line of march to Oakdale Cemetery was as follows: Music; Guard of Honor and Hearse; 4th Regiment; Speaker and Clergy; Surviving Relatives; Pioneer Association and other invited guests, on foot; Commissioners of Kenton Monument, on foot; Town Council of Urbana, on foot; Fire Companies, and other organizations on foot; Citizens on foot; Citizens in carriages.

The burial service at the grave was read by Rev. L. F. Vancleve, and it was concluded with the firing of three rounds of small arms by the escort. This part of the service, like the first, was well performed, and the whole reflects credit on the citizens of Urbana.

On the return home those in the Governor's special train organized a meeting, by appointing the Governor chairman, and Col. Godman secretary, and adopted resolutions complimenting the managers of the Columbus & Indianapolis and Central Railways.

YOUR MISSION.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
As the multitude go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver,
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand—
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Savior's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do—
When the battle-field is silent
You can go with silent tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You will find it anywhere.

From the New York Independent.

THE GENESEE COUNTRY.

NUMBER ONE.

BY REV. PHARCELLUS CHURCH, D. D.

THE MYTHICAL PERIOD.

"The Genesee Country" was, with the past generation, a general name for all lying west of the Dutch settlements on the Mohawk, to Lake Erie. The term was not then applied to accurately-defined local limits, but to an aggregation of forests, lakes, rivers, wild beasts, and Indians, of which a mythical account had been received by the New England people as early as the Revolutionary War. It was then a *terra incognita*, and soon after began to be regarded as the place of the Golden Fleece, to which emigration must make its way, if the Yankee dream of wealth would realize itself in the actual and the experimental. Even Dutch Rip Van Winkles on the Hudson began to shake off their ages of sleep, to realize the new hopes excited by the Genesee. But how to reach so remote a region was the great question. How to traverse intervening forests, pass unbridged rivers and lakes, or how to work their way through bottomless swamps and quagmires, were questions too perplexing for Dutch and even for Yankee ingenuity.

INCIPIENT MOVEMENT TO GET POSSESSION.

At length a Jason and his crew were found to undertake the pursuit, in the persons of Phelps and Gorham, two shrewd New Englanders, the one of Connecticut and the other of Massachusetts. They began their enterprise by securing a title to the country, first from the State of Massachusetts, and second from the Indians. Massachusetts held it by a grant from Charles II.

and the Indians by immemorial inheritance and occupancy. The Massachusetts claim they bought on trust for a million of dollars, and the Indians' they canceled chiefly by fair speeches and ingenious diplomacy. Phelps went to the Genesee country in 1789, called the sachems together, had a grand pow-wow at Canandaigua or at Buffalo, it is not quite certain which, the result of which was the signing of a deed conveying all the land from Seneca to Lake Erie, between Pennsylvania on the south and Lake Ontario on the north, to the said Phelps and Gorham, their heirs and assigns forever. This document was signed by fifteen or twenty sachems, and is still on file in the register's office at Canandaigua—a suggestive document, the first of the kind, probably, in the Genesee country. Each chief signed with his mark—Red Jacket among the rest, who lived to deplore the act, and to hate the race who had wheedled his people out of their country and their fathers' sepulchers—

"Lo, the poor Indian."

WORK AND OWNERSHIP.

Still, the decrees of Providence are thereby fulfilled, assigning the reward to the ten occupied rather than to the one unoccupied talent. As the Indians had made little out of a country which was capable of so much, their talent was taken from them and consigned to those who had the ten, that thus idleness and work might each have its appropriate reward. Those who *use* God's gifts are certainly better entitled to them than those who *abuse* them. The fee simple of a country belongs to those who cultivate it, in preference to those who leave it uncultivated. One thing seems to me clear, however, that the Indians had a better title than the one derived from King Charles, who gave away what was in no possible sense his own. They ought to have had the million of dollars rather than Massachusetts.

Whatever defect may be detected in the original conveyance, one thing is certain: the actual occupants of the country have, by means of labor, added, during the past seventy years, a thousand-fold to its value, and have thus made good their claim in a way most of all deserving of the respect of mankind. Indeed, I hold that the *meum*, or right of possession in a country, or in landed property, is based chiefly in labor, and no claim ought to come in between the emigrant and the farm which he reduces from the wilderness of Nature to a state of cultivation. To my certain knowledge, many a hard-working pioneer has been driven from the acres which he had subdued by his own hands, because he could not save enough out of the proceeds of his labor to pay off the fictitious claims which others set up to the soil he had cultivated. If there is anything righteous in legislation, it is in our late Homestead Act of Congress, giving to actual settles, not the land, but the enjoyment unmolested of their actual rights. The land is theirs of right, and this act sanctions and sustains the claim.

