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The President's Page

Right of Petition

> Congress shall make no law respecting . . . the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

THIS third and final "liberty" referred to in the First Amendment to the Federal Constitution was not claimed for the first time when this amendment was proposed. For many generations in this country and in England prior to the adoption of the amendment, this right was considered one of the fundamental rights of free men. It had been asserted prior to the Commonwealth, and one hundred years before the right had become a part of our Constitution, the English people again confirmed it. James II of England in 1687 prosecuted the Seven Bishops for seditious libel merely because they had presented a petition to the king, although respectfully and humbly phrased, asking him to modify his orders against the Protestant religion. The Bishops were acquitted by a jury of their peers, and shortly thereafter James was forced to abdicate.

James was succeeded by William and Mary in 1688, and in the Bill of Rights, approved by these monarchs, appeared this declaration:

> It is the right of the subject to petition the King; and all commitments and prosecutions for such petitioning are illegal.

In England the beginning of the modern system of petitioning legislative bodies dates from 1779 when petitions from every part of that country were filed with Parliament in an organized attempt to procure the enactment of legislation in which the people generally were interested.

In America the right had been claimed for many years prior to the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

In the Colonial Declaration of Rights of October 19, 1765, it

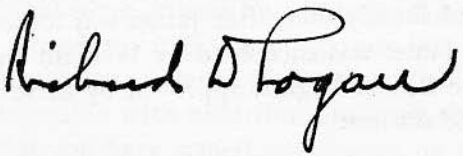
was said "that it is the right of British subjects in these Colonies to petition the King or either House of Parliament."

In the Declaration of Rights of October 14, 1774, it was claimed that "assemblies have been frequently dissolved, contrary to the rights of the people, when they attempted to deliberate on grievances," and "that all prosecutions, prohibitory proclamations and commitments for the same are illegal." This Document also declared that "their (the colonists') dutiful, humble, loyal and reasonable petitions to the Crown for redress have been repeatedly treated with contempt by his Majesty's ministers of state."

And so in the Declaration of Independence it was declared:

> In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered by repeated injury.

A knowledge of the historical background of each of our fundamental rights and liberties should enable us more completely to appreciate them. With this knowledge one can understand why the colonists insisted upon including the Right of Petition with the other rights in the First Amendment.



PRESIDENT

History Teaching in the Schools, again.

The Rockefeller Foundation has given weight and emphasis to this problem by backing up a survey on the subject to the tune of $7500. A joint committee of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, the American Historical Association, and the National Council on Social Studies has inaugurated plans of wide scope which will eventuate in a printed report of about 200 pages on the status of history teaching, the amount of saturation of the subject in the minds of a cross section of America, and a program for teacher training in history. The learned societies mentioned above have also contributed $1200 for the survey. The committee is headed by Professor Edgar B. Wesley, of the University of Minnesota, and includes thirteen other professional people, teachers in colleges and high schools. This is a strength in the making of a sound report, and a weakness in its effect on suspicious legislators, members of the American Legion and D.A.R. members. Professors of history and of the social studies may be expected to write their own defense. The report has already been damned in advance by Mr. Frazier, formerly of the National Office of Education, an extremist who can see no good in any doings of upholders of the general courses of social studies in our schools. It cannot be denied that there is an influential number of social studies people on the committee, but if their theories can be carried out properly, they are a broadening and not a malicious influence. American history is not the whole truth when segregated into barren facts apart from geography, economics, and

government. Mr. Wesley has undermined some distrust by laying plans for testing a cross section of the American public, including typical citizens (grocers, clerks, policemen, street car conductors, etc.), college students, social studies teachers, women's club, business groups, civic leaders, and others. He is also trying to make arrangements to have the test administered to thousands of members of the American Legion. The committee is to have studies prepared to learn the amount of history taught at various levels, from elementary to college, to learn the content of such courses, to learn the amount of enrollment in such courses, and to learn the content of certain typical textbooks used. All this received good publicity from the *New York Times* in a front page article of June 23, 1943. It was the *Times,* you recall, that began the excitement with its survey of college requirements followed by its test showing woeful ignorance among college freshmen. This test has received strenuous objection. It has been damned as an old fashioned factual test. Nevertheless, the ignorance was too abysmal to overlook. The *Times* point of view was recently summarized by Benjamin Fine, the Education Editor, in an article published in *The Key Reporter,* of September (Phi Beta Kappa), from which we quote, with permission, extensively:

"For many years the teaching of American history has been slighted in our schools and colleges. Until the advent of the first World War, only a few states required any instruction in this subject at either elementary or secondary level. However, during the past quarter century, state legislatures have taken action, passing laws that make the teaching of American history compulsory in secondary schools. At present twenty-four states have laws on their books governing this important subject.

"A divergence of opinion exists as to the wisdom of this move. Responsible educators argue, with intense sincerity, that American history should not be made compulsory. They claim that by doing so the subject will become dull and boring; that the students will object to compulsion; that only those who want to take American history should be given that opportunity; that students who take the subject against their will gain nothing from it. In fact, the argument has been raised that it is 'un-American' to require the teaching of American history! It is difficult to follow that line of reasoning. In

the first place, no college permits complete freedom of choice to its undergraduate body. Basic subjects are required of all students. Even a casual perusal of any typical college catalog will disclose that the students are forced to pass certain specific courses before the degree is granted to them. Therefore, it is hardly breaking with collegiate tradition to require the teaching of American history.

