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BULLETIN No. 2—VOL. 10 **APRIL, 1938**

AZILUM
FRENCH ROYALIST COLONY OF 1793

The following colonial episode has no direct connection with Northwestern Ohio but is interesting, not only as a true story of early American life, but because of its romantic connection with the last days of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, Queen of France—victim of the guillotine.

We are indebted for most of the facts herein narrated, to a fascinating booklet—soon to be enlarged, we understand, by Dr. Louise Welles Murray, of Athens, Pa., Past Historian Tioga Point Chapter: Member National Committee for Preservation of Historical Spots and Records, N. S. D. A. R. Dr. Murray is a niece of Toledo's Assistant Librarian, Miss Jessie Welles.

Through the gracious courtesy of the author of that booklet we are permitted to relate here many incidents rediscovered by her painstaking investigations, but hitherto entirely forgotten or buried in obscure records or private correspondance.

Azilum

Few schemes more romantic, more fantastic, and, in the end, more futile, were ever conceived and partially carried out, than the formation of the colony now barely known to tradition by the name, AZILUM, but which, for a few short years, seemed to promise a safe refuge for one of the saddest characters in history—the unfortunate Queen of France.

A tourist, driving over the well known "Sullivan trail" in eastern Pennsylvania, between Towanda and Wilkes Barre, after climbing the long steep mountain road, will naturally pause near the summit for a view of the wonderful panorama spread out before him; the great bend of the Susquehanna river lies almost directly beneath, some hundreds of feet below; while, on its opposite bank, are fertile fields and beautiful woodlands gradually rising to the mountain range beyond—a lovely view extending for many miles.

Here, by the side of the road, he will see a large rough stone with a bronze tablet upon it with the name, "Azilum", and a short inscription which merely excites his curiosity.

However, below and across the river, was once a small town the very center of the hopes of the aristocracy of France, planned as a place of refuge, an asylum for their beloved Queen.

To understand the meaning of that "asylum", one must go back to the years 1791-1793 and the French Revolution.

The French Revolution

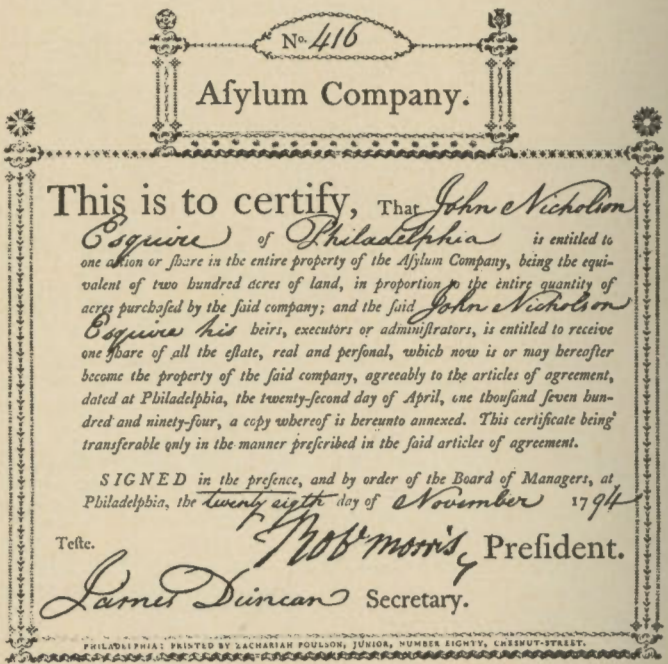
Louis XVI and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, had been dethroned and imprisoned, most of the nobility and aristocracy of France were in hiding or had fled to England or America.

The guillotine was claiming its daily victims—men, women and children of the proudest families of France, accused with or without reason by private or political enemies.

It was a time when mere suspicion of loyalty to the monarchy was sufficient ground for condemnation and beheading.

In the earlier years of their reign, the King and Queen had been gayly extravagant, spending money lavishly with no thought of where it was coming from, careless, because thoughtless, of the poverty of the common people; The King loved to hunt and left state affairs to his ministers; the Queen thought only of pleasure, balls and dances and the theatre.

