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A Twentieth Century American Frontier

By Bowe Miller

That the civilization of America is the civilization of the frontier is an often reiterated historical fact. We know of course that factors other than of the frontier have had great influence in forming our American life, but certain of our most important traits are survivals of frontier life. Respect for the individual, love of independence, our equalitarian philosophy, high regard for woman and the home, our national disregard for law—these and others we have inherited from our frontier past. To understand, then, our history and our culture we must study the frontier.

THE UNCHANGED APPALACHIAN REGION.

Although the ever advancing conquest of the West is over, and our national boundaries have long since been reached, there is, in the Southeastern Appalachian region a country which for 200 years has remained practically unchanged during the conquest of a continent, and has been largely forgotten in the rush for fairer fields and easier livelihoods. In this article the writer confines his comments to the portion of the region contained within the boundaries of three mountain counties of the State of Kentucky viz: Perry, Knott, and "bloody" Breathitt. Here indeed may be found to best advantage and in close proximity the frontier life of the Mountain People and the ever advancing encroachments of the new industrial South. Let us turn then to an examination of this region, its topography, its people, and its life, for we will find there many elements of the frontier of 200 years ago.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF EASTERN KENTUCKY

This region is mountainous though not with lofty peaks. It appears to have been a suddenly uplifted plateau carved into sharp knoblike mountains by a young drainage system, and today is a maze of steep hillsides and sluggish creeks, which have cut narrow valleys or hollows between the surrounding hills. There are no large rivers. The North fork of the Kentucky river winds its way among the steep hills of Knott and Perry counties, and Troublesome Creek affords the chief drainage for Breathitt county. The absence of large rivers, the steep descent of the watershed, the frequent freshets and the difficulty of travel due to the peculiar topography of this region has produced an unavoidable isolation for the Kentucky mountaineers. The "hollers" are the only places in which to live, the creeks are both the

roads and waterways—the highways in dry weather and the drainage system in wet. Other roads there are, but not in the modern sense, since they are scarcely superior to and often a part of the creek bottom roads. We have then a mountainous area composed of a series of narrow valleys and bottom lands isolated from each other and from the outside world. Very recent years have witnessed the invasion of the Railroads and Highways due to the economic exploitation of the coal deposits, but the back country remains the same,—rough, and inaccessable, a hard place to live, but rich in opportunities for study of the characteristics of these Mountain people in which we are interested.

THE ANCESTRY OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

We can but sound the voice of Theodore Roosevelt in his "Winning of the West" in which he wrote, "The backwoodsmen were Americans by birth and parentage and of mixed race, but the dominant strain in their blood was that of the Presbyterian Irish, the Scotch Irish as they are often called,****** it is doubtful if we have wholly realized the importance of the part played by that stern and virile people******the pioneers of our people in their march westward." The Appalachian mountaineer of today is from this Scotch-Irish stock,—pure Scotch-Irish,—after two centuries in his mountain hollows. Combs, Caudill, Privett, Deaton,—these are a few of the Elizabethan names which portray their blood. Many of those names are on the revolutionary army lists. Families bearing the same names today live in these mountain homes, and, in spite of alterations in the race due to environment and intermarriage, typify the frontier stock of 200 years ago.

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS AND DOMESTIC LIFE

The mountaineer is tall, raw-boned, frequently handsome, slow of motion and tireless. He performs the hardest kind of labor over long periods of time, and suffers the hardships of his existence with the fearless courage of the frontier man. He knows no other way of life and enjoys his isolated independence.

His home is in many cases the one room log cabin of his ancestors. It is often windowless but usually contains the beautifully wrought stone fireplace and chimney carved from native stone. The steep hillsides and fertile bottom lands yield him his small crops, which he carries in his saddle bags, on mule or horse into town or mining camp to trade for necessities not obtainable at home. Barter is his usual method of exchange and the writer has experienced difficulty in making change for him in money or scrip, so ignorant is he of our units of monetary value, so suspicious of the strange ways of the foreigner.

PRESERVATION OF THE FRONTIER DUE TO ISOLATION

Isolation is a major element of the frontier; civilization is dependent on the contacts of the group, and it is isolation which has preserved the frontier in these mountains. Isolation makes the individual dependent on his own hands and labor for survival. Just as this was so in the clearing of 1734 so is it true in the mountain hollow of 1934.

MOUNTAINEERS REBEL AGAINST INDUSTRIAL DISCIPLINE

It is nearly impossible to demonstrate to the mountaineer who has turned coal miner the necessity of cooperation, of keeping definite working hours and having definite tasks. No amount of talk or discipline will fully convince him that he cannot do his work when and as he pleases, and that he must submit to the authority of his "boss man." Centuries of independence and individual initiative are so ingrained into him that he will go or come, work or "lay off" when and as he pleases. He is individualism and inde-

pendence raised to the highest power,—two of his most noticeable frontier qualities. He will work long and hard when he so desires, but will hold out tenaciously against enforced authority to the bitter end. The love of independence and the individualistic cast of American civilization have their roots in just such a philosophy as this mountaineer today believes and practices.

THE HOME, THE FAMILY AND THE CLAN

The unit of frontier life was the home, and so also the home, the family and the clan own the sole allegiance of the mountain man today. The ideal of the home is the mountaineer's only allegiance, and America's worship of home and private property came from just such homes as these. The European concept of the dowry and of marriage is unknown. The mountaineer at maturity marries a fifteen year old girl amid much rough dancing, drinking, and frontier celebration. They build their cabin and set up housekeeping as soon as bed, cow, and plot of land are made available. Then like their frontier ancestors these young ones settle down to the business of home making. They have children, many of them, and at forty-five the wife is an old, old woman, her mission in life completed, looking for a well-deserved rest in the next world. She labors with her man in the steep hillside corn fields, often makes all the clothing for the family, cooks assiduously the meal of corn bread and beans, smokes her pipe, and considers life not at all bad. She is the center of her home and of her civilization. The enviable position of the women of America today is due in great part to just such frontier women as these and to their economic and social activities.

NEIGHBORLY AND HELPFUL IN SPITE OF ISOLATION

Yet there is some group contact. In frontier days far distant neighbors—while still maintaining their isolation and independence—aided willingly in the clearing of another's land, in the succor of the sick, and this loose but friendly cooperation is found in these mountains today. If Mary Deaton is in child birth the whole female population for miles around congregates in her room. It is true that the emotional factor in their otherwise drab and uneventful lives plays a part in their solicitude for Mary, but at the same time this willing cooperation as well as the emotional factor are both frontier traits. When Mary and her husband were married the same neighbors aided at the clearing of their land and the raising of their cabin. This cooperation and friendly dependence operates also in the hospitality of these homes. The isolated human lives unto himself, but his precarious isolation makes him solicitous for the stranger and the homeless.

TREATMENT OF STRANGERS

He treats the stranger with suspicion of the most intense sort, and resents any intrusion on his privacy, but at the same time entertains great curiosity about such foreigners and the strange outside world from which they come. And so it is with these mountain people. It gives one a most peculiar feeling, in traversing the creek road of a mountain community, to be the focal point of the indiscernible faces and intense expressionless eyes. The white sport shoes of the writer on one occasion nearly upset their equilibrium and for a momentt threatened to bring upon his head the condemnation of all the assembled "hard shell" Baptists.