"Nevertheless, the American colleges and universities do not place such stress on our own history. A survey conducted by the *New York Times,* published June 21, 1942, revealed that 82 per cent of all institutions of higher learning do not require American history for the undergraduate degree. The record for the liberal arts colleges is even worse, as 89 per cent of these institutions report that United States history is not considered essential for the degree. At the same time, it was found that 72 per cent of all colleges and universities do not require American history for admittance. This means that a high school graduate can enter college, without having taken a course in United States history, and be graduated four years later with high honors—even with a Phi Beta Kappa key—a potential statesman and leader, with little more than a hazy, haphazard knowledge of this country's heroic past.

"When these facts were brought to light, the college leaders protested the implications of the findings, and argued that the high schools are doing a proficient job in the teaching of American history. Why, they said, should the colleges duplicate the effort of the secondary schools. American history, they maintain, was taught in the elementary schools, in junior high and in senior high schools. By the time the students get to college they are saturated with the subject and want none of it. Colleges cannot waste valuable time on a subject that has been squeezed dry in the earlier years of the student's life.

"It was to test these arguments that a survey was made last April. If the colleges were right, then the students entering their campuses should be fairly well versed in American history. And, accordingly, the colleges could profitably devote their limited time to other fields. In conducting this survey, several important conditions were established: only college freshmen were to be tested, as the objective was to find out how much American history these recent high school graduates retained. Also, only those freshmen who had not taken or were not taking United States history in college were examined. From the best available evidence, the students took the test seriously, and were co-operative throughout.

"From the two surveys conducted by the *Times* several pertinent conclusions and recommendations can be made that should help im-

prove the teaching of American history in this country. Briefly, these recommendations are:

1. Every high school and college should require its students to study American history.
2. Higher teaching standards are necessary.
3. American history is as important for the professional as for the liberal arts student.
4. Do not neglect the teaching of other histories.

(Mr. Fine's expansion of these points is omitted.)

"Our history is strikingly dynamic, colorful, alive, forceful. Teaching American history need not become a boring task either to the instructor or the students. At present we do not teach enough American history. Ways must be devised to improve this aspect of our educational process. It is not an impossible problem."

Our readers should compare Dr. Townsend's article on University of Toledo practice in the October, 1942 number.

Anthony Wayne Memorial Committee

The Ohio General Assembly at its last session voted to create a State Committee to co-operate with the Anthony Wayne Memorial Association. This committee was chosen from the legislature, with Representative Guy D. Hawley of Greenville as Chairman, Senator Fred L. Adams of Bowling Green as vice-Chairman, and Roy E. Harmony as Secretary. Other members are Representatives Harold W. Carr, Fred L. Hoffman, Roy H. Longnecker, and Senators Raymond H. Burke, Theodore M. Gray, Margaret A. Mahoney, and Fred R. Seibert.

The Executive Committee of the Anthony Wayne Memorial Association for Ohio consists of S. A. Canary, of Bowling Green, Charles E. Hatch of the Toledo Plan Commission, Harlow Lindley (Chairman), of the Ohio State Museum, Ralph W. Peters of Defiance, A. J. Townsend of the University of Toledo, and E. C. Zepp, Curator of State Memorials. There is a large general window-dressing committee of twenty-five from various parts of Ohio. Those from the northwestern area include Bishop Karl

J. Alter, William A. Browne, of the *Daily Advocate,* Greenville, F. D. Coppock, Greenville, A. Gilmore Flues, Toledo, Curtis W. Garrison, of the Hayes Memorial, Fremont, Dwight A. Hatcher, Toledo, W. W. Knight, Toledo, and Judge C. L. Newcomer, Bryan.

The aim of the association is to obtain "National recognition of the final winning of the old northwest," and so Senator Taft and others are very properly on this committee. An attempt to pass House Bill No. 272, introduced by Representative Otis L. Johnson of Mercer County in the last session of the General Assembly, did not get to first base. This bill which provided for an Anthony Wayne Parkway Commission, with a member from each county on the Wayne military route of 1792-94, and seven additional members appointed by the Governor, had the support of officers of the Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio. The entire membership should support this movement, particularly as Fort Miami is an integral part of the system. There is need for a central authority to conserve improvements already made, and to co-ordinate the work of different state departments and local agencies now developing parks along the Wayne Route. More detail on developing plans will be furnished in a future issue.

Association of Ancestral and Historical Societies, Lucas County

This vital and important organization has as its objective the collection and preservation of historical and genealogical books, manuscripts and pamphlets. Its meetings are held bi-monthly in the Librarian's office of the Toledo Public Library. Constituent members are Anthony Wayne Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution; the Fallen Timbers, Fort Industry, and Ursula Wolcott Chapters, Daughters of the American Revolution; The Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio; Me-Ah-Me Chapter, Daughters of American Colonists; Toledo Colony of New England Women; Peter Navarre Chapter, Daughters of 1812; To-

ledo Circle, Colonial Dames; and Toledo Colony, Mayflower Descendents.

At the May meeting the Association presented seven volumes of Vital Records of Connecticut to the Library in memory of Mrs. W. Irving Hadley, one of its most prominent organizers. Other recent gifts as illustrative of its work, are eight volumes of Massachusetts vital records, 42 volumes of the *South Carolina Historical and Genealogical Magazine,* 21 volumes of Vital Records of Rhode Island, 1636-1850, and copies of Bible and family records contributed by the Fort Industry Chapter, D.A.R.

