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BULLETIN No. 3—VOL. 8

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## PIONEER LIFE IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

### Being the Common Place Book of Me, Margaret Lewis, nee Lynn, of Lock Lynn, Scotland.

Editors' Notes:—The Lewises were among the nearly half million Huguenots (Protestant Reformers) who fled from France during the religious wars of the 16th and 17th centuries. Persecution of the Protestants began during the reign of Henry II (1547-59) and was continued by his three sons, Francis (1559-60) Charles IV (1560-74) and Henry III (1574-89). The so-called Edict of Nantes promulgated by Henry IV in 1598, gave partial protection to the Huguenots and as a result, in 1637 there were over 700 Protestant Churches in France. But during the succeeding twenty years over 500 of these churches were destroyed by orders of Louis XIV. The final blow came when in 1685 this King revoked the Edict of Nantes and closed the doors to all Protestants in France.

Somewhere about the year 1660, William Lewis and his two brothers left France and settled in the north of England, where his son Andrew was born.

Later Andrew moved to Donegal, Ireland. His son John married Margaret Lynn of Loch Lynn, the author of the following narrative. Their children were Thomas (1718), Andrew (1720), William (1722), Margaret (1726), Ann (1728), all born in Ireland, and Charles whom his mother called her "blue eyed American child". Andrew (1720-1782) married Elizabeth Givens of Augusta County, Virginia. He was an ancestor of the prominent Menzies family of Kentucky, one of whom, Mrs. Anne Menzies Spears, has authorized this publication.

John Lewis (1678-1762) was the founder of the town of Staunton, Va., near which he built himself a stone house (still standing) where he lived until his eighty-fourth year. His grave is marked with a plain marble slab inscribed as follows:

"Here lies the remains of  
JOHN LEWIS  
Who slew the Irish Lord,  
Settled in Augusta County,  
Located the town of Staunton,  
And furnished five sons,

To fight the battles of the American Revolution.  
He was the son of Andrew Lewis and Mary Calhoun.  
Was born in Donegal County, Ireland, in 1678,  
And died in Virginia, February 1, 1762."

### **The Common-Place Book of Margaret Lewis**

The Common-Place Book of me, Margaret Lewis, nee Lynn, of Loch Lynn, Scotland, being a nest for my soul's repose in the troublous time that hath befallen.

Here nothing burthening myself with style nor date, I can retreat when toil and turmoil of the day is past, speaking as unto a faithful ear some of my woman's sorrow. So shall I not add to their weight who have, Heaven knows, enough of woe to bear for themselves.

### **Margaret Becomes Bride of John Lewis, Donegal, Ireland**

Bidding farewell to the bonny loch and knowes of Lynn, though along with the gallant Huguenot I had taken for my husband, caused surely a woman's grief to my heart, nay, something like a child's I might say. It was not for the bands of retainers, the powerful clans and castle splendor I had grown up withal surrounded, but I almost cried aloud for my mother, for good Dame Darley, our blessed English tutoress, and for old Elliott, my nurse. I thought the first night I came to my husband's mother's and was set up as a lady to receive court, I should blubber like a great child. This with remembrance that at that very hour my mother was taking her cup of comfort, as she called her tea, that the children were with her in their places, and that my chair, the one which was my sainted father's, sat empty.

I stood as long as endurance was good, then stole away to a more retired apartment. There they sought, and after a time found me, sleeping in a great chair, like an over-grown baby. I did not like to give cause of offense, but I thought then, as I have often since, of the significance of the blessed Apostles sleeping for sorrow and heaviness of heart as the Master's time drew nigh.

Well, so be it,—Loch Lynn and its rock crowned summits and purple heather are all past by now, like as to when one goes on a journey and beareth away the memory only, impression of the landscape. The craigs to be sure had in them nothing loving, but that they grew by home, and for the blue heather, the eyes of my two boys, Andrew and William and their sweet sister Alice, glad me more than acres of such. Poor Thomas, my oldest born, hath a defect in his sight, but for all this he looks into his mother's heart deep down enough, leaving there, which is better than the shade of blue heather—sunshine. He is a noble lad.

### **John Lewis Has Serious Trouble with Landlord**

We have worse trouble come upon us now, I say, than that of a young wench leaving her mother's fireside. My poor John is sorely belabored in soul with the grievous malice of this same Lord of Clonmithgairn.

The contentious noble hath said to the good Dean of Ulster, a few nights ago, how that my husband's lease-hold on the estates of Clonmithgairn and Dundery should be revoked at next assizes, or (and he took a vile oath) blood should be spilt between the contenders. My husband has amassed much means, but he does not choose, (as what man of spirit would?) to be driven to and fro in the matter of his rightful possession.

So I played with my children, and for John I have words cheery and careless-like, but faithful Nora, she sees it is not in my heart. She essays compassionate sentences and looks, for me, and I tell her many troubles, yet it is a foe to order and household authority when the heads thereof use to confiding greatly in even the best servants. Now, when a woman's tongue must not much wag, some corresponding member must take its place, here, then, comes in this book of mine which at one time served John Lewis for his tenantry accounts.

In this year of Grace 1730, what things are come to pass. Blessed Christ, pardon the souls of such wicked-minded men as on the last Lord's Day would so rush to arms and blood, making havoc and murder, and sacrifice to evil passion.

I can no more, now, take this my book, my companion, to the nook of a private withdrawing room in Clonmell Castle. Drawing there the crimson dark curtains, shutting out the world and my noisy little ones, I liked that retirement where I could read, or pray, or talk to myself in writing. My home lies in ashes, but, far worse, ashes lie on my heart, too. My best beloved John is a fugitive from the law, and for me, I can not say why my poor sight was not blasted by what it four days since beheld.

### Lord Clonmithgairn Attempts to Eject Lewis and is Killed

My husband had his family around him, as is the custom when we go not to the evening service, (indeed our Chaplain was at home sick in bed) expounding for the soul's health of children and servants, texts of Holy Scripture. Edward, poor man, begged the reading should go on in the round tower room where he lay. Months he had been ailing, yet being somewhat on the mend, then, he had come with his wife and infants to his brother's house. Strange to say, as the passage, "are you come out as against a thief with swords and staves?" passed John's lips, a rude shouting was heard without. On looking to the direction of the noise, we perceived the drunken Lord of Clonmithgairn leading an armed force of ruffian clans. This to eject John Lewis from his rightful domains. The envious heart could not bear the sight of his neighbor's prosperity.

