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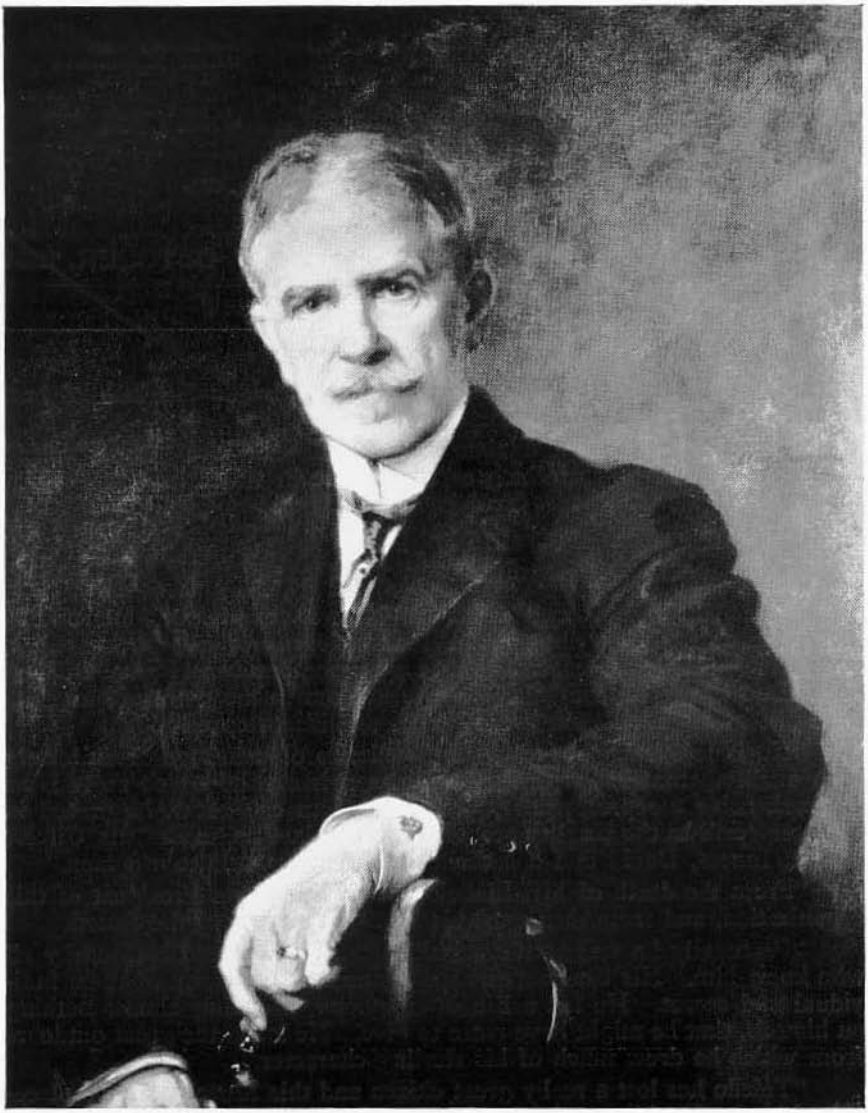

ARTHUR J. SECOR

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ARTHUR J. SECOR

In the recent death of Arthur J. Secor, Toledo has lost its best friend—its most beloved citizen.

The following resolution taken from the *Museum News* of the Toledo Museum of Art tells something of the esteem in which he was held by those who in his later years have known him best:

A Resolution of the Board

"Mr. Arthur J. Secor's death has been a very heavy blow to this institution as well as a deep personal loss to many of us who knew him over a long period of years. He was a keen collector and gave with an open hand to the Toledo Museum of Art even to the point of stripping the walls of his own home to add to his munificent contributions.

"He is represented here by four galleries of paintings of uniformly high quality. Starting with the Barbizon painters, of which there is as comprehensive a representation as any museum can boast, he passed in his later years to the English school of portrait artists, to Rubens, Gilbert Stuart, Inness, David and a catholic list of other well-known men.

"From the death of Mr. Libbey until 1932 he was President of this organization, and from then until his death, Chairman of the Board.

"Personally he was gentle, considerate of others and beloved by all who knew him. His benefactions were innumerable, many of them individual and secret. He led a life of simplicity, spending almost nothing on himself, that he might have more to give. He loved the great outdoors from which he drew much of his sterling character.

"Toledo has lost a really great citizen and this Museum an irreplaceable friend. To his surviving relatives we offer our sincere sympathy. For ourselves we have the deepest sense of irreparable loss."

From the same source we also quote a brief sketch of the earlier collections of our Mueum, which after referring to some of the munificent contributions by Mr. E. D. Libbey and his family, and other benefactors, continues:

"With the opening of the new building in 1912 came substantial accretions in the ceramics and Oriental collections and in the establishment of the Scott gallery with its retrospective showing of American painting.

"But until 1922 the collections of the Museum were distinctly sketchy, including only, in addition to the groups mentioned above, a number of fine prints, the nucleus of the collection of books and manuscripts, and paintings by a few contemporaries, both American and European. Then Arthur J. Secor took from the walls of his home, while he and Mrs. Secor were still living, his entire collection of French, Dutch and American paintings and gave it to the Museum so that all might share in their enjoyment of it. This event, as a Resolution of the Board of Trustees adopted at the time stated, placed "the permanent collection of the Toledo Museum of Art at one stroke on a par with the other important museums of art in this country." But this was not the end of Mr. Secor's generosity to the Museum, nor did it indicate any lessening of interest upon his part. He continued to collect paintings and to present them to the Museum, and broadened his enthusiasms beyond the confines of the nineteenth century.

"Mr. Secor had one primary test which he applied to the selection of every picture. Was it pleasing to the eye? Did its contemplation give enjoyment? If not, no matter how famous the artist or distinguished the picture, he had little interest in it. Through years of study, not of tomes written about them, but of pictures themselves, he formed high standards of quality by which he tested each picture which was to remain in his collection. Many a picture he bought, lived with, studied,—and others by the same artist and by others akin to him. When he found a finer example, or another work which would better fit into his scheme, he did not hesitate to exchange for the better. As a result of his study, comparison, rejection and final acceptance, his collection as it stands today maintains a high standard of excellence, and offers as strong testimony to his connoisseurship as his gift of it pays tribute to his humanity, his generosity and his concern for the people of the community in which he so long lived."