At the last meeting held September 16, various other genealogical books were contributed, and the officers for the next year, elected at the May meeting, began their term of office. They are: President, Mr. Richard D. Logan; Vice-President, Mrs. Claude Pound; Secretary, Mrs. Lorin Kerr; Treasurer, Mrs. Fisher Ranney; Librarian, Mr. Russell Schunk; and Publicity Chairman, Mrs. Mildred Shepherst.

Historical Lectures at Toledo Museum of Art

Among the feast of cultural activity at the Toledo Museum of Art this season is a series of lectures on CULTURAL INTERCHANGE BETWEEN EASTERN ASIA AND AMERICA given by J. Arthur MacLean, Curator of Oriental Art. Mr. MacLean invites members of the Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio to these lectures. We heartily recommend them to the members, as they deal with some of the early history of our North American continent from 10,000 B.C. on, and the natural intercourse with Asia during early historic periods and later. *The lectures are given every Friday afternoon at four o'clock.* Members can attend either by registration at Toledo University (2 hours' credit), or by registering to obtain Museum credit, or as auditors only. Auditors may attend irregularly. Unfortunately for those learning of this for the first time, the lectures began on September 17, but they extend throughout the season to May 26 (three only in Novem-

ber, December, and April). A full list of titles is given in *Museum News* of September, 1943. Up through December, the series consists of contrasting talks on the prehistoric cultures of Asia and America, ending with "The Spanish Conquest: the Doom of Ancient America," on December 17. Some interesting titles picked out of the well-knit series, are "Mongoloids in Eastern America at the Time of Columbus" (Feb. 4), "Clipper Ships to Eastern Asia" (Feb. 18), "East Asiatic Culture as Interpreted by Lafcadio Hearn" (Mar. 31), "American Influence in China" (April 21 and in Japan the following week), and "A Forecast of Cultural Relations in Post-war Times" (May 19).

Mr. MacLean is too well known to Ohioans to need introduction. They may not all know that he began his work in Oriental studies with the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston over forty years ago, and has held important posts with the Museums at Cleveland, Chicago, and Indianapolis. He has been very active in associations and organizations tending to promote interchange of the cultures, and in Toledo Civic Life.

The Allen County Historical Society

The most flourishing historical society in northwestern Ohio, with several hundred members (dues $1.00), and headquarters at Memorial Hall, Lima, Ohio, has burst into print, and issued four numbers of *The Reporter,* No. 1 having appeared May 23. Other local societies may well profit by example, as the medium is an attractive mimeographic product with an artistic printed head, including a small cut. The only quarrel this editor would have with them is that they should use a linen paper and not the horrible fuzzy mimeograph stuff. It is more work to mimeograph on a smoother surface, since there must be "slip-sheeting," but the resulting product is worth the effort. More attention should be paid to stencil cutting, but the last issue is much better than the first. We hope this publication will be indexed. In the introduction, Mrs. Harry B. Longsworth, Secretary and

Editor, says, "For thirty-five years Lima and Allen County people have been quietly carrying on the work that has resulted in the possession of one of the best museum and library collections in the state. All of it has been done by word of mouth and by personal contact. But now we are bursting into print so that our message may be heard farther and wider. We can now tell our story in more detail—what the society has done and what it hopes to do; what it needs and how you can help; what it has to give and how you can obtain it."

The Reporter is carrying a running list of members, and also —a fine service—a record of men who have made the supreme sacrifice from Allen County. There is a casualty list in the August 14 issue.

At the last meeting on May 29, there was a quiz on local history, John Davison acting as umpire and peacemaker. Recent interesting accessions include an antique typewriter (a "Yost" machine), a picture of a circus parade (Barnum and Bailey), very cleverly dated by the Society as of June 21, 1888, after considerable search, and various imprints, as well as Bible and family records.

The Society has made mammoth strides toward obtaining the finest quarters which any local group in Ohio will be able to boast. Their new building, plans of which this editor has examined, will be constructed as soon after the war as possible. Pledges of $91,622.50 were recived, of which 91% have been paid in. The boiler and storage building and bricks for all buildings have been bought and paid for.

The President of the society is James A. MacDonell.

A Tavern Every Mile

KATHRYN MILLER KELLER

THOUGH generally neglected by the historians, taverns have played an important role in the story of man. The romancers, of course, have not overlooked them. Chaucer and Longfellow, for example, have been quick to see how a cross section of a nation's people, their thoughts, problems, ambitions, and traditions could be found in a tavern—a Tabard Inn of old England or a Wayside Inn of New England.

The American frontier tavern with is conglomerate function as a hospice, stage office, post office, newspaper, theatre, ballroom, bar room, election booth, court room, jail house, debate platform, doctor's office, and political convention hall was one of the most democratic institutions in this new country.

English travellers, especially, noted this air of democracy—and with contrasting reactions! Harriet Martineau wrote in admiration of the Great Sauk Trail innkeeper who lent his own tooth brush to her with which to prop open her bedroom window. Charles Dickens, in different vein, bemoaned the lockless doors of an Upper Sandusky inn and the manners of the Sandusky landlady who sat down at the same table with him and his Kate.

Lying in the path of westward expansion, as it did, Ohio counted its taverns by the score. But, along the Maumee Western Reserve Road from Fremont to Perrysburg was the thickest concentration of public houses in the state. There were some thirty-odd taverns on this section of the pike in the early 1830's, an average of a little better than one per mile. And, every one of these taverns did good business for, not only was there a steady stream of travellers, but the mud through which they toiled surpassed all the fancied depths of the Slough of Despond.