Dark was the shadow upon Clonmell that evening. My husband armed himself like a man; rallied out domestics around him, and even poor, puny Edward girt on his arms right speedily. Poor soul, he had as well as not—may be better, for he was the first victim of their ferocious raid. Ere he had come three steps, one of the marauders cried out, "Where will that white pigeon be going?" then shot him through the head. He fell, stark dead. Then John looked like an enraged tiger, surely. He wielded right and left, when lo, first the obnoxious noble, then his favorite steward were dispatched. Finally our men succeeded in driving off the interlopers, but some of our best were slain.

More than this, a very great sorrow which we had not looked for, greeted us as the invaders dispersed, in the slain and trampled body of little Eubank, Edward's eldest son. He was only eight years old. How he came among them we could not tell. His green tunic was stained with blood and tramping feet, and his white, marble face looked like a sculptured cherub, but on these nor the portly, prostrate form of his father must we stay to anger our eyes.

### The Home Broken Up and John Lewis a Fugitive

Clonmithgairn was a man of power and weight, and we must hurry away from the scene of that brief, bloody battle.

I and my little ones abide here (Dunraven) with good friends, while he, my best-beloved of all, roameth I don't know where. Servants have buried our dead long before this time, while I sit weeping tears from different fountains. Of bitterest affliction for John, dear man,—of gloom enough for Edward's double bereft widow, and the two kin couples, darkening the memory of our once house and home; tears of thankfulness that he, my life was spared,—and my sweet Christ forgive me, tears of joy that the persecutor, the mover of this Devil's work, fell in his evil undertaking.

### **John Lewis Returns**

Last night about sunset, Lady Clara sang to her kitar a low, sweet song,—this upon the south balcony. My soul seemed to leave the body as I listened, as though something strange should come to pass to me or mine. By and by she sudden stopped, and I recalled myself. A white kerchief was waved slowly against the dusky park wood. News from my husband, this was to be his signal.

Lady Clare and I started off in the direction whence the sign had come, but John, poor soul, had hidden himself then, lest the sounds he heard might be other than friendly steps. I thought presently to speak aloud, though my heart was up in my mouth, so he knew the voice and came to the edge of the wood again. We three sat talking as long as we dared, and now I know my destiny and he is gone. He has been to Portugal, so he tells, but likes it not much for a living.

### **The Virginia Wilds Offer a Safe Asylum**

The Virginia Wilds hold out a safe asylum for our oppressed house, and thither we sail at once. The changed life we lead there is nothing to think of; safety from injustices, if we shall find it, covers all the ground.

So far seeing the way clear, the prospect darkens now with doubt and fear lest some unknown evil overtake and intercept or prevent our voyage. That God is better than our fears is truly said. I look up at the top of my page and see what I last wrote there, in the dear land I shall never see again, and I say—Evil Heard—why can not we trust more?

### **Court Grants Full and Free Pardon to John Lewis**

Not only are we safe come hither, but John Lewis standeth clear before all the world of the death of Charles of Clonmithgairn. My Lord Finnegall hath shown himself a good friend, and one worthy to be entrusted with the concerns of any proper man. When the right circumstances of the affair were made known according to the written statement of my husband placed in his hands, witnesses whereto were at the last found and proved. His Majesty sent full and free pardon of land in this Eden Valley of Virginia.

### **Lewis Build a Log House**

John Mackey, who has come all this way with us, gives good aid in erecting of our house, which I have some impatience to see done. This log cabin may do in times of peace, but should these savages change their policy of amity and good-will, it will evil be if we have not wherewithal to meet them. It has been enough for me ever since, to hear John Salling tell at Williamsburg, when first we came to this country, how these people did ferociously entreat such as fell into their hands.

John Lewis was more taken with the newly-freed captive's account of the land in this part, the beauty and abundance of which has not yet been told, to say true. The broad prairies before our door at the front looks like miles and miles of gaudy carpeting, with its verdure and flowers.

Our cow, Snow Drop, as the children call her, is fastened each day on the meadow border by a tether many a fathom long. They drive her in when required for the use of little Charlie,—our new world baby— and her white feet are continually dyed red with wild strawberries.

### Thirty of the Old Tenants Cling to Lewis

The new settlement begins to look quite lively now, with the gardens around the cabins, the patches of grain and all. About thirty of our tenantry have clung to us through evil and through good report, and these are, for the most part, able and efficient work-people. Joe Naseby hath a neat rail to his garden ground, and some sort of ornament structure on top of his house to entice the wild pigeons,—a cupola like.

### A Gray Stone Dwelling is Under Construction

When our gray stone dwelling is done I shall feel something like ornamentation, it may be, and for my children's sake, and especially Alice, I shall like to make things look enticing. I think people get beauty of soul with growing up with pretty things, particularly girls, but all, indeed, should have their home beautiful so they may love to stay in it or come to it as the case may be. The Holy Pascal said not much of any more worth than these words: "Most of the evil of this world grows out of people's discontent to stay at home."—That is true. Now how shall they love home if home is not made lovely? Here then we have the key to our family's destiny.

I will not wait for the new house for this. I will take Andrew, William and Alice,—Thomas has gone a hunting with his father and John Mackey,— and plant, this day, some of the prairie roses to run beside our door and on the roof.

### The Lewis Children Play with Indians

Oroon-ah came by while the children and I set the plants by our cottage. He shook his head, "Wrong," he said, "the Great Spirit put the herbs where He want 'um:" and when Alice brought him a bowl of clabber he turned away in great disgust, the while uttering—"Rotten, no good." The child gets used to him and the other Indians better than ever I shall. She has many friends among them, as have the boys, too, and they call her a sweet name—"White Dove," but for all that they give me the same feeling as did those painted Mountebanks of the Christmas festivities at Darley. I always am startled when one of them appears before me.

### John Lewis Locates 100,000 Acres of Good Land

John Lewis prospered with his clearing, his crops and his building, and John Mackey helps him or anybody who will hunt with him now and then, but he lays up nothing for himself, and his household might gather many comforts around, if he would act different.

My husband hath located one hundred thousand acres of good land, but when he goes out to explore and choose what is rich and the best poor, Mackey will go along to hunt buffalo. John said to me Thursday, "Peg" (He always calls me Peg after dinner, yet I should say that before he gets his

bowl of toddy for dinner, a more sober man is not in the Old Dominion, said he—"Mackey has laid up not a penny since he came to the settlement. Indeed I was very sure that he had not. Well, if he lives at this gait, I suppose the Indian heaven will be good enough for him hereafter, broad hunting grounds and plenty of deer and buffalo.

### **Lewis Builds Staunton, the First Town in Valley**

Our town of Staunton goes finely on, thanks to John Lewis' enterprise and energy. It shall descend to his posterity that he has builded the first town in the valley. It is about four miles from our place of Beverly Mansion here, which some call Lewis' Fort.