But aside from art critics, the Toledo public knew him and venerated him as they visited the galleries filled with the fine collection of paintings given so generously for public enjoyment and education in art.

There was another side to his character—a human side—known only to a few of the rare spirits who were privileged to share his more intimate life and especially his love of nature.

One of these friends—some of whose sketches have appeared in previous issues of our Bulletin—was Mr. W. A. Ketcham, who, through long years of association with Mr. Secor as boy and man, knew him as perhaps no one else outside of his own family did. He was his companion as a boy, the sharer in later years of many a camping trip to Maine, northern Michigan and elsewhere, like Arthur Secor a lover of the wild and, himself, a man of fine culture.

From his journal we clip several of his accounts of these associations and hunting trips and one of his birthday tributes (several others could well be quoted.)

Others give evidence of the annual celebration by these friends of Mr. Secor's birthdays.

Referring to their boyhood days, Mr. Ketcham writes:

There was one week in the year that we looked forward to with great anticipation long before we had ever gone camping. It was the last week in March—the spring vacation. It was the time of the flight of wild pigeons and also, by immemorial usage it was the time for making stoves in the side hill on the River bank, between Magnolia and Bush Streets and of therein baking or roasting or burning potatoes. All the boys thereabout were very busy. Bert and Art and Harry and Henry and George and Walter and Bill and Art S. and others. We ate those half charred but very hot vegetables with a grain of salt and soon had very dirty faces but were happy beyond words. That was about 50 years ago and so some of us are much older than we were then.

Avery stream in the glory of September. I am paddling and you are in the bow and we are out for meat. We round the bend just above the oxbow, very quietly and there facing us at about 50 yards is a beautiful doe. The rifle cracks and she is off. We go ashore and take up the trail—here a small drop of blood and several feet away another and slowly we work it out until finally there she lies, a splendid fallow doe fine and fat. We strip and go to it in a butcher like way. Well we got that hide off and the meat cut out but we were very "bluggy". Blood certainly will tell, and we went to the stream and washed. That was the finest bit of venison that we ever got out of a good many. These chops, broiled as good old Ambrose knew how, were delicious beyond compare. That doe had devoted her summer to nourishing herself and was devoid of family cares and those chops were worthy to be served on the 10th of September and I hope, dear old scout, there will be many more 10ths for us all to celebrate.

Trading Lake, in brave old days, and we—you and I—are on its shore at Colebridge. There is a thunder storm on and we watch the men who are trying to keep together a boom of logs that have broken loose—they show great dexterity, but some of the logs get away. We enjoy it but do not participate. We buy a large tin pail full of freshly churned butter of a portly lady, presumably Mrs. Cole. It is fine for the first few meals and then the sun does its appointed work and the butter also works. How young and foolish we were.

We are loading up at Dwight—loading the two-wheeled cart, I mean, and by a strange mishap the vinegar bottle was "busted", and we could not get any at Dwight, and we thought it was an accident. Eight miles through the woods with that cart and the oxen and that small boy

who was an optimist. We *did* get through by the Grace and Mercy of God and the sublime confidence of that boy and we camped on the Delectible Ile in Oxtongue Lake.

It is raining, quietly, steadily, dismally and the gray Maine sky is not promising. We are waiting for the rain to stop and are at the Mount Kineo Hotel pacing the piazza. At one end we come to a mountain ash tree that almost overshadows the piazza and the tree is full of beautiful scarlet berries and in the tree is a flock of wax-wings—very busy with the berries and the faint little lisping note is frequent. As if by signal and all together they are off and away and soon after we too are on our way to our "Heart's Desire".

We are domiciled in a very pretty log cabin on the shore of Moose Head Lake at N. E. Carry. We have a fire in the Franklin stove and as we smoke there comes to us the distant sound of revelry from the "Hotel" near by. There is an alleged dance going on. Fragments of alcoholic song float to us. The cause of this unseemly and ribald merriment is a trunk full of New England rum brought in by an aged but scurrilous old coot who runs a portage somewhere on the Allegash. He calls his cache "the Diamond Mine"—quite appropriate. His running mate is Billy Doyle, a little short thick set Irishman. We are a bit afraid that our two guides—Crawford and Henry Johnson—will be "overcome" and unready to start in the morning but our fears were not realized. They were fresh and fit. At Frank Smith's we saw the gentleman of the Diamond Mine—sitting by the river side, the picture of woe, with an awful katzenjammer to struggle with.

I am thinking of the three old firs whose penciled tops showed above the other trees from the sheltered seat by the camp-fire. About our bedtime they pointed to the dipper and the North Star and once, there in the North, the Aurora played for us a mighty symphony in light and flung its airy banners across the sky right royally. Bed time did not necessarily mean a time to sleep. How long we lay awake to all the sounds, and how many there were. The Spring Run murmured down the mountain side with a perfect simulation of human voices, with now and then a sound as of a half mocking laugh though subdued and muted—why was it not Pan as he just missed catching a Naiad? We who have lived with him know that the Great God is *not* dead. There was the scratching of tiny feet as the white-footed mice raced up and down on the tent with faint squealings. There was the breaking of a twig somewhere near as a deer moved daintly or the crashing noise of a porcupine as he bungled through —noise was nothing to him—there are human types like him—a sluggish menace—armed stupidity. How welcome, too, was the far-away call of the great Horned Owl, and as it came nearer what a tremendous booming hair-raising call it was. Sometimes it was a duet with the embellishment of one of those terrific cat calls that made one fairly catch one's breath. Then—how we slept.

We are waiting on the dock at Greenville Junction on Moosehead Lake. It is cold, nearly freezing, although the first part of September and we are on our way to Kineo. There is a poor miserable family there also waiting. A father and mother and three children, the oldest about 13. They are wretchedly clad and the children are shivering in the cold wind. We are walking up and down briskly to keep warm. The girl of 13 had a fox puppy tightly clasped in her arms and their few poor belongings were scattered about. When the boat comes they, the family, all huddle in the little cabin. The girl holds fast to her fox and he looks about furtively with his sharp little eyes. They get off at Birch Point before we get to Kineo, and you—yes I saw it—slipped the man a bill. I never shall forget the look of dumb wonder on his face—there was no time for thanks, even if there had been, he was speechless. When he was ashore he hurried away with the family as if he were afraid it would be reclaimed—this wonderful manna that solved many of his bitter problems—especially that one of food. I warrant they lost no time in getting it and with what appetites they must have eaten, and how they must have wondered at the mysterious and beneficent stranger who vanished into the nowhere, as they did for us.

