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BULLETIN No. 4—VOL. 6 **OCTOBER, 1934**

The Recently Discovered Pictorial Map of Fort Meigs and Environs

By Wilfrid Hibbert

Years after the close of the Revolutionary War marked in the West by victory of Gen. "Mad Anthony" Wayne at the Battle of Fallen Timbers in 1794, the rivalry between the struggling American nation and Britain, the mother country, continued in the commercial realm.

Eventually the disputes as to rights at sea and the struggle for markets in European nations torn by strife, led to the War of 1812 which had many of its most romantic and colorful events staged right here in the Maumee valley and around the western end of Lake Erie.

The stand of Fort Meigs against two sieges, Crogan's victory at Lower Sandusky, now Fremont, and Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Erie near Put-in-Bay were crowning events in winning the war in these parts and they established in quite definite terms the present boundary between the United States and Canada which has been a symbol of peace ever since.

AMERICANS WANTED BOUNDARY AT NORTH POLE, BRITISH AT OHIO RIVER

At that date in our history it has been said by one historian that "some of the Americans would have had our northern boundary at the North Pole and some of the British would have had their southern boundary at the Ohio river," but as a result of the War of 1812 the boundary was drawn down the middle of the Great Lakes.

It was at Fort Meigs that Gen. William Harrison withstood two fierce sieges during the spring and summer of 1813. Remains of this old fort may still be found intact and are well known to many Toledoans, but few probably realize the significance of what took place in these two sieges.

THE SEBREE MAP OF FORT MEIGS

For 120 years many historians have been in doubt about the actual facts of the battle ground. Only a few days ago a copy of a very detailed map prepared many years ago by Capt. William Sebree, of the Kentucky militia, who served in the siege of Fort Meigs, was received here by Walter J. Sherman, president of the Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio. It clears up many details of actual happenings in the two sieges.

Capt. Sebree was born in 1776, served in the United States navy and died in Pensacola, Fla. His granddaughter, Mrs. Pensacola Hall Kasey, of Callao,

Mo., found the old map and gave it to the Library of Congress where it now is preserved with other documents of the War of 1812.

The map is a combination of the ordinary plan map and the pictorial or perspective map which has had a modern vogue. It gives one an idea of the type of trees on the horizon, the growth on various islands in the river, the trails, mounted Indians, dogs, ships on the Maumee river, batteaux, canoes, tents of the soldiery, batteries and battle lines.

The time element is also woven into the map for in all the inscriptions, printed rather crudely with type, is given accurate references to the two sieges, dates, participants, and comments as to the action.

Capt. Sebree made the original sketch on the ground and prepared the notes in his own tent at Fort Meigs.

INTERESTING MAP INSCRIPTIONS

In many places he waxed eloquent in his inscriptions, broke into poetry, intermingled some philosophical comments, and indulged in a rather grandiloquent style in his titles. But he has preserved hundreds of little facts and details about the sieges—the active life of Fort Meigs.

The purpose of the map, as he explains, is "to preserve from oblivion the useful events of our history, and these occurrences which are characteristic of us as a nation must be gratifying to every American.

"The topography represents a bold and determined effort for the preservation of liberty against a proud and merciless enemy, allied to the Tomahawk in the hands of the Savage—the transaction is a recent one, the event momentous, and the recollection should be kept alive. I am sorry the drawing is not more complete. The original sketch and notes were prepared in my tent, subject to many inconveniences with ill health, but I am happy that even this much has been done to arrest from the destroying hand of time the remembrance which tried the souls of men."

GENERAL HARRISON KNEW MAUMEE VALLEY WELL

It may be well briefly to refresh the memory about the warfare in these parts. Gen. Harrison had been with Gen. Wayne at Fallen Timbers, then a young lieutenant. He knew the Maumee valley and the Indian country and prior to taking command of Fort Meigs and the Northwest Army had been made major general of the Kentucky militia and been given command of the Indiana and Illinois troops.

War was declared on Great Britain on June 18, 1812. In April congress had asked Gov. Meigs of Ohio to raise three regiments of volunteers to strengthen the garrisons on the frontier.

Gen. William Hull, governor of Michigan territory, was called to Washington in March and given command of the "army of the Northwest." He arrived back in Cincinnati in May, was given the three regiments of Ohio volunteers mobilized at Dayton, was joined by Col. James Miller and the Fifth U. S. Infantry at Urbana and began the famous march to Detroit. Gen. Hull succeeded in invading Canada at Sandwich, but was indecisive about attacking the British at Fort Malden, retreated back across the river, and later surrendered to Gen. Isaac Brock on Aug. 16, 1812.

FORT WAS BUILT IN SPRING OF 1813

Hull's surrender caused consternation, as it virtually meant the loss of the whole army and the call went forth for a new army of volunteers from Ohio, Virginia, Kentucky, Pennsylvania and Missouri. On September 17, 1812, Gen. Harrison was appointed to command the Army of the Northwest and faced the necessity of driving the British forces out of the Maumee valley, cutting off supplies between Detroit and Fort Miami and later in withstanding assaults against Fort Meigs. Col. Henry Proctor was in command of the British forces and had the active assistance of Tecumseh, famous Indian chief. Gen. James Winchester, sent by Gen. Harrison to attack the British

and their supplies at Frenchtown (Monroe), was severely defeated in the massacre at the River Raisin on Jan. 22, 1813.

On Feb. 2, Gen. Harrison began the construction of Fort Meigs, with Col. Eleazer D. Wood in charge of its design.

THE FIRST SIEGE

The first siege, according to the notations on Capt. Sebree's map, started on April 27 and ended on May 9, 1813.

"The cannonading opened at 10 a. m. 1st of May and continued night and day until 2 p. m. on the 5th, throwing 500 balls and bombs a day with heavy showers of bullets by the Indians from the woods, logs, stumps, accompanied with war whoops and savage yells at the bursting of their shells."

It is recorded that important reinforcements of Kentuckians arrived on May 5 and helped to decide the issue.

That day was one of action. Just south of Fort Meigs was a scaffold on which hides were placed to dry and cure. In this vicinity a band of Indians were encamped and ready to fight. Col. Boswell was sent against these Indians.

"The sortie at the 'hides,' the one at the battery on the A side (river side of the fort) and Dudley's defeat were all on May 5 and designed to be simultaneous, but they were not quite so," said Capt. Sebree on his map. "The battle of the hides 15 minutes before 10 a. m. Sortie on the A side 15 minutes before 11 and the defeat on the north side 11 o'clock—the close of each."

Col. Dudley's regiment of 820 Kentucky militia received as its order "you must detach 800 men from your brigade, they will be conducted to the British batteries on the left bank of the river. The batteries must be taken, the cannon spiked and carriages cut down. The troops must then return and cross to the fort."

DUDLEY'S ENTHUSIASM LED TO MASSACRE

It was Dudley's enthusiasm and desire to press on after carrying out the principal part of the orders that led to his downfall and the massacre of many of his gallant men.

Capt. Sebree has noted on his map that "the cannon were spiked, the flag cut down, complete success was achieved as respected the great object of the enterprise. Gen. Harrison made signs and now called aloud from the grand battery 'Retreat,' 'Retreat,' 'Retreat,' but all in vain. They seemed doomed to their fate."

Prisoners were marched down the river towards the British Fort Miami which became the "slaughter pen" for many of them.

"Those who preferred to inflict a still more cruel and savage death," recited Capt. Sebree, "selected their victims, led them to the gateway and there tomahawked them and scalped them—a work of destruction continued more than two hours, during which time upwards of 30 prisoners were massacred—the chiefs at the same time were holding a council on the fate of the prisoners. The Potawatamies were for killing the whole. The dispute ran high when Col. Elliott and Tecumseh came down from the batteries to the scene of carnage. As soon as Tecumseh saw it he flourished his sword and in a loud voice ordered them for shame to desist.

