

The Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio

President-Editor WALTER J. SHERMAN
 Vice-President WALTER A. EVERSMAN
 Vice-President WILLIAM A. GOSLINE
 Vice-President GEORGE D. WELLES

Secretary-Treasurer WILLIAM H. BLACK
 Librarian NEVIN O. WINTER
 Assistant Librarian CARL VITZ

TRUSTEES

Term expiring 1936—
 WILLIAM F. BROER
 MRS. KENT HAMILTON
 SILAS E. HURIN
 JAMES HODGE
 WALTER J. SHERMAN

Term expiring 1937—
 WALTER A. EVERSMAN
 JULIAN H. TYLER
 RICHARD D. LOGAN
 FRED BISSELL
 ARTHUR T. SECOR

Term expiring 1938—
 NEVIN O. WINTER
 WILLIAM A. GOSLINE
 BLAKE-MORE GODWIN
 GEORGE D. WELLES
 EDMUND T. COLLINS

OFFICES

President-Editor—800 2nd National Bank Building
 Secretary-Treasurer—16th Floor—2nd National Bank Building

BULLETIN No. 1—VOL. 9

JANUARY, 1937

CEDAR POINT IN THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

By Wilmot A. Ketcham

1860-1928

(Editor's Note—The earliest recorded mention of Cedar Point on Maumee Bay, so far as we have been able to determine, is to be found in the journals of Chevalier Chaussegros de Lery, Senior Lieutenant with the French Expedition of 285 officers and men bound from Presque Isle, now Erie, to Detroit. The eight volumes of the de Lery journals are in the library of the Laval University of Quebec. Under date of August 4th, 1754, we find the following entries: "To enable one to understand the route of this day and that of Father Bonnecamp, Jesuit, in passing out of the Little Lake (Otsandoske) to Point aux Cèdres, I will indicate in the figure below, the route he took outside and which I followed inside (this sketch marking "Pt. aux Cèdres" on Maumee Bay is shown on Page 169 of "The Wilderness Trail" by Charles A. Hanna).

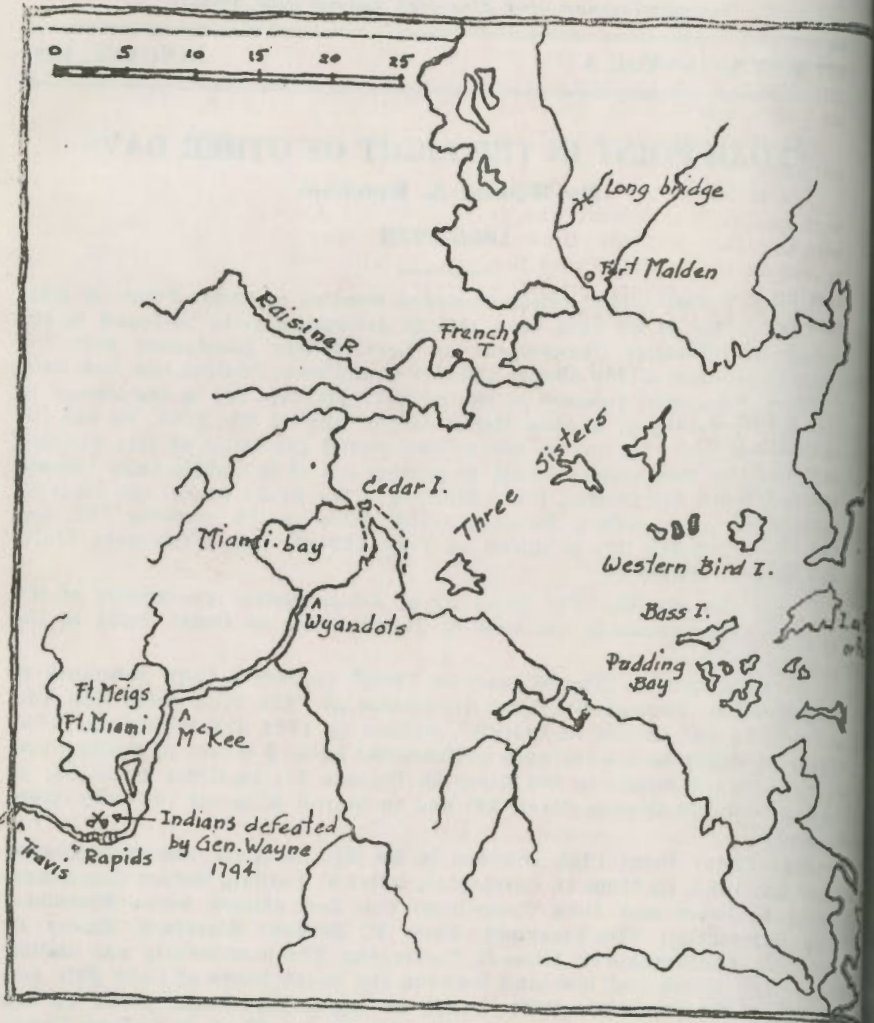
Under the caption "The Captivity of James Smith" the author of the following paper recounts the visit of James Smith to Cedar Point in the Spring of 1757.

On page 207 of "The Wilderness Trail" appears a third reference to Cedar Point in Thomas Hutchins' description of "The route from Fort Pitt to Sandusky and thence to Detroit", written in 1764 and revised in 1778: "From Sandusky to the entrance of Sandusky Lake, 9 miles; to Rocky Point (Marblehead) 9 miles; to the River de Portage 33; to Cedar Point 35; to the Big Island in Detroit River, 18; and to Detroit 9; in all 104 miles from Sandusky."

The Cedar Point Club referred to by Mr. Ketcham was incorporated March 25, 1882, by Miles D. Carrington, Peter F. Berdan, Robert Cummings, Joseph K. Secor and John Cummings. The first officers were—President, Miles Carrington; Vice-President, Peter F. Berdan; Secretary, Emery D. Potter, Jr. and Treasurer, Miles D. Carrington. The membership was limited to ten. The marsh and low land between the South Shore of Lake Erie and the upland or woodland, (Niles tract) on the South; Crane Creek on the East and Cedar Point and the Maumee Bay on the West, in Oregon Township, Lucas County, Ohio, comprising 5,000 acres, were acquired by the Club direct from the U. S. Government. "Spring shooting of ducks or hunting or shooting on Sundays or at night time, shall not be allowed" says section 4 of the By-laws, and section 5 says "Gaming or betting for money or other

property shall not be allowed on the premises". The game comprised ducks, geese, swan, otter, muskrat, mink, skunk and deer. The last deer was killed in the early 80's by Phillip La Course. Muskrats were very abundant. The records show 10952 marketed in 1919—8335 in 1920—11,757 in 1921 and 7307 in 1922. From the high prices of 1921 the Club realized \$30,000 gross with two-thirds going to the French trappers.

The present holdings of the Club comprise 2500 acres, all located north-west of the Niles ditch. The entire membership lives in Cleveland and vicinity. The Club House is located on the Maumee Bay frontage near the western point of the peninsula.)



MAP COPIED FROM CAREY'S ATLAS. PUBLISHED PHILADELPHIA 1814.

Note Copied two times the size of map in Atlas.