When once the stranger has been accepted however, or even recognized to be harmless, he meets with a hearty frontier hospitality. If he but takes kindly to the most minute questioning on his personal life, his home, his habits, age, state of matrimony, number of childreñ, etc., he will be given willingly all that lies in their power. Bed, food, guidance,—all are his for the asking, and any proffer of money in return is resented. The sudden though fleeting riches of coal boom days have largely eliminated this frontier

generosity from those who have contact with the new industrial South, and have substituted traits of meanness and avarice in their place, but the back country remains the same; the good frontier traits still exist.

We must not exaggerate this sense of communal feeling and generosity, however. Like the pioneer our friend has battled and beaten the elements of nature. He is still his own master and resents intrusion of any sort. And this brings up another point. His very individualism makes for a peculiar type of morality and religion.

THE RELIGION OF THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER

The mountaineer is often considered immoral. I think this is an incorrect interpretation. Frequently he is unmoral, but like the frontier man he maintains a sturdy individualism in even his moral life. His religion—originally nonconformist — has changed to a nonconformist "hard shell" Baptist cult. The "preacher" is seldom educated, frequently unable to read from the Bible from which he nevertheless quotes so often. The religion is based presumably on the teachings of Christ and the Bible. The teachings of that book are observed with great care, but the spirit of its laws does not receive the same careful attention. In reality their highly emotional religion is similar to that found at the revival meetings of the pioneer days. Religion to these people deals with ethics and sin in name only. There is no fine conformity to a code of elevated ethics. There is much talk of sin, hell fire, and the golden streets of Heaven which results in momentary emotional effluvia, but the mountaineer is too much of an individual to be bound by this on normal occasions. One group of "foreigners," friends of the writer, after much labor laid out a two hole golf course along a creek bottom only to have their game rudely interupted one Sunday by rifle fire. The "hard shell" Baptists in the surrounding hills proposed to stop such sacrilege as playing on Sunday, but their well directed shots fail to show any moral or religious objection to committing murder to attain their end. Religion then, in the absence of intelligent ethics is largely an emotional outlet. To their stormy services, sing-song speeches, moaning voices, and swaying bodies, may be compared the frontier revival meetings with all the attendant emotional excesses of those occasions. Religion to the mountaineer is a means, unrealized by him of course, of relieving the pent up emotions of his drab existence and of propitiating the adverse acts of a very intimate and naturalistic Jehovah. The writer was told of one preacher who hastened the death of his ten year old daughter, so unconsciously hungry was he for the emotional excitement of her funeral. This statement is made on good medical authority. The man was in search of a spillway for his pent up emotions. In his demands on religion and in the character of his services the mountaineer of this region is a close counterpart of his frontier ancestor.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE MOUNTAINEER

In making a comparison of a present with a past generation, speech and language assume very great importance. The days of our early discovery were the days of Frobisher, Drake, and Raleigh. Those were the days of merrie England, of Elizabeth and Shakespeare. It is a long call from those distant times to a hollow in Knott county, but the connection exists. When we speak of Elizabethan virtues we include resourcefulness and poetry—both of which are found in these mountains today. But the most convincing connection between the mountain man and the Elizabethan Age and merrie England is found in a comparison of speech. For example, Shakespeare said "holp" for **helped** and so also did Chaucer. The mountaineer continues this by saying "fotch" as preterite for **fetched**. Spencer wrote "loud he yelded." Today we find the "ed" ending used on such words as "throwed," "growed," "knowed." The mountaineer says "fur" for **far** with Sir Philip Sidney and "furder" for **farther** with Lord Bacon. With good Chaucerian precedent he forms many plurals by adding es as in his use of **postes, beastes, frostes, ghostes**, and a cow called **contrarious** by some irate mountaineer is doing so

on the authority of no less a literary figure than Milton himself. Indeed when a man is **afeared** of the aforementioned **ghostes** he says "afeared" in the idiom of Lady Macbeth. When a mountain mother tells her daughter to **swinge** (singe) the chicken she gives these directions in the idiom of Spencer who wrote, "the scortching flame sore swinged all his face," and indeed the queen-mother of Henry VII wrote **seche** for **such** as did Nash and Beaumont. The mountaineer in his language is heir to no mean heritage, and when the writer was informed on one occasion, when applied to for money, that the previous days food had been **wasted** he was surprised at this frankness but some months afterwards corrected this impression when he learned that Celia, in "As You Like It," used this same word to mean **used up** and not wasted in the modern sense at all. When we consider how rich our idiom is in words coined in long ago frontier communities, and the deadness of our present day speech, we consider with respect the remnants of a speech still in a formative period, not yet congealed and fossilized into grammar. Nor are the mountain people as careless in their speech as are some more civilized portions of our land. When one woman was asked, "Was your new baby a boy?" she replied, "Yes, hit was a boy,—and hit still is." And by the way **hit** is good Chaucer. And so it goes. Everywhere in the speech of these people we find relics of the frontier and "merrie England."

THE BALLADS OF MERRIE ENGLAND

The mountain people, however, have another cultural tie with the centuries and with the frontier. The hardy frontiersman moved West with his household belongings, his speech, and something else of great value which he left in the keeping of his Kentucky mountain decendants. In the Elizabethan ballad, (the English and Scotch song of the common people), our studious men at the seats of learning have long been interested. Much time and energy have been spent in the study and collection of these songs, which have sprung from the hearts of a people and have been handed down by word of mouth for many generations. We, the progressive and elect of our race, have long since forgotten our duty to this heritage, and in the mountains only may be found preserved on this continent an important cultural achievement of our race. As we pass a mountain cabin the sing-song tune which we hear is accompanied by words which tell of the heroes of a race, the race from which the singer himself comes, and indeed in his simple heart the hero of which he sings is one of his ancient kin or the friend of his ancestor—a hero long since gone from the scenes of his triumphs, but whose deeds have been sung for centuries. These were the ballads of merrie England; they were sung on the first frontier and succeeding ones; they are sung in these hills today. These old English ballads are mostly in Scottish form, changed by time but essentially the same. In "The Turkish Lady" Thomas a' Becket has changed to Bateman, but still "half of all Northumberland belongs to him." In Lord Thomas and Fair Elender the Chaucerian phrase, "rede me a riddle" still survives. The most popular and famous ballad is "Barbara Allen," and, although the mountain season is much later, it still retains in the first line a mention of that most famous English season, "all in the merrie month of May." There are more—The Two Sisters," "The Gypsie Laddie," "The Green Willow Tree," "The Demon Lovers." They are only of interest here to point out an intimate cultural similarity to the frontier.

ECONOMIC LIFE OF THE MOUNTAINEER

And now to turn to a more materialistic subject. Some mention has been made of economic life, but so important a subject should be more fully developed. The relics of the frontier are no more in evidence than here. Like the frontiersman the main economic life is upon and derived from the land. The ax is no longer heard along the Ohio, and sounds only in industrial logging camps, but here in the mountains men and women are still using the ax to clear the land and build their cabins. The log cabin is a familiar sight and stumps in the clearing an everyday one. The sound of the frontier ax

has not vanished from the land. Hunting and trapping still hold a large and important place in the economic order, and furs for home use, wild turkey and squirrel for food, are important. In more civilized sections a gun is never seen, but in the hills many carry old rifles or revolvers on all occasions and for useful purposes.