"It is a disgrace to kill a defenceless prisoner.

"His orders were promptly obeyed. Thus a savage displayed more humanity and magnanimity than the civilized Proctor and all his associates."

It is noted that prisoners embarked for the Huron river on the 8th of May.

(Of Dudley's entire force of 866 men, it is said 630 were either killed, wounded or taken prisoners.—Ed.)

THE SECOND SIEGE

The second siege on July 21 to 28 which included the killing of a "piquet guard" and a constant roar of fire arms, daring attitude of mounted Indians and the finesse of the famous sham battle are the characteristics of the military gallantry of the siege, to use Capt. Sebree's words from the map.

The sham battle was fought directly east of the fort, while the new British batteries were located opposite where the village of Maumee now stands. Had it been successful it was expected that the garrison would have retreated along the road towards the portage up the river where they would have been intercepted by mounted Indians. This sham battle was staged July 25.

The British encamped at Fort Miami on July 21, having arrived in vessels by the river. Then they crossed the river on July 25 and encamped on the high ground which is now Perrysburg, remaining there only three days.

Some of the fiercest fighting of the second siege was in the ravines and creek bottom area now near the cemetery in Perrysburg.

"Johnny could not stand fire, he therefore run, for he that is in battle slain will never live to fight again," notes the map.

This second siege began with the killing of four men and capturing of three of the picket guard directly downstream from the fort and near the present Moderwell house. Later a detachment under Col. J. Miller was ordered from the fort and against the British batteries. They captured some artillerymen near the encampment of the British and the legend on the map reads "the batteries were taken, cannon spiked, carriages cut down and every objective of the general (Harrison) completely gained and there was nothing to do but retreat and to cut a way through the thick grove of bayonets and tomahawks to the fort.

"Nothing can please a Kentuckian better than to get a shot at an Indian, and he must be indulged," said Col. Wood, according to the inscription on the map.

Many Indians took part in this second siege and attempted to turn the flank of the American detachments.

In the description of the sieges of Fort Meigs the map maker says the American force was about 1,200, with 1,000 effectives, and the force of the enemy was 2,500 to 4,000.

THE PLAN OF FORT MEIGS IN GREAT DETAIL

In great detail the location of almost everything in Fort Meigs is shown graphically. The main traverse which was 12 feet high, 20 feet at the base and 300 yards long is still one of the most distinguishing features of the terrain of the old fort. At the northwest corner there was a block house, then going north down the river was the grand battery, little battery, Croghan battery, north bastion, and then at the extreme lower end of the fort is Wood's battery. Continuing on around and to the south was Hukill's battery, and Gratiot's battery on the south side. Powder magazines, stores of shot and bombs, and even the tents of the encamped units are shown.

At the southeast side of the fort from upper to lower end were located the Ohio militia, Pennsylvania Volunteers, Pittsburgh Blues and Greens, regular troops, Kentucky militia, and opposite the Ohioans a unit noted as Ball's squadron.

The map will be a source of much detailed data for historians of the future when they study Fort Meigs and what took place thereabouts 121 years ago. The territory covered includes the Maumee River from Turkey Foot Rock to Fort Miami and the sites of the present villages of Maumee and Perrysburg.

—Toledo Sunday Times, July 1, 1934.

The Inauguration of the Great "Sunset Route."

Opening of the Buffalo Bayou, Brazos and Colorado Railroad in August 1853—the First Railroad West of the Mississippi.

(Austin, Tex., Correspondent Toledo Blade.)

Thirty-five years ago this month we were visiting a relative, an extensive planter, in Southern Texas. Slavery was then in force, and while plantation work flourished, all other industries languished. While there, my kinsman received an invitation to be present at the opening of the first Texas railroad. It was called the "Buffalo Bayou, Brazos and Colorado Railroad."* Its terminus was at the village of Harrisburg, five miles below Houston, which latter town it was intended to wipe out, and Richmond, thirty miles distant on the Brazos River. The invitations were issued by Gen. Sidney Sherman, President of the road. The excursion train was to leave Harrisburg at 8 o'clock sharp on a given morning. On reaching Richmond a grand celebration, barbecue, with roasted oxen, etc., was to be held, after which the invited guests were to be returned in state to Harrisburg. The members of the Legislature and all the officials and dignitaries of the State received invitations, and were expected to be present. My relative thought it would be a good opportunity to exhibit Texas enterprises to

HIS YOUTHFUL NORTHERN GUEST,

so I was invited to join him in the journey. We had about 100 miles to travel. In order to be at Harrisburg on time, we started on horseback a week before the day on which the royal train was to start. We reached Houston on the third day, and spent several days in that then village, talking with the assembled dignitaries, discussing the probable effect of the new road on the fortunes of that town and of the State and world at large. While there, the whole Legislature and all the State officers, arrived in stages, and there was a hilarious old time. The night before the excursion was to take place we rode down to Harrisburg, five miles in order to be promptly on time. We reached that distinguished place after dark, and hence had no opportunity that night to inspect the train, which was already made up for the initial ride. We were up by daylight on the following morning, and having, with hundreds of others, paid our respects to the President of the new road, went out to secure good positions on the train. There stood the fiery steed that was to awake the echoes on the Brazos, the Colorado, and if fortune and money favored, the valley of the Rio Grande. It looked, to a Northern boy, like a sugar hogshead laid on its side on a hand car. It had neither cab, tender nor smokestack. The cars, twenty in number, were of English make, and looked like omnibuses. The seats were on the sides and top, and together would accommodate twenty passengers each. There were about 1000 people to go, with accommodations for not over 400. Many were disappointed, and not wishing to miss the roasted ox, etc., started across the country on horseback. After divers threatening juvenile whistles by the locomotive the train started. We had fairly got under way, going about five miles per hour, when the train abruptly stopped, and the locomotive was declared to be off the track.

A LONG CONSULTATION WAS HELD.

There was not a stick of timber in sight with which to pry the reckless machine into position. Two hours were consumed in vain attempts to coax

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*Changes of ownership and name were as follows, viz:

1853-1870 Buffalo Bayou, Brazos and Colorado Railroad.
1870-1884 Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railway.
1884-1934 Southern Pacific Company.
The Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railway was the first rail- to make transcontinental connections. —Editor.

it into place. Finally the Legislature went into committee of the whole on the condition of the locomotive, and it was determined that the highest interests of the State required that its refractory and stubborn disposition be at once subdued, and if necessary, it be placed on the track by main force. Every man that could get near the machine took hold, and those who could not, pulled at the coat tails of those who did, and by a united effort the engine was put on the track, and the State was saved from everlasting shame. Three or four times that day the engine did likewise, and the committee of the whole did likewise. It was 5 o'clock p. m., when we reached the rope ferry and crossed the river at Richmond, where we found many horsemen awaiting us whom we had left at Harrisburg. The roasted oxen had long been smoking in the pits, the crowd was hungry, thirsty and demoralized generally. As we went up the street to the village a duel took place between two gentlemen who had in charge different parts of the entertainment. One ran out of a frame hotel and dodged behind a tree about 6 inches in diameter. The other, from the hotel door, fired five shots at him, each one of which took effect in the tree. Then the man behind the tree fired five times at the hotel generally. In half an hour afterwards we saw these two worthies arm-in-arm going to the barbecue. Soon a dinner horn announced the readiness of the feast. The oxen were brought forth from the pits, smoking hot. Good bread and salt were provided without stint.