THERE is little mention of Cedar Point on Maumee Bay, in the written page of history. It has rested quietly by the margin of the Lake on one side and the Bay on the other, as the centuries rung their changes about it. War and strife have bubbled and seethed near by,—greed and unrest have been rampant but serenely and tranquilly it has held itself aloof, in its trailing robes of marshland, in its wild and primitive beauty.

The season's miracles unfold there as they did in the dim past. Surrounded by a world of restless change, it is changeless and the prayer of its lovers is that it may stay so.

Bountifully during the years, it has provided for its children, especially its dearly beloved,—the children of the air. Each year the banquet has been spread anew in boundless profusion and faithfully and unerringly, twice each year, through the pathless air have they returned to its great warm sheltering bosom,—even from the end of the World,—and that is Love.

To its human lovers, it has been beautiful, loyal and kind and what more may a lover ask?

As it rested quietly during the years, within sight of its shores, the warp and woof of destiny was woven,—back and forth. The River and Lake were a mighty highway. Brave true hearts and sordid vicious ones went by in restless procession. Those fearless "knight errants" of trade, the "coureurs de bois", traders, priests, explorers, soldiers of fortune,—and misfortune made up the pageant of the years.

Visit of a Sulpitian Priest in 1669

A few, a very few have left some record and it is, perhaps pardonable, to snatch from a faded yellow page a name or two from the dim light of old days to the glare of new. Probably the very first was some unknown voyageur, bearing a strange and wonderful elixir, distilled by the Gods, to the simple children of the forest, for he was generally a lap ahead of the Gospel. The Gods, who distilled this magic liquor are, they say, dead now,—but they said that of the Great God Pan. The gospel, however, has the record, for, at least among the first was Dollier de Casson, a Sulpitian priest, whose stately canoe went by in 1669 on his way to the site of Detroit. Whether he stopped at the beckoning cedars (for the cedars were veritable) for lunch or only saw the dim coast line, we may not know.

Sieur de la Salle and Henri de Tonty

In 1679, two brave gentleman adventurers passed or stopped here,—let us hope they stopped,—on a most momentous occasion. The first and only voyage of the first vessel on Lake Erie. The vessel was the Griffin of 40 tons and the gentlemen were Ren  Robert Caveller, Sieur de la Salle and Henri de Tonty,—brave hearts both, "without fear and without reproach." When they arrived at Detroit, the bulwarks were hung with game, ducks, turkeys and geese. She went to Green Bay, Wis. and was lost on her return trip in Lake Huron. With her perished some dreams of the great LaSalle that might have come true.

The Building of Fort Miami in 1680

As the great game went on, of which a continent was the stake, more and still more were the pilgrims on this road to destiny. In 1680 the Count de Frontenac, Governor General of Canada sent an expedition that went by Cedar Point and up the Maumee River where they built Fort Miami.

The Jesuit Missionaries

There came priests, with a burning and fiery zeal, who bore the cross literally through fire,—who met mutilation, torture and death with quiet smile of a perfect faith. However misdirected and futile their efforts, all others in a similar direction seem puny. They left behind them a vast mass of written material, describing minutely each journey. It is called the "Jesuit Relations" and makes sixty printed volumes. Parkman drew largely on the original for his wonderful history and does full justice to their splendid heroism and self effacement. That they were at Cedar Point, goes without saying. Across the Bay are remnants of French pear trees and the originals were old trees when the first settlers came in 1770. Engraved crucifixes have been found in Indian burial grounds. One of them, found near where the Yacht Club house stands, bore the initials R. C. Montreal—and who was R. C.? (Robert Cruikshank, a Silversmith, Editor).

The Coureurs de Bois

The most picturesque figures of these old days were the voyageurs, and they were many and varied. Gay and debonair, joyous and care free, vicious and desperate. They sailed under a roving commission, leaving such trifles as the law and morality behind at Montreal. In the veins of many of them danced the best blood of France, from which country they were oftentimes banished for cause. In their dress of buckskin with a gaily colored kerchief about the brow and the inevitable red sash, the white teeth gleaming in the black beards; they were simply irresistible to the female sex. Add to this that they carried with them veritable magic, in the guise of the amber colored liquid distilled from the heart of the vineyards of France, which brought unbounded joy, wild gaiety, imbecility, blood lust, forgetfulness or madness as the human instrument varied. There were dark and sinister deeds hid in the wilderness,—the silences were long and profound, but there was song, and gaiety, red blood and boundless life and the moccasined foot of the voyageur trod, unknowingly the path of empire. Let us be thankful that Cedar Point is now, except as Nature moulded it, as they found it.

The Indians at Cedar Point

That it opened its arms to another true lover, the Indian, there is ample testimony. There was good hunting and good camping on the Point after the long and weary work at the paddle. The marsh was a nourishing mother to him and for untold years his canoes grated on the sands of Cedar point and his camp fires gleamed from its hospitable shores over the Lake or Bay. At Elm Point, near by, "he took his burden for a pillow and laid down to pleasant dreams"—there is a large burial mound there. May his ashes rest in peace. He had little rest or peace after the white man came and he gave the white man very little.

He was a problem,—and it was solved, as this same white man solved many,—by simply rubbing it off the slate.

Celeron de Bienville

One of the most memorable and imposing of the many expeditions of the past, to pass or stop at Cedar Point was that of Celeron de Bienville. There were about 250 men, French regulars, Canadian militia, Indians, a Priest and 23 canoes. It was in October, 1799—for days they had travelled on the noble River, (Ohio), lined to its margin with the stately and primitive forest, decked in the regal magnificence of the autumn colors.

It was jeweled with islands and rich with the nodding plumes of the wild rice. How welcome must have been the sheltering crescent of the Point to them, weary and toil worn. Vast flocks of ducks arose as they turned for the shore, as if to welcome them. Soon, camp fires gleamed among the trees and soon began the throb of the Indian drums and the wild, weird melody of the Indian songs. Then the clear tenor of a French voyageur, singing the refrain to an old canoe song:

"Fritaine, friton, friton poëlon
Ha' Ha' Ha' frite à l'huile
Frite au beurre à l'oignon"

Celeron de Bienville, gentleman of France,—with his full and sonorous title,—Chevalier de l'Ordre Royal et Militaire de St. Louis, was a distinguished guest at Cedar Point, 171 years ago and it is pleasant to think of him on that October evening when the gentle night closed and the hunters moon shimmered on the vast fields of waving rice, enjoying a broiled teal with native mushrooms, washed down with his own genial Burgundy,—“even as you and I”—a *vous* santé., Chevalier and bon voyage, into the night that awaits us all.