It comes to me that we are buying bacon at a little old dingy warehouse by the water-side in Toronto—as I remember seventy pounds was our purchase—and quite inadequate. What splendid bacon it was. I recall too that we had a prison hair-cut in preparation for the woods. By the way what a wonderful all around good scout bacon was and is as a fellow camper. There is *no* substitute. Roughly speaking in our years of camping you and I have foregathered at many more than 500 camp fires and at very few of them has the appetizing incense of bacon been lacking. Wet, cold, hunger and the impatient word born of them have been as naught under the benign influence of its aroma alone and when a number of savory rashers had been tucked away: came new vigor, happy laughter and a new and cheerier outlook. I will warrant that fine old camper of beloved memory, has said many times "Bully for Bacon".

Doubtless you remember "THE PILGRIM". Naturally that brings up Tom Salmon, and the Pilgrim was one of his dearest possessions. You came to know her very well as, off and on you spent many months in her, and she was a fine birch canoe. She was black and narrow and deep and temperamental and cranky. She was thin skinned and about 14 feet long and Tom's love for her was monumental. He had made her, he knew every rib and spruce sinew and the bark was the choice of a hundred stately birches and under guidance she lived and had a being. She responded in every way a canoe could. There was one heart breaking half hour of her life that I recall distinctly. It was on Trading Lake on one of our trips homeward bound and we caught the steamer in the open lake. The Pilgrim was well loaded and in addition that unspeakable trunk amidship, sticking up like the Woolworth Building—a heavy wind and a nasty sea. From our canoe you were lost in the seas part of the

time except for the trunk. Some way Tom got her up on the leeside of the steamer and they got that weighty abomination out of her and we were safe. It was a rare exhibition of downright skill and nerve but knowing the probable result of a capsize, it was not pleasing. When I have been wakeful at night I have seen that cockle-shell dancing on the black water, with my heart in my throat.

Those lazy days on our island in Canoe Lake—lazy happy days—the larder full—a calf moose in stock, frogs, brook trout and partridge. How little the weather mattered: we were glad of the dawn, of the sunset—of the wind or the rain, we had that simple fresh content that has never come to us in like measure away from "Our Dear Lady Of the Green Mantle". What a new sense of the wonder and mystery and kindliness of FIRE came to us, as well as the horror of it unleashed. Do you recall our fishing? I think it was the laziest form of the sport that was ever known. I made a boat about 2½ feet long, 4 inches deep and about 8 inches wide. There were stout masts of cedar and birch bark sails and she was quite seaworthy. There was a stout peg in the stern and to this was fastened about 5 feet of silk line with a hook and a shot for a sinker. Then baited with a good sized minnow she was ready for a voyage. We would climb down the rocks to the shore and start her out, and then go back to the bluff and watch her as she sailed before the wind. She never went more than 100 yards or so before there was a "bite", and if it were a good sized fish the boat would disappear for a moment or two, then go straight away at a fierce rate. After about ten minutes we would go out to her with the canoe and take our fish. Sometimes a noble brook trout and sometimes a chub or a "Laker" but always a good big fish. It was good fun, and was compatible with physical calm.

Lake of the Gulls. (Caucumgomoc Lake)

September 10th, 1907. (*Extract from Journal of that date.*)

"Of all the beautiful pictures, that hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dear old forest seemeth the best of all."

The *Birthday*, and raining—the three old firs, the maple hanging over our tent and all about are "dewy with Natures' tear drops" but in spite of the gray sky there is a hint of clearing up.

Yesterday was a *very* busy day. The four of us—Walter Taylor, cook, none better, with a broad New England accent full of sly humor—Bill Britt, probably one of the best guides in Maine, a fine upstanding fellow, good hunter, and a splendid canoe man—the *Boy*, whose 50th birthday is today, and the writer—all out with the one idea of making the country furnish forth the Birthday Banquet—and nobly it *did*.

The Boy and Walter were not out long when the rifle spoke and set the echoes going. Bill and I heard it as we went up an old lumber road and were sure, without a peal from a hunters' horn, that it was "a la mort" and it was. We got four fine ruffed grouse, "partridge", of

New England. In the afternoon we turned fishermen and got a nice array of brook trout from Avery Pond.

Walter, on "his own" got a rabbit and a spruce partridge with the 22 and so today we are "all set." Up the mountain in a very secluded nook there is the saddle and hind quarters of a fat doe—secluded because of the impertinent curiosity of game wardens.

It cleared up beautifuly—and the Boy and I after frogs, got a fine lot, 17, and also shot a yellow leg plover on the sand bar at the mouth of Avery Stream—that is, the writer shot it and in order not to spoil the meat clipped the neck at about 30 yards, a very pretty shot. The Boy—he was jealous—insisted that it was *very, very* much of a chance shot and, without admitting it to him—after some quiet thought betwixt me and the Journal, perhaps for once he was right. Went with Bill for boughs near the old lumber camp and found and picked red raspberries enough for a pie and then some, the last of the season. Walter very busy making cake, pie and fried cakes.

The banquet was a complete and glorious success. The Boy beamed —the campfire glowed. As we sat down the stars of the Dipper glittered over the three old firs—the hunters moon shone benignly on us and the MENU follows:

Brook Trout, fried crisp. Good Old Pork and Beans.
Broiled Venison Chops. Broiled Ruffed Grouse.
Fried Rabbit. Frog Legs with Bacon. Fried Salt Pork
Potatoes. Hot Biscuit

Dessert.

A Chocolate Layer Cake
Raspberries and Cream. Raspberry Pie. Fried Cakes.
Nut Meats Glacé Mary Elizabeth Candy and many "pretty little tiny Kickshawa." (From Page and Shaw, beneficence of Mrs. Dan Field, another story.)

Coffee. Tea Chocolate.
Spring Water. Pipes.

And so the dear Boy became 50 years old. The camp-fire gently sank to embers, there were some snatches of old tunes on the mandolin, and the night wind whispered an even song in the tree tops, an owl far away called "Good Hunting!" And so to the boughs—the cool of the dawn was not far off.