WHEN APPETITES WERE APPEASED,

good humor prevailed and eloquence began to flow. The greatness of Texas was magnified, the rest of the Union, Mexico, and the world dwarfed and faded in the effulgent glory of the Lone Star State. As the night grew on and the bonfires began to wane we became anxious about our return to Harrisburg, and you may judge the general feeling when Gen. Sherman announced from the platform the disability of our locomotive, that it was tired, and would not be able to return. It soon began to rain, and oh, how it did rain! For twenty-four hours it never let up. Two small hotels and few dwellings furnished the only shelter. The streets were full of mud and water.

The members of the Legislature camped out on the floors of the hotel, the officers and dignitaries slept on chairs and tables. Every few moments some member would demand a call of the House or Senate and the Clerk would promptly obey, and if any member, from the effects of weariness or otherwise, failed to answer, the Sergeant-at-arms brought him at once to account. To cut the matter short, three days after found us entering Harrisburg in a lumber wagon drawn by four horses.

This was the inauguration of what is now called

THE GREAT "SUNSET ROUTE,"

having its terminals in New Orleans and San Francisco. Harrisburg is now a small station on the route, Houston a city of 40,000.

But three railroads had a beginning in Texas previous to the war—the one already spoken of, with 65 miles; the Galveston, Houston and Henderson, 25 miles, and the Texas Central, 80 miles of track; in all 170 miles. No less than twenty trunk lines now penetrate or traverse the State, with thousands of miles of track, and the best possible equipment. No less than four lines traversing the State, crossing the Rio Grande, entering the Republic of Mexico, are now vieing with each other in opening up a highway to South America. The tonnage carried into and across the State of Texas by these vast railway lines is simply enormous, and every season is increasing it.

Austin is a beautiful place. It has an altitude of 600 feet. Its site is high, rolling and somewhat picturesque. It sits on limestone rock, which crops out everywhere. It has a population of about 30,000. The capitol building, which sits on the crest of the hill, is a building of great credit to this new State. It is said to have cost $3,000,000. The city was named for Gen. Austin, the pioneer of Texas, and the county in which it is located for his devoted friend and follower, Col. William B. Travis. The city has some evidences of enterprise, but climatic lethargy is everywhere manifest.

Early Days on the Texas Santa Fe

By Walter Justin Sherman

From The Santa Fe Magazine, June 1934.

The following episodes cover the period of the writer's official connection with the Gulf Colorado and Santa Fe Railway from the date of his appointment as Chief Engineer in April, 1884, until the transfer of the road to The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe in February, 1888. During this period the mileage increased from 534 miles to over 1000 miles. While each of these roads was known to the traveling public as "The Santa Fe," yet to distinguish them we chose to call the southern road "The Texas Santa Fe" and the northern road "The Atchison." At this time the former was controlled in Galveston and the latter in Boston. My introduction to the staff and to the road occurred during a combined pay car inspection trip occupying several days during which practical jokes at the expense of the young engineer were of frequent occurance.

THE PHANTOM WATER SUPPLY

West bound on the Lampasas branch we approached a water station and stopped for water. Webster Snyder, the General Manager, approached me and said, "Sherman, this station is short of water. Over the prairie yonder where you see that cluster of green trees there is a large spring which your predecessor has recommended as a permanent source of water supply for this station. I wish you would go over there, inspect the spring and bring back a sample of the water for analysis. While you are gone, the train crew will have their midday meal."

Prairie distances, like sea distances, are deceptive. I covered a mile of hot prairie before reaching the destination only to discover that there was no spring and never had been.

Meanwhile, my companion, a son of the manager, who had brought along his gun, fired away at imaginary game and the pay car engine began blowing for the missing passengers to return. Wishing to turn the tables, we started down the arroyo toward the water station quite out of sight from the train. As it was nearly time for No. 1, the special had to go back three miles to the nearest siding.

The anxious parent of my companion came over the prairie to investigate, fearing his son had accidently been shot.

Meanwhile, when No. 1 stopped for water we boarded her for Lampasas where the pay car laid up for the night and the party reunited.

THE TRAIN ROBBERY

At the time of which I am writing, all passenger trains carried an armed guard and of course the pay car was no exception. After a rather long days run, we found ourselves north bound from Temple approaching Cleburne after night fall. The work was done for the day and the dining table had been converted into a card table around which we were assmbled. Suddenly the brakes were applied hard and we came to a sudden stop. At the same time the Superintenent came running through the car and excitedly calling out "Train robbers, train robbers." He was followed by the colored porter who ran out the back door and hid himself in the truck. Meanwhile, there was great commotion in the baggage car where our guard was exhausting his ammunition firing at imaginary robbers. I ran to the state room for my gun, but some one had anticipated me and "borrowed" it out of my grip. It was all another practical joke with the darkie and myself the only victims.

THE MIDDAY SIESTA

At this time, ten working hours constituted a day, i. e., seven until twelve and one until six. Fresh from the northland where midsummer heat

is seldom oppressive, my sympathies were aroused for the trackmen working through the extreme heat before and after the midday rest. I determined to relieve the situation somewhat by providing for a two hour midday siesta instead of one, through the simple expedient of starting work one-half hour earlier in the morning and working one-half hour later in the afternoon. This plan once evolved, I hoped and expected would command instant approval from the workmen. Imagine my surprise and chagrin to discover an almost universal protest against the order. "The midday hours were not so hot after all and besides we'd rather have the half hour in the morning and evening than the extra hour at noon." So it was deemed expedient to quickly rescind the order providing for a two hour midday siesta.

ELM PILES vs. CEDAR PILES FOR THE BAY BRIDGE

The sea worm known as the "teredo" is always hungry for a fresh food supply of wood and in the 5,000 red cedar piles in the Galveston Bay Bridge this hungry worm could always find an abundance to satisfy his cravings. From the beginning the railway company had fed these creatures the best of red cedar piles—a very high priced food. These expensive piles were eaten through on an average every three years. This required the constant services of a steam pile driver and a crew of about twelve bridge carpenters to replace the defective piles. The thought occurred to me that here was an opportunity to institute a great reform and save the company a lot of money. Why not feed these rapacious creatures with a cheap native elm at around three cents a foot instead of an expensive cedar imported from the north at many times that cost? The "powers that be" approved and the plan was carried into effect with very satisfactory results. All of this was long before the great flood destroyed this structure and a new bridge of concrete replaced it.

A BUCKET OF WHISKEY

The two span steel bridge over the Brazos rested on a central pier and two abutments of timber construction. The best of timber was short lived in this humid atmosphere. The time arrived when new supports must be constructed and the bridge pedestals transferred to the new foundations. These latter were first built along side the old structures and 28 feet center to center farther north. The steel spans were then skidded over onto the new pier and abutments without delaying traffic a single moment, an accomplishment of which at the time we naturally were very proud.

This work was executed during a very warm summer. The Brazos atmosphere was humid hot and full of mosquitoes. The bridge crew complained and some deserted. It was difficult to replace them. Under circumstances like this we were permitted to give rations of whiskey to our men and a supply had accordingly been provided. On one occasion, after the days work and before the evening meal, the writer stood in the middle of the track with a bucket of whiskey at his side and a long handled dipper in his hand giving each man a sizeable drink as he came off the work. About this time there appeared on the scene a weary, hungry looking tramp. He was entitled to nothing, asked for nothing and would have gone on up the road. A happy thought occurred to me. I'll offer him a drink and perhaps he in turn will help replenish our small force of men. Sure enough, it worked and our tramp soon proved to be the best man on the gang.