Un-gee-wah-wah and his tribe, we find, are not friendly to us, but still if they make further demonstration, (they captured three of our men yesterday, who made them drunk and then got away,) we shall be able to hold our own against them.

### **Beverly Mansion Called Lewis Fort**

Our fort is formed of blockhouses, stockades, and the cabins. The outside walls are ten to twenty feet high. The blockhouses are built at the angles of the fort and project full two feet beyond the outer walls of the cabins and stockades. The upper stories of our houses are eighteen inches larger in dimension, every way, than the story below, an opening being left at the commencement of the second story to prevent any lodgement of the enemy under the walls. We have port holes in all and the savages having no artillery, we should stand our ground if they offered assault.

### **Oroon-ah Crowns Alice Queen of White Doves**

Oroon-ah, or Tiger King's son, a lad of sixteen, has crowned my Alice with a prairie rose wreath—Queen of White Doves, he calls her, and has given her a fawn which has become domestic now. I did not like to hear Thomas last night,—he is older than Omayah,—"Suppose sister Alice should grow up and marry Omayah." Youth is romantic and thinks strange thoughts, I hope she may have none such. Then I set me to thinking—the child is fourteen years old in May, and that's just two years younger than I was when I became a married woman. The reflection gave me pain, but I think of it no more. There is nothing gained by shunning the fixed truth, whatever it be. Look God's fact in the face, whether agreeable or not. It is like going up to a white object in the haunting dark, taking hold of it and proving it no ghost.

### **Agent of Lord Thomas Fairfax Visits Lewis**

Last Spring, and this 1757 now, John Lewis, visiting the seat of Government, Williamsburg, met there with one Burden, but lately come over as agent for Lord Thomas Fairfax. John was so pleased with his company and he with the account of this fertile land, that he must needs come back with him and explore and hunt. This was a gala time for John Mackey, but Burden was a more provident hunter than he.

My sons took, in the chase, a young buffalo calf, which the stranger was much affected and it was given to him. This was toward the end of his stay for he made a pleasant inmate of our home some several months. He took the rude animal and made it a present to the most worshipful Governor Gooch, who never having seen so comical a monster in Lower Virginia, did promptly favor the donor by entering upon his official book full authority to

Benjamin Burden for location 500,000 acres of land nigh to the James River and Shenandoah waters; this on condition that he should, within ten years, settle, at the least, one hundred families within the limits. The Presbyterians of North Ireland, Scotland, and adjacent portions of England do abide at home uneasily, and they will come freely to Burden's bidding, for the peopling of this new settlement.

### A Wedding in the Wilderness

While our friends in Lower Virginia much carouse and keep up the customs of the old country, we beyond the mountains are, for the most part, a sober set. So much the more does our departure from our usual way of doing make a great event among us.

John Salling, one of the first explorers of this region, hath his land about fifty miles off, down in the forks of the James. A young nephew living with him has seen and admired and made proposals of marriage to Joe Naseby's granddaughter. The girl has sometimes said him nay, saying it is poor comfort one will find in a hunter's home,—so playing on the word, for her name is Comfort,—but he is a well looking lad enough, so turning his perseverance to some account in his favor, they have been married.

Thomas Salling brought many attendants to his wedding, all riding bare-backed and clad in raw hide. I laughed to see the nuptial procession approach, and said to my husband and our Chaplain, the riders seemed to my eyes something as did the Spanish equestrians to the unsophisticated Mexicans,—as man and horse formed all one animal.

It is a rare thing, indeed, in any of the section if there be a merry-making without its attendant work. Weddings form nearly the only exception. Sometimes the settlers come together to make arrangements for mutual safety against the Indians, for we have had our own troubles with them from time to time. Sometimes for reaping, building a cabin, and so on, when they will have a repast of bear's meat, buffalo steak or venison, topping off with a dance and games.

On this wedding occasion, it was an odd array of toilettes. Lindsey and brocade mingled grotesquely. Some old world relics placed beside the ornaments newly picked up here, produced a mingled effect of savage life and civilization, struggling one with another. I had given to Comfort, who is a much smaller woman than I, the yellow brocade I wore the day the surveyors located the town, which was for me an unlucky day. No sooner had we set to dinner than Mr. Parks, who was one of them, growing animated in his talk, made a gesture which overset the gravy-boat upon my lap. I laughed it off right well, though my heart was ill at ease with thinking that I had no French chalk to remove the soil, but then a woman early learns such lessons of self command. I forgive Mr. Parks, heartily, and do not even wish, (while he gives me such a racy paper, Virginia Gazette, first published by William Parks at Williamsburg, August 6, 1734) that any one may so misplace his ink as to soil his hose or breeches. I hope the men will be going down in a few weeks, and fetch another (paper).

### The Race for a Bottle

It is the common practice now to make whiskey, an intoxicating drink, from the Indian corn, and a part of the wedding entertainment is a race for a bottle of this stuff. When the guests are approaching the house of the bride, two of the young men most intrepid in horsemanship, are singled out to run for the bottle. The victor in the race is met at the door by some member of the family who confers the prize. He hurries back to the cavalcade who

are halting about a mile off, and gives first to the bridegroom then to the other company a dram, then after forming again they ride to the destination place. Our steeple chases are no more trials of fearlessness and good riding than these bottle-races, seeing the competitors do come through mud, mire, woods, brush and over hill and dale.

Great mirth prevailed at Joe Naseby's. Though the wedding table was only a rude board,—this was spread with pewter and Queensware, and covered with a substantial repast of meat and vegetables and fowls and bread. The company sat down to it as soon as the wedding ceremony was over, and there was little more ceremony of any kind. These new world manners are making queer innovations among our people.

John Lewis went back after conveying us home. He tells me that shortly after he returned, a deputation of young girls stole the bride off and conducted her to her bed up in the loft. By and by some young men took away the bridegroom and safely deposited him there also, and late in the night refreshments of bacon, beef and cabbage and such like things were sent up to them; and along with all this—Black Betty, which meaneth a bottle of whiskey.

### Many Scotch-Irish Presbyterians in Settlement

By this time, Burden's settlement is fast filling up, there being some of the Established Church among them, but mostly our neighbors are Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. It soundeth like the gathering of the clans to call over the M'Kees, M'Cues, M'Campbells, M'Clungs, M'Kowns, Carutherses, Stewarts, Wallaces and Lyles,—together with the Browns, Prestons, Paxtons and Grigsbys with them associated.

I am led to think of them the more now by an incident which occurred here the last night. About sundown a traveler, in hot haste, tricked out in the rough costume of the country, rode up and asked lodging. This was readily granted, together with such entertainment as we had at hand. He was an ungainly looking person, though setting his horse well.