By the terms of the Treaty of Brownstown, 1808, a strip of land one hundred and twenty feet wide from the Maumee river to the western boundary of the Connecticut Reserve came into the possession and control of the United States government to

be used as a public highway. Congress authorized a survey of the route soon after (December 21, 1811) and in 1816 authorized the president to make alterations of this survey so that the road might pass through the United States Reservation at Lower Sandusky (Fremont) instead of farther south. But the Maumee Western Reserve Road for years remained a little more than a name and a surveyed route through unbroken forest and, worse than that, the Black Swamp.

In 1823 the federal government placed the road in the control of the state of Ohio which was, then, under obligation to clear and grade the highway in the next four years and to sell the lands along the route to defray the expenses of the task. Quintus F. Atkins took charge of the surveying and General John Patterson, a state engineer, planned the grading and drainage.

The gigantic task was completed within the four year limit but the Maumee Western Reserve Road was still dreaded by the travellers for it was not kept in good repair and macadamizing did not come until after 1839. Nevertheless, the stage drivers, the adventurers, the mail carriers, the land-hungry struggled through the thirty miles of mire from Fremont to Perrysburg, some of whom left diaries and letters which bear witness to the road's dubious honor of being the worst on the continent.

There is the classic story of one Andrew Craig who ran a "mudhole business." He charged travellers exhorbitant sums for his help through the hole—always soft enough, you may be sure. When he tired of the work he sold the mudhole to another brawny profiteer.[1] There is also the story of legendary ring that a pioneer heading for Michigan with one hundred dollars paid out every cent of it to people who helped him through the mud. But, he drew up to the next mudhole and re-couped his entire fortune by helping and collecting from other misfortunates.[2]

One pioneer recalled that a man was hard put to get a team with an empty wagon through the road.[3] Two Perrysburg residents on their way back from Columbus where they had pleaded with the legislators for repairs on the road were forced to abandon their coach and baggage when only eight miles out of Lower

Sandusky. They finished their journey on foot after finding it impossible to get even horses alone through the mud and swollen streams.[4]

One can see that there was need for a tavern every mile in such circumstances. Some travellers had the experience of settng out from a tavern in the morning only to return to it for a second night's stay because they had made so little headway toward the next inn.

In 1815 the Maumee Western Reserve Road was simply a surveyed route yet on either end of the Black Swamp there were licensed taverns doing business. William Woodbridge names the two landlords with whom he stayed when travelling through in January of that year.[5] In Lower Sandusky he stayed with the "obliging Yankee tavern-keeper," Israel Harrington. Two days later, having found good travelling on the frozen swamp, he stayed with the Ft. Meigs landlord, David Hull.

David Hull was the nephew of General Hull. His daughter, Almira, was the first white child born in that section. The date when he established his tavern is not known but Winter says he was the first tavern-keeper in Perrysburg.[6]

Israel Harrington's tavern was a curiosity in its day because it was the first frame house in Fremont. There were no sawmills near by so Harrington imported wood frames by water. These he set up on the southwest corner of Front and Croghan streets and covered them with split white oak shingles which were replaced later with sawed boards.[7]

The Harrington tavern was doubtless a lively place. The bar was handy, whiskey cheap, Everett assures us,[8] and what more logical place to hear the news from "back East and out West" from the lips of the travellers themselves? We may imagine that the battle of Fort Stephenson was fought over and over again in the common room of this tavern which stood almost in the shadow of Croghan's old stockade. Perhaps there were comparisons with the old Revolutionary battles, too, for Harrington's father, a veteran of '76 stayed there for some time.

This tavern figured in the early history of Sandusky county as a spot where some of the early court sessions were held. Har-

rington, a member of the Kentucky Land Co. which platted the town, was not only a justice of the peace but an associate judge of the circuit court.

About 1824 Harrington moved to the Portage river on property for which he traded his Lower Sandusky tavern.[9] In the records of Sandusky county Otho Hinton appears to have acquired the tavern some time before 1828 for in that year this property "occupied by Hinton as a tavern stand" was sold to William Hull who, in turn, sold it in 1832. The Harrington tavern must have served the public for at least seventeen years.

There are records in Huron county (to which Fremont once belonged) proving that as early as 1815 Israel Harrington was issued a permit to keep tavern but he may have built his house earlier than that. One authority states that soldiers returning from the Battle of the Thames stopped here.[10]

The Huron county records also show that two other early Fremont residents received tavern licenses. These were Morris Newman and William Andrews.

Morris Newman's tavern, which stood on the east side of the river in Croghansville at the corner of Ohio and Pine streets, also figured as a court room for the county. The county commissioners of the new Sandusky county met here for the first time. Judge Newman was the postmaster and so the tavern was also Fremont's first post office.

William Andrews built his tavern in 1820 on a little wharf at the foot of Garrison street. This must have been a building of some consequence for it was valued at $1000 on the tax duplicate. Its third story housed the first Masonic lodge in town.[11]

Nicholas Whitinger owned a tavern also valued at $1000 which stood on the present site of the Wheeling and Lake Erie depot, State and Front streets. Whitinger called his log and frame structure the Peach House. Usually it was referred to as "the old corner tavern" though it was officially the Ohio Mansion House and the Kessler House under other proprietors, Chauncey Roberts, Elias Corbin, and William Kessler among them.