The Captivity of James Smith

In the Spring of 1757 a party of Caughnewaga and Ottawa Indians in a large chestnut canoe landed at Cedar Point, after a long and stormy trip from Sandusky Bay. These details could not be supplied were it not that among them was a young white man named James Smith, who was captured just before Braddock's defeat in 1755 and adopted by the Indians. He left a narrative of his captivity and put Cedar Point on the page of History for the second time. As he has it, “We put in at the mouth of the Miami of Lake Erie at Cedar Point.” They left here in a few days for Detroit, with their furs and remained in the Wyandot and Ottawa villages, opposite Fort Detroit until November, when “a number of families prepared for their winter hunt and agreed to cross the Lake together. We encamped at the mouth of the river (Detroit), the first night and a council was held; whether we should cross by the three island (East Sister, Middle Sister, and West Sister) or coast around the Lake. These islands lie in a line across the Lake and are just in sight of each other. We concluded to coast it around the Lake and in two days we came to the mouth of the Miami of the Lake. Here we held a council and concluded we would take a driving hunt in concert and in partnership. The River at this place is about a mile broad and it and the Lake form a kind of neck, which terminates in a point. All the hunters (which were fifty-three) went up the River and we scattered ourselves from the River to the Lake. When first we began to move, we were not in sight of each other, but as we all raised the yell, we could move regularly by the noise. At length we came in sight of each other and appeared to be marching in good order. Before we came to the point both the squaws and boys in canoes were scattered up the River and along the Lake to prevent the deer from making their escape by water. As we advanced near the point, the guns began to crack slowly and after sometime the firing was like a little engagement.

The squaws and boys were tomahawking the deer in the water and we shooting them down on land. We killed in all about thirty deer, although a great many made their escape by water. We had now great feasting and rejoicing as we had plenty of hominy, venison and wild fowl. The geese at this time appeared to be preparing to move southward. Here our company separated. The chief part of them went up the Miami River that empties into

Lake Erie at Cedar Point, whilst we proceeded on our journey". And so James Smith fades into the past.

End of the French Regime

On the tenth of February, 1763, French dominion ceased forever at Cedar Point and new faces were on the highway, the startling red of the British uniform was not uncommon.

During the early summer of 1794 many Indian war parties stopped at the Point, gaily decked and confident in full war paint. Colonel McKee, Superintendent of Indians, under his majesty also went by in state,—but in the late summer they came trailing back weary and war worn,—they had met Tony Wayne at Fallen Timbers.

Refugees from River Raisin

On the evening of January 23rd, 1813, there arrived at Cedar Point a group of fear-stricken fugitives. The men with tense set faces, pulling heavily laden sleds:—the women, some with babies,—red-eyed with weeping, pinched with cold, almost dropping with fatigue, but still glancing back to the Northwest at the dull red blur in the sky, with awful dread, the children whimpering with the cold. The group was Joseph Mominee, and the family Beaugrand, escaping from the massacre of the Raisin, over the ice, and back there the fiends of hell were still at work. The sheltering arms opened,—there was a lee from the bitter wind, fire, food, sanctuary, and warmed back to life, they too go into the night to safety.

Perry's Victory

When the blue-winged teal had come back in September of 1813, to be exact on the tenth of that delectable month—there was a strange and beautiful sight from the Point. The sun shone on the sails of a fleet of war vessels and it flew the proud banner of St. George. It never came back. They were looking for Perry and they found him,—and they were his.

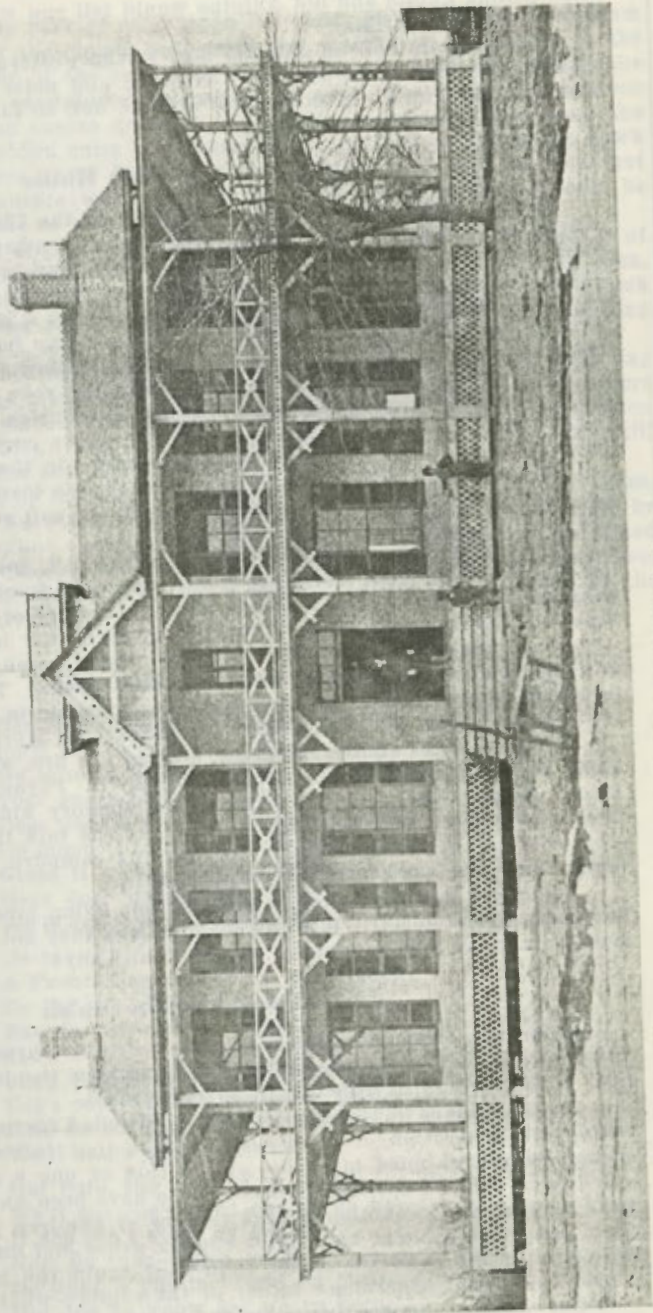
A faint echo came to the Point of the sound of guns on the lazy September noon, sometimes distinct enough to start the ducks out of the pond holes and as the last echo died away, Cedar Point came under the Stars and Stripes, surely and permanently. A few days after, ghastly reminders were tossed up on the beach,—white drawn faces, which the rushes mercifully hid and the sands gave kindly sepulchre; for them the feverish journey was over and the highway knew them no more.

Ol' Joe Chevalier

A picturesque character on the Point in early days was Ol' Joe Chevalier. His cabin stood very near the site of the Club House. He had numerous and presumably, comely daughters, his wife was a squaw with alcoholic inclinations. He bought fur and sold whiskey, was a good hunter and hence must have possessed amiable qualities. The light from his cabin as it shone over the Bay was a lure to the recreant and a bait to the unwary, and he who succumbed to its charms must have his alibi ready for domestic use.

There was mirth, merriment and song, beauty and chivalry and joy certainly was unrefined. They were not all French, the growing town was near and "Joe's" was a drawing card. The rafters must have rung to the old songs of "Rosin the Bow" and "Buffalo Gals" as well as "En Roulant ma Boule".

Pierre Navarre and his brothers, Antoine La Cource, and many others



The Cedar Point Club House

were willing guests and old Antoine would tell you with tender regret: "Dat was de good h'ol time."

As the years roll on and the blur in the western sky grows larger, the highway becomes more and more crowded and noisy with the restless pant of commerce. The great ships come and go, but, so far, they have left Cedar Point to its beautiful isolation.

