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This year, the University of New York has honored itself by electing to its "Hall of Fame" one of America's greatest song writers and composers of folk songs—whose tender pathos did almost as much—it is said—for the emancipation of the negro as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and other writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Election to that Hall of Fame requires a severe and complicated test. It occurs only once in five years. The actual "Hall" consists of a great colonnade erected on the University grounds through the generosity of Helen Gould. The candidate must have been dead 25 years. All but the most worthy names are weeded out by the University office from the many proposed. The remaining names are then passed on to the senate of the University which cuts the list down still further and submits the remaining names to the Hall of Fame electors—a board of about 100 notables from all over the country, people like William Lyon Phelps, Helen Keller, Walter Lippman, Thomas Lamont. Four-fifths of these electors must concur in the election. This year Stephen Foster was the only one elected out of 143 names submitted to the senate—he received 86 votes. Among his present "associates" in the Hall are Washington, Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin, Generals Grant and Sherman, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mary Lyon, Frances Willard, James Kent, Asa Gray, George Peabody and many other famous Americans.

Although Stephen Foster was never especially identified with Northwestern Ohio, he was at different periods a resident of Youngstown and Cincinnati and he was by his poetry and songs in a very real sense a citizen of all America. We are fortunate in having available for publication by the gracious courtesy of its author, the following excerpts from a booklet recently published by the accomplished author and authority of the Shenandoah Valley, Elsie Murray, Ph. D., to whom we have at other times been indebted for various sketches of early American history connected with the Shenandoah Valley and especially for the account of the "Azilum" prepared in that valley for Marie Antoinette when her friends had rescued her—as they never succeeded in doing—from her prison in Paris.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

By Elsie Murray

Of all the famous travellers up the Susquehanna, none has left a memory dearer to the average Pennsylvanian than the subject of this sketch. Up this great natural highway, intent on war or peace, have passed in turn Andaste chieftain; Champlain's fearless scout, Brulé; Mohawk-trained Conrad Weiser and his Moravian brethern; map-maker Evans and the gentle Quaker botanist, John Bartram; Sullivan with his motley camp-followers; and later a long train of distinguished French fugitives from Revolutionary chaos. Yet Indian warrior, scientist or statesman, none has touched the popular fancy or wrung the heart-strings more profoundly than a certain homesick lad of thirteen years from Pittsburgh; who journeying across the mountains with his older brother, came up the river in 1840, to enroll in the Academy at Athens. There to write and play his first composition, the gay Tioga Waltz.

The secret of Stephen Foster's grip on our affections is not far to seek: a literary taste moulded under the dual influence of Celtic balladry and a cultured home circle; a gift for song as natural as a thrush's. Add a keen eye for natural beauty and zest for country living, a lively sense of humor and a sympathetic heart, responding to distress in others without regard to race or color—and you have a combination well nigh irresistible. Within a year of publication of *Old Folks at Home* it was hummed and strummed on every level of society; heard, we are told, even along the Ganges and the Nile, and in far China. And in ninety years of changing fashions its popularity has not waned.

This gift of voicing the emotions of the average human being in telling cadences and spell-binding rhythms sets Foster unquestionably in the great succession of Thomas Moore, Robert Burns, Franz Schubert. Nor is it the whole story. For out of the grotesque and tawdry burnt-cork minstrelsy of the period our young musician was to evolve a new, more poetic and humane conception of the negro (linked with engrossing melody). In the feverish decades just before the Civil War—the decades of the Fugitive Slave Law and the Dred Scott decision—*Uncle Ned* and *Nelly Bly* contributed *no less than* Uncle Tom and Topsy to expanding abolitionist sentiment.

And here, perhaps, lay the true tragedy of Stephen Foster—in a conflict, half conscious, half subconscious, between sympathies and principles. For his family were Democrats, clinging to the traditions of the Old South, committed to the support of James Buchanan, whose anti-abolitionist regime just preceded Lincoln's. Incompatibility of outlook, social or political, no less than musical temperament, may afford the cue to certain unsolved mysteries in the career of our poet-singer, his intermittent domestic life and lonely death. The key to these is not intemperance, as hasty generalizers and sensation-mongers have too readily assumed. To ascribe inebriety to the artist is an old popular fallacy.

Of frail physique from the outset, the natural depression of the war years, added to the loss of dearly loved members of his family, goes far to explain the waning in the sixties of Foster's creative power. Yet his

much exploited lonely death in poverty can hardly be dubbed tragic, it is merely melancholy. His work was done. Military music was not his forte. It is given to few geniuses to go out with a triumphant blare of brasses; nor need the fact rouse us to a high pitch of sympathy. Living on a different plane of values from that of ordinary mortals, the creative artist knows and seeks other compensations than domestic peace and a tranquil ending.

Lover of humanity, sensitive to suffering under any guise, possessed as well of a saving sense of humor, Foster wrote his own verse, and set it to music so spontaneous and affecting that he ranks today as America's favorite composer. Acknowledged as such in 1940, in 1941 he will be given a niche in the Hall of Fame at New York University. Meanwhile in northern Pennsylvania Tioga Point Museum celebrates the centenary of his schooling at the Athens Academy and the premiere in April, 1941, of his first composition, the Tioga Waltz; and prepares to erect a marker to his memory on the Academy Green.

What brought young Stephen to our valley in his impressionable teens? Was he buried alive in a tiny country village, or did he find congenial company, on the same cultural and social level as his own circle? And how did his months of schooling here, coupled with early separation from his family, affect his gift for musical expression—viewed askance by his parents as a rather eerie trait? * * Regrettably, there are few facts in the life of America's favorite folk-singer that have not been either carelessly misstated, or deliberately warped to satisfy the popular palate for melodrama. We shall therefore move warily, guided by the chronology of the family letters in the keeping of his niece, Evelyn Foster Morneweck; by data in the catalogue of the Athens Academy for 1841; and by reminiscences of Foster's classmates, among whom were at least a dozen of the writer's great-aunts, uncles, and cousins.