Thomas L. Hawkins produced the town's first theatrical per-

formance in the upper story of the Peach House some time between 1819 and 1822. Hawkins not only directed the play, played several important parts but also wrote the prologue and painted the scenery for this effort. *She Stoops to Conquer* was the play.[12]

Fremont evidently offered no educational opportunities when Mr. Whitinger established his tavern. In 1818 at great expense he procured a teacher for his older children who came to the tavern. Later he sent his oldest daughter to Pittsburgh to study. Upon her return she tutored the younger children in the family.[13]

The old corner tavern was a stage office when Elias Corbin was proprietor. At that time a Harrison Inauguration Ball was held there with tickets selling for four dollars. A few days after the Ball, Isaac Keeler, an early Fremont journalist, went down to the tavern and read the news of Harrison's death on the stage driver's way bill—the usual means of bringing news to pioneer communities.[14]

The *Fremont Journal* made frequent mention of activities at this tavern.[15] In 1855 a couple were married there, a visiting physician held consultations, and William Kessler took possession of the place, re-painting, re-papering, and re-furnishing it. The editor remarked that the tavern had a reputation of being a "first class house." Some time later a thief entered Mr. Kessler's sleeping room at the hotel. Mrs. Kessler (eternal feminine vigilance!) heard him and screamed. The thief escaped with "mine host's" clothes, a gold dollar, and a five-dollar counterfeit bill. Incidentally rates at this first class house in 1840 were $2.50 per week for room and board.

At the same time that Harrington, Andrews, Newman, and Whitinger kept tavern in Lower Sandusky, at the other end of the pike Samuel Spafford built his famous Exchange. This house was called the finest between Buffalo and St. Louis. It stands, yet, on Front street in Perrysburg opposite the Rheinfrank Hospital shrouded in gray shingles which belie its colorful history.[16]

This is the tavern of the famous bell story. Mr. Spafford had gone to great effort and expense to have a dinner bell cast for

his new tavern. When a Detroit bell maker lacked enough metal to make the bell, Mr. Spafford threw a handful of Spanish dollars into the crucible to make up the difference.

The sound of the bell intrigued the few Indians who still lived around Perrysburg and after ringing it time and again for their own enjoyment, they stole it. A posse set out in search of the bell and when the men caught up with the thieves they found it tied to a frightened pony which the Indians were switching to make it run—and the bell ring! The men recovered the bell but it was not the last of its travels. It was used at a tavern in Elmore and eventually made its way as far east as Maryland. It was returned to Perrysburg about twenty-five years ago and can now be seen in the American Legion Hall, there.[17]

At Spafford's Exchange a James Bloom while on his wedding trip gave a party at which he offered bank notes to his guests to use in lighting their cigars![18]

Another party at the Exchange was not so fabulous as it was tragic. In 1854 a Fourth of July public ball was held and during the evening the first victims of the cholera epidemic fell ill. The disease spread rapidly from the night and in a short time less than half of the Perrysburg population remained.[19]

Front street in Fremont was a favorite location for taverns. On the east side of the street between Garrison and Croghan, Calvin Leezen operated a tavern as early as 1827, perhaps 1822 if the recollections of some pioneers can be trusted.[20] One of these pioneers described the place as a one and a half story building standing back from the street with a yard in the front. Leezen sold the property in 1831. Close by Cyrus Hulburd began building a tavern which at the time of his death, 1828, was still incomplete.[21] Elisha Smith married Hulburd's widow, completed the house and operated it as the Western House. This, too, laid claim to being the leading house in northwestern Ohio. It must have been an imposing establishment what with a piazza across the front with pillars two stories high. Smith sold the tavern to James Vallette. Later it was run by a Mr. Canfield and G. A. Harrison. It was also a stage office.

The Western House was destroyed by fire about 1842. This

fire was a sort of "I told you so" commentary on a decision made by the village fathers a short time before to purchase a hay scales instead of fire equipment. Samuel Howland, noted for his colorful flow of profanity had stood out to the last for the fire equipment so when the tavern went up in flames he stood in the midst of the sweating bucket brigades and added to the warmth of the event by shouting for the hay scales to put out the fire in asterisk-indicated language.[22]

Isaac Knapp operated a Front street tavern which stood at the northwest corner of the Croghan street intersection. The building itself dated from 1818 but was moved to the Front street location by Thomas Ogle in the early 1830's. Knapp might be said to be a typical Ohio tavern keeper for so often the veterans of the Revolutionary War and of the War of 1812 opened houses. Knapp was a soldier in the War of 1812 as well as in the Mexican War. One of his most exciting experiences was the rescue of his brother from a Canadian prison camp during the war with the British. But surely, not the least of his experiences were those he had as one of the first mail carriers between Lower Sandusky and Perrysburg.

The judges and lawyers who rode circuit made the Knapp tavern their headquarters when court was held here. Ralph Buckland once recalled the hilarious mock trials carried on in this tavern to wile away the evenings.

He described one in which the Maumee lawyer, Andrew Coffinberry ("The Count") was the defendant.[23] Major Hopkins charged Coffinberry with destroying all the leeks on his property in the town of Oleron on the Portage river. Since the land was good for nothing but leeks which Coffinberry had destroyed by browsing around in them on all fours, Hopkins asked for damages. The jury delivered a verdict of guilty and Coffinberry was sentenced to furnish for the benefit of the court and jury the largest bowl of eggnog available.

Knapp sold the property in the 1850's and gave the building to Thomas Hawkins who moved it down to the river bank.[24]

It may be of interest to know that Mrs. Knapp was the daughter of the east side tavern keeper, Morris Newman.

Farther down the river on Front street, north of the Whitinger House, stood a brick tavern of importance, the Northern Exchange. Many town meetings were held here. Dio Lewis's Ohio Institute was established here and the offices of the Ohio Railroad. One of the proprietors of the Exchange hung a steel bar outside the house to strike as a dinner gong. The regular ringing of this gong became the equivalent of a village clock.[25] Peter P. Fusselman and William Fields were two of the proprietors of this tavern.