The main means of sustenance is agriculture. Small truck gardens, corn fields on hillsides so steep that "the horse must be tied to a stump higher up the hill to keep him from falling down;" these are the sources of food for the family and mash for the moonshine. The food is simple. Corn, beans, an occasional meat and the ever present whiskey form the staple diet,—certainly a frontier fare and a frontier standard of living. The mountaineer's household furniture, tools, etc., are usually of frontier style and homemade. The hand loom is found in nearly every cabin and the stone hand mill is by no means a thing of the past. Often a tub mill is found in the nearest stream, made after the best frontier models. Even today it is no strange sight to see a yoke of patient oxen attached to a wooden plow working on the hillside. Many horseshoes and plow points "bulltongues" as they are called—are made over crude forges. The furniture in the cabin is often homemade. Rustic tables, split baskets and split bottom chairs are made by these people, and such baskets are embellished with the gayest colors made from their own formula of ooze, bark and wood coloring; many bed springs are of rope. Many make their own shoes and nearly all the stockings are knit at home. Leather is often tanned behind the cabin; harness, "gears," saddles are manufactured at home by the light of crude oil lamps. The mountaineer grinds his corn meal at home or at the little mountain mill; his flour is ground at a river mill often some distance away. He carries his grist over his saddle and returns with the flour. He obtains his bacon by raising a few hogs or "razorbacks," and a great deal of his meat he gets from hunting. In the fall sorghum becomes the great home industry, and to see the patient horse or ox turning the press recalls primitive frontier life indeed. One could go on. The mountaineer like the frontiersman is his own farmer, trapper, hunter, carpenter, shoemaker, wagoner, craftsman, and undertaker. His survival in a hard and primitive world depends upon himself alone.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS

The social life of the mountaineer like that of the frontiersman centers in the home and on the rare occasion of general gathering. These gatherings are the same which gave to the frontier its chances for social intercourse. The marriage has been mentioned. It is an opportunity for dancing, merry-making, much hard drinking, and not a little fighting,—often with sad results. The happy couple are the butts of much crude joking and good natured teasing. The birth of a child is another such social function, but probably the greatest occasion for social intercourse is at a funeral. Often those who die in winter when the roads are impassible are kept unburied until spring. The relatives of the deceased notify the countryside for miles around of the funeral date and prepare to "bed down" and feed a multitude of people. On the day of the funeral the guests flock in, on horse and mule, in wagons and carts, and in spite of the solemnity of the occasion it takes on more of the appearance of a feast than a funeral. The actual burial is preceeded by a procession rife with the most ecstatic wails and groans, and the eulogies over the dead are many and long, one after another person with the "gift of tongue" screaming and moaning out in a sing-song manner the last words over the deceased. But life must and does go on, and there follows the funeral proper a period of quiet jollity and feasting together with ample washes of corn whiskey, and the guests depart for home not too unpleasantly affected by the death of their relative or neighbor.

Of almost equal importance socially to the funeral is the river baptism, and such a sight is a drawing card of no mean proportion. Hymns, "preaches," ablutions, hymns, more "preaches" are participated in with an unbelievable enthusiasm, amid much exchange of gossip and news, and a thoroughly good time is had by all.

MOUNTAIN POLITICS

Only two lay occasions are of equal importance socially to those already mentioned. Government, here as on the frontier, is far away, and the government in Washington might be in Moscow. But local elections, for judge or sheriff of the County, are matters of vital importance in lives with few other interests, and mountain politics are matters of very real interest. The campaigning has gone on for months, clans and smaller family groups have joined sides and by election day feeling has run so high that the county seat is crowded with visitors for miles around. There ensues much gossip, barter, and above all horse trading, and all together so many drinks of powerful "white" whiskey in between that by the time the election is to be held all of the men are in the "highest" of spirit. These court and election days are here termed "social". As a matter of fact these gatherings have caused much of the violence and bloodshed for which this section is so well known. At such times quarrels have started which have lasted for years and have lead to much bloodshed and unhappiness. Such was also the way of the frontier.

BARN RAISING, DANCING AND FIGHTING

There are other purely social gatherings. Many gather at a barn raising or a shucking bee, and after the days work there is much good natured playing of games, dancing, and fighting, with the whiskey ever present. The dance is often indulged in and is very popular. The Virginia reel, several old frontier forms, and a form of waltz may be seen.

And so reads a brief outline of the mountain social life. It is full of frontier emotions, roughness and animal spirits. Its manifestations are produced from the same race and environment and have remained very similar.

LAWLESSNESS IN THE MOUNTAINS

And now we come to a phase of mountain life which is very significant for American civilization. Our civilization is full of lawlessness. We explain it as a heritage from the lawlessness of frontier days. To study this phase of frontier life let us examine our mountain region. The settlers of Kentucky were courageous Indian fighters and subduers of the wilderness. The great majority of these were honest, industrious and fearless, but the frontier always attracts the criminal and vicious, and in an isolated environment the bad element always exerts a powerful influence in the absence of a strong central government. The law was far away in old Kentucky, and men were their own protectors, their own police and courts of law. Crime went unpunished if the individual did not do the punishing himself; it was his own personal duty to uphold and maintain the right. Then came law and the churches to the lowlands, but in the mountain regions development has been slow. The courts are ineffectual and subject to local election, and tyranny over such halls of Justice is easy for a small number of bad, daring, men, leaving in the hands of each individual the necessity of obtaining his own justice. The results have been violence and bloodshed, feud and murder, down into the 20th century, as in a frontier society, and the old feuds, the old ideal of doing justice with ones own hand, of quickness to take offence and deal vengeance still remains deeply fixed in the acts and attitude of the people in these mountain counties. The mountaineer still, in his soul, believes in shooting his enemy first and going to court afterwards, and indeed often practices this philosophy. The combination of Scotch clannishness, the frontier love of a fight, and its ideal, born of necessity, of personal justice and combat remain in the mores of these people. It is the frontier, "every man for himself," in this century.

THE FAMILY FEUDS

"Bloody" Breathitt has always been a hotbed of this trouble. Hence its descriptive adjective. Here several years ago a man arrested for murder was kidnapped from the Jackson jail by the murdered man's relatives, and

personal justice was visited upon him to the tune of a dozen rifle bullets. Not one of the group was ever convicted of the crime. It had the approval of the society in which it was committed. Jackson, the county seat of Breathitt, was until a few years ago the scene of a long and bloody feud, the Hargis-Callahan vendetta, which originated shortly after the Civil war. The County was soaked in the blood of these families and their supporters for years, and even in 1927 several brutal murders of such a nature were enacted that pointed strongly to a continuation of the quarrel. The trivial nature of the original quarrel is such that none can tell you what it was, but in the absence of strong courts of law the results were most dire. In closely knit communities the good citizens can maintain order, but in an isolated frontier community no group is strong enough, and Justice is at the mercy of Might. In such regions are found examples of frontier strife and frontier justice from which American civilization draws its lawlessness with its inevitable disregard of lawful institutions and the rights of others. In studying this attitude in the mountain counties we must not forget their heritage of Indian fighting. That explains the great number of killings from ambush, since in the Indian fight it was considered a fair mode of attack. And so it goes. We might discuss forever the numerous feuds and stories of mountain bloodshed. The Hatfield-McCoy feud, the French-Eversole war in Perry County, the Tolliver-Martin feud in Clay; all these are bloody incidents in a region of lawless frontier conditions. It is sufficient here to point out the historical significance.