To

ARTHUR J. SECOR

On the Occasion of His Seventieth Birthday,

Three Score Years and Ten.

Merrily went the first score, trippingly, joyous and gay,
Illusion, delusion and laughter, youth and moonlight and May,
Boyhood joys and sorrows, sprinkled with plenty of fun,
And always a dog and a gun.

Happily came the second score, brave days of twenty-one,
A very little of college, that ended where it begun.
Work and loving, some worry, but best of all a wife,
Winsome and sweet and sunny, a crown to a happy life.
Many journeys—and Europe—and camp-fires gleaming bright,
Friendships quietly cemented, that shall last 'til the last long night.
Still there's a dog and a gun.

Soberly came the third score, wisdom and dignity won,
Calm and quiet and serenity—with a bit of slant to the sun,
Dear faces that faded gently—dear hands folded in sleep,
And—as always—quiet deeds of kindness, where sorrow and need were deep.
And still at least a gun.

Gently the ten have glided, bringing honor and fame,
For a royal gift of priceless Art a monument to his name.
The gratitude of a people is surely fine to win—
But the *love* of those who know him best is a finer thing to him.
And there is still a gun.

September 10th, 1927. W. A. KETCHAM

ERRATA

Some one—whether the "printer's devil" or, as is more probable, the editor himself—made a sad blunder in our last issue which referred to Dr. Elsie Murray as an authority on the "Shenandoah" valley instead of the Susquehanna valley. As we all know, the Shenandoah Valley is nowhere near the scene of Dr. Murray's labor, which is on the banks of the equally beautiful Susquehanna, and of the Susquehanna and all its history she is the admitted authority.

Copies of her attractive 40-page booklet, illustrated, issued in honor of the centenary of Stephen Foster's birth, can be had from the author in cloth binding, for $1.00, in paper binding 50c.

By the way—a native of Kentucky, now residing in Toledo, takes issue with Dr. Murray as to the "Old Kentucky Home," near Bardstown, Ky., which was actually owned, she says, by a relative of Stephen Foster's and where he lived as a guest for many months.

THE MORAVIAN CHURCH IN TUSCARAWAS COUNTY

Division of State Memorials
The Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society
By Rev. Edwin W. Kortz

The rebuilt village of Schoenbrunn, New Philadelphia, Ohio, is an historic spot which has attracted thousands of visitors annually. The story back of this town is one of the most interesting phases of our American history. It is not merely a story of the Old World against the New World, or the white man against the red man, but a conflict between two ways of life, on the one hand a group of men, white and red, who lived by force and the sword and who fought for whatever they wanted, on the other hand a brotherhood of white and red men who believed the teachings of Jesus and tried to follow them in a hostile environment. Schoenbrunn was the first town in Ohio and the site of the first church and the first school, but it was not founded with the same pioneer spirit which prompted hundreds of other settlements throughout the West and moved the prairie schooners across the plains. Schoenbrunn is a memorial to the efforts of the Moravian Church to evangelize the American Indian.

The Moravian Church, a Protestant Church dating from a time prior to the Reformation, in 1727 experienced a revival which led to the beginnings of a great missionary movement. Missionaries were sent out from a little town in Germany known as Herrnhut. Stalwart messengers carried the Gospel of Christ to the West Indies in 1732, Africa in 1736, Surinam in 1738, and in 1740 began their work among the American Indians. As the missionaries preached and taught, they had also to lead the Christianized Indians in the new way of life which they had adopted. This led to the difficulties experienced. For the world in which the Christian Indians lived was one in which a newly formed nation was trying to win independence from a larger and stronger nation. It was a time when the Indian was considered a fighter and a killer and nothing else, and the current phrase among the settlers was, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."

An effort was constantly being made to find a haven of refuge for the Indians who had thrown down their arms and had washed off the war paint, where they might live quiet, peaceful, Christian lives. This effort led the missionaries to bring Indians from Pennsylvania to the Tuscarawas valley in Ohio. Here they built a number of towns seeking peace as well as trying to convert other neighboring Indian tribes. Six different efforts were made in Tuscarawas County, namely, Gekelemukpechunk, the capital of the Delawares situated near Newcomerstown and the place where the first Protestant sermon was preached; Gnadenhutten, site of a State Memorial at the present time; Schoenbrunn (Beautiful Spring) already mentioned; New Schoenbrun, near the first town of that name; Salem, near Port Washington; and Goshen on the site of the present village of that name. These little communities saw the earnest labors of the Moravian missionaries notable among whom were John Heckewelder and David Zeisberger. The former began his first missionary journey at nineteen years of age, rode three days and three

nights to prevent an outbreak among the Indians during the Revolutionary War period and was successful. He enjoyed the confidence of General Washington, and was appointed by the War Department as Assistant Commissioner to treat for peace with the Indians. Zeisberger likewise began living with the Indians in his youth and was adopted by the Iroquois and the Monseys. He preached among the Indians in New England, the Atlantic States, the Ohio Territory and in Canada, and was familiar with many Indian languages and dialects. He wrote school books for Indian children, taught school, was instrumental in preventing an Indian War, died at the age of eighty-eight after having spent sixty-two years of his life with his "Brown Brethren," as he called the Indians. Much of the results of their work can be sensed as one studies the contents in the museum at Schoenbrunn State Memorial.

It was these leaders of the church who led the Indians at Schoenbrunn to write and obey the civil code which included the renouncing of heathen customs, the accepting of the Christian way of life, the prohibition of intoxicating liquor, and the refusal to bear arms or to share in the booty of war. For Indians to live this way was next to impossible because the British at Detroit and the Americans at Fort Pitt were all suspicious of these quiet Indians. In spite of their genuine efforts to remain at peace with all men, they found peace only in death. Their villages were burned, they were driven from one place to another, persecuted and in many cases met tragic deaths. Most tragic of all was the massacre of ninety Christian Indians at Gnadenhutten, March 8, 1782. The Ohio Country is stained with the blood of white pioneers who carved out of the wilderness a great nation but none is more noble than the blood of the red men who gave their lives because they found a better way of life in the precepts of the Church and her Christ.