Not music—though it was listed among the Academy courses—but prosaic business matters first brought the Fosters to our valley: the building of the North Branch Canal along the upper Susquehanna, to connect mid-Pennsylvania with New York State, and carry coal from the anthracite regions toward the Great Lakes and the West. William B. Foster, Jr., Stephen's older brother, was an accredited construction engineer, with experience in canal-building in Kentucky and Ohio. Holding a State appointment, due in part to his own abilities, in part to his father's long identification with canal projects, William had been dispatched in 1839 to oversee the completion of the North and West Branch Canals, with offices at the focal points of Northumberland, Williamsport, Tunkhannock and Towanda. At the latter, his main headquarters, and probably earlier at Harrisburg, he heard much of the Athens Academy, which enjoyed a state subsidy, and which many Towanda boys attended. The family agreed that on his return to work in January 1840, he should take Stephen back to complete his schooling there. The two made the trip by sleigh across the mountains, probably following the old stage road through Bedford to Harrisburg, now the route of a super-highway, and up the river.

Stephen came of good Scotch-Irish stock, pioneer emigrants from Virginia, on his father's side. His mother's family were Maryland gentlefolk, with a remote strain of Italian. The fortunes of Foster Senior, once a prosperous Mississippi river merchant, had declined steadily since the War of 1812, when as U. S. Quartermaster he had risked his private capital heavily in the relief of New Orleans. The White Cottage at Lawrenceville, where Stephen was born July 4, 1826, had long since passed from his hands. Of the seven surviving members of a family of ten, some were married, others at work, including Stephen's two next older brothers. It was hoped Steve would soon take his place at their side. Meanwhile the family of this home-loving lad had already made eight or nine removals from spot to spot, while Foster Senior tried one opening after another. Stephen probably left for Bradford County from his Uncle Strouthers', in the rapidly expanding frontier town of Youngstown, Ohio, where his engineer brother had been supervising canal construction.

Just when William enrolled his young brother at the Athens Academy is not known. The boy may have attended school in Towanda first. At Athens, four 11-week terms, each followed by a 2-weeks' vacation, were the rule. A letter dated November 9 from a newly found boarding-place, the Herricks, complains of the noise and confusion created down-stairs by the small children of the family (all younger than Steve), and requests permission of William, dispenser of bounties for the entire Foster family, to purchase wood, so that he may have a fire in his bedroom and study in peace and quiet. Grammar, Philosophy, and Arithmetic are not enough to occupy his time, the 14-year-old boy remarks, and suggests adding Bookkeeping or Latin—the former to be his livelihood for four years at Cincinnati under his brother Dunning. This was in chill November, 1840—the year of the violent Harrison-Van Buren campaign, with its noisy log-cabin, hickory-pole, hard-cider, and party-ballad electioneering.

There is no reason to believe that the boy moped long in his room in solitude. There was skating on the rivers in winter, bob-sledding on the hills, with a jolly crowd of youngsters from 20 nearby towns—none, however, boarding in the same house with Stephen, that of a prominent trustee's son. Some Sundays doubtless he spent with William, and later Henry, in Towanda, 15 miles below, where he is said to have played the clarinet in the band, and where his brothers sang in the church choir. With the advent of spring there was a lovely countryside through which to ramble, hills to climb, creeks to wade, boats with which to explore the rivers—Chemung and Susquehanna. Yellow adder's tongue and acres of Virginia cowslips along the coves; snow-white bloodroot, frail wind-flowers, and hepaticas springing from the brown earth like blue flames, on the hillsides. Farther up along the slope of Round Top (West Hill), coral-pink, honey-scented buds of the trailing arbutus, hiding under dead leaves. Back on the hills, meadows carpeted with bluets, or aglow with azalea and laurel.

And everywhere bird music, tempting to imitation with piccolo and flute, the long-drawn phrases of the meadowlark floating across the

fields; the vireo's impudent warble, the oriole's schoolboy whistle, overhead in the arching elms. From West Hill, the inimitable throaty cadence of the veery; plover and sandpiper calling along the rivers. Though bird or flower rarely receives specific mention, Foster's sentimental songs are full of generalized descriptions for which he must have consciously or not been storing up images. His first composition features unmistakably more than one bird-phrase. And one at least of Steve's fellow-students has left us an account in later years of long rambles afield with an idolized companion—young Stephen (W. W. Kingsbury, later first U. S. Senator from Minnesota. See Bradford County Historical Society Annual No. 4, 1910).

Steve's social gifts were marked, though he disliked formal affairs, crowds and confusion. As a boy, he was not only "absolutely original", he was an excellent mimic with a strong bent for dramatization. Since earliest childhood, according to his brother Mit, he had exercised these talents in an amateur minstrel troup; holding weekly a group of playmates spellbound with his rendering of *Zip Coon* and *Jump Jim Crow*.

Nor does this exhaust the tale of his talents as entertainer, for he possessed besides "a strange gift for music". Woodwind instruments he mastered almost untaught. Piano, guitar, and some say violin were also at his command. He developed also, in later years, a pleasing baritone. And Steve understood himself from the start better than did his parents. Writing dutifully (though with a purpose) when he was away on a visit at the age of seven, he remarks that if he had ink and ruler he might improve his script. "But if I had my whistle I would be so taken with it I think I would not write at all."

By the end of the school year at Athens, his Friday declamations of *Lord Ullin's Daughter* and other tragic gems were the envy of his classmates—the bungling efforts of one of whom with *Bozzaris* gave rise to the old wheeze, "Stop Greecing her knees and get on with the story!"

But how came a relatively shy boy to compose an original piece for the grand April Exhibition (equivalent of a present-day Commencement); with himself as chief performer? And how did he happen to write a Waltz, at that, for performing in a church? And why the Tioga Waltz?

Among Steve's classmates, it appears, was a young Henry Welles. Henry's older brother George was an Academy trustee. It was their father who secured the $2000 State endowment that first enabled the Academy, in 1814, to open its doors. There was much besides Academy matters to draw the two families together. Steve's and Henry's fathers had served in Legislature, where both were ardent advocates of the project of State canals. Henry's grandfather, in fact, had come up from Baltimore in 1797 with the avowed purpose of converting the Susquehanna Valley into a great thoroughfare between South and North and West. If Steve's older brother William was to be one of the builders and later Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, so Henry's cousin and partner was later to buy the North Branch Canal, and lay the rails of what became a section of the Lehigh Valley Railroad on the tow-path; building also many of the short links of road connecting with New York State

points—Ithaca, Aurora, Auburn. Both were river, canal and railroad families, and prominent in more than petty local matters.