Capt. Samuel Thompson was a tavern keeper on the east side of Fremont, having come here in 1825 and opened a tavern soon after. In the 1840's he adopted the temperance motto in his house, the Bull's Head, for the editor of the Sandusky County Democrat mentions it and calls the captain "one of our most respectable innkeepers."[26]

Rutherford Hayes lived at Thompson's hotel from 1845 to 1849. He shared a room with his cousin, John R. Pease. In the November 5, 1847, entry of his diary, Hayes says that Capt. Thompson had resigned from the army and returned from campaigning satisfied that he was too old for that sort of life. (The captain was head of the Co. C, 4th O.V.I., Mexican War.)[27]

In the colorful political campaign of 1840 there was a large Democratic meeting at Thompson's tavern at which United States Senators Allen and Tappan spoke to great crowds in the yard. Capt. Richard M. Johnson, known as "the man who killed Tecumseh" was also on the speaker's platform.

The program was designed to prove that Johnson and not Harrison was the hero of the Battle of the Thames. The day got off to a bad start when in firing an old cannon, John Jacobs lost an arm. However, the speeches began and at the appointed time when Allen referred to him, Johnson stripped his arm to show the scars of his war wounds. The Whig paper ridiculed the drama calling it "Allen's menagerie" and Johnson "the lion of the show."[28]

Across State street from the Bull's Head, at the corner of Ohio avenue stood a tavern built by John Strohl in 1837 called

THE GOOSE HOUSE, FREMONT

Drawn from photographs in Bowland, Pioneer Recollections by Kathryn M. Keller.

the Goose House. The peculiar name, it is said, came from a misinterpretation of the tavern sign erected by Mr. Strohl. He intended to invite the traveller to stop at the "sign of the swan."[29] But a swan was as foreign as Timbuctoo to the average pioneer and the bird was naturally thought to be an ordinary goose, poorly painted. Bowland claims that the name hurt the business of the house despite the fact that Mrs. Strohl was an excellent cook.[30] But, there seems to have been little attempt to change the name. The building stood until about 1920. Old residents still refer to the corner as the "place where the Goose House stood."

The present Colonial Hotel of Fremont dates back almost a hundred years. It, too, was a Democratic meeting place. It has been called Harpster's House and the William Tell House. In the 1840's a Mr. Harris rented the tavern from Jacob Millious, the owner, and set out a large carved eagle in front of the house. It was then known as the Eagle.[31] Christian Hocke was the owner at one time.

The present site of the Hotel Fremont has been used as an inn for nearly one hundred years. The first tavern was built by an Englishman named Whyler (or Weiler).[32] There is an engraved view of Fremont in Howe's Historical Collections of

Ohio in both the original and second editions under which is a caption pointing out the Whyler House.[33] It was known for a long time and until the late 1870's as the Croghan House. Two of the proprietors were Charles Fouke and Frank N. Gurney.

Up the State St. hill at the corner of Clover still stands another early Fremont tavern, now Coleman's Ice Cream Store. It was built about 1840, by John Macklin (also spelt Mackling and Mechling in the early records).

Macklin had first settled in Washington township east of Hessville on the pike. Mrs. Macklin was Nancy Waggoner, daughter of John Waggoner, Sr., Revolutionary War hero and early settler in Sandusky county. John and Nancy Macklin built a tavern on their original farm in 1829 and continued to acquire more land and to accommodate travellers for about ten years, when they purchased a lot in Lower Sandusky and built the American House, one of the first brick structures in the town.

The Ohio Railroad crossed the pike just east of the American House going across the valley on trestles and piling to the river.

John Macklin died in 1849 and the place was sold. But, Nancy Macklin never relinquished her dower rights in the place and collected a yearly rent until the time of her death in 1891 at the age of ninety-three.[34] For some time the old inn served as a parish house for the Grace Lutheran Church.

Nancy Macklin's sister, Elizabeth, married Barnhart Henry Bowman. The Bowmans came to Washington township shortly after the Macklins and they too opened a tavern just west of the Macklin's farm. Their big L-shaped tavern stood beside the Bowman mill on the west bank of the Big Muddy Creek. In a day when barter was the usual means of carrying on business, Bowman paid cash and was nicknamed "Old Cash." The town about him was know as Cashtown.[35] Years after the citizens of the town (including Bowman himself) petitioned to have the name changed to the present one, Hessville.[36]

Between Lower Sandusky and the Bowman and Macklin houses there were many other houses. A man by the name of Phelps kept a house one mile west of Fremont. John Gross, in

1837, built the Four Mile House. The tavern of Joseph Reed at the corner of the pike and the Linsey road stood the first one east of the original Macklin inn.[37]

According to a list in the notes from the Sandusky County Pioneer's meeting of 1921[38] there were four others in that eight mile stretch run by Wilson, Topping, Rose, and Beery. This same list gives the following west of Hessville: Roberson's (more likely N. P. Robbins), Craig (this would be the house of Andrew Craig of the mudhole business), Borden, Miller, Gallagher and Howard House, and Segar's (thirteen miles from Lower Sandusky on Sugar Creek). This last tavern still stands and is now a farm house. Sandusky county records show that D. Segar (Seager, Sager, Sieger are other spellings) obtained the land from the state of Ohio in 1837 which then passed into the hands of Thomas and then Charles Segar.