At the present time the Moravian Church has seven congregations in Tuscarawas County, the total number in the entire state. The early Moravian settlers came to that section made known to them by the missionaries, and brought with them the customs of worship established generations before in Herrnhut, Germany. The beliefs and tenets of the Morovian Church are similar to the average evangelical Protestant denomination. There are, however, three forms of worship in which this church has pioneered and to which it clings faithfully, namely, the Easter Dawn Service, the Christmas Eve Candle Service, and the Love Feast.

OLD PERRYSBURG HOUSE

A century is not a great age in older portions of our country, but in the region of Toledo, which was a "howling wilderness" one hundred and twenty years ago, a house that could boast of even a century's existence as a home is a rarity.

But in Perrysburg, our beautiful up river suburb, such a house was recently destroyed by fire and the sturdiness of its construction testifies to the solid, substantial character of its owners. It has been occupied

in recent years by Sidney Spitzer and other prominent Toledo personages —recently by the Halstead family.

A circumstantial description follows:

This house was framed, beginning at the sill, by having a 12 x 12 white oak sill all around the house and across the main bearing partitions at three points into which had been mortised the heavy native timber of elm joists. On each corner of the house there were 10 x 10 oak corner posts as well as 10 x 10 intermediate posts to carry 8 x 8 oak lintels over the windows, doors, and across the dining room, library, hall and living room. These posts were capped with 10 x 10 oak timber, mortised, doweled and pinned at each intersection and also 4 x 4 knee braces mortised, doweled and pinned at each corner of the house. From this point up, the roof was a half mansard roof and it is interesting to note that the eave timber and the three timbers on the inside of the half mansard roof formed the walls of the second floor to give the house a stable construction against wind pressure.

The service wing of the house, which includes the rooms shown on the second floor plan as rear bedrooms Nos. 5, 6 and 7, the service hall and bathroom No. 4, were covered by rafters consisting of round logs of elmwood about 5 in. in diameter on which the bark still showed at the date of investigation. This was covered on a 30 degree pitch with ⅞ white pine boards over which was laid a tin roof.

On the balance of the house, the attic joists were 2 x 8 native timber, elm, oak, etc., as well as the roof joists over which was ⅞ white pine sheathing and extremely wide wood shingles. The wood shingles also were on the half mansard roof. The side walls of the building were 12 in. in thickness, being constructed of 4 x 4 elm studs on the outside, then a void space of approximately 8 in. and the inside was made of 2½ in. x 4 in. native wood studs. The outside was sheathed with 2½ in. white pine sheathing running vertically from sill to eaves over which was nailed on 1 x 5 shiplap of white pine.

It is of particular interest to note that the house was lathed and plastered with white pine lath spaced about ½ in. apart, and to this had been applied a coat of plaster a full ⅝ in. thick on the face of the lath, and the plaster had been so applied that it had gone thru the openings in the lath and keyed so thoroughly that there was practically a continuous coat of plaster on the inside of the lath. This plastering question is of particular note because it formed a practical fire resisting surface between the outside walls and the inside of the structure, and the great damage to this house, in the writer's estimation, was caused by the fact that the 2 in. sheathing on the outside, the excellent job of plastering on the inside, the void space of 8 in. in the outside walls, made a practical flue of this entire structure and permitted the fire to run around the entire house, creep up the side walls, go across the ceiling of the first floor, the second floor and the attic and proved upon thorough investigation when tearing down the house that there was no salvage lumber in the house except a few joists in the living room, hall, library, dining room, maid's room, kitchen and serving rooms. The second floor, the attic and the roof were 60% charcoal upon removal.

This house, as thoroughly as can be ascertained, was originally constructed sometime within five years of the year 1830 and it had been added to from year to year by putting on bay windows, porches, sun rooms, portecocheres, etc., as well as having had added a plumbing and heating system of low pressure steam, thermostatically controlled radiators and stoker fed cast iron sectional boiler. There was one toilet room on the first floor and two master bathrooms on the second floor, all of which were tiled with encaustic tile to the height of approximately 6 ft. The maid's bath, designated No. 4 on the plan, was tiled about 3 ft. high. This tile work included all accessories such as medicine cabinets, mirrors, cup and brush holders, hand grabs over the bath tubs, etc.

The interior of the house was trimmed in a very plain wood finish, the door casing, window casings, etc., being made out of 2 x 10 and had some hand fluting and hand carving on the side door casings, plinth blocks and head blocks and it was all made of white pine in the beginning, but later as rooms were added, some of the old doors had been taken off and mahogany veneered doors had been put on. This woodwork was all painted so that it was a very up-to-date job of interior decorating and most of the woodwork had had as many as eight coats of paint, many of them having been enamels, as nearly as could be discerned after the destruction of the house by fire.

The sun room, living room, stair hall, library, play-room and dining room had quarter-sawed ⅜ hardwood floors. The other finished floors in the house were 1⅛ in. x 6 in. white pine dressed and matched. The wall decoration, in practically the entire house except the service room, had been, within the last five years, renewed with very heavy canvas painted three coats and in the living room there were five very old antique wall panels, the value of which shows up in the estimate of loss at quite a high value.

The mantel piece in the library was of very old Georgia white marble, but fortunately was not destroyed and has been salvaged. The mantel hearth in the dining room was an expensive piece of Carrara marble, and this also has been salvaged. The mantel in the living room, together with the marble hearth, were entirely destroyed, as was also the mantel piece in the sun room. This mantel piece was an antique which had been installed in the house within the last two years and shows up in the estimate.

OHIO, PRIZE OF THE REVOLUTION

By Kenneth W. McKinley

The forests which covered the western foothills of the Allegheny Mountains and the Indians who roamed the valleys, hunting the abundant game among the trees and building their homes along the streams and on the great plains back of the hills, in the country north and west of the Ohio River, had not been tamed in 1775. The white man's civilization had not uprooted them. But they had been much speculated with and about for many years.

The Ohio Valley had been a part of the vast territory west of the mountains, little understood and inefficiently used by the French, had been wrested from France by England, and then had been little understood and inefficiently used by the English. It was vast and enigmatic. It was waiting, we can now see, for settlers who would know it intimately and understand it, who would nourish and cultivate it until it would bloom as no other land had ever bloomed.