If Stephen's uncle was president of a girls' college in Kentucky, Henry's older brother James was to marry the daughter of the founder of Wells College (Henry Wells of the Wells-Fargo Express, a remote kinsman). A cousin of Henry's, Raphael Pumpelly, one of the first to penetrate Thibet, became professor of mineralogy at Harvard. Cultural as well as business interests drew the two families together.

Henry had a sister Frances, also an Academy student, who concerns our story more nearly. Just seventeen in the spring of 1841, a little more than two years Stephen's senior, merry, a social favorite, connected with half a dozen prominent pioneer families, she appears from the outset to have taken the young stranger under her wing. Like Steve's later girl friends she both sang and played the piano (and possessed one), and had as well some dramatic ability. If Steve's great-niece, Henrietta Crosman, was to become a Shakespearian actress of distinction, with a noteworthy Rosalind to her credit, Frances' great-niece was to become the wife of Sir Thomas Beecham, well-known British orchestra leader. Like Stephen, also Frances had a minor talent for sketching and water-color. An aunt was a portrait painter of no mean gifts. A second great-niece, Sally James Farnham, is today a sculptress of recognized ability. Here obviously, in Frances and Stephen, were two temperaments akin. Frances it was, undoubtedly, who drew the shy Stephen into Athens social circles, where, according to a local writer he became "the life of the young society of the place."

At the April Exhibition, Frances was slated to appear in a Greek dialogue, for the Academy made much of the classics. History has not recorded its identity, but one likes to fancy it a fragment from the *Phaedrus*, with the interlocutors wading along the brook Illyssus, where Boreas is fabled to have carried off Orythria; ending with the famous *Prayer to Pan*.

But young Frances had an importunate suitor—or perhaps the Greek dialogue irked her, musical as are Plato's phrases. She advanced her wedding-day to mid-April, cutting out the exhibition and urging Stephen, one suspects, to provide some counter attraction on the program to assuage her instructor's ire. In any case, our young scholar wrote the Tioga Waltz—his first authentic composition—scored it for four flutes (some say three); and playing the leading part himself, achieved a minor triumph on the evening of April 2, 1841. Applause greeted the young quartet, an encore was demanded!

The scene was the quaint old Presbyterian church, built in 1825 on the site of the present one, with high pulpit, closed pews, and hanging galleries, filled, we may be sure, with trustees and relatives of the young Academicians. But why a waltz, to the scandal doubtless of the godly of the Old School—for already, we are told, there was a schism between the Old and New? And why the *Tioga* Waltz?

Actually, the piece appears to have been written for Frances Welles' wedding. It was dedicated to her, as she informed her cousin, Louise

Welles Murray, many years later, at the time of the planning of the Museum. Her home was on the Tioga Point Farm, a 400 acre estate just south of the village of Athens. The latter, indeed the whole triangular area between the rivers, including present Sayre and S. Waverly, was often set down on maps of the period as Tioga Point, after the old Indian settlement of Te-a-oga reported here by early travelers. Tioga was an early name also for the Chemung river which flowed past the foot of Herricks' garden, its murmur audible at nightfall from Stephen's bedroom window.

The wedding was at the Stone House on the Point near the meeting of the rivers, on April 17th. According to local tradition it was a lively affair, with half the countryside in attendance. The groom was Mr. Charles B. Stuart, construction engineer for the Erie Railroad then building across New York State south of the line of the Canal. Hence of course all railway and canal folk as well as friends and relatives were invited. At the ball following, the Waltz made its second debut, again achieving success. Steve is thought to have commandeered new pumps for the occasion from Brother William.

And what of the after history of the Waltz? Lost for more than half a century, written down for piano from Morrison Foster's whistled version in 1896, published with his sketch *My Brother Stephen*, and revived at the formal opening of the Tioga Point Museum-Library in 1897, it is a finished little tone poem (in the version that has come down to us). Like Weber's *Invitation to the Dance*, which may have been its model, it is divided into parts, eight in all, each with a distinctive mood and rhythm. From a hesitating start, it moves through rollicking mischief, dreamy sentiment, entreaty, exultation, to a touching close. Liquid runs and yodelling bird-notes are fitly woven into the theme—Te-a-oga, the Meeting of the Waters. It is a genuine miniature antique, imaging for us as in a convex mirror the gay wedding party of a century ago.

After all this excitement and acclaim, Stephen underwent a violent reaction. Calling Athens "that lonesome place", he begged not to be sent back, not to go to any school at all, to be allowed to board with the young artist Kittell at Towanda; promising not to touch his music until evening. What had happened? Perhaps his pious mother, whom he adored, was fearful lest premature publicity and praise would go to her young son's head. Perhaps his father counselled confiscation of the flute, and strict attention to practical studies. We can only guess. Brother William can hardly have been at the bottom of the matter, nor the Academy authorities. There is no book of Academy grades extant, but Steve was reputedly an excellent student, learning easily. He was no problem child in the modern sense. William, moreover, had taken him to a concert at Harrisburg on that famous sleighride up, and bought him a new clarinet. He himself sang in the church choir in Towanda. There is no reason to believe that he frowned upon his schoolboy brother's musical aspirations.

Whatever the primary cause of Steve's depression, loss of his music-loving young protectress must have doubled it. Sisters had always meant

much to the boy in the home circle, and Frances Welles counted as that to him and more, set down as he was in a strange countryside. In any case, she had the distinction of being the first of a dozen or more girl friends for whom he wrote or to whom he dedicated early compositions.

So Steve went back to his mother, tried out seven days at Jefferson College—a dismal failure—foreswore all schools as "filled with too much confusion". Studying at home, he shunned female society, played with the tortoiseshell cat, considered a career as midshipman. Later he wrote "I was never such a fool as when I refused to return to Athens with Brother William". There was talk of sending him back next year. But early in 1842 mischievous boys, building a fire to dry their clothes after an icy ducking in the river, burned down the fine old Academy. There followed the excitement of his father's election to office as Mayor of Allegheny City, and Steve's education was left to tutors.

So much for Athens! And the rest of the story? Before he was twenty Stephen was writing songs for a small circle of friends. In 1844 appeared his lilting, light-hearted *Open Thy Lattice, Love*, dedicated to a small playmate—no unfit companion-piece, though on simpler lines, for Schubert's somberer if more artistically finished *Serenade*. In 1846 came the removal to Cincinnati, Queen City of the West, with its greater musical advantages, and the inspiration of the lively African rhythms heard on the wharves of the Ohio. Here Stephen served as his brother's bookkeeper and agent—an excellent one, if reports are true, till 1850.