A DARKEY BURIAL

One spring there were tremendous floods on the Dallas Branch and many bridges, culverts and embankments were washed out. The demand for workmen was far in excess of the supply. So I brought up from the Navasota Branch a work train with about 100 strong and husky darkies to replenish the local gangs already at work. The new arrivals, bred in the Brazos swamps, could not acclimate themselves to the pure wholesome climate of the rolling prairie country between Cleburne and Dallas and soon many of them were sick with fever and a few died. One day the writer was present at the funeral of one of these unfortunate victims. A question had arisen among the colored

men which divided them into two camps and it was as to whether the body should be buried on the right of way or sent back home to the Brazos swamps. A vote was taken and a local burial was decided upon. The grave was dug, the body was placed in a crude coffin and the latter placed in the grave.

Then something happened and the defeated faction won over enough recruits to call for and obtain a reconsideration. The resultant vote changed the program completely and the coffin was taken from the grave and placed across the track preparatory to shipment back to the old home of the deceased. Before the arrival of the south bound train which was to bear the deceased to his last resting place on the banks of the Brazos, again something happened and a new election was called which showed that the local burial faction was again in the ascendant. So the bones of their comrade were once more restored to the grave dug within the right of way of the Dallas Branch.

100,000 CATTLE PER YEAR

In the early days much of the Texas Santa Fe revenue came from the transportation of cattle from the breeding grounds on the prairies of south Texas to the "free grass" of the grazing grounds of north Texas and the Indian territory where, during slow driving toward the slaughter houses of Kansas City, these cattle were fattened for the market. The magnitude of this traffic was astounding. If my memory serves me right, more than 100,000 head were moved over this route each year by the Santa Fe alone.

BOSTON BUYS THE TEXAS SANTA FE

One evening in April, 1886, the General Manager advised me that our road had been sold to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe which was controlled in Boston and that we were required to deliver not less than 1,000 miles of track within one year. At that time we had about 700 miles in operation. This meant that we must build 300 miles of extensions in practically 300 working days beginning tomorrow morning.

He asked me if I would undertake the job. I assured him that I would if he would provide the necessary capital and give me strong backing. At this time the Company was woefully lacking in facilities for executing a work of this magnitude. No surveys had been made and no right of way secured. No construction materials on hand and no engineers or contractors at our command. The most important extension desired was from Fort Worth to the Canadian River about 175 miles. Then there was one from Dallas to Paris and Honey Grove about 125 miles and Cleburne to Weatherford about 40 miles. It required about 100 working days to organize and get under way at the end of which time we had on the work 100 engineers, 2,000 teams and 5,000 men. Three days ahead of schedule we were able to report that the entire extensions were open for traffic.

We gave the track laying crews one mile of materials at 7 a. m. and another mile at 1 p. m. and permitted them to lay off when the mile was laid. This was always accomplished ahead of time. There was much rivalry between our men and those of the Atchison coming down with the track from Arkansas City to meet us. But we beat them to the junction point by four hours, and there was great rejoicing among our faithful workmen.

In appreciation of our services on these extensions the management chose the writer's middle name for the Station Justin, a few miles north of Fort Worth.

CONCLUSION

The activities of those early days possessed a peculiar fascination for the writer and the many friendships formed were warm and lasting. The memories of the past are doubtless more pleasant than the realities of the present though many of the familiar actors of the early days on the Texas Santa Fe have gone to their reward.

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Opening of the Buffalo Bayou, Brazos and Colorado Railroad in August 1853—the First Railroad West of the Mississippi.

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Thirty-five years ago this month we were visiting a relative, an extensive planter, in Southern Texas. Slavery was then in force, and while plantation work flourished, all other industries languished. While there, my kinsman received an invitation to be present at the opening of the first Texas railroad. It was called the "Buffalo Bayou, Brazos and Colorado Railroad."* Its terminus was at the village of Harrisburg, five miles below Houston, which latter town it was intended to wipe out, and Richmond, thirty miles distant on the Brazos River. The invitations were issued by Gen. Sidney Sherman, President of the road. The excursion train was to leave Harrisburg at 8 o'clock sharp on a given morning. On reaching Richmond a grand celebration, barbecue, with roasted oxen, etc., was to be held, after which the invited guests were to be returned in state to Harrisburg. The members of the Legislature and all the officials and dignitaries of the State received invitations, and were expected to be present. My relative thought it would be a good opportunity to exhibit Texas enterprises to

HIS YOUTHFUL NORTHERN GUEST,

so I was invited to join him in the journey. We had about 100 miles to travel. In order to be at Harrisburg on time, we started on horseback a week before the day on which the royal train was to start. We reached Houston on the third day, and spent several days in that then village, talking with the assembled dignitaries, discussing the probable effect of the new road on the fortunes of that town and of the State and world at large. While there, the whole Legislature and all the State officers, arrived in stages, and there was a hilarious old time. The night before the excursion was to take place we rode down to Harrisburg, five miles in order to be promptly on time. We reached that distinguished place after dark, and hence had no opportunity that night to inspect the train, which was already made up for the initial ride. We were up by daylight on the following morning, and having, with hundreds of others, paid our respects to the President of the new road, went out to secure good positions on the train. There stood the fiery steed that was to awake the echoes on the Brazos, the Colorado, and if fortune and money favored, the valley of the Rio Grande. It looked, to a Northern boy, like a sugar hogshead laid on its side on a hand car. It had neither cab, tender nor smokestack. The cars, twenty in number, were of English make, and looked like omnibuses. The seats were on the sides and top, and together would accommodate twenty passengers each. There were about 1000 people to go, with accommodations for not over 400. Many were disappointed, and not wishing to miss the roasted ox, etc., started across the country on horseback. After divers threatening juvenile whistles by the locomotive the train started. We had fairly got under way, going about five miles per hour, when the train abruptly stopped, and the locomotive was declared to be off the track.

A LONG CONSULTATION WAS HELD.

There was not a stick of timber in sight with which to pry the reckless machine into position. Two hours were consumed in vain attempts to coax

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*Changes of ownership and name were as follows, viz:

1853-1870 Buffalo Bayou, Brazos and Colorado Railroad.
1870-1884 Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railway.
1884-1934 Southern Pacific Company.

The Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railway was the first rail- to make transcontinental connections. —Editor.

Midwest Historical Notes

Historical Sites in St. Louis

1. The Old Court House—Broadway at Market Street

The first city Court House was erected on this site in 1833, the ground being donated for this purpose by Auguste Chouteau and J. B. C. Lucas in 1822. Before this time, the ground was vacant except for a structure called the "Jailer's Daughter" which housed the stocks, pillory and whipping post. The corner stone for the present Court House was laid October 1, 1839 and the building was completed in 1862. Slaves were auctioned on the steps of this building. Here Judge Hamilton rendered his famous decision in the Dred Scott Case in 1848. The dome contains famous Weimar Murals.

2. Residence of William Clark—Broadway at Olive

This building stands on the site once occupied by the home in which William Clark, famous overland explorer, lived and died. Here many civic enterprises were discussed while he served as Territorial Governor, and later as Supervisor of Indian Affairs, until his death in 1838.

3. Lucas Market Place—12th Boulevard near Locust

Looking south along Twelfth Street from this site from 1845 to 1882, one would have seen a gala market center. It was at this market place that Ulysses S. Grant, who later became famous as a Civil War General and as President of the United States, sold cordwood cut from his farm on Gravois Road. During the war, wounded soldiers were quartered in one of the market buildings. The marker on this building represents the type to be used for marking historical spots in St. Louis.

4. Grave of Chief Pontiac—Walnut between 4th and Broadway

In the corridor of the Southern Hotel, itself a place of historic interest, is a tablet to Pontiac, chief of the great Ottawa tribe of Indians, beneath which he is buried. In his early life he fought against England and for France. Because of his value as a counsellor to French Colonists, Pontiac was lured across the river and slain. His body was returned to St. Louis where, under order of Governor St. Ange, a state funeral was arranged.