The French avenues of approach to the Mississippi Valley from Quebec through the Great Lakes region and through New Orleans made it natural for them to select the easier and more direct transportation and the simpler cultivation of the flat lands and plains. The Ohio was not a practical route for them and the Ohio country was not suited for their type of settlement. To them the region was primarily important as a source of furs. They made some permanent settlements, notably at Detroit, Vincennes, and in the Kaskaskia region, but none of these were in what became Ohio.

After England had won Canada and the land west to the Mississippi and had been given title in 1763 at the Treaty of Paris, she faced a number of serious problems. Present-day historians incline to the belief that the British Government dealt with these problems in as statesmanlike a manner as was possible under the circumstances; the circumstances being a natural ignorance of the geography of a remote country and a great confusion of factions at home. But the English statesman guessed the value of the new acquisition and realized a need for careful attention to its problems. One of the leaders of the new school of western historians has gone so far as to say "that whenever the British ministers soberly and seriously discussed the American problem, the vital phase to them was not the disturbances of the 'madding crowd' of Boston and New York but the development of that vast transmontane region that was acquired in 1763 by the Treaty of Paris.

In their enthusiasm for trying to find a place for Ohio in the Revolutionary War, local historians have seized upon claims to first battles and last battles and first declarations, claims that cannot be factually supported, and have ignored the real importance of the Ohio country in the struggle. The Ohio country was the prize to be gained by the fighting.

As one historian puts it: "Fundamentally the American Revolution represented the refusal of a self-reliant people to permit their natural and normal energies to be confined against their will, whether by an irresponsible imperial government or by the ruling minorities in their midst." And nowhere were these energies more in evidence than in the West where the Americans came tumbling down the slopes of the Alleghenies in ever-increasing numbers. "The English authorities would have checked settlement at the headwaters of the Atlantic tributaries and allowed the 'savages to enjoy their deserts in quiet lest the peltry trade should decrease.' . . . But the English Government was not alone in its desire to limit the advance of the frontier and guide its destinies. . . . The East . . . always feared the result of an unregulated advance of the frontier. . . . But the attempts to limit the boundaries, to restrict land sales and settlement, and to deprive the West of its share of political power were all in vain. Steadily the

frontier of settlement advanced and carried with it individualism, democracy, and nationalism, and powerfully affected the East and the Old World."

The Ohio country in the war had a considerable influence on the relations of the peoples that wanted it. The English wanted it for the "peltry trade," the Americans, who had just revolted, wanted it for trade or for settlement, and the Indians wanted it for hunting-grounds and homes. The land that was later to become the State of Ohio was, in addition, the chief battleground of the West in the war. The paths which led from Detroit to Kentucky and from Detroit to Fort Pitt ran through Ohio. And most of the Indian villages which were the objects of attack by the Americans were situated in Ohio.

At the time of the Declaration of Independence the territory now embraced in the State of Ohio had been but little settled by Americans. There were scattered settlements along the Ohio River and before the war was over these had extended themselves short distances up some of the tributary streams. All of these, of course, were "Tomahawk" settlements, made illegal by the King's Proclamation of 1763 and later by the Quebec Act of 1774. "As early as 1776 . . . evidence of squatters' claims had begun to appear on the west side of the Ohio River in the general vicinity of Wheeling and what is now Steubenville. . . . In 1779 the population west of the Ohio was extremely numerous." In 1775 there were somthing over 10,000 Indian warriors along the frontier including Ohio according to Colonel George Morgan, the Indian agent at Fort Pitt. An estimate by William Wilson in 1778 placed the number at 9,130 and one by John Dodge in 1779 at 11,050. Outside of Ohio in the old French, now British, towns there was a considerable population. At Detroit a group of 1,367 inhabitants in a census of 1773 rose to 2,653, almost double, by 1779. This was exclusive of the army. Lieutenant-Governer James Hamilton reported 621 inhabitants at Vincennes in 1778. In the Kaskaskia region a population of 1,500 in 1772 fell to almost 600 in 1786. This might represent an exodus to Detroit and New Orleans as the Americans took over, or it might be due to a difference of territory included in the count. On the other side of the Ohio was a comparatively large population in western Pennsylvania and a group of fast-growing communities in western Virginia and Kentucky. In 1777 one observer estimated that there were 5,000 people in "all the region south of the Ohio." By 1790 the "rough census" showed 73,677 in Kentucky alone. This rapid growth seemed to be continuous throughout the Revolutionary period.

To these fast-growing groups of American frontiersmen the American Revolution in the West was merely a special phase of their conquest of the Indians which had been going on a long time before the Declaration of Independence and continued for a long time after 1783. They were fighting for the land and would have fought regardless of the eastern rebellion. But they were none the less anxious to be identified with the forces against the British Government which had tried to restrict their westward movement. It must be remembered, however, that "at the opening of the Revolutionary era a well-defined contest was in progress between the coast and the interior" and difficulty might be anticipated in directing a unified campaign East and West.

The frontier conflict in Kentucky had just been crystallized in a concerted drive engineered by the Earl of Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, into the Indian territory. Then Indians had played such havoc with Kentucky border settlements as seriously to hinder emigration to the region. Dunmore considered an offensive thrust to be cheaper and more effective than a long-drawn out defense of the border and therefore carried forward in the fall of 1774 a campaign involving a battle at Point Pleasant and culminating in a temporary agreement with the Indians to cease their forays into Kentucky. This campaign, commonly known as "Dunmore's War," was not a part in any way of the American Revolution, but it did have an influence on the conflict in that it helped to keep comparative peace on the frontier for the first two years of the war, which in turn allowed the continuous settlement of Kentucky by men who would furnish the militia for later crucial campaigns. Added settlement also gave weight to the Americans' claim to the Northwest after the war on the basis of occupation. Other factors which led to the comparative quiet of the early years were the treaty with the Indians secured by Captain James Wood at Pittsburgh in September of 1775 and the alertness of colonial authorities in scotching "Connolly's Plot," a scheme to take Fort Pitt and drive into the heart of Virginia from the west.

Throughout the war, Fort Pitt, the recognized American headquarters in the West, was the scene of bickering, intrigue, and general confusion. Pennsylvania and Virginia were in the midst of a boundary dispute. British secret agents, like Alexander McKee, Simon Girty, and Matthew Elliott, were in the community breeding discontent until 1778 when they fled to the British Indian allies. One general after another—Edward Hand, Lachlan McIntosh, and then Daniel Brodhead—was removed because of failure to coordinate the factions and cope with the difficulties of that post. General William Irvine was in charge at the end of the war. Supplies were not furnished either from the East or from the surrounding country in sufficient quantities. Many of the inhabitants of the western country were of an unruly disposition. All in all it is surprising that the fort did not fall into the hands of the British.