Cedar Point Club House

Musing alone before the old fire place in the Club House, whose lusty youth has passed, one may not feel alone, kindly phantoms are in the quiet room, ghosts of the old lovers of the place, many and varied. One and all troop back as children to a mother's knee. It is their Golden Milestone and all roads end there. They are bound together by a mutual comradeship of love for their beautiful mistress. In life they may have roamed and toiled and wept but here is "respite and nepenthe". These old lovers knew her in all her manifold phases of loveliness, in her first robe of tender green, when the red-wing came and the heart stirring and clarion call of the geese and swan drifted down from the sky and the ducks came in joyous myriads. They knew her in the teeming life of summer—in the "glory of the lillies" and the dreamy beds of lotus, when the wild rice tossed its fairy plumes to the breezes as far as the eye could see,—and the soft summer night stole on, and fire flies danced in dazzling millions.

They knew her in the rich fruition of the fall, gorgeous in color, merging, gradually into the warm browns, wrapped in gossamer mists, when her winged lovers came again, a second advent, the fury of her storms, the quiet beauty of her reconciliation. Perhaps they loved her best at this time.

They knew her when the hush of winter came, when in her white drapery she rested, waiting for the coming Spring. True lovers, all, they loved her in every mood, whether blythe and jocund in the sunlight, or tearful and pouting in the rain, always brimming with eternal youth.

Some of these kindly presences, around the fire, we may call by name: Miles D. Carrington, Peter Berdan, Oliver H. Payne, Robert Cummings, Joseph Secor,—Dear old Uncle Joe. How memory kindles and glows with "the tender grace of a day that is dead", of the talk that flowed here, stirring tales of the woods, of the trail, of the campfire, until the beckoning finger came and was gently laid upon their lips.

When the mesage comes to those of her living lovers who gather there now, and they step softly into the shadow, may they not return and join this goodly company and do homage to Our Dear Lady?

The Passing of the Ma'sh

When the steam dredges have dug their way through the black muck and the matted flags of the Cedar Point marshes the last big area of wild land in the vicinity of Toledo will have vanished.

On the fringes of these marshes have dwelled for more than a hundred years, one generation after another, a race that talked the most ancient French extant, skinned muskrats at the rate of one a minute and was reputed to be webbed between the toes. Here have been hunters who knew the ways of deer as the mother knows the cry of her own child at night, who could catch the faintest honk of in-coming geese and duck, who could read the signs in the sand far easier than they could the printed page of the prayer-book. And fishermen—father of the saints—what fishermen.

Our interest, naturally, is in the human chronicles of the marshes, some of them humorous, some of them weird and pathetic. But there is the side that needs no human touch or human element to excite the fancy and

move the heart—the play of color upon the reeds as the wind moves them and the shadows of the clouds pass over, the sparkle of the waters in the lagoons, the thunder of the surf upon the beaches in days of tempest, the cry of players and sandpipers, the gossip of swan, the squawk of unseen animals, in the long coarse grass of the sands, the whispering among the cottonwoods, the sudden quiet that descends over all the waters as the hawk or the eagle flies by—these things that are to disappear and the reluctant children of the hunters will give up the ways of their fathers and be absorbed into the life of the town.

At the far end of Cedar Point men stood and listened to the thunder of guns in the battle beyond West Sister—a lonely band they must have been. From the same point—it bent more to the west then—a Frenchman took his chances upon the wind-driven waters washing back and waded to Bay Point.

Around the burning drift logs in the clubhouse gathered in their day captains of men and masters of industry and writers of poems and dreamers of rare dreams—comrades for the hour by reason of their common passion for the marshes. Of all this fine company, we know of only two who still linger—Arthur Secor and Wilmot Ketcham.

It was written by fate that the marshes, these last of the noble marshes, had to go just as those upon which parts of Toledo rest have been buried by time and man's restless energies. But, oh, we wish they might have remained untouched by the dredge and unmarked by the surveyor's stakes until we, too, had joined the group that, more than a century ago, listened to the thunder of guns across the waves.

* * *

The Dance at Joe Chevalier

Dat ol pirogue, she's loaded strong,
Petit Pierre he start de song
He lern on de big river.
Tout ensemble—dip, dip—
Dose paddle dip lak swallow's wing.
De moon is up to hear us sing,
Geese is callin, night is fallin;
Hear dose paddle dip, dip—
We'll dance at Joe Chevalier.

De fur is sol, de jug is fill,
A Frenchman can drink whiskee till
De jug she's noding in it,
Eau de vie—drink! drink!—
She's warm de heart and swell de head,
She's fedders now, to-morrow lead.
Dat's cold wedder, try some fedder;
Kiss de hol jug—drink! drink!—
We'll dance at Joe Chevalier.

Hol Pete, she' steerin by a star,
We'll see Joe's light out on de bar
If she ain't steer by fire-fly.
Nom de Dieu—sure, sure!—
De light is shinin bright an clear,
Hol Joe he know dat we be here;
Don stop to res, paddle you bes.
Nom de Dieu—sure, sure!—
We'll dance at Joe Chevalier.

Voila! look, dose girl is here,
Pete's squaw, she's jumpin lak a deer;
Deres Victorine an Julie.
Strike me dead—hi! hi!—
"La femme", dat fill de trinitee,
La chanson an dat good whiskee,
Big Honorine, tit Sidonie.
Strike me dead—hi! hi!—
We'll dance at Joe Chevalier.

Hark to dat fiddle what she say:
"Dance, you goin die some day",
Now is de time for living.
Mark de time—dance, dance!—
Jaques Noir an ma belle Sidonie,
Dey dance lak "La chasse galerie";
Next time you see, she dance wid me.
Mark de time—dance, dance!—
We'll dance at Joe Chevalier.

Dat rain she's drip, and den she's dash,
De win is moanin on de mash,
Ma po'vr petite Sidonie.
Misererre—ai, ai—
Wid he blue mark on hes back,
In hes dugout, poor hol Jaques.
Misererre—ai, ai—
We danced at Joe Chevalier.

—Wilmot A. Ketcham.

* * *

Since Marie Die

Dat win, she's blowin up a rain,
De drops come on my window-pane.
Dat win, she's got a lonely sigh;
Dat's jes one year since Marie die.

My fire she's burnin way down low,
De flame she come, an den she go.
Dem twilight shadows comin by;
Dat's jes one year since Marie die.

De hice she crack up on de creek;
Was early March wen she get sick.
De sea-gull jes beggin to fly;
Dat's jes one year since Marie die.

I bring her here five year last May,
We sail across La Plaisance Bay,
An for old Julie's milk she cry;
Dat's jes one year since Marie die.

Where Pelau Creek she meet de lac,
We watch dat silver pickrel wak,
She look at me, her dark brown eye;
Dat's jes one year since Marie die.

I lay las night an tink some more,
I hear dem surf beat on dat shore,
I feel dat tear come in my eye;
Dat's jes one year since Marie die.

I get me noder pup next Spring,
I train her hunt lak anything.
I no can match her if I try;
Dat's jes one year since Marie die.

—Wilmot A. Ketcham.