Songs for the minstrel soloists, Christy's and others—the "Sable Harmonists", "The Ethiopians"—as well as for his own "Knight of the S. T.", followed—gay Louisiana Belles, Uncle Neds, Lemuels, Nelly Blys. In 1849 *Oh Susanna*, composer unknown, swept the country, spontaneously adopted as the marching song of the Forty-Niners in the Gold Rush to California—*Oh, Susanna! Don't You Cry For Me—I Come From Alabama Wid My Banjo on My Knee.*

In 1850, Foster married Jane McDowell, daughter of a Pittsburgh physician. A decade of success and moderate prosperity, though of no settled family life, followed. One daughter, Marion, was born to the couple. She has left us her recollections of her father as a delightful, sympathetic playmate. Resigning himself presently to the role of writer of idealized "Ethiopian" melodies, Foster claimed "Swanee River" back from Christy, to whom he had yielded the title earlier. The instant and almost universal appeal of *My Old Kentucky Home* (1853), *Old Black Joe* (1860), and *Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground* (1853), with their pathos and poetry and humanization of the negro, amply justified this decision.

Loss of father, mother, brothers, followed, and on came the Civil War. Stephen, whose brother Dunning had died from the effects of exposure in the Mexican conflict, who himself had been turned down earlier at West Point, had friends and relatives on both sides of the line—a tragic impasse not uncommon. He lived through the news of the proclamation emancipating the race whose traits of humor, love of home and family, and grief at separation, he had so ably and appealingly put before the public in enduring melody. But it was not given him to see the conclusion of the struggle. *Beautiful Dreamer*, finished, exquisite, mature, is believed

by many to have been his final composition, as it was certainly his last great song. *When This Dreadful War is Ended,* (words by Gordon) has long been forgotten. He died January 13, 1864, aged 37, in Bellevue Hospital, New York City, alone, after a short illness and an accident. His body was carried back to Pittsburgh for burial, followed to the grave by bands of musical friends playing and singing airs that already had become a national heritage—though even today many are ignorant of the name of the composer.

In 1896, to correct the distorted tales afloat about his brother, Morrison Foster wrote a short sketch of his life, *My Brother Stephen,* lately reissued by Foster Hall; printing it as Preface to an album of Foster Music containing the *Tioga Waltz* (the latter whistled from memory to a musician who wrote it down in piano transcription). In 1897, at the formal opening of the Museum-Library building, gift to the inhabitants of Athens Township from a Foster classmate, Jesse Spalding of Chicago, the *Tioga Waltz* was again given public hearing, close to the spot where it was written. In the lobby of this building a placque to Foster was placed in 1924, by the Athens Rotary Club.

In 1914, Pittsburgh turned the site of her famous son's birthplace into a memorial. In 1922, Bardstown converted the Rowan mansion (which Stephen may never have visited) into a shrine, the *Old Kentucky Home;* and in 1928 a Georgian erected a monument by the Swanee River which Foster never saw. Since 1931 or earlier, Josiah K. Lilly of Indianapolis has sponsored from his little Foster Hall a widespread movement to collect early Foster songs and other memorabilia; issued the Foster Bulletin; and reprinted for free distribution to libraries practically all the known songs, to the number of 200—starting a genuine Foster renaissance. Latterly, Pittsburgh University, aided and abetted by the Tuesday Musical Club, has opened in the lee of its own skyscraper Cathedral of Learning, a fine Gothic Memorial where many of Lilly's assembled treasures will be housed under the curatorship of Fletcher Hodges, Jr.

In 1934, J. T. Howard wrote an elaborately documented life of Foster to fill out gaps in Milligan's and Morrison Foster's earlier accounts. In 1936, Raymond Walters covered the Cincinnati period with *Youth's Golden Gleam.* That same year, Evelyn Foster Morneweck of Detroit, Stephen's niece, daughter of Morrison, issued a pamphlet on his birthplace; and now has ready for the press *Chronicles of a Foster Family from Which Came a Great Genius,* utilizing the journal of Foster's mother and family correspondence to settle many debated points. Late in 1940 it was announced that Stephen C. Foster had been elected to the Hall of Fame maintained at New York University where a tablet to his memory will be placed shortly.

Meanwhile the village where for a season Stephen attended school, the spot which first inspired him to put musical notes on paper, prepares to claim along with Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and Kentucky its portion in the Foster saga. For in northern Pennsylvania the young musician found many of the moulding influences of his genius, if not his first romantic interest. Love of the countryside, of culture and cultivated

friends and honest scholarship; a friendlier feeling toward the colored race; new familiarity with the old favorites dear to every Scotch-Irish section—*Auld Lang Syne, Bonnie Doon, Comin' through the Rye*— the Celtic musical models from which he was to derive his favorite verse-forms; even the nostalgia for absent friends and kin and distant places that haunts his happiest compositions—to all these, wittingly or unwittingly, Athens contributed.

The *Bulletin*, through the courtesy of Mrs. Ketcham and Arthur Secor, has been allowed the privilege of publishing several articles from the pen of Wilmot A. Ketcham, one of Toledo's most interesting characters—now gone.

His friends were legion and we now have the additional privilege of publishing the following appreciation of him written by his friend and our former citizen, Calvin Goodrich—now of Ann Arbor, Michigan.

IMPRESSIONS OF WILMOT A. KETCHAM

By Professor Calvin Goodrich

Just thirty-three years have gone by since Wilmot A. Ketcham and I became acquainted with each other. When the thundering bombilations of those thirty-three years are taken into account, that day of meeting, which was one in 1908, seems an almost incredible distance away and justifiably worthy of consideration as history.

He came into the musty Blade office in Jefferson Street with a story of the French *habitants* who were left in a sort of eddy or slighted corner of Lucas County. In that day the Blade paid for no local contributions not supplied by its own staff, and blessed little for those of the staff itself. What Ketcham had written was out of his liking for writing. He had taken care both with the choice of words and the preparation for printing. Although in handwriting, the manuscript was as easily read as though milled out on a typewriting machine. I suppose there was some disclaimer of merit for his production on Ketcham's part, perhaps a disavowal of unusualness in the story. Yet the tale had freshness, attractiveness, as did everything else he wrote. To the one then new to the region, it provided the first realization that Lucas County possessed a population completely distinct from those spoken of as foreign and very much older, in point of occupation of the area, than the one which had settled Toledo, caused it to increase manyfold and put the stamp of its domination upon it.