5. Home of Eugene Field—634 South Broadway

This house was the home of Eugene Field, the Children's Poet, who was born in 1850. The validity of the statement that this house was the birthplace of the author of "Little Boy Blue" is in dispute, but the fact he spent his early childhood here is a well established fact. The tablet in his memory was unveiled by Mark Twain, Counte de Rochambeau, and David R. Francis, former Secretary of the Interior.

6. Grant-Dent Home 4th at Cerre

It was in this home that Ulysses S. Grant married Julia Dent on August 22, 1848. Grant was then stationed at Jefferson Barracks after his graduation from West Point. The couple lived here until their log cabin home on the plantation of Col. Dent, on Gravois Road, was completed. Plans are now under way to preserve this structure as the Grant-Dent Museum.

7. The Old Cathedral—Walnut between 2nd and 3rd Streets

On this site the first mass in St. Louis was held during the year 1864 and a log church was erected here and blessed June 24, 1870. The diocese of St. Louis was erected and the corner stone for the present cathedral church, which was the first one west of the Mississippi River, was laid on

October 1, 1831, the building being solemnly consecrated October 25, 1834. This building since October 18, 1914 has been the church of St. Louis of France.

8. The Old Government House—Main and Walnut

On this site stood the old Spanish Government House and it was here that the territory of upper Louisiana was transferred from France to the United States on May 9, 1803. It was then that the flags of Spain, France, and the United States flew over this territory in three days.

9. Landing Place of Founders of St. Louis

Levee at Foot of Market Street

Laclede, a French explorer, ascended the Mississippi River during the winter of 1764, landed in this vicinity, and founded the community that is now St. Louis. This man, also a trader, soon established himself trading furs with the Indians and later as a general business man to serve the community.

10. The Old Rock House—Main and Chestnut

This building, the oldest in St. Louis, has stood for over a century and has served as a city hall, later as the school house of Jean Baptiste Trudeau, the first schoolmaster, then a fur storehouse of Manuel Lisa, partner of Laclede, later as a slave billet, then a tavern frequented by Mark Twain and Eugene Field, later as a jail, and then as a restaurant.

11. The Old Log Cabin Site—109 North Second Street

Some of the great fortunes of St. Louis were built on real estate and this is easily understood when one reads the tablet at 109 S. Second St. Although recognition of real estate values were not immediate, the valuation increased from $134.00 in the early 19th century to $104,000,000 in 1850 and ten times as much in 1932.

12. Start of Boone's Lick Trail—Fourth and Market

From this point began the Daniel Boone's Salt Lick Trail which was used to move freight to the Southwest. The Mexicans, powerful and rich, looked to St. Louis for their soft things of life. Explorers and wagon trains outfitted in St. Louis and started to the west by means of their trail. Because of the accessibility of western regions to St. Louis by means of this trail, commercial activities grew in this city. This trail began almost with the founding of the city in 1764 and is still a major artery of transportation to the west.

—St. Louis Chamber of Commerce.

A 545 Page History of Ohio has recently been published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York. The authors are Eugene Holloway Roseboom and Francis Phelps Weisenburger, assistant professors of history at The Ohio State University. "The lover of history will enjoy reading this book. Written for the under graduate college student, and for the general reader it is eloquent testimony that historical writing on the so-called popular level can also be of profound value to the so-called scholar."

—The Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine.

Famed Canadian Mace Returned.—The mace of the Canadian parliament, captured in the War of 1812 by United States troops, was formally returned in Canada yesterday by the U. S. S. Wilmington at a good-will ceremony attended by high government officials, soldiers and sailors of both countries, according to an Associated Press dispatch.

The Toronto regiment and Queen's rangers formed a guard of honor as American soldiers and sailors marched, unarmed, into old Fort York. Just 111 years ago American forces led by General Zebulon Pike stormed and captured the fort on Toronto's waterfront.

Memorial tablets in honor of General Pike and the Americans who died

in the engagement and in honor of British troops who were killed, were unveiled. Then the mace was presented to Lieutenant Governor Herbert A. Bruce of Ontario by Rear Admiral W. D. Leahy, chief of the navigation bureau of the U. S. admiralty.

Among officials who took part in the ceremonies in addition to the lieutenant governor were Warren Delano Robbins, United States minister to Canada, O. D. Skelton, Canadian undersecretary of state for external affairs, and representatives of many states and cities.

—Toledo Times, July 3, 1934.

Early American Pine Room in Home of William S. Walbridge, Perrysburg, Ohio.—This room was projected, primarily, to display a collection of Early American Bottles described by the owner in a volume "American Bottles, Old and New," published in 1920, and, in addition, many rare pieces of Early American furniture, rugs, pewter and other antiques collected through years of pleasant wanderings through New England.

The woodwork in the room with the exception of the hand-hewn beams in the ceiling, was found at Manchester, Mass., being the inside finish of a house in Salem, Mass., and includes seven Witch doors which are framed in the walls of the room, also many panels worked out of the old parts of the woodwork.

The floor boards are the original floor boards pegged, not nailed to the floor.

The rugs are old hand woven ones, and beautiful in appearance.

On the walls are, portraits of Mrs. Walbridge's ancestors brought from Portsmouth, N. H., sconces from an old church, samplers made by children of the period, a hanging cabinet adorned with pewter tankards, and about the room are many pieces of pewter.

The wide panel over the fire-place made from one piece of pine, gives an idea of the width of our early pine. The fire-place is made from old brick, and the hearth of clam shell tiles, both New England products. In the fire-place is a crane from which is suspended a kettle for water, and the andirons are unusual,—four of them—two large and two small ones—probably to care for the back-log.

The center of the room is occupied by a table, with its accompanying settle, near the fire-place, and this was found with its original corded bottom instead of springs, and used many years ago in Vermont. The lamps are made from old jugs found in Maine. Very indistinctly on the walls of the room near a portrait is hung a Cromwell clock, with but one hand, and running only twelve hours. This is made of brass, and a very rare piece, brought from England, and described by Wallace Nutting in his book on clocks.

Throughout the room are many rare pieces of furniture, the collection of years,—chairs, side tables, crickets, an old cradle on rockers, now used for a wood box, a sleigh seat, now a book rack, and four of the windows filled with old American bottles, placed on glass shelves, the many colors in the bottles being brought out in a marvelous manner by the outside light.

Originally all the wood-work was painted white,—this finish has been removed, and now is finished in a Pumpkin Pine, the color being obtained from the color found in the inside of a large California Pine Cone,—and is most striking.

The design and building of the room was by a Toledo Architect, Karl Hoke.

Mr. Buchanan in the White House—Said Jefferson Davis during his confinement at Fortress Monroe, speaking to his medical adviser, Dr. Craven, "Buchanan approached more closely as President, to my idea of the head of a Republican Court, than any ruler we have had since Washington. He had the high bred courtesy—the dignified commanding manners of the best class of what are called gentlemen of the old school. He was fond too in moments of leisure, of harmless intrigue and ladies' gossip." This is the judgment of

a man bitterly hostile to Mr. Buchanan for many reasons—some personal, some political—all, however, taking their date from the months immediately preceding the rebellion, when strange to say, while the Democratic President was, by showing of the Black Republicans, plotting the overthrow of the Union, every Southern Senator and leader, conspicuous in the secession movement, not only denounced him in public speeches, but dropped social intercourse with him—conspicuous among this soured and savage company was Jefferson Davis—hence his testimony, although it relates only to the exterior dignity with which Mr. Buchanan administered the courtesies and hospitalities of his great states, has an interest and value not weakened by any suspicion of partiality in the witness."

—Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography, July, 1914.