Midwest Historical Notes

Old Gun May Fix Site of De Soto Quadrennial—Matchlock Found Near Memphis Linked to River's Discovery.—Memphis, Aug. 22 (UP).—An old bell-muzzled Spanish matchlock gun, found at the bottom of the Mississippi River, may be the evidence necessary to prove that Hernando De Soto first saw the river from the bluffs of Memphis.

The gun also may be the determining factor in gaining for this city a sixty-to-ninety-day exposition planned for 1941 to commemorate the 400th anniversary of DeSoto's discovery. Several cities are seeking the honor and President Roosevelt has appointed a seven-man commission to determine the correct site.

De Soto and his men visited this section in 1541 and there is no indication that white men visited the bank of the river again until about 1700. By that time the old matchlock had been superseded by flintlocks and other guns.

The matchlock gun was invented about 1476, about twenty years before De Soto was born.

—New York Tribune, August 23, 1936.

A LIFE SIZE OIL PAINTING OF PETER NAVARRE (1787-1874) William H. Machen, Toledo Artist, has recently been acquired by the Society and hung in the lobby of the Commodore Perry Hotel to remain there until called for. This picture was painted from life in 1867 for the late Henry Hall (1827-1882) wealthy merchant, patron of art, and friend of Navarre, the famous Scout in the War of 1812. The painting hung in the Hall residence at the northeast corner of 13th and Madison Streets until the death of Henry Hall in 1882, when it was transferred to the walls of the Soldiers Memorial Association building and there remained until ownership passed to the Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio.

Underneath the painting hangs the old flintrock gun which was carried by Navarre for more than a half century, a recent donation from the heirs of Henry Hall.

Peter Navarre was the fifth of twelve children of Francis Navarre (1759-1826) of Detroit, whose father, Robert Navarre (1709-1791) was born in Brittany and had been sent in 1739 to Fort Ponchartrain (Detroit) as Royal Notary and Magistrate. When the British took possession in 1760 Robert was made their principal Indian Agent.

Robert was a descendant in the 7th generation in direct line from

The Historical Society

Henry III (1553-1610) King of Spanish Navarre, who also reigned as Henry IV of France from 1589 to his death in 1610.

Young Peter Navarre, Son of Francis, with his second wife Catherine, his brother Jacques and his wife, Catherine, also brothers, Francis and Antoine in 1807 joined a small French Colony at Presque Isle at the mouth of the Maumee River near a village of the Ottawa Indians. This Indian Village, with a population of 1500 in 1816 is said to have existed since the great Pontiac conspiracy against the British in 1753. Here lived the widow of Pontiac, his second wife with two of Pontiac's sons.

The first log cabin of Peter Navarre on the west side of the Creek was burned, then he built another on the east side of Otter Creek. Presque Isle continued to be his residence the greater part of his life, say the local historians, Draper (1863) Knapp (1873) Waggoner (1888) Scribner (1910) and Winters (1917). He was tall and distinguished looking, possessed of gracious manners and was conversant with two or three Indian dialects, in addition to Canadian French which he spoke freely. He was backward in English.

Before and after the War of 1812, he was engaged as a fur trader, with the Miamis and other tribes of Indians for the American and Northwest Fur Company. He journeyed extensively among the Indians of the West.

In 1863, Draper the Historian found Navarre living in a cabin near the marshes of Cedar Point on Maumee Bay, where to this day the catch of fur bearing animals is very considerable.

When the War of 1812 broke out, Peter Navarre and his brothers Robert, Alexis and Jacques, tendered their services to General Hull and urged that General to cooperate with the friendly Miamis. When the General refused to do this, the Miamis joined the British. Chief Little Turtle of the Miamis was very friendly with Peter Navarre.

After the surrender of Hull's army, the four brothers were paroled, but immediately re-entered the service of the United States. Gen. Proctor offered a reward of 200 pounds for Peter's head or scalp, but Peter was ever on the alert and never again was a prisoner of war. Proctor claimed he had violated his parole but Peter thought otherwise.

Prior to the outbreak of the war, Peter at the age of 20, and his brothers, Robert and James, were engaged as scouts under Capt. Coombs. Robert died at Cedar Point in 1846 at the age of 65 and James died at Presque Isle in 1844 at the age of 68.

At the River Raisin in January, 1813, Peter, often called the "Noble Scout" appeared on the ice in the river and was told to surrender; "Not as long as I have legs", retorted he, and adding, "Now legs, do your duty", was soon beyond the reach of British treachery or the Indian hatchet.

While Proctor was investing Ft. Meigs, Peter advised Gen. Harrison of the departure from Ft. Miami of an expedition to capture Ft. Stephenson at Lower Sandusky and volunteered to and did carry the message to Major Croghan which saved the fort and the settlers from the horrors of Canadian warfare and Indian massacre. Entrusted to Navarre were three messages, one for Major Croghan at Lower Sandusky, one for Upper Sandusky and a third for Gov. Meigs at Urbana. All were safely delivered, the last at the end of the fifth day. When about to depart with the messages, Gen. Harrison placed his hands on Peter's head and said, "God bless you my boy, take this dispatch and deliver it to Major Croghan; I know you will not fail." Peter travelled by night through the then almost impassable black swamp concealing himself by day and delivered the messages as directed. Then he returned to Gen. Harrison, with Croghan's answer. Meanwhile his brother Robert was per-

forming similar services for Gen. Harrison with duplicate messages for the same destination. Navarre with one of his brothers also carried dispatches from Gen. Harrison to Commodore Perry instructing him to engage the enemy fleet as soon as possible.

Peter Navarre was in both fights at the River Raisin and also in the Thames campaign, in the battle where Tecumseh fell with 16 bullet holes in his body. He knew Tecumseh well and helped to bury him. For 15 years after the war was concluded, Navarre was engaged as a trapper and fur trader in a territory as far west as the Mississippi.

Peter Navarre had six sons and two daughters. Four of the boys were engaged in the Civil War. Three of his sons, said Draper, caught \$500 worth of furs and skins in the spring of 1856 within twelve or fifteen miles of Toledo.

In 1856, Capt., then Gen. Coombs, met Peter Navarre at Ft. Meigs for the first time since the early half of the century. Overcome by emotion, while in a mutual embrace it was some time before they could speak to each other. Both of these men lived to a great age. Coombs sleeps on a sunny slope in his beloved Kentucky and Peter lies beneath a granite memorial erected by loyal friends in the beautiful cemetery of St. Mary's, in his own Maumee Valley.

By reason of the fact that Peter Navarre's name was not on enlistment rolls the law provided no pension for this brave scout, but nevertheless, thru the efforts of Gov. Ashley, congress provided for a pension of \$8 per month for his care and protection during the declining years of his life.

On March 7, 1864, was organized at Toledo "The Maumee Valley Pioneer Association" with John W. Hunt as its first President, to be succeeded shortly by Peter Navarre. He continued to hold that office until his death in 1874, or about 10 years. This society continued in existence, with a slight change of name in 1902, until about 1918 when its successor, the Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio was duly organized.

DR. JOAQUIM R. S. LEITE, PROFESSOR OF PORTUGUESE HISTORY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA EXTENSION DIVISION, BACKTRACKS CABRILLO TRAIL OF 1542 TO REACH SAN DIEGO.—Backtracking the trail followed by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo when he discovered California, September 28, 1542, by sailing into San Diego bay, Dr. Joaquim R. S. Leite, professor of Portuguese history, University of California extension division, arrived in San Diego a few weeks ago.