Among the factors that favored the Americans was the state of affairs at Detroit where the British had entirely too few troops to carry on any extensive warfare without complete cooperation from the Indians. Detroit was even more isolated from its base of supplies than Fort Pitt and many of the French inhabitants, especially after George Rogers Clark's campaign in the Illinois country, were openly sympathetic with the Americans. The Indians as allies were not always dependable. American successes often dampened their ardor for the British cause and some tribes were either openly allied with the Americans or remained neutral.

As has been stated, the first two years of the war saw comparative quiet with British and Americans vying for Indian support. This period of caution and apprehension ended in 1777 when both sides began to act. In February, Indians crossed the Ohio and besieged Wheeling and Boonesborough. Later, in September, the village of Wheeling was destroyed. Other intermittent Indian forays kept the frontier in a continual state of tension.

Several proposals were being made by the Americans to carry the fighting into the Indian country and the officials at Fort Pitt had even talked of sending an expedition to take Detroit. And in Virginia Clark was making preparations for his campaign to the Illinois country after which he intended a march against Detroit. All of this talk of a Detroit campaign was impractical because there was a lack of men and supplies and those in command were unable to make effective use of frontier militia.

The disorganization and insubordination of frontier militia was well demonstrated in the first of the actual American campaigns aimed at Ohio (it never reached there)—the so-called "squaw campaign." In February, 1778, Hand and 500 Westmoreland militia started out to capture a supply of military stores which the British were reported to have deposited at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River. A thaw stopped them at the Mahoning and they returned with nothing to their credit, and the killing of several women and a boy in an isolated Delaware village to their discredit.

It was evident that a new type of defense of the frontier was needed. Especially after the siege of Fort Randolph at Point Pleasant and Fort Donnally at Lewisburgh in May of 1778 by the Mingoes, talk of an extensive campaign into Indian territory, possibly even to Detroit, was heard throughout the West. Congress even considered such a step. But again the inability of raising men and supplies and differences between Virginians and Pennsylvanians delayed action until it was unfeasible. McIntosh, the successor to Hand at Fort Pitt, did, however, proceed so far as to establish Fort McIntosh at the mouth of Beaver Creek and Fort Laurens in the Delaware country 60 miles into Ohio on the Tuscarawas River at the present site of Bolivar, in the fall of 1778. McIntosh hoped that these two forts would be the beginning of a long chain which would stretch to Detroit and secure the peace of the frontier for all time. He was disappointed, however, and Fort Laurens became the "outermost post of Continental Advance." McIntosh was forced to return to Fort Pitt where he resigned his post in disgust in February of 1779.

In the meantime, Clark had taken Kaskaskia and Vincennes and the American cause in the West was in the ascendant. If cooperation could have been secured between the forces of McIntosh and Clark at this juncture the capture of Detroit might have been accomplished. As it was the Indians and the British were considerably frightened by Clark's successes. His audicity had opened the way for supplies from New Orleans where the Spanish had from the first favored the American cause.

At Fort Laurens during the winter of 1778-79 conditions were deplorable. The Delawares, who had been friendly, lost all respect for the Americans when Colonel John Gibson, in charge at the post, was forced to send out parties to beg supplies from the Indians. In February the fort was besieged until relieved by a party sent out by McIntosh in March, 1779. The supplies brought by this group were soon exhausted and the soldiers starved and froze again. A second attack on the fort by Captain Henry Bird, and some Shawnees, was averted when news arrived of Colonel John Bowman's campaign against the Shawnee towns in May of 1779. Brodhead, who had succeeded McIntosh, saw that Fort Laurens could not be held when supplies were impossible to raise on the Pennsylvania frontier, and in July of 1779 it was abandoned.

The Bowman campaign that saved Fort Laurens was begun at Boonesborough. In August, 1777, Bowman and 100 militia had been stationed there to protect the frontier in that sector. Through 1778 they had seen little action and by the spring of 1779 they were ready for an offensive effort, following the strategy of Virginia leaders since Dunmore, that the best defense was an offense. In May, 1779, Bowman and 300 volunteers crossed the Ohio at the mouth of the Licking, landing at the present site of Cincinnati, and marched to the Shawnee village named Chillicothe on the Little Miami at the present site of Oldtown. The Indians defended themselves in the Council House but their chief, Blackfish, was killed, and 170 horses and considerable plunder were taken.

In the fall of 1779, Brodhead led a campaign against the Mingoes in northwestern Pennsylvania which was a decided aid to the American cause. But soon after, in October of 1779, the frontiersmen suffered a reversal when Colonel David Rogers, returning to Fort Pitt with a five-boat convoy of supplies from New Orleans, was ambushed at the mouth of Licking River by 130 Inians led by Simon Girty. All but one boat was plundered and sunk.

At the time he took Vincennes, Clark was planning to go right on to Detroit. He expected help from Bowman and Brodhead. When this aid did not materialize he went to Fort Nelson at the Falls of the Ohio to make his headquarters. News of his plans for a Detroit campaign did have the effect, however, of convincing officials at Detroit to abandon an effort to recapture Vincennes and another plan to march against Fort Pitt.

In 1780 Brodhead, in his turn, had his dreams of taking Detroit shattered. Affairs in the East were in such a sad state for the Americans that no help could be spared for a western campaign. Action in the West, therefore, had to be limited to short thrusts into Ohio. In May of 1780, Henry Bird, with 150 British and 1000 Indians, started from Detroit to take Fort Nelson. News of reenforcements at Fort Nelson changed his plans and, instead, he attacked two settlements in the Licking Valley, taking about 100 prisoners and considerable plunder.