Toledo in 1908 was beginning to talk of itself as an industrial community, but doing so a little self-consciously as though it might be challenged for boastfulness. The truth is it is hard to say with exactness what Toledo was at the time. It was no longer simply a market town. It had gone through an oil boom, but was still enjoying a by-product of that exploitation in heating homes with natural gas and using the gas in certain manufacturing processes. Railroads very plainly appreciated the geographical location, but not enough to substitute something presentable for the decrepit union station. Interurban cars rattled and squeaked in

a half dozen streets. Tugs and freighters provided additional noise. Visitors were taken to see two high buildings in Madison Street when proof appeared needed that the town was up and coming.

For all that, Madison Street was a pleasantly shaded avenue, and no more dangerous to cross than a footpath in one of the parks. Truckmen complained of the "Michigan Hump" because it put a strain on horseflesh for as much as forty feet. Folk came in from the country and dropped banana skins here and there as mementos of their call. There were pumps at street intersections in the North End, and unless memory is wrong, a livery stable in the business quarter. A leading summer amusement was sailing, and I suppose that at no place on the Lakes were more boats to be seen on a July morning than on Maumee Bay. Automobiles were not rarities—there was, indeed, an automobile factory in the throes of bankruptcy—but they were not universal possessions and a few more years had to pass before their mastery over all the earth had to be confessed. The mills and factories along the river, those in and about the Wagon Works, and the odds and ends of them scattered on the town's rims, in spite of what they promised or forebode, were no great shakes. Toledo was still somewhat remote from a true industrial stage as that has come to be understood.

This much has been said of the transition period because, though Toledo smacked both of the old and the new, Wilmot Ketcham gave the impression of belonging neither to the one nor to the other. He seemed to "date" with an age older than what was manifestly and admittedly old. It was easy to imagine him as a gentleman of the early 1880's who carried a copy of the Century Magazine under his arm and bowed far over to ladies artificially amplified posteriorly. To at least one person that impression was never altogether erased through a long and warm acquaintanceship.

The impression of 1880-i-ness was, in fact, reinforced when it was learned that Ketcham continued to practice archery. This was a sport that rose to the dimensions of a craze about the time that Rutherford Hayes was president. It was dead, I suppose, before Birchard Hayes had settled down in Toldo. Its associated recreation, croquet, hung on much more tenaciously. Ketcham's faithfulness to archery gave him, of course, far more skilfulness than the earlier archers could have believed possible. He took bow and arrow into the field, together with his guns, and shot game with them. He could have served with credit at Agincourt.

The story he brought to the Blade was one of several. In time it was discovered that he was, as it were, packed and stuffed with knowledge of the marsh folk, that he could speak their tongue which was a mixture of Norman and English, and that he held them in high respect even though some of his stories involving them suggested as much trickery as shrewd wit and hinged on lax moralities and wild violence. Within him was some feeling of brotherhood, perhaps very vague, with men and women who were intimate parts of an environment for which he had affectionate regard. He was aware more than they were themselves of the essential tragedy of their situation, for he saw that the time was going by wherein

any people could abide entirely apart and aside from other folk around them.

It was upon a basis of personal observation and experience that Wilmot Ketcham fashioned the poems and sketches which made up the contents of *The Dance at Joe Chevalier*, his only collected work. He knew the marshes of Cedar Point best because that was where he hunted, but also he was familiar with the almost drowned lands bordering the upper part of Maumee Bay and, one may assume, many of their people. From these inhabitants he may have obtained the story, placed in the area of La Plaisance Bay, concerning the priest who was lured into eating meat on a Friday on the pretense that the stuff was catfish cheeks, as well as another one dealing with a guard on the west shore who, set to catch liquor smugglers, presently was collecting toll from them. It was Ketcham who told me how to get to the big spring in the north bay, how to find what remained of Havre—destined according to its promoters to make a monkey out of Detroit and Toledo alike—and explained why Woodtick Island, though not an island, had a rightful claim upon the designation. Further, he had a story of Gard Island which he may or may not have published. A Gard Islander, after what he thought a proper season of mourning over the loss of his wife Julie, went to East Toledo and brought home a new mate. The bride remarked the presence of foot tracks in the snow. She was assured that they were nothing to trouble about since they were only Julie's.

Still it was of the Cedar Point marsh tract that Ketcham had most to tell. When he began to go there there was a man who in his youth had stood with others on the sands and listened to the Battle of Lake Erie. The group knew exactly who was the victor when the battle ended. By reason of its way of life it had the acute hearing almost of the beasts it hunted. It could distinguish between the gunfire of the Americans and that of the British, and the last gun fired was an American gun.

The marsh folk when they killed their chickens killed full-sized ones. They stalked the big wild turkeys and ignored the small ones as much as they could. So when they heard of a taste developing in Toledo for tender young fowl they held it in derision. By way of giving body to the contempt, a man took heron nestlings into town and sold them for squabs. Another man, also contemptuous, tossed a couple of aged fish heads into a pot wherein a braggart marsh cook was preparing a wedding feast. This story was notable for bringing out the special advantages these people had in having two languages to curse in.

One of the Ketcham tales may have had its origin in fact although there were suggestions of fabrication about it. Possibly Ketcham conceived it, intended it for publication and yet never worked it into a shape that was satisfactory to him. There was (he said) a barnstormer who went upon "periodicals", and on such occasions hired rowboats and rowed where winds or waves or currents would let him. He set out from Put-in Bay on an excursion of the kind. He lost all notion of where he was. Half dead from exposure, he stranded on the south shore of the lake. French fishermen lifted him out of his boat, packed him about with blankets, nursed and fed him. They discovered when he recovered that he could

dance and sing and make music on a comb or a willow whistle or by the bending of a hand saw. He was too good a prize to let go or even to provide with information as to his whereabouts. There were prospects that he would have to stay there perhaps for months. But one day a sailing boat came in. It had liquor aboard. The next morning the flashing of wet oars could be seen far down the shore, and that was the last the fishermen saw of their extraordinary piece of flotsam.