HOW THE SPECULATION FAILED.

The original purchasers of the Genesee country, great as the bargain was, did not make money out of it, owing to the lack of capital to turn it to their own advantage. Both of them, we believe, died insolvent. Of the more than 3,000,000 acres included in it, they set off about 90,000 to satisfy certain claimants on the North River, of which one of the Livingstons was a representative; and 2,000,000 more they sold to Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, a name of Revolutionary notoriety, and on this immense sale

they got only two cents an acre over what the land cost them. They gave six cents an acre, and Morris paid them eight cents. This left them with less than a million of acres in their own right, which they appear to have disposed of at such forced sales as to leave them but a small margin of profits over their accruing expenses in various ways.

THE EARLY SETTLEMENT.

Still, Phelps and Gorham are entitled to great credit for the impulse which they gave to emigration, and well deserve the honor of having each an important township called after his name. They began this emigrant movement in 1789, and within eleven or twelve years they had laid the foundation for that important limb of our country which we call Western New York. Geneva and Canandaigua were the first points at which they broke ground, the one at the foot of Seneca (or Seneka, as spelled in the original deed of conveyance,) and the other of Canandaigua lake; two of the most beautiful sheets of water to be met with in our country.

A gentleman now living informs me that he emigrated to Canandaigua with his young wife in 1803, and found on the way one or two log-houses at Utica, about as many at Auburn, a considerable cluster of buildings at Geneva, and also at Canandaigua, where he has resided ever since. In a journey to Canada that same year, he found a log-house at Bloomfield, one at Leroy, one or two in Batavia, and beyond Batavia, he rode eighteen miles through the woods, when he came to another, a tavern, which he abandoned in the night for fear of being robbed, and rode many miles through the snow, when he came to a log-hut, of which a man and his wife had just taken possession, and to save himself from freezing he slept in the same and only bed of his kind host and hostess. The next day he reached Buffalo, where he also found but one house. These are suggestive facts, showing that the sites of our most opulent cities and richest farming sections, over an area of hundreds of miles in a country now deemed comparatively old, were sixty-two years ago, a waste, howling wilderness.

THE COUNTRY ATTRACTING SETTLERS.

Few countries in the world offered greater inducements to emigration than the Genesee. Its forests were many of them beautiful, its soil rich and easily tilled, its climate salubrious, and its capacity for fruit-bearing unlimited. Its peach-trees would blossom the second year from the stone, and bear the third. This was true in particular cases, if not as a general thing. So abundant was this fruit sixty or seventy years ago, that cart-loads might be had for the gathering. Indeed, there was almost no market for it, and the farmers might as well give it away as not. The apple-treess were equally luxurient, though of slower growth. Western New York is to this day the great source of fruit-supply in all the varieties common to the climate. The Genesee wheat for many years had the highest place in the market. We cannot wonder, therefore, that these facts, becoming known and acknowledged, should have stimulated immigration. The western movement of population in the free states first set in this direction, and it was long before it began to look for homes in Ohio and at other remoter points. Even to this day agriculture has found no better resting-place.

THE GAIN TO THE COUNTRY FROM NEW INVENTIONS.

The causes which have made Western New York, however, are not

in itself nor in its local industry, but in the new channels of commerce and locomotion which have been opened through it. The canal, railroad, and telegraph have made it what it is. Its products for thirty or forty years after its settlement would hardly pay the cost of getting them to market. Carting a bushel of wheat to Albany was about as much as it was worth, nor could the soft roads endure the wear of teams enough to carry a tenth part of what the country was capable of producing, to a distant market. Hence, the products of the country had but a nominal value, except for the use of its inhabitants, merchandise was dear, and the best farms could be bought for ten or fifteen dollars per acre.

But as soon as the Erie canal was opened all values rose tenfold, and the country became at once rich and opulent. Wild lands were rapidly cleared, population poured in from all quarters, cities and towns multiplied on all hands, and the Genesee country of earlier years became the proud empire of Western New York.