In reversing the route followed by Cabrillo, Dr. Leite will go from here to Navidad, Mex., and later to Mexico, D. F., which will be the end of his journey. He hopes to complete the trip by September 1.

Dr. Leite, instructor in the Oakland public schools, left San Francisco July 1. The trip is being made in easy stages and in traveling along the California coast Dr. Leite said he has found many things as they were seen by Cabrillo.

To Write Book

The purpose of the trip, Dr. Leite said, is to write a commemorative book for the fourth Cabrillo centennial celebration which will be held in San Francisco in September, 1942. Dr. Leite said he will write the book as official historian for the Cabrillo Civic Clubs of California.

"In traveling by water from San Diego to Navidad," said Dr. Leite, "I expect to make the voyage aboard a small fishing boat the size of Cabrillo's flagship.

"Upon arrival at Navidad I will obtain a burro and guide, and continue to Mexico, D. F., from where Cabrillo started his trip that resulted in the discovery of California. From Navidad to Mexico, D. F., I plan to follow the rugged and almost impassable trail Cabrillo followed.

Exciting Story

"The story of Cabrillo's trip from Mexico, D. F., to California is packed with drama and excitement. As all historians know, Cabrillo discovered California when he sailed into San Diego bay. The date of Cabrillo's departure from Mexico, D. F., never has been established, but it is known he sailed from Navidad, June 27, 1542.

"After visiting San Diego, Cabrillo continued north and went as far as the Golden Gate of San Francisco, although he did not enter what now is San Francisco bay because of a severe storm. He turned south again and sought refuge on San Miguel island in the Santa Barbara channel. Cabrillo died on San Miguel island some months later of infection which resulted from a broken arm. His grave never has been located."

BUILDING OF THE FIRST AMERICAN FORT WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI is the subject of an article in the Missouri Historical Review for July, 1936, by Kate L. Gregg, Professor of English in Linwood College.

On July 4th, 1805, General James Wilkinson, took over the government of Upper Louisiana, when the temporary government under Gov. Harrison, of the Indian territory, came to an end.

Fort Bellefontaine, built in the summer and fall of 1805 was located on the right bank of the Missouri River at a junction with the Mississippi. The site chosen for the first Fort Bellefontaine was subject to overflow and there was much sickness. Among the soldiers who were victims of the unhealthy location was Col. Thomas S. Hunt of the first Regiment of U. S. Infantry and Mrs. Hunt, both of whom were buried here in 1807. Col. Hunt fought at Lexington, Stony Point and Bunker Hill, at which latter place he was wounded. He was in command at Fort Defiance eighteen months after the Battle of Fallen Timbers. In 1796 Col. Hunt was given the command at Fort Wayne where he served for two years, then he was transferred to Detroit.

In June 1803 Col. Hunt was ordered with his regiment from Detroit to St. Louis via the Maumee, Wabash, Ohio and Mississippi, to garrison the Post. On June 9, while enroute he landed at Fort Industry (now Toledo, Ohio) with his troops and there encamped for the night.

While in command at Ft. Wayne a son was born April 11, 1798, and named John E. Hunt. This son came to Maumee in 1816, and Toledo in 1853. He built a beautiful mansion where now is located The New Secor Hotel. He was the first State Senator from this district and a member of the constitutional convention of 1850-51. He was Treasurer of Lucas County, Postmaster and Major General of the Ohio militia.

Lieutenant Col. Kingsbury in temporary command of the Camp at Fort Bellefontaine, was ordered to be in St. Louis, Sept. 4, 1805, for one week to attend the courtmartial of Major Amos Stoddard who was killed at Fort Meigs in 1813 . . . Whatever the trial of Capt. Amos Stoddard had been about—perhaps it was the \$622.75 dinner and ball with which he had regaled St. Louis on the occasion of the transfer of Upper Louisiana or perhaps he had been pinched between the upper and nether mill stones of the Major Bruff-Wilkinson feud—whatever the cause of the Court of Inquiry sitting in solemn session on the character of this historic figure, his subsequent career full of honor and words of praise spoken in his behalf, is a complete vindication.

of Northwestern Ohio

About a month after the trial Gen. William Henry Harrison in a letter to the Secretary of War, said concerning Stoddard "His whole conduct whilst acting as Civil Commandant of Upper Louisiana was as far as I could judge extremely proper and upright and such as is my opinion, greatly contributed to destroy the prejudices against our country and countrymen which existed in this country prior to the cession.

The trial of Stoddard was no more than out of the way when Aaron Burr came to town.

The story of Fort Bellefontaine is a tale soon told. The Indian trade that began in the Fall of 1805, ended in the Fall of 1808, when Posts were established near the tribes they served. In 1826, Fort Bellefontaine was abandoned and the soldiers moved to Jefferson Barracks. The first site of the First American Fort west of the Mississippi is washed away completely.

The gallant officers who built the first Fort Bellefontaine and the eminent ones who walked its ways moved to their destinies. Lieut. Col. Kingsbury did distinguished service in the War of 1812 as did Capt. Amos Stoddard who died at Fort Meigs in 1813, of lockjaw, the result of a shell splinter suffered in defense of his Post. Col. James Morrison became Deputy Quarter-Master General of the Northwest. Col. Thomas S. Hunt died at Fort Bellefontaine, August, 1808. General James Wilkinson died in 1825 in a foreign land with honors shorn away and clouds heavier upon his name as the years roll on. The heart of Aaron Burr, dapper and debonnaire, broke finally and forever when the ship that carried his Theodosia failed to return to port.

OLD GUN MAY FIX SITE OF DE SOTO QUADRENNIAL. Matchlock found near Memphis Linked to River's Discovery. Memphis, Aug. 22 (UP).—An old bell-muzzled Spanish matchlock gun, found at the bottom of the Mississippi River, may be the evidence necessary to prove that Hernando De Soto first saw the river from the bluffs of Memphis.

The gun also may be the determining factor in gaining for this city a sixty-to-ninety-day exposition planned for 1941 to commemorate the 400th anniversary of De Soto's discovery. Several cities are seeking the honor and President Roosevelt has appointed a seven-man commission to determine the correct site.

De Soto and his men visited this section in 1541 and there is no indication that white men visited the bank of the river again until about 1700. By that time the old matchlock had been superseded by flintlocks and other guns.

The matchlock gun was invented about 1476, about twenty years before De Soto was born.

—New York Tribune, Aug. 23, 1936.

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY ON THE WABASH—"Garrison Orders, Fort Knox, March 19, 1794. Tomorrow being St. Patrick's Day, all the Irish men in the Garrison will be exempt from duty and will receive one gill of extra whiskey per man.

—T. Pasteur, Commandant."

BACK NUMBERS OF THE BULLETIN are wanted, particularly Volume 1, (1929) and 2, (1930). The editor will appreciate receipt or will exchange for recent or future issues.