Charles Segar married Harriet Miller and in the notes from the 1879 meeting of the Sandusky Pioneers it states that Mrs. Harriet Segar who used to keep tavern on the pike thirty years ago was in attendance but not strong enough to speak.[39] The Sugar Creek farm was advertised for rent in the *Sandusky County Democrat,* 1841 by Charles Segar. No mention is made in the notice that a tavern stood on the property though improvements were noted.[40] A present day informant remembers the place as McBride's Tavern.

Returning to the list: Darlington, Watts, Woods, Miller, another Watts, Day, Loop, Boose, Hill, Margery Hill, and Howard.

The Howard House stood in LeMoyne. This was said to have been a brick house of typical tavern architecture for that day.

In Stony Ridge, John Elderkin built the Empire House in 1848 or 1849. The Empire House still stands at the top of the hill in the town. It is a large, three story structure, at present unoccupied. In a recent notice advertising the house and the surrounding farm for sale it was said have twenty-eight rooms. A cupola on top is a noticeable feature. A resident of Stony Ridge says that it was one the headquarters for travelling the-

atrical people and that the Empire was noted for its excellent food. Mr. Caleb Bean was once an owner of the house.

Russell's and Elder's taverns stood side by side in this same district. Toward Perrysburg there were more houses, Berry's, Wood's, Moss', Shepler's, Thompson's, Darling's, Blinn's and finally Spafford's Exchange.[41]

It is difficult to make an exhaustive, accurate list of the taverns which so often passed from one owner to another, one lessee to another, changing names each time. Some of the pioneers remember a house under its given name, others remember it by the name of the landlord. Very often a "tavern" was merely a cabin of some settler who on the spur of the moment took in travellers stuck in the mud outside his farm.

From diaries and travel notes there are other names of landlords, W. H. Sloane of Perrysburg, D. W. Gould, John Burke, David Deal, Ochs of Fremont, Burkett of Hessville. There are other tavern names, Elderkin House, Cosmopolitan Hotel and Capt. Rice's tavern, all in Woodville, which may or may not be one and the same building.

The paving and better travelling conditions on the pike itself as well as the coming of the railroads caused many taverns to close. In the 1860's and 1870's the list narrows to include the Goose House, Tell House, Croghan House, Kessler House, American House, all of Fremont; the Burkett House of Hessville; Elderkin House in Woodville; Empire House and Spafford's Exchange. There may have been one or two others.

Today only two are left which still are in use as hotels, the Woodville Hotel and the Fremont Colonial Hotel. Spafford's Exchange is an apartment house. The American House is an ice cream parlor. The Sugar Creek tavern is a farmhouse. The Empire House stands vacant with shades drawn, closing its eyes, as it were, to the modern "U.S. Route 20" preferring to remember the days of the old pike with toll gates and covered wagons, of the Ohio Stages and the coaches of Neil Moore and Co., of the long cabins and canoes going by in the Harrison campaign, of the militia trekking through to the Toledo War and the Mexican War volunteers—and always the sucking slippery *mud!*

NOTES

1. *History of Sandusky County, Ohio* [Homer Everett] (Cleveland, 1882), 145. Hereinafter cited as *Everett.*
2. Lucy Keeler, *The Sandusky River* (Columbus, 1904), 54.
3. Recollections of Reuben Rice, in *Year Book of the Sandusky County Pioneer and Historical Association,* 1914, p. 40. Hereinafter cited as *Sandusky Co. Yearbook.*
4. [May Evers-Ross], *Pioneer Scrap Book of Wood County and the Maumee Valley* (Bowling Green, Ohio, 1910), 43.
5. *Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio, Quarterly Bulletin,* 14, p. 148.
6. Nevin O. Winter, *History of Northwest Ohio* (Chicago, 1917), 630.
7. *Everett,* 401.
8. *Ibid.*
9. *Sandusky Co. Yearbook,* 1914, p. 40.
10. Lucy Keeler, *Guide to the Local History of Fremont* (Columbus, 1905), 15. Hereinafter cited as Keeler, *Guide.*
11. *Ibid.,* 17.
12. *Ibid.,* 11; *Everett,* 416, for Prologue by Hawkins; Thomas L. Hawkins, *Poetic Miscellany* (Columbus, 1853), 55.
13. *Fremont Journal,* March 2, 1860, reprints speech of Homer Everett *Our Town* delivered for benefit of Hook and Ladder Co.
14. Recollections of Isaac Keeler in *Sandusky Co. Yearbook,* 1919, p. 61.
15. *Fremont Journal,* January 26, June 30, 1855; March 4, 1859; February 19, 1858; April 17, 1858.
16. Writers' Program, Ohio, *The Ohio Guide* (New York, 1940), 583.
17. Henry Howe, *Historical Collections of Ohio* (Norwalk, Ohio, 1896), II, 879-80. Winter, 628-30.
18. Winter, 628-30.
19. Writers' Program, Ohio, *The Ohio Guide* (New York, 1940), 583.
20. *Sandusky Co. Yearbook,* 1915 (notes), p. 75-77.
21. *Idem,* 1902 (notes), p. 38.
22. Recollections of G. W. Glick in *Sandusky Co. Yearbook,* 1919, p. 42, Glick studied law with Hayes and Buckland in Fremont, later moving to Kansas. His statue was chosen to represent Kansas in Statuary Hall, Washington.
23. *Sandusky Co. Yearbook,* 1915, p. 29.
24. Keeler, *Guide,* 17.
25. *Ibid.,* 17; *Sandusky Co. Yearbook,* 1913, p. 36, 41; 1914, p. 79.
26. *Sandusky County Democrat,* August 25, 1841; *Fremont News Messenger,* April 17, 1943.
27. C. R. Williams, ed., *Diary and Letters of Rutherford Birchard Hayes* (Columbus, 1922-26), I, 165, 223; Keeler, *Guide,* 18.
28. Keeler, *Sandusky River,* 54; *Sandusky Co. Yearbook,* 1920, p. 28; Keeler, *Guide,* 18.
29. Because many travellers could not read, an innkeeper always put out some picture or distinctive sign to identify his house so that people might stop "at the sign of the Bull's Head, Eagle, or Goose."
30. James M. Bowland, *Pioneer Recollections of the Early 30's and 40's in Sandusky County, Ohio* (Fremont, 1903), 20. Opposite page 26 of this volume is a photograph of the Goose House in later years.
31. *Sandusky Co. Yearbook,* 1918, p. 25.
32. Keeler, *Guide,* 18.
33. This caption is omitted from later edition.