An hour afterwards other horsemen came clattering up and rushed afoul of this first stranger, who happened then to be without doors looking after his horse, for there was quite a good light from the moon. I heard from my seat by the fireside hilarious voices, and the words "Confess!" "Confess!", echoed in a roughly jocose way, "We have been seeking you some days." I then heard and knew not what to think, but this story which the pursuers told as they came into the house, and to which the culprit did goodly naturedly attest,—with somewhat of shame, too, explained all.

When Ben Burden, the younger, came to make deeds to such of the settlers as held cabin rights, the name of Mulhollin so often did appear as to be a matter of wonder to him. He set about making inquiry, and so found that Mulhollin had been a person most efficient in deeds of enterprise among them. Inquiry was now made for one Polly Mulhollin, who, to pay her passage from Ireland, had sold herself to James Bell, who advanced the money for her. She served his family in all honesty, the time out, then disappeared. Now it turns out that this same Polly Mulhollin did put on man's gear, hunting shirt, moccasins, etc., and go into Burden's grant for the purpose of becoming a land proprietor, and erected thirty cabins. The thing hath caused much merriment wherever known. Polly, with some chagrin and much meanness, hath gotten on woman's attire, borrowed from some one in the settlement, and will betake herself henceforth to womanly pursuits.



### Valley People of Good Principles and Diligent in Business

Our neighbors in the valley are people of most staid principles and habits and are very diligent in business. They commence their Sabbath on Saturday when the sun goes down, while I think it not a shame to have a hot turkey for my Sunday dinner.

Craig's wife was here a Sunday. She is a good soul, yet like many other good people, hath charity too narrow to believe but that religion is confined to the poor and obscure; to such as herself, in other words. A handsome book of Common Prayer lay on the child's bed. The book was presented by our Governor Gooch, who was my father's friend, and it was handsomely clasped about with golden clasps. She sneered, saying "The thought of Governor Gooch's giving a present of a Prayer-book." This because he lives in what seems to her much gayety and splendor, which many who condemn, like her, would do if they could, but as they have to practice self-denial of compulsion, they think it is accorded to them for piety. For my part, I hesitate not in affirming I have seen as much sheer vanity go along with a grogram suit as ever with ermine and velvet, and more indeed of that spirit which says, "Stand aside, for I am holier than thou."

### Father of Omayah Seeks Alice for His Son's Wife

There have been distractions to draw me yet awhile therefrom.—The father of Omayah has sought the father of White Dove, as he calls our sweet Alice, for his son's wife. He says that the Tiger King's oldest-born pines to hear her voice cooing among the wild pines about his cabin. It made me tremble almost as though I thought John Lewis could be persuaded thereto, and give away my tenderly reared lamb. He wished to treat it as a joke, though, and seated Alice at the spinette, whereupon I have taught her to play with some skill. "That," said he, "is all white women are good for, you don't want them,—bah."

My husband still joked with him which was, perhaps, the better policy, but Oron-ah retired discomfited, I could see.

### A Tragic Frolic at Tower Rocks

Heavenly Father, give us strength to bear what hath come upon us now.

Last Monday was a holiday, and many of the young folk and their elders did take a repast in their baskets, and go up to see the Tower Rocks, as we call them, a few miles off. I, being a stay at home body, remained with my domestic occupation, while John Lewis did take Alice, her eldest brother also going along, to join in the frolic. Omayah was there, sad and silent, and brooding as he hath been of late. He has much attached himself to our race, as seemed his father indeed also to do.

### Alice, The White Dove, In Vulture's Nest

The men and maidens were strolling about, and my daughter went with the young Indian across a branch of a little stream, Lewis River, to gather Good-Luck plant, as we called it, but wo betide the luck to us and her, poor dear lost one. No doubt it was a preconcerted signal, but as the last rock stepping-stone was passed, a savage yell broke forth, a band of red men sprang from the pine woods, and they and Alice and Omayah disappeared in its thickness. Our men fired and ran, but the tangle and bush, and deep forest, which they will never learn like Indians, all combine to make the pursuit passing difficult. The females of the party returned home under es-

cort of some of the men, for there was terror stricken to the hearts of by what had befallen, and my child's father and brothers, frantic with rage and distress, dashed off after the artful enemy.

At nightfall, John Lewis came home alone, for he feared to leave longer, seeing what news the returning party had brought me. I had never showed such grief before him till then,—no, not when we made that little grave on the prairie and piled the white rocks upon it. I was striding on the floor as he surprised me, wringing my hands, and—may heaven forgive me—almost reproaching the Most High that He had mocked me so to hear my prayer and raise her up from that dreadful fever, when she lay, a little child, tossing in my arms, getting ready for flight, I thought. He soothed me, poor man, well as he could, his own heart was nigh bursting, and the morning scarce dawned ere he set off again with more of the men to overtake the marauders. Alice's brothers have never yet, all these four days, nor the men that were with them, turned to come home.

I cannot work,—save what duty absolutely demands, I cannot talk, only here may I ooze out the suppressed stream of my sorrow; carefully indeed lest it take possession of me.

I had thought Omayah above the cunning artifices of his subtle race, but they may not be trusted, as individuals or in the mass, and all my instinctive dread of them in the beginning was but a forerunner of what I was destined to suffer at their hands. O, my Alice, White Dove indeed, in a vulture's nest.

There is a terrible warfare going on between our settlers and the faithless Indians. What of my gentle child I cannot tell. Last night our fort was assailed for the second time since this dreadful business broke out, but there was little damage done, for they have no artillery. John Lewis and his boys are still away on the search, but those left at the fort managed manfully; they could feel no fear, and the wild war cries waked no terror, for one strong feeling keepeth another at bay, and I was already possessed with dread and anguish.

### Demented Mary Greenlee Offers to Recover Alice

Toward day, long after the savages dispersed, our men still having their eyes open for them, did see, creeping on all-fours, from the wood and toward the settlement, (nay, indeed, close by my house, when it had been permitted to come so far, then Joshua Grant fired on it), what seemed to be a stout Indian, all painted and bedizened in full war array. The creature groined and fell, dropping its bow and arrow on the ground. There all lay till some one should run up,—William Stuart first, and the victim turns out to be Greenlee's mad sister. Some deem her mad, that is to say, a witch. She rides all over the country alone, at will, and talks strangely at times. Months ago she had been missing from Burden's grant where her brother lives, and no one could tell aught of her. She has been a captive, she says.—Indeed she will be more angel in my sight than flesh and blood, if she talks not idly in the name she bears me. She can bring Alice if I but give her a swift horse. Her wound was not deep, though some painful. I could not entreat her to stay for a better healing, but, dressed it tenderly as I could and gave her our best animal and prayed her speed.