They had reigned as their ancestors had reigned, ignorant of finance, expecting the ministers of state to supply money for them to spend, as had always been done, and really knowing nothing of the poverty and suffering of the people.



No. 416

Afylum Company.

This is to certify, That John Nicholson Esquire of Philadelphia is entitled to one action or ſhare in the entire property of the Afylum Company, being the equivalent of two hundred acres of land, in proportion to the entire quantity of acres purchaſed by the ſaid company; and the ſaid John Nicholſon Esquire his heirs, executors or adminiſtrators, is entitled to receive one ſhare of all the eſtate, real and perſonal, which now is or may hereafter become the property of the ſaid company, agreeably to the articles of agreement, dated at Philadelphia, the twenty-ſecond day of April, one thouſand ſeven hundred and ninety-four, a copy whereof is hereunto annexed. This certificate being transferable only in the manner preſcribed in the ſaid articles of agreement.

SIGNED in the preſence, and by order of the Board of Managers, at Philadelphia, the twenty eighth day of November 1794

Teſte. Rob^t Morris, Preſident.

James Duncan Secretary.

PHILADELPHIA: PRINTED BY ZACHARIAH POULSON, JUNIOR, NUMBER EIGHTY, CHESNUT-STREET.

SHARE OF THE ASYLUM COMPANY OF 1794

Yet they were never at heart traitors, nor really heartless and, until the final crisis came, they had been popular and beloved. They never knew why the people so suddenly turned against them.

Now, suddenly seized and imprisoned, hated by the mob, all their private rights taken from them, suffering daily abuse and insult, accused

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE AND FAMILY

Madame Royale and the 1st and 2nd Dauphine.
Painted by Mme. Vigee Le Brun in 1788.

of the vilest crimes, they were compelled to endure months of mental torture ending only in their separate trials, condemned on flimsy and perjured testimony, and their deaths were imminent.

A Wilderness Home

Even yet, a few of their subjects were still true to them, and among this gallant few a wild, desperate scheme was concocted, involving a sensational rescue of their majesties from prison, their secret abduction and

transportation to America, and their establishment in the wilderness of eastern Pennsylvania until the political storms in France had blown over and they could be restored to their throne.

Robert Morris

It is well known that Robert Morris, the American financial wizard of those times, was a warm friend of many French refugees whom he had known when they were serving as officers in our continental army.

Among these friends were the Marquis de Lafayette, his brother-in-law, the Vicomte de Noailles, famous in his younger days as the best dancer in France, but later known as a brave soldier and wise statesman, M. Talon, a distinguished official and soldier of France, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, and scores of others.

While Lafayette probably was not directly connected with the scheme, his brother-in-law, Noailles, was a leader in the enterprise and spent a fortune in its promotion.

From Robert Morris an immense tract of land on the Susquehanna river was purchased.

XXXX LOUIS, XVI, KING OF FRANCE

Guillotined 1792.

Verse from opera, "O Richard, O my King
The universe has abandoned you."

Here with true French artistry, elaborate plans were drawn up for a town site, with streets and roads and avenues, docks, wharves, a mill, a tavern, shops, a bakery and distillery.

There were large town lots and larger tracts for farming.

The Great Log House

Near the center of the town plat was built "La Grande Maison" in honor of the Queen.

This was the largest log house in America.

It was eighty four feet long and sixty feet wide, two stories high, with a spacious attic.

Sixteen fireplaces, holding great logs, supplied heat for the rooms both large and small, and the house was furnished with all the conveniences and luxuries that could be arranged in the wilderness, including imported wall paper and window glass.

This building was known for many years as "The Queen's House," for here it was planned to bring the poor lady as soon as she could be rescued from the Conciergerie.

Many attempts at a rescue were made but they all failed. From her dungeon she followed her husband to the guillotine, though this was not known in America for some months after her beheading, and the plans for her comfort in the colony went steadily on.

Slave Labor

Here had come many French Emigres. Some bought town lots and built houses; others bought farm tracts which they tried to farm, though the actual farm work was usually done by negro slaves brought by their French owners from San Domingo, where many of their masters had lived before the great negro insurrection.