It is hoped that this paper will give some idea, however general, of the life and conditions of this 20th century frontier. Time, intermarriage, stagnation, have done much to wipe out many traits of the frontier in this mountain region, but many remain.

CONCLUSION

To anyone wishing to further study this interesting region and its more interesting people a plea to make haste is made, for modern schools, roads and industry are fast changing this last frontier outpost, and in a few years the civilization of the new industrial South will have absorbed these quick, intelligent Anglo-Saxons into our modern life.

Today, however, the Kentucky mountaineer still displays those sterling qualities of independence, courage and self reliance upon which our Western civilization is founded.

In these qualities lie our salvation; for when a great people relinquish these virtues they are no longer great, and their doom is sealed. Let us hope that in their future destiny these people may not wholly surrender their sturdy Elizabethan virtues to the demands of our ever changing modern civilization.

Midwest Historical Notes

Charles B. Galbreath, secretary-editor Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society, died February 23, 1934, at his home in Columbus, Ohio, at the age of 76.

Mr. Galbreath was president of Mount Hope College, Rogers, Ohio, in 1896 and from that year until 1911 was state librarian of Ohio. He was again elected to that post in 1915, 1918 and in 1927.

He organized a state-wide system of traveling libraries which in 1911 numbered 1,200, handling more than 56,000 volumes. Mr. Galbreath, who was secretary of the fourth Constitutional convention of Ohio in 1912-'13, was the author of numerous books, mostly biographies and histories including "History of Ohio" in 5 volumes 1925.

—Associated Press.

New Salem, where Lincoln clerked and acted as postmaster has been restored through the generosity of William Randolph Hearst. Thirteen log houses and stores, replicas of the original buildings have been erected on the village site overlooking the Sangamon river, fifteen miles northeast of Springfield. The property has been presented to the State of Illinois for use as a park. Impressive ceremonies marked the dedication on Oct. 26, 1933.

An Old Stone Mill, built in 1817 at the village of Spring Mill, two miles east of Mitchell, has been restored and put in operation and a portion of the original village has been rebuilt. The 1,100 acre tract adjoining, including the mill and the village site, were acquired for the Spring Mill State Park. The old overshot wheel, 24 feet in diameter transmitted 25 H. P. to the original buhr stones and the sash saw mill nearby. For over 40 years this old mill prospered, but the advent of the B. & O. R. R. and the establishment of Mitchell, as a station in 1859 marked the beginning of the end for Spring Mill Village.

—Civil Engineering, December, 1933.

Missouri's Earthquake Record is given in the October 1933 issue of "The Missouri Historical Review" in substance as follows, viz:

December 16, 1811, the New Madrid earthquake would have been the best known and most terrible of all if the village had been a city like San Francisco or Charleston.

June 9, 1838. A severe shock was felt at St. Louis and St. Charles.

Oct. 8, 1875. The so-called Mitchell earthquake was named after the editor of the St. Louis Intelligencer who wrote an article lamenting the fact that no one talked of anything but the current money panic and added: "Will no growling earthquake give this globe a shaking that shall awaken men to a feeling of greater insecurity as to their lives than now afflicts them in regard to their money?" In less than 24 hours the earthquake occurred and in St. Louis the topic of conversation had been changed.

August 17, 1865. St. Louis, Cairo and Memphis a rather severe shock lasting about one and one-half minutes.

November 15, 1877. St. Joseph had a slight shock which also was felt in portions of Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.

November 18, 1878. St. Louis, Glasgow and Cairo experienced a shock of minor importance.

September 27, 1882. Two shocks in rapid succession were felt at St. Louis and in western Illinois.

February 6, 1887. An early morning quake was felt in St. Louis and at widely scattered places in Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky.

September 26, 1891. Three distinct shocks occurred at St. Louis and many other points in Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee.

October 31, 1895. One of the most widespread earthquakes of recent times shook the Mississippi Valley and was felt in Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Kansas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Iowa and as far east as Washington, D. C.

February 8, 1903. A slight shock at St. Louis was felt in Illinois and Kentucky.

August 21, 1905. Great alarm was caused in St. Louis by several earthquake shocks which were felt in at least seven states of the Mississippi Valley.

May 7, 1927. A tremor centering at New Madrid shook places in Missouri, Arkansas and Tennessee.

The Museum Echoes of Columbus, for December, 1933, contains the following items of interest to our readers, viz:

"The area in connection with Turkey Foot Rock has recently been enlarged through a donation of additional land by D. W. Moor of Toledo. Landscaping plans are being drafted which will lead to the creation of a small but very attractive roadside shrine.

"Bernard Campbell of Toledo has presented the museum the skins of a number of rare Ohio birds, including the Savanna Sparrow, Golden Winged Warbler, Brewster's Warbler, and Henslow's Sparrow."

"The October, 1933, issue of the Quarterly Bulletin of the Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio contains the first printing of Biographical Field Notes of Dr. Lyman C. Draper, relating to Toledo and vicinity taken in 1863 and 1866. These notes are published by permission of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, whose library contains the original notes."

Variations in the Gettysburg Address.—"There are six transcriptions of the Gettysburg address by Lincoln, all different in some minor particulars. . . . Three versions of the address may be used as examples of the sources from which verbatum copies are said to have been taken; first, a preliminary draft of the address prepared by Lincoln some time before its delivery; second, a report of what Lincoln actually said as recorded by an official commissioner at the dedication; and third a final copy written in Lincoln's hand, . . . the copy of the address which is now accepted everywhere as the authoritive copy was prepared by Abraham Lincoln and written out by him for Bancroft, the historian and published in lithograph facsimile in "Autographed Leaves of Our Country's Authors."

—Lincoln Lore, Nov. 13, 1933.

Clarence M. Burton, (1853-1932) In Memoriam.—During the fiscal year just passed the useful career of Clarence Monroe Burton came to an end. To his foresight and generosity the people of Detroit and their public library are indebted for a collection of historical data of almost inestimable value and the means, through the Burton Endowment Fund, by which the collection can be steadily enlarged and made available to the historians of the future. It shall be our aim to carry on this work but we shall greatly miss the inspiration, the keen intelligence and the ripe experience of Clarence Monroe Burton.

—Detroit Library Commission.

A Pioneer Poem From Maine whose jingle is said to have brought merriment and cheer to the early settlers of the midwest was entitled:

DRIED APPLES PIES.

I loathe, abhor, detest, despise
Abominate dried apple pies.
I like good bread, I like good meat,
Or anything that's fit to eat.
But of all poor grub beneath the skies,
The poorest is dried-apple pies.
Give me the tooth ache, or sore eyes,
In preference to such kind of pies.
The farmer takes his knurliest fruit—
It's hard and bitter and wormy to boot—
He leaves the hulls to make us cough
And don't take half the peeling off.
Then on a dirty string they're strung,
And round about the room they're hung
To serve as a roosting place for flies,
Until they're ready to make pies.
Tread on my corns, or tell me lies,
But don't pass me dried-apple pies.

Cincinnati In 1481—Its Early Annals and Future Prospects is a recent accession to the library of this Society.—This quaint old volume is full of interesting matter concerning the early days of the Queen City, then the largest city in the middle west.