I can see Nora thinks the pony has gone for no profit. The woman does not seem to be sure, talk wildly of the palace under the earth where she has hidden White Dove. She knows something of her, giving proof that far in calling her by her Indian-bestowed name. That gives me hope, while I ponder again upon her disconnected harangue of silver palace walls and pearly floors. She hath an apartment there, so she tells, where she holds communion with the

dead, and their voices answer her. Her language is very good, and she commences her talk with so rational and plausible an air, that you find yourself listening most intently, and rapt, indeed, then she becomes so excited that mind and tongue run riot together, and a brain of only healthy velocity cannot keep up. I can write no more.

There promises to be little peace between us and these savages ever again, scarce a day now passes but chronicles some new depredation. Still they do us the justice to acknowledge the red man was the aggressor. The Great Spirit, they say, is on the side of the white man, and indeed our mode of warfare hath been destructive enough.

### Alice Lewis is Restored to Her Parents

My poor Alice looks infant-like and innocent with her bald head. A threatening fever followed the excitement and terror of her stealing away by the savages, and her roses in her cheeks are scarce recovered yet.

Mary Greenlee was good to her word in bringing the lost baby to us, and for Alice, she told the strangest tale, the which, did I not have proof better, might almost make me think the child mad as Mary Greenlee. This latter was with the Indians in their assault the night before her discovery of herself to us. They had truly taken her captive, and she, the more readily to pave the way to escape when time should offer, feigned dislike of the whites, and that she had run to them of her own will. She painted her skin like them and dressed like them, but the very night they brought White Dove home a captive, her heart was stirred for her race.—She watched her opportunity, seized her pony they had captured with her, and taking the fear distraught child behind her, set out at speed of the wind, so Alice tells, and so deftly did she manage that they were not persued,—to be conscious of pursuit. The witch, as some call her, betook her rescued prisoner and herself to a strange great cavern somewhere, which none have since been enabled to find trace of, then let the pony go, so the red men might follow its tracks, nor halt at her retreat, which, indeed, it is question if it is known to them.

### Alice Tells of the Virginia Caverns

I tell Alice that she has become daft, what with her capture and reading of the Arabian Knights, for she talks of the grand marble palace, under ground, of its interminable galleries, its statues and its fountains, and withal of stars and moon peering through its roof. Now every one knows no human head would contrive anything so silly as a princely hall of this gait with any of its roof open to the sky. It must be a weird edifice, truly, and worthy the keeper who feedeth herself and chance guests on dried haws and chinquapins. But none of the Lewis name can, forevermore, carp at Mary Greenlee what she does. Blessed creature, I would walk on hands and knees to serve her, to the latest day of my life.

That day of the last siege of our fort, while Alice was lost, as she did demonstrate to us afterward, she showed more wit to give us tidings of our stolen one, than we to make good use thereof. She had shot over the wall, fastened to her arrow, the words, scratched in berry-juice upon a piece of white rag,—“The White Dove is safe.” She sought for and found the same afterward.—How this strange being fell in with the savages again, after liberating herself, it hath been her freak not to tell, but she comes and goes like a spirit, and some do say, indeed, they are beginning to regard her with a sort of superstition.

### **Omayah Protests His Innocence**

Omayah came with downcast looks to visit us again, after the carrying away and restoration of Alice. He protests and we are inclined to believe truly, he had nothing to do with the treachery thereof. He, too, was surprised, he says. He adds, that he saw Mary Greenlee's contrivance for getting the White Dove away and kept his mouth bank up (shut tight). She heard him out in this, but we can not tell from her evidence. At any rate, I am willing and glad to think the boy was not at fault. He has been the playfellow of my sons so long I can but feel attached to him. Tiger King professes great penitence, but in him I have less faith. In the old I look for more stability, in the young I look for more truth. This for red men and white men. Omayah comes rarely.

### **The First Church in the Shenandoah Valley**

The Rev. Morgan Morgan, who has been chiefly instrumental in erecting the first Church in this Virginia Valley, takes much interest in civilizing and Christianizing the savage race, and his labors among them have been not altogether discouraged. Indeed if he might but win one to the Light of the Bible it would be great gain, yet I cannot be disabused of my thought that it is an uphill work, and that a preacher may always be prepared for an ambush, even where he thinks he has gained both ear and heart.

### **Charles Lewis Captured by Indians and Escapes**

Charles, my new world child, as I call him, being the first born here is a daring spirit. The boy lives in the chase and in war. Among the Alleghanies he was captured some-time since by a party of Indians, who took the child on, barefoot, some two hundred or more of miles, his poor arms girdled behind him and he driven on by threats and brandishing of knives of his vile tormentors.

Traveling along a bank some twenty feet high, Charles suddenly and by intense muscular force snapped the cords by which he was bound, dashed himself down the precipice into the bed of a mountain-torrent below, and thus effected his escape. Not but that they followed him fast enough, yet he had some little advantage of them, so, leaping the trunk of a tree which chanced to lay prostrate in the way, a sudden failing of strength did come over him and he sank in the weeds and tall grass which surrounded it. His persuers bounded over, sundry of them almost touching him as they sprang but God be thanked, they did not slacken speed and hurried on still seeking him.

As soon as he deemed it safe he essayed to rise from his grassy bed, but here was a new adversary to cope withal,—a huge rattlesnake, lying in deadly coil, so near his face he even must hold his breath, lest the bare movement caused by inspiration bring the monster's fangs and his own nose (of which he hath a goodly allowance) in fatal contact. Once, indeed, as he waded to and fro, his huge rattle rested upon Charles' ear. Let him but wink, let him move one muscle and lo, the terrible thing would be upon him. He lay thus in painful movelessness many minutes, when the beast, supposing him dead, crawled over the lad's body and went his way. It is a noble characteristic that they will not attack that which hath not life and power to get away.

### **Conclusion**

I wonder if it be not a token of my death that today, wiping my spectacles and putting them on, I have taken up this book after so long laying

of it aside. I feel like a traveler whose way has lain by a devious and up-hill road, and now in some peaceful sweet day, when there are no clouds in the sky, turns to survey the way he has come, before entering into his rest and closing the doors about him. I see my children here and there settled around me,—sons and my daughter. Dear Andrew, who is known as General Lewis, still follows the fortunes of his great chief, Washington. Thomas is in the honorable house of Burgesses, my Alice bears her matronly honors well, and sometimes tells her eldest child how the dying Indian boy, Omayah, Christianized at the last, did wildly crave the wings of the White Dove to bear him up to the home of the Great Spirit.