But "the Queen's House" was always the center of the village life. Here the ladies and gentlemen of the colony met in the gay social whirl so dear to Frenchmen even in times of deepest distress.

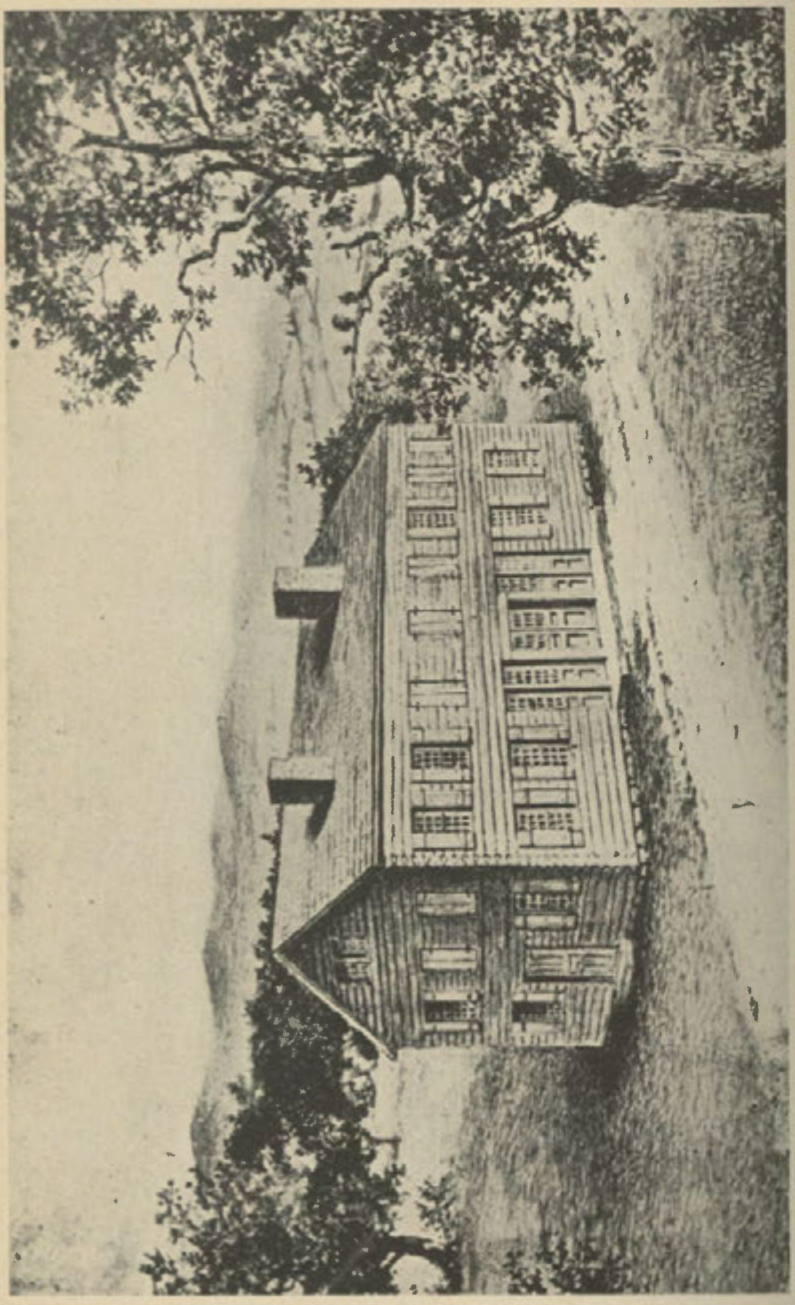
Here they danced and sang and banquetted, played chess and cards and had their amateur theatricals.

Here distinguished guests were entertained; Talleyrand, Rochefoucault de Liancourt, and, later on, Louis Philippe (afterwards King of France) and his two younger brothers, with other royalists famous in France and America.

Here they were entertained royally while the colonists eagerly inquired for the latest news from France and the Queen.