Folk Remedies—For 34 years Dr. Joseph L. Miller, 59, of small Thomas, W. Va. has been mending coal miners, delivering their women, treating their families. The hill-billies in turn have taught him their folk remedies, a list of which he read to a Medical Library Association meeting in Baltimore last week. Among remedies which Dr. Thomas found West Virginians using and which he thought big city folks doubtless use, were:

Asafetida suspended in a little sack from the neck to prevent acute infectious diseases like measles, diptheria, whooping cough.

Necklaces of amber to prevent and cure goiter.

Coral or kernels of red corn to stop nose bleed or other hemorrhages.

Soot or Cobwebs to stop a wound from bleeding.

A coin held under the upper lip and a cold key dropped down the back to stop a nosebleed. If those fail, let the blood drip on an axe or knife and bury it in the ground.

Horse chestnuts or pieces of potato carried in the pocket, brass or copper rings on the fingers, or copper plates in the shoes to prevent rheumatism.

Peony roots to prevent epilepsy and convulsions.

A greasy dishrag rubbed on a baby's face to stop convulsions.

Knee cap of a sheep worn as a garter to prevent leg muscle cramps.

Hair combings to be burned, to prevent a bird from finding them and buiding them into a nest. Otherwise the careless comber will suffer headaches until the fledglings leave the hair-woven nest.

Pierced ears to prevent weak eyes.

Straighten out an amputated hand or foot and bury it comfortably in a roomy box to prevent its paining its erstwhile owner.

Put a baby's clothes over him feet first until he reaches 6 months to keep him from growing up stunted.

Bite a baby's nails until he reaches 1 year to keep him from growing up a thief.

Nutmegs, or castor beans, around the neck or in the pocket to prevent indigestion and colic.

A pan of water under the bed to prevent night sweats.

A belt made of rattlesnake skin to keep lumbago away.

Rub snake oil, skunk fat and fishing-worm oil into a joint to cure arthritis.

Wrap a red woolen sock still warm from the foot around the neck to cure a sore throat.

Wear red woolen underwear to cure rheumatism.

Back a child with bronchial asthma up against a tree and peg a lock of his hair into a hole bored in the tree trunk. Snip the lock from his head. When bark grows over the hair, the asthma will disappear.

Blood from a black cat or a black chicken to cure erysipelas and shingles.

Take nine sips of water, count nine backwards, turn around nine times, and your hiccoughs will be gone.

There are many old timers who will recall the very general use of a dried potato carried constantly in one's side-pocket as a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. Another custom which was widespread then and frequently met with today is that of carrying a buckeye in the trouser's pocket as a preventative or cure for piles.

A remedy that was unique if not effective and one that actually had many advocates was the lifting of a fallen palate, the soft palate I presume, by gathering a goodly-sized lock of hair at the crown of the head, pulling it up tightly, tying it securely in place with a stout cord and letting it remain thus for several days; this was supposed to lift the palate into place.

In those olden times the mustache was almost universaly worn, and shaving it off entirely was thought to weaken the eyes.

Many who were once small boys will recall mother's application of a thoroughly rotted apple as a poultice to their wounds and bruises; in the absence of the defunct apple a turnip was scraped and applied to the affected part.
—Time, June 4, 1934.

Lafayette Was Memorialized at Cannelton, Indiana in May, 1934 when a bronze tablet was erected to his memory and the Revoutionary War soldiers buried in Perry County. Lafayette's shipwreck at Rock Island in the Ohio River near Cannelton in May, 1825 is mentioned in the inscription.
—Indiana History Bulletin, June, 1934.

Note—A full account of this unfortunate accident to the steamboat "Mechanic" of Nashville on the night of Sunday, May 8th near the mouth of Deer Creek is published in the Sandusky Clarion of May 28, 1825. General Lafayette and all other passengers were safely rescued from the sinking boat.—Editor.

Grand Canal Ball—The celebration of the completion of the Great Western Canal (Erie) was closed on Monday evening by a fete, equalled only in magnificence by that given in honor of Lafayette—notwithstanding the immense size of the room, the largest in the United States, it was filled to excess—there being, as is supposed not less than three thousand persons present—a procession of about twenty carts laden with the produce of the Western Country, brought from Lake Erie through the canal, passed through several streets of New York on the 9th carrying appropriate flags and banners.
—Sandusky Clarion, December 3, 1885.

Anthony Wayne Tent Bed has recenty came into the possession of the Allen County—Fort Wayne Historical Society Museum. It still bears the mattress used by the General.
—Indiana History Bulletin, June, 1934.

Transportation Costs in 1824—"A hundred (pounds) of goods can now be conveyed from New York to Columbus in the State of Ohio for three dollars and fifty cents.

New York to Albany by river	150 miles
Albany to Brockport by canal	289 miles
Brockport to Buffalo by land	74 miles
Buffalo to Sandusky by lake	120 miles
Sandusky to Columbus by land	120 miles
	880 miles

—Sandusky Clarion, July 7, 1824.

America's Most Famous Battleship Has Been Preserved Through Nearly Two Centuries.—The 52-gun frigate "Constitution—"Old Ironsides" is back

at home in the shadow of Bunker Hill. She has proved many things during her life of 140 years.

In the beginning she proved that Yankee ship carpenters could build a fighting vessel as cleverly and soundly as they buit the wooden wind jammers which were taking over the carrying trade of the world.

In the brush with the Barbary pirates and in her historic escape from a British squadron in Boston harbor, she proved that an American ship with a crew of American sailormen could outstep, outtack and outmaneuver any other warship afloat.

When in that same war of 1812 she battered two British frigates, both her equal in gunpower, until they lowered their flags, she proved that the American navy had the punch.

And finally, during the past three years she has proved that patriotism is not dead in these United States, but is still a living force among us.

* * *

The unique voyage from which the magnificent old lady is now recuperating at Charlestown navy yard took her, a symbol of patriotism, to every sizable port on our seacoast. Not only did all the state and city governments at her ports of call give her an official welcome, not only did patriotic societies cheer and parade, but four and a half million Americans—just about the population of these United States when her keel was laid came aboard to see, to admire and to be thrilled.

Except perhaps the "Mayflower'" she is the most famous ship in our annals. The vessel of the Pilgrims has disappeared; we have not even a picture of her.

But "Old Ironsides" rides the waters of Boston harbor as sturdy as ever and as capable of meeting anything in her class. Only one other vessel in that class remains afloat—Nelson's flagship "Victory," as much a symbol of patriotism with the British as the "Constitution" with us Americans.

All her life she has been accumulating glory, tradition and sentiment. George Washington himself signed the order for her construction in 1794. Hartt's shipyard, which got the contract, lay only a stone's throw from her present berth.

When she was finished in 1797, President John Adams came to her launching. There, she had a stroke of bad luck. Something was the matter with the ways. She refused to budge. When, a few weeks late, she finally took the water, veterans of Bunker Hill were the only major celebrities present.

On this occasion she seems to have got all the hoodoos and jinxes out of her system; for ever since, as they navy will tell you, she has been a lucky ship.

* * *

Most of us learned from our schoolbooks her story in the next forty years; how under Decatur she led the daring American attack against the Barbary pirates; how in her huzzle-to-muzzle duel with the Guerriere in the war of 1812 she put heart into the American people by proving that a native frigate could beat a European; how in another slugging fight she reduced the "Java" to kindling wood, how she sunk the "Cyname" and "Levant" together, disabling and capturing them; how in 1833 when she had grown passe and was about to be junked Oliver Wendell Homes wrote, "Yea, tear her tattered ensign down" and created such a furore of patriotism, that the navy department had to restore her and keep her in commission.