There is a grave by the Great Kanawha's side which tells where Charles Lewis, my blue-eyed American child, fell bravely fighting, honored and beloved, in the fierce affray at Point Pleasant.—God rest him, the gentle at home are the bravest in war, ever. A little hillock on the prairie with its white mound of stones is not overlooked, though an insignificant object in the landscape to any but mother-eyes. William is confined by sickness, so we hear today, also that his wife, noble woman, has sent off her last three sons, the youngest thirteen, to repel the British at Rockfish Gap. "Go, my children," this Roman mother said, "I spare not even my youngest, my fair-haired boy, the comfort of my declining years. I devote you all to my country. Keep back the invader's foot from the soil of Augusta, or see my face no more."

(When this circumstance was related to Washington, his face lighting with enthusiasm, he exclaimed,—“Leave me but a banner to plant upon the mountains of Augusta, and I will rally around me the men who will lift our bleeding country from the dust and set her free.”)

Men with such mothers are the men to form a nation. But the wrangle of wars and the rumors of wars sound faint to me now, and I say to the one who standeth hand in hand with me on this height, who hath been a helpmeet every step of the way,—only a little longer, John Lewis, and the Lord of the mountain will open unto us and we enter His doors together.

## Midwest Historical Notes

THE PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF ONTARIO, 1700-1840, in 20 bound volumes containing the proclamations of the Governors, Legislation, Court and Land Records, also the German Secret Service in America, 1914-1918, are recent accessions to the library.

THE FAMOUS PERRY BROTHERS, Oliver Hazard, 1785-1819, and Matthew Calbraith, 1794-1858, the former who won the Battle of Lake Erie and latter who opened the ancient Empire of Japan, are the heroes of two volumes published in 1935: "Oliver Hazard Perry," by Charles J. Dutton and "The Great Commodore," by Edward M. Darrows.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, BY CHARLES DUTTON, is the title of a new volume of biography reviewed by John Elmer Reed in the Western Pennsylvania Magazine for December, 1935. The review says in part:

Few readers of American history and all too few school and college teachers and students realize the tremendous significance to the United States of the spectacular American victory on Lake Erie on September 10, 1813; nor do they give proper value to the influence upon the outcome of that battle of Lieutenant Perry's personal magnetism and his enthusiastic handling of his fleet and men. Most readers and students but dimly perceive the galling relations between England and the United States that followed the Revolution. That war had been fought and won, but the American people were very far from enjoying the expected freedom from what were then feelingly regarded as the ambitious greed and pernicious activities of Great Britain. During the succeeding period the United States was harassed upon the sea, and even in its harbors by Britain's sea-going crews. In the course of these depredations and of the war that followed in 1812, much of the country's attention was concentrated upon casualties occurring upon the sea, but the frontier settlements were keenly alive to the atrocities suffered in the frequent raids upon their defenseless homes and villages made by British troops and their Indian allies from the West and the lake regions. American frontiersmen had suffered severely in those raids, and Hull's surrender of Detroit had greatly encouraged Chief Tecumseh's ambition to found a great Indian empire that would sweep the whites from the land. The English had also confidently expected to organize the vast trans-Allegheny region into an English empire, and the British fleet on Lake Erie was the force relied upon, in conjunction with Proctor's army at Malden, to achieve this result.

At a time when the British did actually control Lake Erie and much of the old Northwest, Lieutenant Perry quietly journeyed to Erietown, took command of the building of a fleet from the green oaks growing on the harbor banks, rushed it to completion, and sailed in search of his foe at the upper end of the lake. The contest that ensued centered around Perry and his ship. His second-in-command left him unsupported. After one of the hottest naval engagements on record, the victorious Perry was gratified to be able to advise General Harrison, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." His victory was universally hailed by the populace with heartening enthusiasm. Eventually it brought to the United States the undisputed sovereignty over the vast "Trans-Allegheny empire," and it inspired the successful consummation of a war that brought complete independence to the American people, as well as a lasting peace with the mother country.

**THE STORY OF THE MILITARY DEFENCES OF DETROIT** since the days of Cadillac, is told by Colonel Wade Millis in the Winter Number—1936—of the Michigan History Magazine. The French built Fort Ponchartrain. The English built Fort Lernoult and the Americans changed its name to Fort Shelby. The first American Commander at Fort Shelby was Colonel John Hamtramck, the same officer who had received the surrender of our Fort Miami in July, 1796.

Fort Shelby came into further prominence when General Anthony Wayne made it his headquarters for several months, shortly before his untimely death at Fort Erie. In the war of 1812, General Hull surrendered Fort Shelby to the British. In 1851 Fort Wayne was built, on a reservation of 96 acres and along lines which at that time were considered most modern.

**AN HISTORIC MURAL SHOWING.** Wall Street on September 1, 1799, at the opening of the Manhattan Company's first office. Aaron Burr, one of the founders of the Company, and his daughter, Theodosia are the central figures in this panel. To the right are shown John Stevens, the eminent engineer, who aided the Company in solving its early problems of supplying water to the City, and Daniel Ludlow, the first President of the Manhattan Company.

This is the site of the Bank's Main Office today, at 40 Wall Street.

**A MAY DAY MESSAGE FROM EDINBURGH.** It is difficult to imagine any British community adopting a mechanical and compulsory system of materialism and atheism, under which we would not only have no individual liberty, no personal property, no public discussion, no freedom of the Press, but no home life, no family life, no Christian marriage, no Christian Sabbath and no Christian Church.

—Presbyterian Register, Edinburgh, Scotland.

**LUMBERJACK BALLADS,** by James Cloyd Bowman in Michigan Historical Magazine, Spring 1936, contains the following opening stanzas of Jim Porter's shanty song:

"Come all my jolly shanty-boys, come listen to me song,  
For it's all about the shanties and the way they get along.  
For a jollier crew of fellows never can you find,  
Than those good old shanty-boys a cutting down the pine.  
The choppers and the sawyears they lay the timber low,  
The skidders and the swampers they holler to and fro,  
Next comes the sassy loaders before the break of day.  
Load up your trains me boys and to the woods they sway."

Today the charred stubs of pines and the decaying roots of blackened stumps are about all that is left to authenticate the glory that once was but now is gone forever.

**WALK IN THE WATER.** The first steamboat on Lake Erie, built at Black Rock near Buffalo in 1818, (and wrecked in 1821) for trade between Orleans of the north (near Fort Meigs) and Buffalo appears in the foreground of a fine lithograph of "Detroit in 1820," among a group of lithographs of sixteen mid western cities as they appeared in the early days. This group features the March 1936 number of the Bulletin of the Chicago Historical Society and together comprise a very valuable collection of such pictures.