They fished, they hunted the deer, partridge and other game in the woods. They played at farming; but gradually, after it was known that the Queen was dead, the place lost its interest, its best citizens drifted away, most of them going back to France to take office under Napoleon.

The farms, cultivated by untrained men, did not pay; mortgages were



LA GRANDE MAISON PLANNED FOR QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE
Eighty-four feet long, of hewn logs, four stacks of chimneys.
(From description by Laporte's grand-daughter, born and reared in it.)

foreclosed, the lands went to strangers, the houses decayed, and, today, not one of the original homes remains to tell the story of the blasted hopes and the short lived glory of the town that was to have been the center and refuge of royalty in this country.

A Royal Fable

It is a curious fact that, among the many fables that sprang up accounting for the mysterious fate of the Dauphin—the little boy made motherless by the death of the Queen—was the story that he was in some way spirited out of prison, came over to America, and lived out his life as an obscure missionary among the Oneida Indians who were so often friendly visitors at "Azilum."

In the fascinating booklet above referred to written by a descendant of one of the original colonists of Azilum, from which we are quoting freely, the author, Dr. Murray, has set forth many letters, documents, book accounts and other evidences of the life of the colony.

She has included the last will and testament of Louis XVI, depicting his sentiments expressed while he was in the shadow of death and portraying, not the careless, frivolous, weak and stupid character usually attributed to him, but that of a man sobered by misfortune, humble, kindly and forgiving, remembering his friends with gratitude, commending them to the mercy of God and giving to his son, who, he hoped, would some day occupy his throne, sound advice for life both as a citizen and a King.

MARKER OVERLOOKING SITE
On Sullivan Trail, Route 309.

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—Editor.

PERRYSBURG INDUSTRY THRIVED ON POWER FROM CANAL AUTHORIZED 100 YEARS AGO

Doom of 5-Mile Ditch Sealed by Warfare of Fishermen—History of Project is Recalled by Lester Lyons.

By Wilfred Hibbert

Power is almost synonymous with industrial development.

This was true back in the early days when small villages were struggling in this new western country for some kind of industrial development. Saw mills, flour and grist mills, brick plants were among the early industries.

One of the most interesting power developments in the Maumee valley was the old Perrysburg hydraulic canal, an artificial water course about 5¼ miles long which furnished power to eight industries in 1854 and of which a later historian commented "that waterway which could have been made the basis of 50 great industries, was permitted to fall into decay."

Skirted Fort Meigs

There are still remnants of the old hydraulic canal. It skirted Fort Meigs, for instance, and is clearly seen from the road just a few rods south of the fort.

Lester Lyons, an old-time resident of the Maumee valley, remembers the canal very well. He saw its beginnings as a small boy; he remembers his falls into it; he skated on its surface in winter; he boated on it, and he recalls some of the final episodes in the death of the power artery.

The dam which impounded the water was about two miles above Buttonwood island. It was just at the south line of the Lyons farm.

Authorized in 1837

The canal cut across the flats from the river edge at that point to the bank of the river with a pitch that gave it a fall of about one foot in the mile. It was a ditch 25 or 30 feet wide and four to six feet deep. At Perrysburg it provided about 20 feet head of water for power purposes.

An act of the general assembly incorporating the company was passed April 1, 1837, and amended Jan. 21, 1845, and later the completion date was extended by an act of Feb. 15, 1849.

From 1846 to 1859 the people of Perrysburg paid $14,177 by direct taxation for the work on this hydraulic canal as one of the first examples of municipal ownership of a power facility in this region. Eight industries were situated on it and derived power from it in 1854. As of January, 1862, the plants which were still getting power from the canal included Crook's cabinet shop; Lindsey's planing mill; Tefft's saw mill, which turned out 250,000 board feet of lumber annually; Peter Witzler's cabinet shop, cider, sorghum and carding mill; Hirth's tannery; G. W. Brown & Co., foundry and machine shop; Perrysburg flouring mills, and the new paper mill.