On her first voyage under her new commission she ran against a squall in the Bay of Biscay. Her luck and her stout hull pulled her through. But in the middle 'fifties she was growing decrepit again.

A new patriotic outburst brought new repairs. In 1878 and 1879 she made her last crossing of the Atlantic—carrying our exhibit to the Paris exposition.

On this voyage, another Biscay squall drove her aground near Havre.

Her luck still served her. At high tide the wind veered and she floated off. She lay in dock for thirty years more.

In the nineties the government, without prompting, made a few repairs. By 1910 she was going to pieces again. This time Eric Pape started among artists the petition which caused the government to make her seaworthy.

Finally in the 1920s when again the Constitution was in such condition that she stood to sink at her dock, the Hearst newspapers took up the matter and kept at it until citizens—mostly school children—raised $700,000 to do the job and, this time, thoroughly.

* * *

Inquiring visitors are always asking how much of the original ship remains. Even the constructors cannot answer with certainty; but they estimate about fifteen per cent—the keel, some of the stout oaken armor which used to bounce off hostile cannon-balls, and a few of the knees which support the decks.

To their regret, they had to scrap the disintegrating iron and copper bolts which the immortal Paul Revere forged for her at her building. The navy sold them as souvenirs and turned the proceeds into the reconstruction fund.

Finally, the navy department sent her forth that our citizens might have a look at her. She made three voyages—one to the Atlantic ports north of Washington, one to the gulf ports and back, finally one through the Panama canal and up the Pacific coast.

—By Will Irwin—June 30, 1934.

"Taken Up"—Between lower Sandusky (Fremont) and Maumee, by an Indian, a black roan mare, ten or twelve years old. The owner can find her by inquiring of Messrs. Jacob or Horace Ramsdale, Danbury.

—Sandusky Clarion, July 24, 1824.

The Story of Old Fort Crailo: Birthplace of "Yankee Doodle" as told in the July issue of the D. A. R. Magazine is most interesting. "Among the few remaining buildings erected in America in the early 1600s, Fort Crailo stands preeminent; possibly it is alone of its type. As restored it is said to be the finest example of early Dutch architecture in America. It is located in the present city of Rensselaer on the east bank of the Hudson, opposite Albany." In 1630 Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, diamond merchant, of Amsterdam, Holland was made Patroon and established his patroonship of Rensselaerwyck in America. His holdings comprised nearly one million acres on both sides of the Hudson near Albany. Fort Crailo was built in 1642 as a fortified farm house to protect the settlers on the east side of the Hudson as did Fort Orange on the west side. The name indicates "crows nest."

In 1758 a British army surgeon under General Abercrombie en route to Ticonderoga and disaster, wrote the words of "Yankee Doodle" in derision of

"The Old Continentals
In their ragged regimentals."

Later this song became the rallying song of the Revolution.

Fort Crailo has recently been donated to the State of New York by Mrs. Susan de Lancey Van Rensselaer Strong of New Brunswick, New Jersey and the State has expended $29,000.00 in the restoration of the ancient structure.

Toledo Gifts to Reveal Beauty of Old Spain.—The beauty of old Spain which recently through its city of Toledo gave to the namesake, Toledo, Ohio, its treasures, appears in a window of the Lasalle & Koch store in Huron street, where are displayed objects of art brought back by members of the official Toledo commission which visited the ancient city.

In the center of the display is the medallion of gold, chief prize of the

city of Toledo, Spain, and which was presented to Vice Mayor Charles Hoover as a good will offering to the Ohio city.

About it are groups of shining blades of steel, gold inlaid, parchments that glow in beautiful colors and the fine tracery of embroideries. There is a javelin presented to the University of Toledo by the Central gymnasium of Toledo, Spain.

The famous Toledo blade of steel, with its gold-encrusted handle, presented to Toledo by the National Arms factory is in the window, with a copy of the sword of Kings Donna Isabel de Castilla and Don Fernando de Aragon, given to Vice Mayor Hoover by the House of Jose Martin.

There is a woodcut of Toledo, Spain, dating from the fifth century given to Toledo by Don Gregorio Maranon, with paintings presented to the Toledo Museum of Art, and to Russell Brown, member of the official commission, by the Art institute of Toledo, Spain.

The official greeting of the city to the commission is engraved on glowing parchment in a large wood frame. Two large mosaics are the gifts of the ceramics factory at Talevera, Spain, and of the Spanish ceramics factory. One portrays a rural scene in Spain, and the other presents knights on horseback approaching an ancient castle.

Gifts to Mayor Shown

A carved wood chest given to Vice Mayor Hoover by Pedro Pages Rey, principal of the School of Art, is shown. There are embroideries and pieces of pottery that were sent to Mayor Solon Klotz.

The street sign which marks the changing of the name of one of the thoroughfares of the ancient city to that of Avenue of Toledo, Ohio, is on display. There is a plaque of artistic beauty made by the Society of Artisans. Embroidered pillow covers are a gift to the Museum of Art from Pedro Pages Rey. Another beautifully engraved blade of famous Toledo steel is a gift brought by the commission from Spain for Mayor Solon T. Klotz.

—Toledo Blade, July 19, 1934.

Extract from Dr. Daniel Drake's Memoir of the Miami Country, 1779-1794, published in quarterly publication of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, Vol. XVIII, 1923.

"This spring—1793—is, also, memorable for the arrival of Gen. Wayne and his army which encamped below Western Row on the River Bank called Hobson's Choice, where the army lay for several months. He threw some breast works around them, and cut off the top of the mound and placed a picket guard upon it.

During this year the efforts of the Indians were chiefly directed against those who were engaged in furnishing the garrisons to the north with supplies and this henceforth became a most dangerous while it was an indispensable business. Early in this year as three men Stephen Flinn, James Dement and Moses Prior men of the greatest courage were transporting supplies to Hamilton in wagons, they encamped at Pleasant Run and were attacked by Indians. Prior was killed on the spot, Flinn escaped but Demint was captured. They unharnessed his horses, tied him with his lines, and, mounting, drove him before them with his own wagon whip! He was purchased by a French man and afterwards liberated.

No other incident of this kind seems to have occurred in the neighborhood of Cincinnati during this year; and the presence of the army led to a rapid immigration, with corresponding growth in everything. On the 9th of November the first newspaper was established under the title of the Centinel of the North Western Territory by Wm. Maxwell—Its motto, Open to all parties influenced by none. It was issued once a week.

Towards the close of summer Gen. Waynes army marched off and wintered at Greenville.

1794—Cincinnati

The presence of a large force in the rear of Cincinnati commanded by Wayne inspired great confidence and the town grew with rapidity this year—The Indians were drawn off from the river above and emigrants of all kinds floated down in numbers; various comforts were introduced and the style of living of the people underwent a great improvement.

The Indians no longer invaded the settlers of the surrounding country which was rapidly filling up, but directed their energies on those who were engaged in supplying the troops with provisions, and we have still to record two melancholy catastrophes of this kind which occurred near our city.

The decisive Victory of the 20th of Aug. purchases its security from Indian invasion in all coming time; and should embalm the name of Wayne in every heart which throbs within her walls.

The result of this great battle, in which several whom I have the honor to address were distinguished actors, diffused through the nation an unspeakable joy, and turned the thoughts of all upon the infant city, whence the warrior had gone forth in bravery to return in triumph.

The most important civil event of this year was the establishment of a post office with a mail to Pittsburgh by Washington, Kentucky. It was brought once a week. Nothing could have been of deeper interest to the pioneers many of whom had passed years without being able to communicate with friends they had left behind. The first P. M. was Daniel Mayo now of Newport. For several years, but a weekly mail was received and then in bags not much larger than those used in that day by travelers."