Soon after the great thoroughfares through the country were opened came labor-saving machinery in agriculture, to facilitate and cheapen cultivation, and to give a new impetus to production and wealth. We of the city, who accept what is brought, as Elijah did the offering of the ravens, have little idea of the source whence it comes, or how much invention has to do with supplying our daily wants. It is scarcely a quarter of a century since our reapers, mowers, drills, rakers, and various agricultural machines came into use, and yet it is safe to calculate that our country is a century in advance of what it would have been if it had been left to the farming-tools in use when I was a boy. Then it took a whole winter to beat out with the flail the grain that may now be threshed in a single day. Then the mowing and reaping which it took a dozen men a week or two to do is now done up in a day or two by half the number of laborers. The effect of these farming facilities is to distribute laborers over a much wider extent of country, and the hands which under the old syestem would have been required on the farms of Western New York are cultivating the forests and prairies of the Far West, or working the mines, or performing other tasks equally important to the aggregate of our national wealth. No country is situated to reap so many advantages from improved locomotion and labor-saving machinery as our own, because our demand for labor is greater and our spaces to be traversed in reaching a market are more extended. Our capacity for labor might be increased a hundred fold, and yet our fields and opportunities for its profitable occupation would be unexhausted. Western New York is not the only or even the chief section of our country to be benefited by invention; the prairie States are no doubt in advance of it. Those vast natural meadows, which it was thought impossible a few years ago to settle, on account of a lack of wood, water, and stones, are now in rapid progress of conversion into magnificent farms, through the influence of railroads and agricultural implements. These inventions give us a power we little dreamed of forty years ago, to fulfill our appointed task of subduing the earth, and no people so much needed these auxiliaries as we, because none had so much to do and so few to do it.

I speak with the more enthusiasm on this subject, from seeing what this country now is, under its new modes of labor, and comparing it with what I remember of it years ago. Then everything moved with snail-like pace, now with race-horse speed.

Then to talk of threshing, and winnowing and putting into bags twenty acres of wheat in a single day, all ready for market, would have been deemed insane and fabulous as an Arabian Night's tale; now it is spoken of as the most ordinary thing imaginable. So used have we become to the new order of things as to forget the old, and we need to be reminded of it by such scribblers as I am, that we may be provoked to say, "What hath God wrought?" What is more, improvement has by no means reached its goal; but from past achievements we are led to anticipate greater things to come. As some one said of New York, he could not tell what it would be when it was finished, so we cannot tell what this world will become when Divine influence, working through human intelligence and labor, has achieved its ultimate results. It must become, even without miracle, greater, and, we hope, better and happier than ever before.

THE MINUTE MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

FROM ANNALS OF WILBRAHAM, MASS.

"General Gage, commander of the British troops in Boston, had determined to get possession of the ammunition and arms of the Province, which he heard were stored at Lexington and Concord.

On the night of the 18th of April, the troops stole out of Boston, hoping to reach Lexington without being discovered, but the concerted signal flashed from the spire of the New North Church, and Paul Revere was instantly on his way from Charleston to Lexington, rousing the inhabitants on the road, so that when Major Pitcairn, who led the advance of the troops, reached the Common, he found the 'minute men' of Lexington drawn up in arms before him. He ordered them to disperse. They stood their ground. He ordered his men to fire. That volley opened the Revolutionary War. Couriers were despatched on the fleetest horses to arouse the people everywhere, and carry the flaming torch of alarm through the country.

On the 20th, we may suppose just as the sun was passing the meridian, a rider was seen coming down the Bay Road at full speed, his horse dripping and smoking with sweat, who barely checked his pace before

Samuel Glover's door, and announced the fight, calling upon the 'minute men' to hasten to the rescue. He was off and out of sight on his way to Springfield, in a moment. Blood had been shed!

Glover mounts his horse and rides as he never rode before, down by Jones' and Bliss', calling them to come on as he goes. Brewer and Merrick, and Warriner, the Captain of the minute men, rush in from the field. The long roll is beaten by Charles Ferry, so that the mountain answers it from Oliver Bliss' to Noah Stebbins.' Merrick mounts his horse and flies down the west road to the Hitchcocks, and the Stebbinses, the Chapins, and the Langdons by the Scantic. Burt tells his most vigorous son to cross the mountains by Rattle Snake Peak, as swift as the winds ever swept over them, and rouse the Crockers, the Cones, the Russells, the Kings, and to stay not his speed till all the men of the South Valley, from the corner to Isaac Morris' were summoned to the march; then to return without delay along the east road, by the Chaffees, Hendricks and Carpenters, and over the mountains by Rev. Noah Merrick's home. It was done as quick and as well as said. 'Edward,' said Isaac Morris to his son, your father, Mr. President, 'bring the horse.' And as soon as he had slung his powder horn over his shoulder, put his bullets into his pocket, and taken down his trusty gun from its hooks, the faithful steed was at the door. Breathing a prayer for his heroic wife, standing by in speechless submission, he was off at full speed on the track of young Burt, and passing up the same road, Comfort Chaffee and Jesse Carpenter joined him and rode for the mountain, while Enos Stebbins and Asa Chaffee from south of the Scantic, rushed over to William King's, and together up the middle road, taking Ezekiel Russell and Rowland Crocker in company, and all joined those coming up the west road and over the mountain, at a barn then standing near the site of the present school-house on the Main street.