Saved Long Trips

That was a considerable volume of industry for such a small village. Previous to the construction of this canal the people of Perrysburg and vicinity frequently went all the way to the River Raisin at Monroe for mill products until a mill was build on the island near Miltonville, a village which has now all but disappeared from the valley.

Dr. E. D. Peck, who built the house which was owned by the late Sidney Spitzer and named Horton hall by him, bought out the village's interest in the old Canal & Hydraulic Co. and made an effort to carry it on as a private enterprise.

Originally the village had issued $10,000 of bonds and set up a tax of four mills to pay for its share in the canal.

Early in the Civil war period interest waned and the city sold its interest to Dr. Peck.

Well of 1822 Found

Historians reported that in 1848 during construction of the hydraulic canal an old brick well was encountered. For many years nobody could identify the bricks or how they got there. But later discoveries indicated the well had been put down in 1822 by David W. Hawley.

Mr. Lyons, known to many people in the valley just as "Let," told of falling into it when he was a youngster so little he could hardly talk. He told his mother he had fallen into the "hydwallic."

High waters gouged the banks of the canal, freshets caused a lot of damage, and ice frequently tore out parts of the timbered dam. These things were discouraging to the folks who operated the power canal.

End Hastened By Fishing

Let said one of the important jobs around Perrysburg in those early days was that held by the man who "walked the canal banks." Just like the railroad track walker, this man daily walked the canal banks to discover any breaks or damages. John Sullivan was one of these canal walkers. "Old Man Tiff, who had only one tooth, was another," recalled Mr. Lyons.

One of the reasons for the untimely end of this venture was the good fishing around the dam.

The dam formed a barrier to the white fish, muskellunge, pickerel, sturgeon and big cat fish which inhabited the waters thereabout. Pools just below the dam formed a great fishing spot. Mr. Lyons recalled that some of the folks made as much as $1,500 a season on their catches. It was big business in those days.

John R. Cobb, who owned property on one end of the dam, employed Wes Cripliver, who was a regular water dog at this fishing business, recalled Mr. Lyons.

"One time I remember him pushing his boat towards shore with a pike pole," he related. "The water was rather shallow there. He saw a big sturgeon, probably six feet long and he dived right in after this fish and had him out of the water several times only to be thrown back in by the swishing and thrashing of the big fellow. He stuck out the battle and drifted at least a quarter-mile down stream until he finally landed the fish. It was one of the greatest fish battles I ever saw."

Dam Blasted in Protest

People in the back country, however, liked to fish and they liked these holes by the dam.

This was the undoing of the power venture. One day "Let" said he was coming home from Waterville and he heard two big booms. Somebody from the back country had blasted out the dam as a protest against the fish monopoly.

There were battles over property rights, struggles against floods, and the war of the "fishmongers" to discourage the promoters of the early power venture. Nevertheless it gave Perrysburg quite a start in a business way.

"Let" said the grist mill at Perrysburg was situated at the foot of Louisiana avenue near where the present Soldiers' monument stands. Farmers drove there to a weighing house and then the grain was transported along a trestle to the mill proper at the water's edge.

In winter the "hydraulic" was a sort of rapid transit line from the five-mile area south of Perrysburg. One of "Let's" brothers used to skate in to town to school on its surface.

Miltonville Site

At the corner just north of Riverby Golf club, where Route 65 goes down into the valley, was the site of Miltonville, but there is only one house there now.

In 1835 the townsite was laid out by Fowler & Baird, promoters, and it had stores, two hotels, a ferry, dam and saw mill, and a postoffice was established there Sept. 29, 1837 in charge of Epaphroditus Foote. But Miltonville faded away when the railroads came through. A cemetery back on the hill tells some stories of its residents.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO OHIO'S HISTORIC SHRINES

Girty's Island

The four Girty brothers, forerunners to the James brothers, the Younger brothers and the other desperadoes of the west, terrorized the entire northwestern country in the period between the revolution and the war of 1812.

From the west side River road, near Napoleon, the long island in the Maumee where they had the headquarters for their sallies against the white settlers can be seen. On this island George Girty lived with his Delaware Indian squaw and it was there she bore him five or six children.