Descendant of Little Turtle, Chief of the Miamis Dies in Maumee Home. Mrs. Fredericka Gilbert Hull of Maumee will be laid to rest Friday in the private cemetery on the banks of the Maumee river, overlooking scenes upon which her ancestors wrote with pioneer daring and enterprise the early history of America.

One hundred miles distant, not far from the same river, recently were uncovered the bones of Little Turtle, great Indian warrior and statesman, chief of the Miamis. It is fitting that Mrs. Hull, a direct descendant of the historic figure, should rest along the waters over which her forefathers fought a century ago.

Mrs. Hull, who was 84, died in her home Tuesday night, at 1031 River Road. The home faces the river, overlooking the broad valley and the tiny burying lot across the road.

Daughter Survives

Her death, her historic home, occasion the retelling of the story of the early history of Miami, Maumee, and the Maumee valley. With one exception, Mrs. Hull is the last of her line. She is survived by her daughter, Miss Rill Hull. The two women, princesses in their own right, lived together in the colonial mansion, amid the memories and relics.

Perhaps the story of Mrs. Hull is best told from the beginning. Among the notable characters about whom the story revolves is Chief Little Turtle, of the Miami Indians who inhabited the Maumee valley. His ancestry, of course, is the most ancient of the American continent. White men learned of him through the conflict of the red men with the invading colonists.

Ancient Legend

During his stormy days, the chief's band came upon two small boys picking berries in the woods, the legend goes. They were the children of white colonists. One of them was William Wells. The boys raised such a hue against their capture that an Indian warrior lifted his tomahawk to threaten the boys into silence.

William was not awed. He dashed at the warrior and planted a small fist on the warrior's jaw. Chief Little Turtle was pleased with the daring of

the youth and adopted him. The youth grew up in the wilderness with the Indians, fell in love with Sweet Breeze, Chief Little Turtle's daughter, and married her.

Early stories relate that the chief in his fondness for his adopted son at the time of the marriage asked him whether he wished to remain with Indians or return to his white brothers. The boy cast his lot with the colonists.

Huge Monument

Chief Little Turtle wrote his name indelibly upon the American story through his campaigns in the Maumee valley. The tragic battle of Fallen Timbers and numerous other conflicts are recalled. Today there stands a huge monument to his prowess as a statesman and warrior. It is near Maumee at the scene of the battle of Fallen Timbers, and overlooks a two-mile expanse of the broad river valley toward Fort Meigs. The heroic statue was cast to represent Chief Little Turtle and his white friends.

Mr. Wells, who later became Col. William Wells, proved to be as daring during his military career as he was in his youth. But finally caught at Chicago by his Indian enemies, he and his outfit were massacred. Legend has it that his enemies admired him so much for his braverythat they feasted upon his heart, hoping to capture for themselves some of the fortitude of the colonial warrior.

Chief Little Turtle, reputed to have been the first active American prohibitionist, fought constantly against his followers' use of firewater. It is said he was the author of the first prohibitionary measures adopted by the American government under the administration of President Andrew Jackson.

The Wolcott Family

Through these years another family was making history for the rugged American colonies. Sir Henry Wolcott arrived in the Massachusetts colony the year after the Pilgrims. He bore to this country a crest, a copy of which hangs in the Hull home on the River road. It attests to his defeat of the king of England in a game of checkers, something of a feat; to the rescue of a girl from a maddened bull, for which he was knighted, and to the independence and pride of the Wolcott family.

A direct descendant of Sir Henry became one of the first judges of Lucas county. He was Judge James Wolcott whose court was held in the old courthouse built where the library now stands in Maumee. Judge Wolcott married the daughter of Colonel Wells and his Indian princess, Sweet Breeze.

Build Homestead

This couple built the ancient Hull homestead, upon 300 acres bought from the government at $1.25 an acre. The home, constructed in 1826, a few years after the marriage, was the first of its kind south of Detroit.

The walls are of black walnut logs, faced with lap siding. There are 14 rooms in the house, which with its sheds once extended from the highway back to the stock pens. Judge Wolcott was proud of his home. As a gesture of grandness he used to ride his horse into the center hall of the mansion.

The judge operated a line of boats from Maumee to Buffalo for years, and one of these bore the first piano into the wilderness. The piano and a wash stand once used in one of the old boat staterooms today are tucked into a corner of the Hull home, with the numerous other relics.

The judge's daughter, Mary Ann Wolcott, was married to Smith Gilbert. And Fredericka Gilbert, their daughter, married in 1875, William C. Hull, who died a few years ago.

Full of Relics

The home in which Mrs. Hull died, tells its own story of historic lineage. In a corner of the living room is the dress sword of Colonel Wells. Upon a highbacked rocking chair hangs a candlestick that once furnished light for the knitting housewife, over her left shoulder.

On the walls are the relics of battles, ancient lamps, and pictures pre-

served through the years. Upstairs is the bridal bedroom suite of Judge Wolcott, a massive solid set that would drive antique hunters mad to view. In the hallway over the winding stairs, designed carefully with steps just to fit the foot of Judge Wolcott, hangs a colonial lamp, that in turn has burned lard oil and other antique fuels and now is illuminated by an electric bulb.

The old home, set among restful trees, once was circled by a black walnut fence. Inside, walnut and valuable woods finish off doorways and cupboards.

The ancient home will be the scene of the funeral services at 3 p. m. Friday. All day Wednesday scores of persons who admired Mrs. Hull stopped at the home. It was the request of Mrs. Hull that the services be where she was born and had lived. It has been requested that there be no flowers.

Besides Miss Hull, there is one relative. A nephew of Mrs. Hull, Albert W. Gilbert, lives at 1603 Freeman street, Toledo, Ohio. Mrs. Hull was a member of the St. Paul's Episcopal church of Maumee and a member of the Relief corps of the G. A. R.

—By Russell Bremer, Toledo Blade, July 19, 1934.

Stages from Detroit to Ohio.—We understand that the contract for carrying the mail from this city to Ohio has been taken by a Company in that State, who intend to establish a line of stages, to run twice a week between this place and lower Sandusky (Fremont). We have no doubt that they will succeed, should the Black Swamp road be completed in season—such enterprises deserve encouragement.

—Detroit Gazette, January, 1826.

NOTE—The same paper on February 7, 1826, published the following: "Today for the first time, a good substantial covered stage leaves Detroit for Ohio with passengers who may proceed if they please to the Atlantic cities by the same kind of conveyance. The fare is four cents a mile."

"Vanderbilt's Daughter," an old Virginia ballad:—

Vanderbilt's daughter said befo' she died dey wuz two mo' roads dat
she wanted tuh ride,
When ev'ry body wonduh what roads dem could be, 'twaz de Eas'
Coloraydo an' de Santy Fee. . . .

He look at de watah, an' de watah wuz low,
Look at his watch, an' de watch wuz slow,
Look at de fiuhman an' he shuk his head,
Said: "Jim, we mout mek it, but we'll bofe be dead."

He reverse de engine, th'ew de levuh back
Twenty seb'm jumbos jump'd de track,
He holluhd to de fiuhman, say:
"Jim, yuh better jump, 'cause two locomotives is about tuh bump."

—Time, August 6, 1934.

Progress in Photostating Newspapers.—"A prominent feature of the historical service of the State Historical Society of Missouri is the photostating of Missouri newspapers. . . . As a matter of economy and convenience the photostatic reproduction is reduced to 11″x14″ size, the volumes then being bound in library buckram. The paper used has a linen base and will withstand many years of use. . . . Thus the danger from total loss by fire or other cause is minimized. It is of benefit too to have old newspaper files centrally located in one fireproof library such as that of this Society, where they are at all times available for use by the public."