Ralph Keeler has dealt with some of the picturesque phases of that singular time in the history of Toledo during which the town was the station, recruiting place, rehearsal place and probably source of financial outfitting for troupers who styled themselves minstrels. Keeler seems to have been familiar with it near its beginning. Since Ketcham was a half-generation later than Keeler, or thereabouts, and also beheld the troupers at rest or tuning up for another season, the period of minstrelsy in Toledo must have been a fairly long one. It appears very likely that Ketcham was the only one equipped to write of it fully and that, inasmuch as he did not do so, it will never properly be recorded. He remembered the names of these minor theatrical artists, the bizarre titles of their companies and the talents they developed. He knew, too, a great deal about their adventures in the middle west and how the more experienced of them carried a pair of reinforced shoes just in case they would have to walk home.

It was natural then that Wilmot Ketcham should have been interested in Ralph Keeler. Keeler's connection with minstrelsy came about through an ability to dance any step he ever saw danced. As a cabin-boy on a loafing lake steamer, he drew out the inmost irascibilities of Captain Pheatt with his clogging on resounding deck surfaces. For a year or two he was a "butcher" on Michigan Southern trains before the American News Company went into that trade on an engulfing scale. In a German university, in addition to more orthodox studies, he took a course in living on next to nothing. He followed Mark Twain as correspondent for a California newspaper, wrote an engaging work on his experiences, found a publisher for one of the most unreadable of novels and, at sea between Cuba and New York, disappeared utterly.

Whether Wilmot Ketcham was one of the founders of the Tile Club or not, I do not know. He was, anyway, an early member. He was upon that excursion of the club's up the canal whereof, I think, something was written. It may be said of the Tile Club that the drawings it made for *The Dance at Joe Chevalier* is proof that it was not merely dilettante or amateurish in its art or pleasure-seeking in its activities—this for all that the frontispiece has a man standing up in a moving canoe.

During the part of the World War in which the federal government waxed its looniest, instructions were sent forth from Washington on dehydrating vegetables. The idea was that if we revived the practice of pioneers and imitated their dried apples and shrivelled peaches and crumpled up pumpkins by giving similar treatment to carrots and the like, food would be conserved. The notion was, of course, at variance to the other solemn instruction, namely, not to hoard food. It ignored, too, the fact that with modern household equipment there was small excuse

for waste. Ketcham was attracted. He put the information to the test. He accumulated a quart jar or so of various withered and repulsive looking specimens, worthy of exhibiting though probably not of eating. And then he added a characteristically whimsical Ketcham touch. He evaporated a ripe tomato. It was a reddish strip of skin and pulp, resembling, if anything, a ribbon that had dropped from some small girl's pigtail.

No man of varied tastes and broad, friendly interests is ever altogether known to his friends. As well try to grasp the full sum of possible patterns in a kaleidoscope. Therefore, what has here been said of Wilmot A. Ketcham is simply one person's impressions and feeble knowledge of him, and is meant to be nothing more.

To Prof. Calvin Goodrich of the University of Michigan, we are also indebted for the following account of early travel in Northwestern Ohio. It is a vivid narrative showing the hardships and intrepidity of early Ohio explorers and travelers. It serves as a striking contrast to the fine modern roads on which our modern automobiles travel with such ease through the same region—now perhaps the richest farming land in Ohio.

A PEDESTRIOUS TOUR

By Professor Calvin Goodrich

Starting in February, 1818, Estwick Evans made a "Pedestrious Tour" from Hopkinton, New Hampshire, to Detroit, then by boat back to Erie, Pennsylvania, and from there afoot again to New Orleans. He had, he said, "a close dress consisting of buffalo skins. On my shoulders were epaulettes made of the long hair of the animal . . . Around my neck and under each arm was strapped a double leather case, with brass chargers for shot and ball; and under the other arm a case of powder . . . Around the waist was a belt, with a brace of pistols, a dirk, two side cases for pistol balls, and a case for moulds and screw. Also around the waist was buckled an Indian apron, which fell behind; it was about eighteen inches square, covered with fine bear skin . . . My cap and gloves were made of fur, my moccasins were of deer-skins, and on my shoulder I carried a six-foot rifle. The partners of my toils and dangers were two faithful dogs."

About the beginning of March, he entered the Black Swamp of northwestern Ohio. His account of it was one of the earliest, if not the first, of the descriptions that, for many years, formed doleful parts of immigrants' narratives. It is here reprinted:

"It was in its very worst state. In my journal I observe, that I will not attempt to describe it. There was an unusual quantity of snow and ice upon the ground; and the weather being moderate the water rapidly increased. The distance across the swamp is forty miles. The wading was continually deep, the bushes thick, and the surface of the earth frozen and full of holes. What was worse than all, the ice, not yet separated and nearly strong enough to bear one, was continually breaking and letting the traveller into water from two to four feet in depth. The creeks

there too are numerous, and the ice in them was broken up. The freshets were great, the banks of the creeks overflown, and the whole country inundated. In proceeding through the swamp I was constantly employed in making great exertions for nearly four days. The weight of my dress and baggage was a very great incumbrance to me; but my buffalo pantaloons were a defence against the thick yet brittle ice through which I was continually breaking.

"At the edge of the swamp I saw an Indian passing across a neck of land on the Sandusky; and I hailed him, for the purpose of obtaining some information as to the best way through this trackless wild; but he either could not speak English, or pretended that this was the case. It is said that they frequently do so. Soon after, I met with three Indians, together with one white man. The white man was a little intoxicated, and had, they said, engaged to do some work for them but had run away. Whilst I was obtaining from them information as to my course, the white man, falling a little behind, again deserted. My rifle was immediately seized by the Indians for the purpose of shooting him; but by great exertions I held it, until the man was out of sight, and then they desisted and pursued him. I marched on.

"Towards evening I found a small elevation of land, and there encamped for the night. My little fire appeared like a star on the bosom of ocean. Earth was my couch, and my covering the brilliant canopy of Heaven. After preparing my supper, I slept in peace; but was awakened, at day-light, by a high wind accompanied by rain. Ere I arose, the lofty trees shaken by the tempest seemed ready to fall upon me. During the evening, such was the stillness of the situation, and such the splendor of the firmament, that nothing but fatigue could have checked the current of reflection. How great are the advantages of solitude! How sublime is the silence of nature's ever active energies! There is something in the very name of wilderness, which charms the ear, and soothes the spirit of man. There is religion in it. The children of Israel were in the wilderness, and it was a type of this world! They sought too the Land of Promise, and this was a type of Heaven.