The preface contains the following reference to the late Jessup W. Scott, viz: "Such has been the progress of the west—Cincinnati transcendentally—that if the anticipations of J. W. Scott of Maumee . . . be not fulfilled it will be the first case of the kind, which has not been accomplished far beyond the measure and far within the date for which calculations have been made." The story of the building of Old Fort Washington in 1789 and its early occupation by General Harmar is recounted as is the use of this old fort as a base for the wilderness expeditions of Generals Harmar, St. Clair and Wayne. In 1840 Cincinnati had a population of 46,382, Pittsburg 36,478 and Louisville 21,214. Salmon P. Chase was a Councilman from the First Ward. At this time the city had four banks with a capital of one million dollars or more. The Miami Canal was completed to Piqua and being extended to Defiance to a junction with the Wabash and Erie Canal then building to connect the Wabash River with Lake Erie. In a population of one and one half million in 1840, Ohio had 430 who were over 90 years of age.

Last Canal Man—Captain Who Plied Old Waterways 40 Years Is Dead. —Spencerville, Ohio, December 15.—Services will be held here late Friday for James S. Rider, 86, this town's oldest resident and the last of the old canal boat captains. He had commanded boats on the old canal between Toledo and Cincinnati for 40 years and had owned five different boats, including the "J. J. Shuley" and the "Arabella," well known in the trade of that day.

—Toledo News-Bee.

"A Daughter of the McGuffeys: Fragments from the early life of Anna McGuffey Morrell, 1845-1924," is the title of an interesting story of the McGuffeys which should be read by all who have been privileged to use McGuffeys Reader as a text book in early school days. It is found in the Quarterly of the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society for July, 1933. Henry Ford has bought the farm and the old log cabin in West Finley, Pa., in which William McGuffey, who compiled the series of six readers, was born. The cabin is hardly more than a skeleton.

"Baron de Lahontan (1668-1713) in Minnesota" was the subject of an address by Professor Stephen Leacock of McGill University before the Minne-

sota Historical Society in October, 1933. He said that "Not a single monument has been erected in his memory, not a single tablet inscribed in his honor, yet if the forgotten baron had his deserts, his name would stand beside those of Marquette, Joliet and LaSalle in the history of the Father of Waters and in the honor roll of the explorers and discovers of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley." It seems the baron was unwise enough to write a book while he was Lord Lieutenant of the French Colony at Placentia in Newfoundland in which he talked too much about the King of France, the workers of French Canada and the priests of New France, with the result that he was eventually ruled out of Court and cast into oblivion as an infidel and a liar. His book was entitled "New Voyages to North America" and was published in London in 1703. It covered the period of his journeyings in 1689-90 along the upper Mississippi. His eclipse was so complete that his name does not even appear in the Encyclopedia Britannica and Francis Parkman compares his story to Gullivar.

The Toledo Field Naturalist's Association took the annual Christmas Census of birds for the Associated Audubon Societies completing it December 24th, 1933. Fourteen members were engaged in the work. A similar census was taken by other bird lovers on the same day at many points throughout the United States and Canada. In the Toledo district 49 species and 2640 individual birds were listed as follows, viz: Mallard (1), black duck (9), lesser scaup duck (35), golden-eye (12), American werganser (3), sharp-shinned hawk (1), red-shouldered hawk (1), marsh hawk (2), sparrow hawk (2), European (Hungarian) partridge (16), bob-white (69—8 coveys), ring-necked pheasant (2), herring gull (126), ring-billed gull (1), bonapartes gull (80), mourning dove (3), barn owl (3), screech owl (1), snowy owl (1), barred owl (1), flicker (1), red-headed woodpecker (6), hairy woodpecker (4), downy wood pecker (38), blue jay (55), crow (65), black-capped chickadee (37), tufted titmouse (31), white-breasted nuthatch (34), red-breasted nuthatch (4), brown creeper (27), winter wren (1), Carolina wren (2), golden-crowned kinglet (15), starling (1,401), meadowlark (3), red-wing (55), grackle (1), cardinal (90), evening grosbeak (1), purple finch (35), pine grosbeak (2), redpoll (7), pine siskin (1), goldfinch (35), towhee (1), junco (87), tree sparrow (130), and song sparrow (75.)

—Toledo Times.

Dauphin Island.—Languidly stretching itself through the sun flecked waters of the Gulf of Mexico, at the mouth of Mobile Bay, colorful, vivid and rich in the romance and legends of the old explorers, lies Dauphin Island. Well may she rest after four hundred long years of constant strife for, since Americus Vespucius first landed there in 1497, this little island has lived and bled and lived again to hold untold mystery and charm for the travelers of today.

From the musty records in the Biblioteca Estense of Modena, Italy; the Archives of the Indes; the Bibliotheque 'National of Paris and innumerable other sources, the history of this island has gradually emerged. Although there are still many gaps it reads like a romance and one needs but little imagination, on a stormy night when the waves run high, to hear in the breaking of the surf on the beach, the rattle of chains as the anchors plunged into the harbor from the galleons of such Spanish explorers as Admiral Maldanedo, Alozo Alvarez de Pendo and others. You can see in the phosphorescent tipped crests of the waves, as they rush upon the shore, the storm tossed boats commanded by Lope Oviedo and Captain Andre's Dorantes of the Panfilo de Navarez expedition as they were piled high on the beach and wrecked on that fateful November in 1528.

For 200 years the Spanish held this island against the attacks of the French, English, Indians and Pirates of the West Indies. They named it Isle de Labe (Island of the Ridge) from the mammoth sand dunes that extend along its southern shores. It was in 1699 that the French gained possession and the name was changed to Isle de Massacre, from the great masses of

skeletons and human bones they found on landing, and such men as Chateague, Seregny, Nicholas de LaSalle, Cadillac, Iberville and Bienville came to rule. In 1709 they built another fort and a church, the latter said to be the finest in the new world. All the altar service and a six foot cross were of solid gold. It was not long before the news of this magnificence spread and in 1711 pirates from San Domingo raided the island and massacred all those who could not reach the fort. The priests who had stayed to bury the treasure were killed and the secret of its location died with them. At this time, no doubt to change its luck, Bienville gave the island the name of Dauphin.

With the rest of the Gulf Coast territory, Dauphin Island came in turn under the rule of the English and then the Confederacy and from the many dungeoned old Fortress of the early French emanated the present Fort Gaines whose belching guns poured shot and shell into Admiral Farragut's fleet as it stormed up Mobile Bay in 1864.

Today the little island is at rest throwing a haunting blanket of enchantment and mystery over her fragrant forest and shimmering sands. Within the shelter of the old Fort thrives a quaint and historic little Inn fanned by friendly arms of waving banana trees and guarded by squads of spanish daggers. Mounds of flowering cactus tumble over walls and through loop holes in riotous abandon.

—A Resort Advertisement.

Colonel Alexander McKee, Colonial British Indian Agent is the subject of an interesting article in "Pennsylvania Magazine" for January, 1934, by Walter R. Hoburg who says: "Time has done much to scatter the heavy clouds which have hovered for so many years about the name of one who preferred to remain loyal to the government which had long employed him, when the colonies decided to sever connections with the motherland. Since the rebellion proved successful, he and his descendants found themselves out of step with the new order of patriotism which prevailed so strongly after the war, and so his devotion to his government was condemned as a vice rather than a virtue." Born about 1740, McKee spent his boyhood in Western Pennsylvania. In 1757 he attained the rank of Lieutenant in the French-Indian war and in the Pontiac war, 1763-4 was actively engaged with the British army. For his services he was granted 1,400 acres near McKee's Rocks and later acquired 2,000 acres on the Elkhorn river in Kentucky. In April, 1776, McKee was arrested as a suspect, released on parole and in March, 1788, in company with Simon Girty, Mathew Elliott and other so-called renegades, fled the country and joined the British at Detroit where he was commissioned Captain and interpreter of the British Indian department. Later McKee established a store and trading post at the foot of the rapids (Maumee) which were destroyed by order of General Wayne after the battle of Fallen Timbers, August 20, 1794. McKee made his will at Fort Miami the day before the battle of Fallen Timbers and had the honor of passing to his last reward the same year as did General Washington, 1799.