Before the mountain ceased to glow with that day's departing sun, thirty-four men, with the blessing of their wives and the prayers of the fathers who were too old to go into battle, were on the 'Great Bay Road,' hastening on their way to defend, and, if need be, to die for their rights. But the 'red coats' had returned to Boston in fewer numbers and more rapidly than they left it, and our 'minute men' returned after ten days to the quiet and security of their own homes. Such was the 'Lexington alarm.'"

A STARTLING SCENE IN CHURCH.

There were many thrilling scenes in the New England churches during the Revolutionary War. The following one occurred in Sharon, Connecticut, under the ministry of Rev. Cotton Mather Smith. It is found in Headley's "Chaplains of the Revolution."

Mr. Smith one Sunday took for his text a part of Isaiah xx, 11—12:—"Watchman what of the night? The watchman saith, the morning cometh." The question in the first part of this passage had been the daily, almost hourly, inquiry for nearly a month, of every one of the congregation, and hence its appropriateness was keenly felt, but the startling announcement, "The morning cometh," took them by surprise, and they could not at first comprehend its significance, nor how it could be adapted to the present gloomy prospect. Had he heard any good news? What had happened that he could say so confidently "The morning cometh."

No, he had nothing new to tell them, only to proclaim over again his unshaken confidence in God's promises. He did not attempt to conceal or lessen the calamities that had befallen the country, nor deny that a fearful crisis was at hand. He acknowledged that to human appearance "clouds and darkness were round about God's throne," but said that the eye of faith could pierce the gloom. The throne was there, though wrapped in impenetrable darkness. In all the disasters that had successively overwhelmed them he traced the hands of God, and declared that to his mind, they clearly indicate some striking interposition of Divine Providence about to take place in their behalf. Man's extremity had come, and now was the time for him to make bare his arm for the delivery of the people.

Prophet-like, kindling with the vision on which the eye of his faith rested, he boldly dropped the general subject of God's faithfulness, and told his astonished hearers that he believed they were on the point of hearing extraordinary news of victory by our arms. He would not wait for an indefinite future to prove his faith to be well founded—he was willing to bring it to the test of the present. They might judge whether he was right or wrong, for, said he, "the morning now cometh, I see its beams already gilding the mountain tops, and you shall soon behold its brightness bursting over the land."

One cannot imagine the effect of such language uttered by the minister of God in such a time of doubt and suspense. He ceased, and as he closed the Bible and exclaimed, "Amen! so let it be," a silence, profound and death-like rested upon the audience. Each one seemed to feel as if an invisible presence was there and some weighty announcement was just at hand.

Suddenly the deep hush was broken by the distant clatter of a horse's

hoof along the road. The sharp and rapid strokes told of swift riding and urgent haste. They knew at once what it meant. For days and weeks their eyes had strained up the streets that led northward to catch sight of the messenger of good or evil tidings that was hourly expected.

He had come at last, and as nearer, clearer rang the sound of that gallop on the listening ear, each looked in mute and earnest inquiry into his neighbor's face. Right on through the place, straight for the meeting-house, darted the swift rider, and drawing rein at the door, leaped from the saddle, and leaving his foam-covered steed unattended, strode into the main aisle. On the deep silence that filled the building like a sensible presence, his armed heel rang like the blows of a hammer. As he passed along a sudden paleness spread over the crowd of faces turned with a painful eagerness toward him. But looking neither to the right hand nor the left, the dread messenger passed on, and mounting the pulpit stairs handed the pastor a letter.