**ERRATA**—Our April 1936 issue contained a press item from Tiffin, stating that Oberlin was the oldest coeducational institution in the United

## The Historical Society

States and Heidelberg second oldest. On the authority of President W. G. Clippinger of Otterbein and Professor E. I. F. Williams of Heidelberg, we now place Oberlin first (1841), Otterbein second (1847), Heidelberg third (1850) and Antioch fourth (1857)—all Ohio Colleges.

**SKELETONS**—A few human skeletons on hand and for sale.  
—William R. Snelson.

Advertisement in Boon's Lick Times.  
—Fayette Missouri, June 24, 1847.

**THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.**—Unfair, incorrect is Time's assertion on second news page, March 23 issue, that the Battle of New Orleans was won "15 days after the War of 1812 was over." Inference is that Senator Rose McConnell Long was wrong when she told a Senate committee that "Had we not won that battle, we would have been a British colony west of the Mississippi."

The fact is . . . historians now agree that the Battle of New Orleans was fought before, not after, the War of 1812 was over. Said the Treaty of Ghent, signed Dec. 24, 1814: "All hostilities, both by sea and land shall cease as soon as this treaty shall have been ratified by both parties, as hereinafter mentioned." The treaty was not ratified by the U. S. until Feb. 17, 1815. Hostilities were not expected to cease until the treaty was ratified. Had Andrew Jackson lost, instead of won at New Orleans, Louisiana would have been a British colony. Correct, therefore, is Rose McConnell Long; correct also is Reau E. Folk, chairman of the Tennessee commission on research into the real value of the Battle of New Orleans, who first brought the matter to light. This society is sponsoring a correction in all the standard school histories not only of the erroneous assumption which Time repeats, but also of many other schoolbook myths about Andrew Jackson's record as a President of the U. S.

Rudolph Johnson, Secretary

The Andrew Jackson Society of Tennessee, Memphis, Tenn.

A strict interpretation of the Treaty of Ghent upholds the contention of the Andrew Jackson society that "Old Hickory's" victory on Jan. 8, 1815, at New Orleans, fell within the period of hostilities. But a strict interpretation of the Treaty also indicates that a British victory at New Orleans would have been nullified since signatories agreed to restore conquered territory.—Ed.

—Time, April 13, 1936.

**A VERY RARE AND VALUABLE OLD BOOK** has recently been acquired for the library. It is entitled "A compilation of Laws, Treaties, Resolutions and Ordinances of the General and State Governments which relate to lands in the State of Ohio including the Laws adopted by the Governor, and Judges, the Laws of the Territorial Legislature and the Laws of Ohio to the years 1815-16."

Chapter headings include the following: United States Military Bounties, Ohio Company's Purchase, John Cleves Lymmes Purchase, Sales of Public Lands in Ohio, Refugee Lands, Lands of the United Brethren, Western Reserve of Connecticut and Sufferers Lands, Names of Connecticut Sufferers, Virginia Military Bounties, French Grant, Grants and Privileges to Ohio, Lands for the Support of the Gospel and Schools, Northwestern Territory and many others.



**THE MARK TWAIN ZEPHYR TRAIN** of the Burlington was christened November 11, Armistic Day, 1934, at Hannibal, Mo., by the humorist's grand-daughter with "Tom Sawyer," "Becky Thatcher" and "Huck Finn" looking on. This train had made 202,242 miles in regular service at the end of 1935, and was the first of the stream lined passenger trains to be placed in service. Latest models of this type of train have an average speed of 66 miles per hour including stops and a maximum speed of 95 miles.

**THE FAMOUS OLD TRINITY OF BROADWAY** threw a scare into the church wardens when in March 1935, it was discovered that the top of the spire was seven and one-fourth inches farther north and eleven and three-eighths inches further east than its base, 280 feet below, due to a combination of causes, chief of which was a bad foundation with subways and deep foundations as a contributing cause. This church begun in 1839 was the third of the twenty religious structures.

Suitable underpinning was a hazardous undertaking because of the limited space available. It was decided to jack down to hard pan seventeen steel cylinders, forty-two inches in diameter and fill them with concrete. This was accomplished in 100 days at a cost of \$100,000.00.

**UNDER SIX FLAGS AND STILL TRIUMPHANT** is the proud boast of the Lone Star State. The official invitation to the Centennial Exercises on the Battlefield of San Jancinto, where the last battle of the War of Independence was fought and where General Santa Anna, President of Mexico, was defeated and captured contains, in color, a beautiful grouping of the flags of Spain, France, Mexico, the Republic of Texas, the United States of America and the Confederate States. Work is in progress on an imposing granite monument 100 feet high to mark this historic spot as a part of the program to celebrate the centennial of the success of the revolution against Mexico and the founding of the Republic of Texas (1836-1845).

**THE WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION PROJECT** for the erection of historic markers in Indiana is now well under way. Sites and Inscriptions are subject to the approval of the Historical Bureau of the State Department of Education. The markers are thin metal sheets 36 x 24 inches bound in angle iron, with black lettering on a white background, hand painted in enamel. They are being mounted on four inch square wooden posts, set four feet in the ground. Inscriptions are limited to a title and 30 words. These markers are not as ornamental nor as permanent as is desirable but are expected to pave the way for better ones in the future.

—Indiana History Bulletin.

**MADISON'S COLORFUL DAYS AS A RIVER PORT ON THE OHIO RIVER** have come to an end. For more than a century Madison has been one of the principal stops between Cincinnati and Louisville. With the discontinuance of the Greene Line steamers at that port, no other boats will make regular calls.

—Indiana History Bulletin.

#### OHIO HILLS

Western Mountains rise in grandeur  
With their peaks against the sky,  
And the seashore has its beauty  
Where the salt spray dashes high,  
But the hills of old Ohio,

Hills of home they are to me,  
Hold rare charm in greater measure  
Than the mountains or the sea.  
Fairer hills than old Ohio's  
There can never, never be.  
Fertile plains and rolling meadows  
Smile beneath the summer sun,  
And the happy creeks and rivers  
Laugh and whisper as they run.  
But the hills of old Ohio,  
Glacier-rounded, strong and free,  
Guarding "Belle Riviere" forever,  
Are a precious legacy.  
Heritage of wondrous beauty.  
Are Ohio's hills for me.

Ruth Winslow Gorden, Georgetown, Ohio.

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**LARGEST MOUND IN OHIO LOCATED NEAR MIAMISBURG**—*Col. Columbus*, April 18 (AP)—What may be called the "great pyramid of Ohio" stands near Miamisburg and is of great interest to all lovers of ancient things.