A new 200-inch super-telescope, now being built by the California Institute of Technology in cooperation with Mt. Wilson astronomers, would bring the moon within an apparent range of about 24 miles, at which distance objects the size of a large building could be discerned. The new telescope will penetrate the heavens twice as far as the 100-inch—into regions man has never glimpsed. For its location beautiful Mt. Palomar, rather than Mt. Wilson, may be selected, since the proximity of electric lights in growing cities at the base of Mt. Wilson might interfere with long-exposure photography. But the accessibility of Mt. Wilson is one point in its favor as a site for the new telescope. The Observatory there, with a fine hotel at the end of a wonderfully scenic highway, is a great disseminator of astronomical information, visited by more than 20,000 persons a year.

—Ransome Sutton in Los Angeles Times.

The Second Annual Tour of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania is said to have been an unqualified success. In 1932 the tour covered historic sites Pittsburgh to Erie. In 1933 the tour was routed Pittsburgh to Morgantown, West Virginia. Twenty automobiles traveled 200 miles in a day and one-half. Local meetings were held at Washington, Waynesburg and Morgantown.

"America Moves West" by Robert E. Riegel recounts the amazing movement of population a century ago. In 1833—60,000 people and in 1834—80,000 passed through Buffalo, and in 1838—there were 5,000 in a single day. Michigan was the most popular destination at that period.

"Then there's old Varmount, well, what do you think of that!
To be sure the girls are handsome and the cattle very fat;
But who among the mountains mid cloud and snow would stay
When he can buy a prairie in Michigania?
Yea, yea, year, to Michigania."

The First Indian Language Periodical to be printed wholly in an Indian language was the **Sau-wa-noe-ke-saw-tha** or the **Shawanoe Sun,** under the auspices of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, with Johnson Lykins, Jotham Meeker and John G. Pratt, all missionaries, as editors during different periods of the life of the paper. The first number appeared February 24, 1835 and the last in May, 1842. The one surviving copy of this monthly journal for November, 1841, is in possession of the Heisler family in Kansas City, Kansas.

—The Kansas Historical Quarterly, Nov. 1933.

Horace Mann, called the "Father of the American Public School System" has been honored by Brown University with a group of scholarships bearing his name. Mann was president of Antioch College from 1853 until his death in 1859.

"Ohio Indian Trails" is the title of a 268 page book by Frank N. Wilcox, issued by the Gates Press, Cleveland, $3.75 and illustrated by the author. A prominent reviewer says, "Mr. Wilcox, with an artist eye recreates in pen pictures the original, wild country as well as its present day aspects, the black timber country of the Miamis (Maumee) where Frontinac in 1680 built Fort Miami, the oldest fort in Ohio; the pastoral fields traversed by the Wabash trail, the high rolling hills and flat bottom-lands of the Ohio Valley and its tributary systems."

A Monumental History of the State of New York is being published under the auspices of the New York State Historical Association. Four of the ten volumes have already appeared and the remainder will be issued at the rate of two volumes per annum. This work is intended to fill the need for a comprehensive treatment of our history of New York State as a whole and comes from the Columbia University Press.

The Criminal of 1870.—Sixty one years ago an editorial was published in an influential Boston newspaper which said:

"A man about 46 years of age, giving the name of Joshua Coppersmith, has been arrested in New York for attempting to extort funds from ignorant and superstitious people by exhibiting a device which he says will convey the human voice any distance over metallic wires so that it will be heard by the listener at the other end.

"He calls the instrument a telephone which is obviously intended to imitate the word telegraph and win the confidence of those who know the

success of the latter instrument without understanding the principles on which it is based.

"Well-informed people know that it is impossible to transmit the human voice over wires as may be done with dots and dashes and signals of the Morse code, and that, were it possible to do so, the thing would be of no pratical use.

"The authorities who apprehended this criminal are to be congratulated, and it is hoped that his punishment will be prompt and fitting, that it may serve as an example to other unconscientious schemers who enrich themselves at the expense of their fellow creatures."

—Everyman's 1931 Almanac..

The William L. Clement Library at Ann Arbor, has on exhibition a series of maps engraved within the present limits of the United States, mostly prior to 1800.

When Pa is Sick

When Pa is sick, he's scared to death,
An' Ma an' us just hold our breath.
He crawls in bed, an' puffs an' grunts,
An' does all kinds of crazy stunts.
He wants Doc. Brown an mighty quick
For when Pa's ill he's awful sick.
He gasps an' groans, an' sort o' sighs,
He talks so queer, an' rolls his eyes.
Ma jumps an' runs, an' all of us,
An' all the house is in a fuss,
An' peace an' joy is mighty skeerce—
When Pa is sick, it's something fierce.

When Ma is Sick

When Ma is sick she pegs away;
She's quiet, though, not much t' say.
She goes right on a-doin' things,
An' sometimes laughs, or even sings.
She says she don't feel extra well,
But then it's just a kind o' spell.
She'll be all right tomorrow, sure,
A good old sleep will be the cure.
An' Pa he sniffs an' makes no kick,
For Women folks is always sick.
An' Ma, she smiles, let's on she's glad—
When Ma is sick it ain't so bad.

—Anonymous

The huge freight ship "LeMoyne" arrived one day recently at a Toledo dock. A few hours later she departed with 15,092 tons of bituminous coal in her hold. The cargo was the largest shipped here this season. There was sufficient fuel in it to keep the home fires burning this winter in two thousand Canadian residences in Fort William, Ont., the port of destination.

When the first white settlers came to the lake country, only Lake Huron and Lake Michigan were connected by a natural deep water channel. Navigation of large boats was blocked at the foot of Lake Superior by the rapids of the St. Marys river, at the south of Lake Huron by shoals in Lake St. Clair and at the Limekiln Crossing in the Detroit river, and at the eastern end of Lake Erie by Niagara Falls tumbling toward Lake Ontario.

By dredging, blasting and canalizing, all the Great Lakes have been made accessible to such ships as the "LeMoyne" from Duluth and Chicago to

the eastern end of Lake Ontario. These major waterway improvements have been costly, but the investment of millions has been profitable alike to shippers and consumers.

Few ocean freight ships have such a tremendous carrying capacity as the "LeMoyne," a veritable fresh water leviathan. Certainly the time is at hand for canalizing around the shoals of the St. Lawrence river in order that ships from all the oceans and from all maritime nations may be piloted into the harbors of Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee and Duluth.

The local, national and international benefits derived from the free flow of commerce were apparent immediately when the Suez, the Soo, the Panama and the new Welland canals were completed. In that respect history will repeat itself on the St. Lawrence.

—Toledo Blade, September 19, 1933.

David Ross Locke, early editor of the BLADE, and writer of the Petroleum V. Nasby papers, which brought him fame throughout the country, was born in Vestal, Broome county, N. Y., 100 years ago Wednesday.