WHITMORE KNAGGS, 1760-1827 was born in Fort Miami (See Asken Papers, V2, Pge 120). His father George was the first white settler in Northwestern Ohio. Son Whitmore was himself the most distinguished member of the Knaggs family. So highly regarded by the Ottawa Indians was he that

as a token of their esteem they granted him nearly 4,000 acres of land located on the left bank of the Maumee River near the site of Old Fort Miami. A year or so before his death he deeded his son George 300 acres of this Ottawa Indian grant. This original deed from father to son has come into the possession of the Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio. Executed at a time when both the State of Ohio and the territory of Michigan claimed title to the land in question and bearing date of July 12, 1826, the deed was attested before a Justice of the Peace in Wayne County, territory of Michigan and recorded in Book A, Page 181, in Wood County, State of Ohio. When Michigan territory became Michigan state the southern boundary was established by the U. S. Commissioners several miles to the north of the Knaggs property.

DANIEL BOONE.—Reuben Gold Thwaites in his book, "Daniel Boone" interestingly dispels a number of popular fallacies concerning the great woodsman. Boone was not, despite popular belief, as this eminent authority points out, the founder of Kentucky. Other explorers and hunters went there before Boone and he himself was piloted through the Cumberland Gap into Kentucky by John Finley. Nor was Boonesborough, the settlement founded by Boone the first permanent settlement in Kentucky, since Harrodsburg preceded it by nearly a year. Again, Boone is popularly thought to have come to Missouri from Kentucky, whereas he actually came from West Virginia. West Virginia at that time was still a part of Virginia. His stay on the Kanawha in present-day West Virginia, from 1788 to 1798 or 1799, in spite of Boone's popular association with Kentucky, made him a resident of that state for approximately the same number of years as of Kentucky. From the standpoint of residence, Boone's twenty-one to twenty-two years in Missouri from 1798 or 1799 until his death in 1820, gives Missouri a better claim to him than that of either Virginia or Kentucky. Finally, the most climatic revelation of Thwaites is in dispelling the school boys' picturesque conception of Boone as wearing a soft coonskin cap with the bushy tail hanging down behind. Boone wore no such article, says Thwaites; he "despised the gear and always wore a hat."

THE MISSOURI HISTORICAL REVIEW STATES—That the sixty-first stanza of the eighth canto of Byron's *Don Juan* has for its subject Daniel Boone? The publication of these lines in 1823 brought world-wide fame to the noted woodsman.

That Mark Twain, who published General Grant's *Memoirs* in 1885, paid to Grant's widow the largest single royalty check in history? This check, drawn February 27, 1886, was for the sum of \$200,000. A total of between \$420,000 and \$450,000 was paid to Mrs. Grant.

That Missouri has the only Federal cemetery in the United States where both Union and Confederate soldiers are buried? The cemetery is located a short distance from Springfield on Highways 60 and 65 and contains 4,038 graves of which 2,892 are those of Union soldiers and 1,056 those of Confederate soldiers. The remaining graves are those of Revolutionary, Spanish, American War and World War veterans.

RATTLESNAKES AS FOOD.—In Tarhand Kirtland's diary found on page 421 of *History of Geauga County, Ohio*, we read under date of June 1798 "First rattle snake noticed was killed when cutting this road. He had 13 rattles, and was carried to camp, dressed, cooked and eaten with a great relish."

FOUR PROPOSED BILLS IN PARLIAMENT THAT HAD A GREAT EFFECT OF CAUSING THE REVOLUTION—

—A Bill to Restrain the Trade and Commerce of the Colonies of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and South Carolina to Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Islands. 8pp., folio. 1775.

—A Bill to Prohibit all Trade and Intercourse with the Colonies of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the Three lower Countries of Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, Georgia during the continuation of the present Rebellion. 23pp. 1775.

—A Bill to Restrain the Trade and Commerce of the Province of Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire and the Colonies of Connecticut and Rhode Island and Providence Plantation to Great Britain and to prohibit such Provinces and Colonies from carrying on any Fishery on the Banks of Newfoundland. 10pp., folio. 1775.

—A Bill for the better regulating the Government of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, in North America, 8pp., folio 1774.

Proposed bill to overcome the effect of "open resistance to the Execution of Laws that hath actually taken place in the Town of Boston".

HAS FRANKLIN REMINDER—Abbey at Bath, Repairs Its 'Lightning Conductors'.—Benjamin Franklin's sojourn in England from 1764 till 1771 was not entirely due to business for the American colonies; he was also engaged on his own—to float a lightning-rod company, as he had in Philadelphia just after his discovery by means of a kite that the electricity in the clouds and that produced by friction were identical.

After he had demonstrated this fact at Edinburgh University in 1766 his company was easily assembled and even survived the American Revolution without confiscation.

Among the public buildings over there that were furnished with his "lightning conductors" was Bath Abbey. Forgotten for more than a century and a half, a recent thunderstorm illuminated their presence in more ways than one, and now by order of the Town Council they are being repaired on the pinnacles of the Abbey as "a necessary precaution," a London paper says, "in view of the severe storms which have occurred in the West recently."

—Press Item.

205 HISTORIC HOUSES ON NEW ENGLAND LIST—Massachusetts Leads in Number But Oldest Structure is Fort in Maine—Special to The New York Times—Boston, August 5.—A list of the historic old houses in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut has been published by the New England Council. A total of 205 houses are listed.

Massachusetts leads among the States, with 132 historic houses, and Connecticut is next with 27, Maine has 18. Rhode Island, 13, New Hampshire, 10, and Vermont, 5.

The honor of being the oldest structure goes to Fort William Henry at Pemaquid Beach, Me., which dates from 1630. Three houses share the honor of being the oldest in Massachusetts: the Rebecca Nurse Home in Danvers, owned by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities; the Fairbanks House in Dedham, owned by the Fairbanks Family in America, Inc., and the Quincy Homestead in Quincy, owned by the Massachusetts Society of the Colonial Dames.

Connecticut's oldest is the Old Stone House, known also as the Henry

Whitfield House, at Guilford, dating from 1638 and owned by the Henry Whitfield State Historical Museum.

Rhode Island's first-built was the Daggett House in Slater Park, Pawtucket, dating from 1644 and maintained by the Pawtucket Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

New Hampshire's oldest is the Richard Jackson House at Portsmouth, built in 1664 and owned by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities.

Vermont's longest-built is the Old Constitution House at Windsor, erected in 1768 and moved to its present site in 1914. It is owned by the Windsor Historical Society. In it the Vermont Constitution was drawn up and signed in 1777, and it was used for the first session of Vermont's Legislature.

Sixty-six of the houses are more than 250 years old and ninety-four are over 200 years old.

In addition to the list of houses, the council's publication lists forty-three art museums and special collections of interest to the public: 8 in Maine, 6 in New Hampshire, 6 in Vermont, 16 in Massachusetts, 4 in Rhode Island and 3 in Connecticut.

—Press Item.

ELIZA'S REFUGE STILL STANDS IN OHIO—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" Landmark Owned by Hatfield—Bullet Marked—Overlooks Kentucky Shore from Hill at Ripley—Ripley, O., October 3 (AP)—Still standing on a hill overlooking the Ohio River and the Kentucky shore is an old brick house where Eliza, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," received food and shelter after crossing the river on the ice.