Of course it is conical rather than pyramidal in shape and is known as a mound, but its antiquity, size and the probable reason for its building, in many ways suggest the pyramids of ancient Egypt. The Miamisburg mound is the largest single prehistoric mound in Ohio and is 68 feet in height and has a base circumference of 850 feet. It contains over 1,000,000 cubic feet of earth which was probably collected and transported to the spot by basket.

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**JOHNNY APPLESEED.**—South Bend, Ind., April 15.—In your paper a few days ago you published a dispatch from Springfield, Mass., in which doubt was cast upon the story of John Chapman, alias Johnny Appleseed. A Springfield historian, Harry Wright, regarded the story as a myth, a creation of the imaginations of some nice old ladies, you reported.

The writer spent four years in writing the facts and running down every story he could find concerning this kindhearted, altruistic scatterer of apple, plum, and cherry seeds all over the middle west from about 1800 to 1845.

He was as well known to the early pioneers as was Daniel Boone, and his travels extended from Pennsylvania to Missouri and from Michigan to Kentucky.

He lived around Ashland, O., for some fifteen years and in Fort Wayne, Ind., for seventeen years. He died in 1845 and was buried two miles north of Fort Wayne in the Archer burying ground. He has relatives all over Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois.

I met in my travels one old lady who had met him in her childhood, and in my files I have a letter from an old lady at Butler, Pa., Mrs. E. J. Howard, who when she was a little girl made small bags for him for his apple seeds. He always stopped with her father, a physician, whenever he came that way.

Chapman was an educated man and held a commission from the Swedenborgian church at Boston to preach, and for two years was a missionary on the Potomac river. He frequently spoke in the churches in the west and delivered Fourth of July talks.

He died worth some \$10,000, and in the records in the courthouse at

Fort Wayne are full proceedings of his burial and the closing of his estate.

There are as many proofs that Chapman lived and worked around the west as there are that George Washington was at Braddock's defeat.

—Henry A. Pershing, Chicago Tribune.

**A MEMORIAL TO MAD ANTHONY.**—Anthony Wayne, whom the Indians named "Mad Anthony" because of his reckless courage in dealing with them, was born in Pennsylvania in 1745. He fought in the Revolution and was in command in the battle of Ticonderoga. He fought at Brandywine, Germantown, Valley Forge, Monmouth and Paoli. He fought also at Stony Point and aided Lafayette in Virginia. He was at the siege of Yorktown and at the close of the Revolution became a terror to the Indians.

A communication just received goes on to say that the little city of Greenville, Ohio, close by the Indiana state line, awaits word from Washington which may again bring to the forefront of interest its importance as the site of negotiations by which the Northwest Territory became a part of the United States.

Two bills now before committees of the national house and senate may result in the erection of a \$250,000 memorial here to General "Mad Anthony" Wayne.

It was Wayne who carried through to completion plans of George Washington both for peace with western Indian tribes and territorial expansion to the Mississippi River, by signing the treaty of Greenville, August 3, 1795.

—Chicago Journal of Commerce, April 9, 1936.

**A RUGGED PATRIOT; MAJOR GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE** is the title of an article in the Michigan History Magazine of the spring of 1936, by Colonel Wade Mills, United States Army, retired.

"Like a meteor that flashes momentarily in the heavens, leaving a trail of sparkling light in its path, so this man appeared in the Northwest Territory, 142 years ago, pursuant to the call of military duty, and by the brilliancy of a short campaign he cleared the murky political atmosphere which then prevailed."

Referring to the Wayne campaign of 1794, Colonel Mills says: "The news of this highly successful campaign reached London where the Chief Justice Day, as a special emissary whom President Washington had appointed, was engaged in diplomatic negotiations with the British government. Wayne's successful campaign hastened the conclusion of these negotiations. The famous 'Jay Treaty' was the outcome. Among its provisions was one whereby England agreed to vacate and surrender on or before June 1, 1796, the armed forts in United States territory which she had continued to occupy since the close of the Revolution."

**THE UNWRITTEN BIOGRAPHY OF AN OUTSTANDING PRODUCT OF THE FIRELANDS** should be entitled: "The Life of Doctor Fred Baker," of Point Loma, California, who has recently celebrated the 54th anniversary of his wedding to Doctor Charlotte L. Johnson of Newberryport, Mass., whom he met while a fellow student of medicine at Ann Arbor. He was educated in the public schools of Norwalk, Ohio, then to Cornell University and after graduation in 1878, to the Medical Department of the University of Michigan.

After graduation, he taught there for a brief period and then practiced two years in Akron, four years in Socorro, N. M., and reached San Diego in

June, 1888, where he has since resided and until recently both he and Mrs. Baker have been engaged in the active practice of their profession. Although Dr. Baker has won many professional honors including among others the presidency of the San Diego County Medical Society and the Southern California Medical Society, his career is perhaps most outstanding because of the diversity of his interests.

A student of Natural History, his affiliations today include an honorary life membership in the Pacific Geographic Society, the California Academy of Science, the San Diego Society of Natural History, the San Diego Museum Association and quite recently he was elected a Fellow of the California Academy of Sciences, the highest scientific award made by any institution on the Pacific Coast. He has devoted much time to the science of Conchology and has made a collection of 10,000 named species.

Dr. Baker's travels have been extensive and most interesting, including a trip with Dr. Wozkoff, the Russian Meteorologist to Mexico and Guatemala with the Stanford Expedition of 1911 to Brazil as surgeon and conchologist with the Expedition of the California Academy of Sciences to the Gulf of California and two years with Mrs. Baker in the Orient.

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**A PLOT TO POISON THE FOOD OF WASHINGTON.**—In September, 1923, a tablet was placed, marking the site of the old Richmond Hill Mansion which stood at the corner of what is now the junction of MacDougal and Spring Streets. Here Theodosia, daughter of Aaron Burr, entertained as her father's hostess, the Indian Chief, Red Jacket, who was a remarkable and educated man. Here, also, the life of Washington was saved.

A young woman, Phoebe Fraunce, daughter of Samuel Fraunce of tavern fame, was employed as housekeeper. She attracted the attention of Thomas Hickey, one of Washington's bodyguards, who made love to her, and confessed that he was involved in a plot to put poison in the food of General Washington. He begged for Phoebe's help in this scheme. Not daring to refuse, for fear that the plot would be carried out in spite of her, she pretended to agree, and when the poisoned dish came to table she cried out that the dish had arsenic in it, and pointed out the criminal. Hickey and twenty others who were in the plot were hanged in Rutgers Square, a small park now in existence.

—Greenwich Village Historical Society