His father, Nathanial Reed Locke, was a soldier in the war of 1812. At the age of 11, David Locke entered a printing office in Cortland, N. Y., learning the trade.

In 1865, Mr. Locke assumed charge of the BLADE. His Petroleum V. Nasby letters, which he had begun shortly before in Findlay, Ohio, won him fame throughout the country and were read by subscribers of the weekly BLADE in districts far removed from Toledo.

Abraham Lincoln was one of his greatest admirers and it is said that credit for winning the Civil War was given to the army, the navy and the Nasby letters. Mr. Locke died in 1888. His son, Robinson Locke, editor of the BLADE, died in 1920. Another son, Charles Locke, lives in the East.

—Toledo Blade, Sept. 21, 1933.

Kentucky Authors—"We shall also be glad to have anyone who is interested in any Kentucky writer of our times or earlier years assist in our efforts to have that specific writer represented in our Collection of Kentucky Authors." The above from The Filson Club History Quarterly for October, 1933, has our sympathetic approval as we are engaged in a similar line of endeavor in trying to build up a complete collection of the works of Ohio authors. "Since 1929 the Filson Club has owned its own fireproof building, (in Louisville) including library rooms, a museum and an assembly hall."

"The Red Men of Michigan" by Prof. Larzelere in Michigan History Magazine (Nos. 3-4, Vol. 17) is a valuable contribution to American Indian lore. The principal tribes in Michigan were the Hurons or Wyandots, the Potawotomie, the Ottawa and the Chippewa or Ojibwa. The total Indian population has declined from 7737 in 1837 to 5614 in 1920. The birth rate in 1921 was 11 per 1,000 and the death rate 26.3 per 1,000. It is said the Indianas take on the white man's vices and diseases rather than his virtues in the change from barbarism to civilization. There are no Indian reservations in the State at present as individual ownership has been substituted for tribal possession.

Old Fort Mackinaw or Michilimackinac, the Indian name meaning "The Great Turtle," which was originally erected by the French Jesuits on the south shore of the straits on the site of the present Mackinaw City, was rebuilt by the British in 1781 on Mackinaw Island and held by them until 1796.

The City of Toronto is planning a series of public ceremonies from April to August, 1934, to celebrate the centennial of its founding in 1834 on the

site of the old French Fort Rouille, built in 1750. From 1793 to 1834 the settlement bore the name of York in honor of the Duke of York, Son of King George III.

The Finished Scoundrel is the title of a biography of General James Wilkinson by Royal Ornan Shreve, published by the Bobbs Merrill Co. Wilkinson laid out the town of Frankfort, Kentucky, his home built with money he received from the Spanish Government at New Orleans was used as Kentucky's first State House. His intrigues to unite Kentucky with Spain involved some of the leading men of the prospective commonwealth. This volume treats of a single phase in a long career of rascality that began with the treason of Benedict Arnold, that touched the plots of the Conway Cabal, that ran side by side with the Burr conspiracy and that ended in an unmarked grave in a Mexican cemetery.

—The Filson Club History Quarterly, January, 1934.

The library of the Toledo Soldiers Memorial association, dealing almost entirely with the history of the Civil war from the standpoint of both the Union and the Confederacy, has been indefinitely loaned to the Toledo Public Library by the Memorial association.

Included in the historical material are many books of biography of Civil war soldiers and statemen; a file of Harper's Weekly for the war period; a file of the Toledo Blade from 1858 to 1872; a file of the Milan, O., "Tribune," from 1843 to 1851; a file of the Ohio State Journal from 1843 to 1844, and a file of the Washington, D. C., National Intelligencer, from 1848 to 1855.

There are between 800 and 1,000 volumes in the collection.

Also of great value to students of history are the 40 scrap books filled with newspaper clippings and programs and notices, prepared by Clark Waggoner, who was

Editor "Lower Sandusky Whig"—1839-43.
Editor "Milan Tribune"—1843-56.
Editor "Toledo Blade"—1856-65.
Editor "Toledo Commercial"—1866-76.
Collector Internal Revenue—1877-82.
Author "History of Toledo and Lucas County"—1888.

—Local Press.

"Chuzzlewit and Co, Architects and Surveyors" read the sign over the door of the humble cabin on the banks of the Maumee in the fever stricken boom town of Marengo(1836-8) which Charles Dickens honored with the name "Eden", according to Mr. Howard Copeland of Toledo, Interlaken and Monte Carlo as reported in a local press interview some years ago. It seems that Mr. David W. Deshler, of Columbus, the grandfather of Mr. Copeland, took over the 443 acres comprising the Marengo tract for self protection when the boom collapsed. The location is just above the present Toledo Country Club.

OVERLAND STAGES AND THE PONY EXPRESS

In its pathless distances, its inevitable hardships, and its frequent savage perils there is in all the chronicle of mankind nothing else like that epic of transportation, the Overland stage lines; a mighty traffic whose wheels once wrinkled the face of our Far West, and the smoke of whose dusty torments reddened the prairie sunsets for a generation. The scattering overland migration to Oregon and California began as early as 1846, and became a never-paralleled tide by 1849 when the gold rush was on—42,000 making the trip in that year alone. They included not only the ordinary flotsam of a

frontier, but ministers, doctors, lawyers, and merchants, people of education and family.

Before the stage-lines the 2000-mile trip was a matter of four months at least, and of six with bad luck—in whatsoever wheeled conveyance the emigrant could secure. An historic party of five Frenchmen pushed a hand-wagon from the Missouri to the coast; and one man trundled his possessions in a wheelbarrow. At its best, it was an itinerary untranslatable to the present generation; at its worst, with Indian massacres, thirst, snows, and disease, it was one of the ghastliest highways in history. The Asiatic cholera crawled in upon the Plains, and like a gray wolf followed the wagon trains. In the height of the migration, from 4000 to 5000 immigrants died of this pestilence; and if there was a half-mile which the Indians had failed to punctuate with a grave, the cholera took care to remedy the omission. Children were born and people died; worried greenhorns quarreled and killed one another—and the train struggled on.

On the heels of this vast migration freighting enterprises sprang up and grew, by 1859, to proportions nowadays incredible. No other man, anywhere, has owned and managed a transportation system at once so vast and so difficult as Ben Holladay, king of the Overland lines. He had 16 first-class passenger steamers plying the Pacific from San Francisco, and at the height of his Overland business operated nearly 5000 miles of daily mail-stages, with about 500 coaches and express wagons, an equal number of freight wagons, 5000 horses and mules, and a host of oxen.

The Government paid Holladay a million a year in mail contracts, but his expenses were enormous. The great Concord wagons cost from $800 to $1500 each; good mules from $500 to $1000 a pair; harness for a ten-mule team, $300 to $600—a total of $2600 to $7100 per wagon. A first-class freighting outfit on the Plains, half a century ago, cost as much as an up-to-date passenger train of today. Small wonder that the following typical dialogue took place at a Western trading post when a Spanish lady wished to buy some needles: "Senor, it is too much—a dollar for a paper of needles." "Madam," the trader explained, "the freight."