In retaliation George Rogers Clark, with 1000 men, left the rendezvous at the mouth of the Licking, crossed the Ohio on August 2, 1780, and four days later was at old Chillicothe. The Indians having fled, Clark burned the town and moved on to Piqua on the Mad River, near the present town of Springfield, Ohio. Here a fierce battle took place in which Clark lost fourteen men, and the Indians forty or more. The town was burned and the cornfields destroyed, after which the army returned to the Licking and disbanded. This battle struck terror to the hearts of the Shawnees and insured the peace of the frontier for the rest of the year. If conditions had not been so deplorable at Fort Pitt, where Brodhead was forced to impress food from the surrounding settlers, a vital blow might have been struck the British cause in the wake of Clark's campaign of 1780.

In 1781 the Americans lost the support of the Delaware Indians who had been neutral to that time. The British offered them protection and supplies, whereas the Americans were not able to keep their promise to reestablish Fort Laurens in their midst. The Delawares, therefore, planned active participation in the war on the side of the British in the spring of

1781. Brodhead decided to attack first to protect Fort Pitt and led some 300 militia and regulars from Fort Henry at Wheeling on April 10, 1781. They marched to the Delaware capital town of Coshocton on the north side of the Tuscarawas River where it joins the Muskingum. The town was surprised and a number of captives taken. Fifteen of the captives were killed by Brodheads militia and it was with difficulty that the general restrained his men from attacking the friendly Christian Moravian Indians in their towns near-by, after Coshocton was destroyed.

Early in the year 1781 Clark had begun preparations again for a campaign against Detroit. He had assurances of support from the East through Governor Thomas Jefferson of Virginia and General George Washington. But he ran into the same bickering and jealousy that had stalemated previous Detroit expeditions. Brodhead preferred his campaign against Coshocton to supplementing Clark's forces. After failure to raise troops at Fort Pitt, Clark finally left, arrangements having been made for Gibson to attack the Wyandots at Sandusky in September and for Clark to leave the Miami River on a campaign against the Shawnees at the same time. In descending the Ohio from Fort Pitt, Clark and his men barely missed destruction when Joseph Brant, the Mohawk chief, and about 30 warriors could not get reenforcements in time to attack them at the mouth of the Great Miami. Two days later, however, on August 24, Brant's reenforcements arrived in time to ambush Colonel Archibald Lochry and 100 men about ten miles below the mouth of the Great Miami. Lochry was killed and every one of his men either captured or killed.

The news that the Delaware and Wyandot tribes were planning to attack Wheeling diverted the proposed expeditions against Sandusky under Gibson. A group of Washington County militia under Colonel David Williamson decided to chastise the Delawares for the Wheeling scare. In October they arrived in the Delaware country to find the Indian villages evacuated. Even the Moravian Indians had been forced by their warring brothers to go with them to Sandusky.

After Yorktown, in October of 1781, the war in the East was about over, but hostilities continued unabated in the West. Very early in the year 1782 the Indians began their border raids. No large scale campaign was organized but small parties kept the frontier in a frenzy. The Delawares were thought to be the chief offenders and another group of Washington County militia under Williamson determined on another retaliation. This time they found a group of 92 of the Christian Indians who had been allowed to return to Gnadenhutten to harvest the corn left standing through the winter. They had all but starved at Sandusky and had been granted this privilege, just in time to get in the way of Williamson's bloodthirsty band of frontiersmen. The Indians were accused of murdering a Mrs. Robert Wallace and 90 of them were slaughtered. This incident was approved by most of the frenzied settlers on the frontier and General William Irvine, who had succeeded Brodhead at Fort Pitt, did not even investigate the affair. The Indians were only the more angered and continued to harass the border settlements.

Public sentiment in western Pennsylvania, during 1782, favored a campaign against Sandusky. Irvine was unable to furnish such an expe-

dition either with men or supplies but he did give his approval to a militia action. The militia were therefore raised and assembled, some 400 of them, at Mingo Bottom near Steubenville. With Colonel William H. Crawford as their leader they set out for the Wyandot villages. On June 4, 1782, they were met by a superior number of Indians and British on a plain north of the present town of Upper Sandusky. The first day of fighting went well for the militia but on the second day Indian and British reenforcements made retreat unavoidable. The retreat turned into a rout. On June 6 the main force of the retreating army was brought to a stand at a spot on the Olentangy in what is now Whetstone Township, Crawford County, where a skirmish occurred. On the 14th the main group under Williamson got back to Mingo Bottom. But in the retreat a number of captives, including Crawford, were taken by the Indians. An example was made of Crawford and he was burned at the stake after suffering inhuman tortures.

The annual rumors of an attack on Detroit by Clark were heard again in 1782. The British on their part planned a confederacy of all the Ohio Indians to attack the Kentucky settlements. This concerted effort never took place but the largest British-Indian army of the war did destroy Hannastown, the county-seat of Westmoreland after which they attacked Wheeling, and then, in August, defeated the Kentuckians in a bloody battle at the Blue Licks.

Clark retaliated by gathering about 1000 mounted troops at the Licking on November 1, 1782, for an expedition against the Shawnee towns. Irvine was planning, at the same time, a second expedition against Sandusky to avenge Crawford's defeat but again he received no aid from the East and little support on the frontier, and again Clark was to get no cooperation from Fort Pitt. Nevertheless Clark advanced from the mouth of the Licking between the Miamis, reaching the Great Miami near the site of Dayton, and continued on to burn Old Chillicothe and five other Shawnee towns. A detachment, under Colonel Benjamin Logan, burned a British trading post, probably Loramie's Store, in what is now Shelby County. Most of the Indians had fled and little resistance was encountered. This attack discouraged the formation of the Indian confederacy anticipated by the British and insured peace on the frontier during the winter of 1782-83. Clark anticipated further trouble in the spring of 1783 but news of the preliminiaries of the Peace at Paris reached the West in April and hostilities were at an end so far as the Revolution was concerned.

The real war in the West, the battle between the frontier settlers and the Indians for the occupation of the land, was not over by any means. It was not to end until Wayne's campaign and the Treaty of Greenville in 1795. Nor was British aid to the Indians at an end, for the English hoped for years to regain the Northwest Territory. But the Revolution was over and despite the lack of any coordinated plan; despite intrigue, jealousy and faction in their midst; despite lack of supplies which kept armies always on the point of starving; despite all these, the frontiersmen had been able to keep up an intermittent attack, now from Fort Pitt westward, now from Kentucky northward, dividing the strength of the opposition until at the end they came out with undisputed domination of the Ohio country. The prize of the Revolution, the Old Northwest, was theirs.