Blue Jacket, famous chief, had his own village nearby on the Maumee, while further downstream were the trading posts of Alexander McKee and Matthew Elliott, who like the Girty brothers were "Renegade" Americans.

The Girtys were George, James, Thomas and Simon. It is Simon Girty who has occupied the spotlight of the paleface historians and for two generations his whispered name was enough to send a chill up the spine of the pioneers and their families.

Girty was painted blackest by Theodore Roosevelt in his "Winning of the West," but this portrait of him, tho it carried out the white men's tradi-

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tion, was as inaccurate as much of Roosevelt's observations concerning this part of the country at that time.

* * * *

Later research has disclosed a Simon Girty given over both to the cruelties and the kindnesses of the forest life, more able and therefore more to be dreaded than his contemporaries, but a man in whom patient search is bound to reveal at least a few virtues to set off against his violent vices.

From Fort Pitt at the head of the Ohio, the Girtys, McKee and Elliott had fled when it became apparent that the revolution was to be a success and that men loyal to King George were not likely to be popular in Pennsylvania. Every act they committeed, whether it was to stand by while white men were sacrificed in an Indian execution at the stake, to lead a party of Indians, tomahawks in hand, against a frail white settlement or to set afire the log cabins and the cornfields of the pioneers, were inspired by the same partisanship as existed on the other side.

* * * *

To the whites who had come swarming across the Alleghenies the only good Indian was a dead Indian. They looked upon the loyal British partisans as nothing less than friends, simply because they happened to be allied with their enemies.

From the standpoint of justice, neither the redcoats nor the deerskin pioneers gave a hang about the Indians. Both were out to get from them what they could, the British by plying them with rum and blankets, and the Yankees by pouring into them not unequal quantities of white moonshine and lead.

The wars that waged constantly about the Maumee valley from 1778 to 1795 were never instigated by the red men. On the one hand, pioneers hungry for land pushed their way north of the Ohio to the lake country. On the other, British military commanders, using men like the Girty brothers for their agents, stirred up the Indians on every pretext to make raids. At one important conclave of the Indians, no white man save Simon Girty was admitted.

It is from a boy captive, Oliver Spencer, that we get the most authentic, if not the most flattering picture of Simon Girty. It should be borne in mind that Spencer, his mind filled with terror and hatred of the Indians, was no impartial observer. In fairness also it should be recalled that more than once Simon Girty saved the lives of "enemy" whites, such as Simon Kenton, when the Indians were ready to tortue and do away with them. The boy Spencer thus describes him:

* * * *

"Simon Girty . . . his dark, shaggy hair, his low forehead, his brows contracted, and meeting above his short, flat nose; his gray sunken eyes, averting the ingenuous gaze; his lips thin and compressed, and the dark and sinister expression of his countenance, to me, seemed the very picture of a villain.

"He wore the Indian costume, but without any ornament; and his silk handkerchief while it supplied the place of a hat, hid an unsightly wound in his forehead. On each side, in his belt, was stuck a silver-mounted pistol, and at his left hung a short, broad dirk, serving occasionally the uses of a knife."

Not a pleasant parlor companion, certainly. Yet whether villain or romantic figure, Girty with his brothers has left his name on the Ohio landscape, a memorial to the deep impression of terror he inspired in his own generation.

—News-Bee, Aug. 4, 1931.

Pickawillany Town

Tho he was a robust warrior six feet tall, and his stone hatchet had cleaved many a British skull, the French called him La Demoiselle, the lady. He bore the sobriquet without offense. Had he known its implication he would have laid a few Frenchmen low. But instead he entered into an alliance with them against the English and that was the beginning of his downfall.

For La Demoiselle had one weakness—fine dress. His favor could be bought with a new feather and he would exchange a warrior's life for a silver ornament. When the French commander at Ft. Miami gave him a silken doublet, La Demoiselle was in raptures.

But this commander of the allied Miami tribes of the west was as fickle as he was vain. The qualities somehow seem to go together. A British trader presented him with a pocket mirror. He spent hours preening before it, the envy of every tribesman.