The passenger fare between Atchison and Denver (620 miles) once reached $350, or 54 cents a mile, and the regular express tariff for the run was $1 per pound. Even so, 500 heavily laden wagons would sometimes pass Fort Kearny in a day. The old Concord wagons pounded across the prairie, forded rivers, climbed mountains, and pitched down them again, more by the grace of God than by any favor of turn-pike. In 1864-66, Indians stole stock, killed men, and burned nearly all the stations for 400 miles along one line. It took men to run, and men to journey in, the stages of that generation. Those in charge of express and mail on the main line of the Overland had a steady run of six days and nights without taking off their clothes; and as for the drivers, there is no question that they were, as a class, the best whips in history.

The Concord wagons, incidentally, were the almost universal rolling-stock of the Plains staging. Built in Concord, N. H., the first that were made for the Overland traffic were shipped around the Horn to California, 19,000 miles. Instead of steel springs they were swung on stout leather straps attached to C springs front and rear, which made them the easiest-riding overland carriages ever invented. Not only on our own prairies, but in Canada, Mexico, Africa, and every other quarter of the globe, they have ranked first.

The animals employed were horses, mules, oxen, and, in a few instances, buffalo; camels also were used in various capacities during the time of the Overland stages, though they never earned their salt. In 1853, 73 of them were purchased in Arabia and Egypt for the use of the War Department on the desert. Horses and mules had an uncontrollable terror of them; packers and soldiers detested them, and their cumbrous apparatus made them economically impossible. They were much too tenderfooted for the rocky Southwestern trails, and some of them—God save the proverb—died of thirst! About 1865 they were turned loose—in Arizona some 44 of them—and left

to their own devices. Some may still lurk in the fastnesses of the lower Colorado. Within a few years I have known one to be killed in Arizona by an enraged prospector whose burros it had stampeded.

The quickest time ever made across the country by stage-line was 21 days by the Butterfield Mail line, whose regular schedule for mail from New York to San Francisco was 23 days. In 1860 this time was more than cut in half by the Pony Express, spanning the continent with flying hooves. Never before nor since has mail been carried so fast, and so far, merely by horses. The Pony riders whisked Lincoln's Inaugural from St. Joe to Sacramento in 7 days and 17 hours—and more than once surpassed any other courier record in history. There were 80 riders, and 190 stations, crowded down the throat of the wilderness, 65 to 100 miles apart. The Express employed 500 of the fastest horses that could be found and riders were allowed two minutes to change horses and mails at a station. Their mail was limited to 15 pounds. All papers for the Coast were printed on tissue paper, and sent at letter postage.

William Cody (Buffalo Bill) was the most famous of the Pony Express riders—and as a 14-year-old got his first job with the man that invented the Express. Cody made a record here—a round-trip ride (necessitated by the killing of his relief) of 384 miles without stops, except to change horses and to swallow one hasty meal. It was the proud record of the Pony Express that in all its dangerous achievement it lost but one mail. Another time the rider was waylaid by Indians and scalped; but the frontier-bred pony broke away and came clattering in to the next home station, wounded, but with the mail-pouch safe at the saddlehorn—while back on the desert a brave carrier stiffened in his blood.

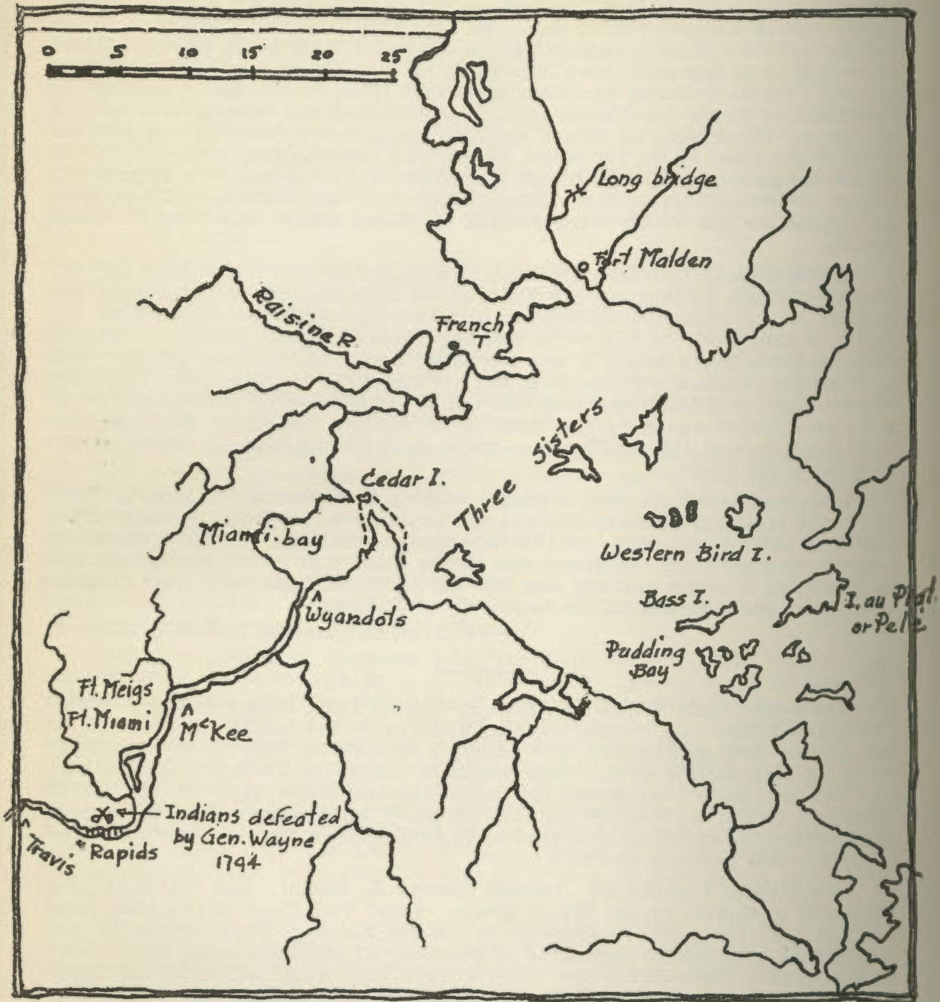
The completion of the overland telegraph to San Francisco in 1861 ended the brief but glorious life of the Pony Express, and the coming of the railroads spelled the doom of the Overland stage lines. In one generation America stepped from the Stone Age to the Steel Age in transportation, but in all history there is nothing else like the Overland lines with their translation of humanity across an unconquered wilderness.

—Charles L. Lummis, in Readers Digest.

Chief Two Guns White Calf Dies at Glacier Park Indian Agency.—Chief Two Guns White Calf, whose likeness appears on the buffalo nickel, died at the agency here yesterday. The Chief, a Blackfoot, was about eighty-five years old. His face in profile was chosen to adorn the buffalo nickel because his features were considered the most representative type of the North American Indian. Although his face probably had been seen by more residents of the United States than that of any other American, he never exhibited any particular pride in the fact.

His father, a guide for General George A. Custer, died while visiting Theodore Roosevelt at the White House. Chief Two Guns White Calf lived most of his life on the reservation in Glacier National Park, where he was visited and honored by thousands of visitors. At the receptions, at the door of the Glacier Park Hotel, the Chief always was accompanied by his interpreter, a young brave named George Bull Child, a well educated man who spoke English without an accent and did all the talking.

—Associated Press, March 13, 1934.



·MAP·COPIED·FROM·CAREY'S·ATLAS· · PUB·IN·
·PHILADELPHIA· 1814·

·Note Copied two·times the size of map in Atlas·

—Courtesy of Mr. Arthur J. Secor.