Notwithstanding the good man's faith his hand trembled and an ashy hue overspread his face as he reached out to receive it. "Burgoyne has has surrendered!" were the first words that met his eye. He staggered under them as under a blow. The next moment a radience like that of the morning broke over his countenance, and he burst into tears. Rising to read the incredible tidings, such a tide of emotion flooded his heart that he could scarcely utter them aloud. The audience sat for a moment overwhelmed and stupefied, then as their pastor folded his hands and turned his eyes toward heaven in thankful prayer, impelled by a simultaneous movement, they fell like one man on their knees and wept aloud. Sobs, sighs, and fervently uttered "Amens" were heard on every side attesting the depth of their gratitude and the ecstacy of their joy. "The morning had come bright and glorious, and its radience filled all the heavens."

SOMETHING ABOUT PIONEER OHIO.

The following facts concerning the early history and settlement of Ohio, were published by the *Journal* on the occasion of the visit of the Cincinnati Pioneer Association to the Capital of our State:

The territory now comprised within the limits of this State, was formerly a part of the immense central tract owned by the French and called Louisiana. In the year 1748 a company of Frenchmen, calling themselves the "Ohio Company," established a few fur trading posts along the Maumee, although the title to the land of the State was yet unsettled between them and the English. In 1749 the English built a trading house on the Great Miami at a place since called Lorain's Store. Christopher Giot, an agent of this company, appointed to examine Western lands, also made a visit to this river in the same year, and called

on the Twigtrees tribe. The French hearing of the English settlers among these Indians, in 1752 sent a force to route them, in which transaction the *first white blood was shed in Ohio!*

The tribes of the Shawnees and Delawares being hostile, Col. Boquet,* in 1764, marched from Fort Pitt, Pennsylvania, into the heart of the State, and by prudence and skill effected an honorable treaty with the savages.

The next war with the Indians, in 1774, is commonly called Lord Dunmore's war. A severe battle was fought at Wapatomico, above Zanesville on the Muskingum, and one at Point Pleasant, on the Ohio, which ended the war.

In 1779 an expedition was planned against the native Shawnees, and their village, Chillicothe, on the Little Miami, near the site of Xenia, burned. The "Coshocton Campaign" was an unimportant demonstration on the Muskingum in 1780. There were several other invasions of unimportance about this time. In 1786, that of Col. Logan Edwards in 1787, and Todd in 1788.

Moravian missionaries were in Ohio as early as 1762. Ninety-four of the Moravian Indians were murdered in the limits of Tuscarawas county in 1782 by a party of Americans under Col. Williamson.

By act of Parliament in 1774, all this territory, known as the North Western Territory was made a part of the province of Quebec. In 1788, the claim of England to the North Western Territory was signed to the United States.

The first purchase of land and settlement in Ohio of a permanent character was in 1788, at Marietta, in honor of which the present anniversary is held. Previous to this, there had been an attempt for settlement at the mouth of the Scioto, by four families from Pennsylvania, but difficulties with the Indians defeated their enterprise.

The same year that Marietta was settled, Congress appointed Gen. St. Clair Governor of the territory. The *second* settlement in the State was at the mouth of the Little Miami, five miles above Cincinnati.

A *third* settlement was made on the celebrated "French Grant" at Gallipolis, early in 1791. The Connecticut reservation, along the Cuyahoga, was partially settled in the year 1800 by about 1,000 inhabitants.

General Harmer's unsuccessful expedition against the Indians, undertaken from Fort Washington, now in the limits of Cincinnati, occurred in the year 1790. This was followed by St. Clair's still more disastrous campaign in 1791. Gen. Wayne, in 1794 wiped out these disgraceful defeats, by a successful attack on the Indians at the rapids of the Maumee. This victory was speedily followed by a peace honorable to the whites.

Hamilton, the second county to Washington, was erected in 1790. The name of the settlement opposite the Licking was at that time called *Cincinnati*. In 1796 Wayne county was established, and Adams county, 1797.

The first meeting of the territorial legislature was on the 24th of September, 1799. Number of acts passed—thirty-seven! The convention to form a constitution, assembled at Chillicothe, November 1, 1802. Under this constitution, the first General Assembly met March 1, 1803, (over 60 years ago.)

* The house of Col. Boquet, built just outside of old Fort Pitt, is still standing in Pittsburg, on an obscure street on the "Point," near the Freight Depot of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. It is of brick, square, and erected in antique style, with portholes for musketry under the eaves.

INDEX TO VOL. VII.

ERRATA.

Page 10, 1st col., 6th line, after "Wayne," read "was read by the Secretary."
Page 87, 2d col., 22d line, read "Warren" for "Huron."
Page 47, 1st col., 7th line, for "to surface," read "to the surface."