This insidious Britisher whispered temptation in his ear. Four years before, delegates of the Miamis had gone 600 miles to Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, and there had concluded the first treaty between Indians of the west and the British crown. In musty state archives of Pennsylvania the account of that treaty is to be found.

There is related how Assepausa, Michikinoquah the elder and Natosequah affixed their totems to the parchment. They had one request to make:

"My brothers," spoke Michikinoquah the elder, "we would request that your traders put less stones on the scale when they are weighing our furs." Thus it is seen that the Indians were not always as simple, in the face of duplicity, as they have been painted.

The treaty was a mere scrap of paper. Now what the British wanted was for La Demoiselle to take his tribe from the French Ft. Miami on the Maumee to the pleasant leas along the Great Miami river which they called Pickawillany.

They clinched the bargain with a scarlet coat, the uniform of a British ranger. It was a magnificant garment and it set La Demoiselle up. He became such an advocate of the British cause that his nickname was changed to Old Britain. In French annals, La Demoiselle. In those of the British explorers and tradesmen, Old Britain. And the change all came about over that red coat.

To the Pickawillany village, near Sidney of the present day, went the Miamis. The British, strong on promises, had told of the strong fort they were building there. But it was not a strong fort. It was a mere log house built with portholes for the guns of half a dozen redcoats.

The French had been watching. From the north and west they gathered the enemies of the Miamis, the Pottawotamies and the Kickapoos, the Sauks and Foxes and Illini. Five hundred brown warriors in canoes sped swiftly up the Maumee to its confluence with the Glaize, up the Glaize to the Great Miami portage.

* * * *

At night they fell upon the Pickawillany village and sacked it. They took the chief, his warriors, his squaws and his children prisoner. Under the starlight they kept on toiling. They erected an immense tripod. On it they hung an iron kettle, largest in the wilderness. The French had brought it all the way from Montreal for them.

When daylight came they built their fire under the iron kettle. The

British redcoats watched thru the portholes of their little fort. They were powerless.

Into the kettle went La Demoiselle, Old Britain. The Kickapoos and the other tribes danced wildly around him. Then they ate him. They called the lesser chiefs of the Miamis together. To Assepausa they gave the scarlet coat, to Michikinoquah the elder they presented the bow and the stone hatchet of the chief they had slain. Then they slipped away across the portage to their canoes. By night they were gone. They returned to their own hunting grounds.

The Miamis glared scornfully at those British soldiers who had remained in the fort while Old Britain was being boiled. They knew now what they should do. They packed up their camp, burned such cabins as the marauders had not destroyed and returned to the protection of their French fathers at Ft. Miami on the Maumee.

—News-Bee.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES—OUR HAPPY NEW HOBBY—New York Times, March 14, 1938.—Collectors everywhere will endorse the quiet but determined way the United States Government has gone in lately for collecting tropical Pacific islands. It's a nice hobby if you can afford it, and one that will appeal to every one with a spark of the Robinson Crusoe spirit in his breast.

Fortunately for the taxpayer it is not a hobby like TVA or WPA. It doesn't cost this country a cent as far as initial investment goes and is thus unique among current Federal enterprises. Uncle Sam just looks up a lot of old records, notes that an American clipper ship, the Salem Sally, paused at one of the islands for water on Oct. 17, 1811, and proceeds to plump down an occupancy. A cursory inspection of the beach no doubt reveals footprints still impressed in the sand, and these by a happy chance turn out to be exactly the type made by shoes manufactured in Salem during the first decade of the last century. It is as simple as that.

THE OLD SEURIN HOTEL AT MAUMEE, now known as The Plantation Inn has witnessed many interesting scenes.

It is over one hundred years old and, during the time when Maumee was the County Seat of Lucas County, many distinguished lawyers and their clients stopped there during the terms of Court, for it had a great reputation as a hostelry and its meals were famous for their variety and excellence.

It was the habit of the lawyers, while awaiting the trial of their cases, to gather at the hotel especially in the evenings and there in the large public room before a huge blazing log fire discuss their cases informally, and especially the difficult questions of law, and often they extended their discussions and settled the affairs of the universe.