Bullet marks in the walls testify to shooting affrays precipitated by opponents of the former owner of the house, the Rev. John Rankin, foe of slavery.

From each side of the house once hung signal lights, beacons for colored persons seeking to escape from slavery across the Mason-Dixon line. The lights were shot out on several occasions.

Mr. Rankin was pastor of the Presbyterian church here for 40 years until 1866. He died at the age of 93 in 1886. A monument marks the site of the church.

The minister used his home as a station on the underground railway—by which slaves fled to the north—leaving his home in Kentucky because of his bitterness toward slavery. He was active in educational affairs here and for a while lectured for the American Anti-Slavery Society.

The Rankin house now is the property of Al Hatfield, a member of a well-known southern family of the same name. Some of his ancestor's slaves might have been given refuge in the house, but Hatfield has a kindly feeling for its former owner.

TORY BADGE OF 1776 FOUND—Buffalo, September 25 (AP).—A metal badge worn by Butler's Rangers, a band of Tories who fought for the British during the Revolution, was found yesterday on a bluff overlooking the Niagara River at Fort Erie, across the border from this city. The badge is marked "G. R. Butler's Rangers." Colonel John Butler organized the Rangers largely from among Tory refugees who fled to Fort Niagara, and their raids on the New York and the Pennsylvania frontiers kept the colonists in continual alarm.

AN ANCIENT PRAYER—Found on the walls of an old cathedral in the little town of Chester-on-Avon—

Give me a good digestion, Lord, and something to digest
Give me a healthy body, Lord, and sense to let it rest
Give me a healthy mind, Good Lord, to keep the good and pure in sight
Which seeing sin is not appalled, but finds a way to set it right
Give me a mind that is not bound, that does not whimper, whine nor sigh
Don't let me worry over-much about the fussy thing called I
Give me a sense of humor, Lord; give me the grace to see a joke;
And get some happiness out of life and pass it on to other folk.

—Anonymous.

BUFFALOES REAPPEAR IN INDIANA.—One baby buffalo was born at Shakamak State Park in 1936 and another at Pokagon State Park so "Outdoor Indiana" reports.

CENTENNIAL EDITION DEPICTS HISTORY OF FINDLAY COURIER.
—Findlay, Nov. 11 (AP)—The Findlay Republican-Courier, one of the oldest newspapers in northwestern Ohio, celebrated its 100th birthday yesterday with a 48-page special edition chronicling the history of the Republican and the Courier and of the city.

The Courier was established November 10, 1836, the fourth newspaper in the section, when northwestern Ohio was still a wilderness. The Republican was founded in 1879. Both were weeklies at first, but later entered the daily field. They were merged in 1933.

THE REVEREND ELNATHAN CORRINGTON GAVITT, member of the Central Ohio Methodist Conference published his memoirs in 1884 under the title "Crumbs From My Saddle Bags or Reminiscences of Pioneer Life" While on the Monroe circuit in 1832. Elder Gavitt preached the first sermon in the Village of Vistula in a warehouse standing on the bank of the river. "Here in the last week of October, I preached from the 17th Verse of the 19th Chapter of Genesis to twelve persons, most of whom were women. This was the first sermon preached by any minister in what is now the City of Toledo."

AHA!—On exhibition at the Missouri Historical Society, in St. Louis, is a Mark Twain collection. Among the papers is an envelope addressed to the author's wife, and marked:

"Opened by mistake to see what was inside.—S. L. C."

—American Legion Monthly.

COLONEL GEORGE CROGHAN.—From an Article by R. C. Ballard Thruston in "The Filson Club History Quarterly" . . . October, 1936.

I had visited the old Croghan burial ground on several occasions but my acquaintance with it came about in 1906, as follows: Some ladies at Fremont, Ohio, were establishing a chapter of the Daughters of The America Revolution and, looking around for some patron saint after whom to name it, they selected Colonel George Croghan, the hero of Fort Stephenson in our War of 1812. True, that was not the right war, but Croghan came from illustrious Revolutionary stock on both sides. Having decided on that, they wanted to know where he was buried and whether or not his grave was being properly cared for.

They and the other citizens of Fremont (formerly Lower Sandusky) enlisted the services of Colonel Webb C. Hayes, a son of a former President.

On consulting the records of the War Department he learned when and where their hero died and the cause of his death, but the place of burial was still a mystery to them. He located in San Francisco, a daughter, Mrs. Augustus F. Rogers, who was born within a few weeks of her father's death. By her Colonel Hayes was told that she thought her father was buried at Louisville, Kentucky, and from her he obtained permission to exume her father's remains and to remove them to Fremont, Ohio. He then came to Louisville. The records at the Federal Cemetery revealed nothing. Col. Meriwether referred him to my brother, S. Thruston Ballard, whom Colonel Hayes remembered as a classmate of his at Cornell.

Soon after the Colonel arrived we drove out to Locust Grove and went to the burial ground. It was a place nearly square and surrounded by a stone wall. The east and west sides were each forty-seven feet long, the west wall being in bad state of repair. The north and south walls were each forty-eight feet long, and in the middle of the latter was a gateway, six feet wide, as shown on the accompanying plat made from notes taken by me that day, June 7, 1906. A kodak picture taken in March, 1911, shows the west wall and many trees within or about the enclosure. Practically all the ground was covered with myrtle to a depth of twelve to eighteen inches.

We also found five small marble headstones that were still standing. None of them had any foundation, being merely planted in the ground, each at the head of a grave. Instead of a name, each bore initials and all looked wobbly. They were inscribed "Mcs.," "Mrs. L. C.," "Maj. W. C.," "E. C." and "N. C." These were evidently for Major William and Mrs. Lucy Croghan and two of their sons Nicholas and Edmund, but as to whom "Mcs" represented we knew nothing, until enlightened by Colonel Hancock's diagram. It indicated: Mrs. McSorley and child, living on Major Croghan's place.

There was one grave, shown on the plat, from which the remains of George Rogers Clark had been removed. It was then the only grave in that burial ground which showed any evidence of having been disturbed.

Studying their enclosure we decided the Croghans evidently had intended to provide for four rows of graves running north and south, and thinking there might be other graves, either unmarked or whose headstones had fallen, we began near the southeast corner and walked north over the ground to the north wall where the eastern row of graves should be, but found nothing to indicate a grave. Then, starting at the north wall and taking the next row of graves, we walked south and noted the data and distances as shown on the plat. There was nothing else between the old grave of General Clark and the south wall.

Then we took the third row and walked north. At ten feet we saw a sunken place that indicated a grave. Following it to the left we found a fallen headstone that had been hidden by the myrtle. It was marked "Dr. J. C." evidently for Dr. John Croghan. Continuing on that row we found nothing but the two graves with standing headstones marked "N. C." and "E. C." and located as shown on the plat. We then turned south along the fourth row near the west wall, but found nothing until we reached the last possible location for a grave; the sunken ground indicated such. Turning to the right we located a fallen headstone, and raising it we saw the inscription "Col. G. C." At the foot was a similar or footstone inscribed with only the letter "G. C." We stood up that headstone and took a snapshot with a part of Colonel Hayes in the picture. And so it was that we found the grave of Colonel George Croghan.