"The next morning I renewed my exertions. The weather was lowering and cold. I found it necessary to wade through water of the depth of four or five feet, and my clothes were covered with icicles. About noon I arrived at a creek, a little to the east of Charon river (Portage River) and found much difficulty and danger in crossing it. The channel of the creek was very deep, and its banks over-flown, on both sides, for a quarter of a mile. After wading some way, I reached the channel, and by the aid of a fallen tree and some floating logs crossed it; the current, however, was so rapid, that upon the fallen tree lying under the surface, I could scarcely keep upon my feet: a single misstep would have been fatal.

"Immediately after crossing the channel, I found the water about four feet deep; and its depth soon increased so as to reach my shoulders. Here I stopped to survey my situation. Although the trees in this place were large and scattering, I could not perceive the land. The prospect reminded me of the Lake of the Woods. After wading up and down

for some time, in the hope of finding the water less deep, I concluded to re-cross the channel and endeavor to obtain a fordable place in some other direction; but in attempting to return, a large and decayed log, upon which I had floated and upon which the impression of my feet had been left, could not be found. I was here completely bewildered. Alone, nearly up to my neck in water, apparently in the midst of a shoreless ocean, being too without my dogs, which used to swim around me when crossing such places, my situation was rather unpleasant; the novelty of it, however, together with my apparent inability to extricate myself produced a resourceless smile. After a while, I repassed the channel of the creek; and finally, by much labour and with great hazard, reached the western shore.

"During a part of this day it rained; and so solitary was the aspect of everything around me, that a very eloquent idea of the pious orator of Uz naturally presented itself:—

"To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is;
"On the wilderness, where there is no man."

"The next day the weather was severe. The ice among the bushes had become harder; but still it would not bear me, and the water was exceedingly cold. Icicles formed upon my clothes almost immediately. I was continually wading in a greater or less depth of water during the whole day; and sometimes travelled for miles in three or four feet of it without cessation. Travelling through such a depth of water where the ice breaks at almost every step is exceedingly laborious. During this day too, I passed several deep and rapid creeks in the usual way. At dusk I fell in with about twenty Indians of the Wyandot Tribe. They were encamped on a small rise of land which, however, was rather wet. They had recently come from the vicinity of Fort Meigs, and were traveling to some hunting ground. Their condition was deplorable. They had, the day before, buried one of their company, another of them was very sick, and they had no provisions. I had but a trifle myself, and the wants of the sick Indian rendered me supperless.

"These Indians surveyed me with rather a grave and distant aspect; but with one of them, who could speak English I became well acquainted. In the course of the evening some strips of bark were prepared to keep me from the ground; but my clothes being wet, and having no covering it was impossible for me to sleep. Indeed so cold was the night, that the next morning the swamp was frozen very hard. My Indian friend called himself Will Siscomb; and with him I conversed respecting the Great Spirit. During the night I perceived, that the poor Indians suffered much from cold, and from the smoke of their fire. They, however, beguiled the time by their rude songs.

"Very early the next morning I left this tawny group, and in the course of the day arrived at Fort Meigs."

Taken from "A Pedestrious Tour of Four Thousand Miles, through the Western States and Territories, during the Winter and Spring of 1818," Concord, N. H.: 1819 reprinted in "Early Western Travels", R. G. Thwaites, Editor, vol. 8, 1904.

THE BRITISH REGIME IN MICHIGAN AND THE OLD NORTHWEST

By Nelson Vance Russell, Phd. D.

From a new historical work by Nelson Vance Russell, Ph. D., Professor of American History at Carleton College entitled "The British Régime in Michigan and the Old Northwest 1760-1795", obtainable from Editor of College Publications of Carleton College, Northfield, Michigan, we reprint the following:

"The purpose of this study is to describe the transition from the French régime to the British, and from the British to the American in that part of the Old Northwest known as Michigan. It is understood that the word 'Michigan' does not exactly correspond in territorial limits to the present State of that name. An attempt has been made to describe the political, economic, and social conditions during the period from 1760 to 1796, and especially to trace the progress of events which resulted in the overthrow of British rule and the substitution for it of a government by the United States.

"A régime is defined as a 'mode or system of rule or management; character of government, or of the prevailing social system.' This definition applies to Michigan during the English occupation from 1760 to 1796. The British army arrived in Detroit on November 29, 1760, and at Michilimackinac in the spring of 1761. Thereafter, until the Jay Treaty in 1796, what government, civil or military, that existed was British. The prevailing social and economic system was based on the fur trade. The large traders formed a hierarchy under this system by which the small traders were governed. This era was the heyday of the fur trade. Hundreds of *voyagers* and *engages* came into the western woods and waters of the Great Lakes region to trade with the Indians and gain a living thereby. Closely connected to the trade was the control of the Indians. French influence remained paramount with the red men, while the Spanish in Upper Louisiana were constantly bidding for their allegiance, and later the revolting Americans made energetic efforts to gain the good-will and the co-operation of the tribes. The whole history of Michigan for the period consists of the interplay of these factors and the use made of the Indians as allies in war.

"When the American War of Independence came to a close, the area of the Old Northwest was ceded by the Treaty of Paris, 1783, to the United States, but the British régime did not end. Troops continued to occupy Detroit, Michilimackinac, and other posts until 1796, and the monopoly of the British traders increased throughout the area. This brought on a series of wars with the tribesmen, which culminated in General Anthony Wayne's victory at Fallen Timbers in 1794. Soon after, in 1796, the English forces were withdrawn, thus ending the British régime."