It is related by an old citizen that on one occasion—a cold wintry night—there was the usual gathering of lawyers including Morrison R. Waite, afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. They formed a wide circle around the fire and occupied all the space that the room afforded.

A stranger covered with mud from head to foot came into the room and let it be known that he had just arrived on horseback from Detroit. No one

made room for him beside the fire and he did not ask for such courtesy but stood behind the others trying to warm himself as best he could.

The group, knowing nothing of the man, was inclined to joke about him and at last Mr. Waite asked him what was the condition of the road between Detroit and Maumee.

"Horrible," was his answer, "Worse than Hell."

Mr. Waite replied: "You seem to be well acquainted with that place, how is it there?"

"Oh, said the man, "it is just like it is here, the lawyers are always nearest the fire."

FROM HOWE'S HISTORICAL COLLECTION OF OHIO, we glean the following anecdote of a well known lawyer of Jefferson County, a friend and associate of Edwin Stanton.

"He (Ben Tappan) was very sharp. He had a large house-dog which one day strolled into the shop of one Peters, a butcher, and seizing a nice roast of beef made off with it. Peters, on discovering whose dog it was, called upon Tappan and put the question to him; "If a neighbor's dog enters my shop and steals meat, is he not legally held in payment?"

"Certainly he is," rejoined Tappan.

"Your dog," continued Peters, "has this very morning stolen seventy-five cents worth of meat from me, and I have come for the money." "Not so fast, Mr. Peters," replied Tappan; "I don't give legal advice without compensation. As you are a neighbor, I won't be hard on you. My charge to you in this case is $2.00. You must therefore pay me the difference, $1.25, and we will call it square."

CHIEF JUSTICE HUGHES once received a letter from a ladies' church auxiliary in Iowa, which read in part:

"In order to raise money for the church, our members are making aprons from the shirt-tails of famous men. We would be so pleased if you could send us one of your shirt-tails. Please have Mrs. Hughes mark them with your initials and also pin on them a short biography of the famous occasions in which they have been intimately associated with your life."

Mrs. Hughes framed the letter in ivory as the Chief Justice's dearest possession.—Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, The Nine Old Men (© 1936, Doubleday, Doran)

A UNION PACIFIC SHOPMAN, drawn for jury service, asked the judge to excuse him, "We are very busy at the shops," said he, "and I ought to be there."

"So you are one of those men who think the Union Pacific couldn't get along without them," remarked the judge.

"No, Your Honor," replied the shopman, "I know it could get along without me, but I don't want it to find out."

"Excused," said the judge.—Topeka Capital

IN HIS OWN HEN-WRITING.—An almost sure method of eliminating job hunters at the old N. Y. Tribune plant was to offer them a piece of Horace Greeley's illegible copy to set. The traditional exception was a tobacco-chewing tramp printer, down at the heels and open at the toes. He scrutinized his first stint—Greeley's editorial for the day—spat casually, carried it to the case and, to everyone's amazement, set it perfectly. Thereafter he was a fixture as "Horace Greeley's typesetter."

Greeley's rural admirers were legion, and they used to send as tokens of their admiration potatoes, baskets of eggs, prize heads of cabbage and even small livestock, which he would drag out to his farm at Chappaqua. One morning, when a crate of poultry arrived, the other printers chose two lively chickens, inked their feet, and set them to fighting on a sheet of the paper on which Greeley customarily fulminated. When "Greeley's typesetter" showed up, this was thrust at him as "Mr. Greeley's editorial."

Slightly puzzled, he studied it carefully from all angles, with glasses and without. Finally he began slowly and painfully to set it. After an hour or so of hard going, Greeley himself bustled into the composing room. The old printer approached the great editor apologetically. "Don't like to bother you 'bout this, Mr. Greeley," he mumbled. "Howsomever, there's just one word here"—pointing to the middle of the sheet—"I can't quite figger out."

Greeley seized the sheet, glanced at it and roared:

" 'Unconstitutional,' you dod-gummed fool!"

—Reader's Digest.