MOUND BUILDERS' FORT WITHIN TOLEDO'S LIMITS

By S. S. KNABENSHUE, TOLEDO, OHIO

It will probably surprise most of the readers of the Quarterly to be told that there once existed an ancient defensive earthwork on the banks of the Maumee within the present city limits. The writer was unaware of the fact until some time ago, when he found a reference to it in a somewhat rare book—the first volume of the *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge*, printed in 1848. It is a copy of *Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley* by Squier and David. In the chapter devoted to works of defence, is a section on such ancient forts in Northern Ohio, written by Hon. Charles Whittlesey, of Cleveland, whose Archaeological researches were both extensive and accurate. The following is Mr. Whittlesey's account of the Toledo work:

"This work is situated on the right bank of the Maumee River, two miles above Toledo, in Wood County, Ohio." (It is now Lucas County, and within the city limits. The writer does not know whether Mr. Whittlesey was in error in placing the work in Wood County, or whether the county line has been changed since his account was written.) The water of the river is here deep and still and of the lake level; the bluff is about 35 feet high. Since the work was built the current has undermined a portion, and parts of the embankment are to be seen on the slips, A. A. The country for miles in all directions is flat and wet, though heavily timbered, as is the space in and around this enclosure. The walls measuring from the bottoms of the ditches, are from three to four feet high. They are not of uniform dimensions throughout their extent; and as there is no ditch on the southwest side while there is a double wall and ditch elsewhere, it is presumable that the work was abandoned before it was finished.

The site of this ancient work is on the East Side, a little above the end of Fassett Street bridge, and directly back of the C. H. & D. elevator. The greater part is an unfenced common, directly north of the present residence of Mrs. Charles A. Crane, to whom the site belongs. There is not a vestige of the old embankment remaining. After the ground was cleared of trees, it was cultivated, and the plow soon reduced the works to an uniform level.

The only reminder of the work is the name Fort Street (later changed to Hathaway)—a short thoroughfare running east from Ohio Central tracks to Crescent Street. If extended through westward to the river, it would cut the center of the site. When it was laid out, the work was still in existence, and the name given in consequence.

Mr. Elias Fassett, who lives in the next house south of the Crane residence has a vivid remembrance of the old mound builders fort as it appeared more than a half century ago. He says the northern end reached the river only a few yards south of the end of Fassett Street bridge, and the embankment on the southwestern side, where there was no ditch, crossed the present street just at the corner of the Crane front fence. When the Fassett family settled where he now lives, the site of the Fort was covered with huge sugar maple trees. This grove of maples extended

some distance north of the three acres covered by the works, and embraced about 200 trees. These were the only sugar trees in the vicinity. This would point to the site having been cleared of the primitive forest by the people who built the fort, for it is a well known fact that where an area is denuded of its original forest growth, and afterwards allowed to reforest itself the new growth is always of a different species. It would appear that the soil becomes exhausted of the materials for that particular kind of tree, and others spring up for which it contains appropriate nourishment.

Directly where the river road now runs, in front of the Fassett residence—or Miami street, to give it the official name—there was originally an elevation probably an artifical mound, of the same date as the fort. A small oak tree, on the edge of the bluff, marks position. This mound was of nearly pure sand, and it was used to level up the lot. In digging it down a half dozen human skeletons were unearthed all in perfect preservation, but all buried face downward—most unusual thing. These were probably the remains of Indians of a later date, and not of the race that erected the work itself. The mound builders usually burned their dead; and the writer, in exploring their burial mounds in Southern Ohio has frequently found later Indians interred in these ancient mounds. They are easily distinguished, for the mound builders deposited the burned remains of their dead on the ground, and then raised a mound over them. The relics being always found at the natural level, and in the center of the mound; while the Indian interments were made anywhere on the elevation that suited the ones of the burial party.

Mr. Whittlesey, in the chapter referred to above, describes eight ancient works, of which the Toledo one is the most westerly, and all in Northern Ohio. Of them he says:

"Nothing can be more plain than that most of the remains in Northern Ohio are military works. There have not yet been found any remnants of the timber in the walls; yet it is very safe to presume that palisades were planted on them, and that wooden posts and gates were erected at the passages left in the embankments and ditches.

"All the positions are contiguous to water; and some of them have higher land in their vicinity, from which they might in any degree be commanded. Of the works bordering on the shore of Lake Erie, through the state of Ohio, there are none but may have been intended for defence; although in some of them the design is not perfectly manifest. They form a line from Conneaut to Toledo, at a distance of from three to five miles from the lake; and all stand upon or near the principal rivers.

"The most natural inference with respect to the northern cordon of works is that they formed a well-occupied line, constructed either to protect the advance of a nation landing from the lake and moving southward for conquest; or, as a line of resistance for people inhabiting these shores and pressed upon by their southern neighbors. The scarcity of mounds, the absence of pyramids of earth, which are so common on the Ohio, the want of the rectangular or any other regular works, at the north—all these differences tend to the conclusion that the northern part of Ohio was occupied by a distinct people."

According to Mr. Whittlesey, this work on the Maumee is the most westerly of the defensive cordon of these ancient forts. The absence of mounds, of which he speaks, points to a short occupation, or to a very small population, for the isolated mounds were tumuli or burial mounds. The writer knows of but three in this vicinity. Two are on the road to Maumee, a short distance this side of the Halfway House—one in a pear orchard, some fifty yards west of the road, and the other in the woods a few hundred yards south. The third is in Ottawa Park, marked by a clump of trees, on the crest of the hill west of the lower bridge. The writer would like to be informed of the location of any others in this vicinity.

Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society Publications, pages 381-384, by S. S. Knabenshue, Toledo, Ohio.

The first church building erected in Toledo was on the corner of Cherry and Superior Streets, and occupied by the *"First Church Congregational."* Built by Heman Walbridge and Edward Bissell. Was *never owned* by the church. Dedicated May 3, 1838. It was sold later by the sheriff to the Catholics, and the old wooden church *now stands at back* of St. Francis de Sales Church, and faces Superior St.

For many months past, strenuous efforts have been made by some of our patriotic citizens and societies to secure possession of the site of old Fort Miami, the most important remaining relic of the long struggle between the British and Americans for the control of the Maumee Valley.

General Anthony Wayne had attempted its capture after the battle with the Indians at Fallen Timbers. It had previously been ceded to the Americans—together with all other territory including all fortifications east of the Mississippi—by the terms of the Jay Treaty of 1784, but the British had persisted in retaining it in defiance of that treaty.

An option for the purchase from private owner of the old battlements and surrounding lands had been obtained, but that option was about to expire. However, it has now been extended for six months and it seems almost certain that the efforts of some of our public spirited citizens will soon be successful and the old fort's embankments, still clearly defined, will soon be purchased and made the site of a permanent park. Northwestern Ohio is to be congratulated.