34. Clark Waggoner, *History and Genealogy of the Wagner-Waggoner-Wagoner Family* (Tiffin, O., 1941), 40, 231-33.
35. *Ibid.*, 232, 108.
36. The original petition and signatures are in the files of the Hayes Memorial, Fremont, Ohio.
37. Waggoner, *op. cit.*, 40, 231-33.
38. *Sandusky Co. Yearbook*, 1921, p. 23-4.
39. *Idem*, 1914, p. 46.
40. *Sandusky County Democrat*, Aug. 25, 1841 (advertisement).
41. *Sandusky Co. Yearbook*, 1921, p. 23-4.

Northern Ohio Scene, 1839

HOWARD C. PERKINS, *editor*

EDITOR H. T. SMITH, *of Perrysburg, loved a bit of nature well done. He loved rich and colorful words, at least when they flowed or struggled from his own pen. He also loved fine, full columns in his* Ohio Whig, *for by their grace he ate and drank and paid his fares. Therefore, whether or not he knew it, even before he set out upon his "tours" to Findlay and Ashtabula, the subject was closed: he must regale his "gentle readers" with tales of his travels. And so he did.*

The sequel is less happy, for only a portion of each account survives. "Our Tour to Findlay" began in the Ohio Whig and Perrysburg Commercial Advertiser *on September 3, 1839. A second installment appeared in the succeeding issue, on September 10. The next three numbers of the* Whig *are missing, and the story had been concluded by October 8, as that issue contains no part of it. In the meantime, however, Editor Smith had been again upon his travels, for on that same October 8 he bestowed upon his readers "Chapter I" of "Our Tour" to Ashtabula. There follow chapters two and three, one to an issue, but again the story breaks, for there is no four. The peripatetic editor had not yet reached Ashtabula, as on the lapse of his earlier account he had not yet reached Findlay.*

Fragmentary as they are, these travel records contain some descriptions worth preserving—descriptions of prairie and forest, of roads and ships, of Bowling Green and Cleveland in Ohio and of Erie and Girard in Pennsylvania. Although thankful for all favors to history, we may still regret that we are cheated of Findlay and Ashtabula as they impressed the observant, full-of-advice editor from the banks of the beautiful Maumee. Perhaps, sometime, somewhere, the missing issues will appear, but the hope is slender.

The extant numbers of the Whig, *used in this reprint, are in the Way Library, in Perrysburg. There are no files of the* Whig *of 1839 in the newspaper collection in the office of County*

Auditor H. L. Williamson, in Bowling Green, or in the library of the Ohio State Archeological and Historical Society, in Columbus.

Smith's accounts of his travels are presented here as they appear in the original, with spelling, punctuation, and italics unchanged. Between October 8 and October 19 the day of publication of the Whig *was changed from Tuesday to Saturday. There was no intervening issue.*

OUR TOUR TO FINDLAY

[*The Ohio Whig, and Perrysburg Commercial Advertiser,* September 3, 1839]

GENTLE READER!—In this busy, tour-writing, mind-devouring, pleasure-seeking age, every individual who spends a day beyond the pale of his own domicil, finds it necessary to narrate his observations upon paper, for the edification of the great world around him. The all-prevailing influence of this capricious desire to know and be known, to please and be pleased, finds us, on our return from Findlay, indulging an "ower wondufu" anxiety, to mingle with the literary ephemera, who frolic in the sunshine of public favor. Knowing, furthermore, that thou art not scrupulously fastidious in thy choice of subjects, so that something be written, we give thee our narrative, for just what it is worth, with the assurance that if the perusal of it affords thee any pleasure, the object of its publication will have been fully accomplished. If upon reading it, thou shalt find nothing to amuse, edify, or instruct, we shall only claim for it, at thy hands, an exercise of that charity, which (if thou hast read one half the published tours of the day) has been more severely taxed, by greater pretenders in the field of literature, than our humble self.

Our business at Findlay, was that of delegate to the whig senatorial and representative convention. Accompanied by a friend, on a similar mission, we left Perrysburg at 2 o'clock P.M. of the 27th August. Our route, for the first twelve miles, with the exception of a small prairie, lay through an untouched

wilderness, over an imperfectly marked road, rendered impassable by teams, in consequence of the numerous trees thrown across it, by the hurricane of last May.—While crossing the prairie above alluded to, we observed, skirting the forest on our right, several large fields of corn, and two or three comfortable log dwellings.—The prairie itself, is a lovely object. It is of oblong form, being about three miles in length, by one in breadth —bounded on the north, south and east by the forest, and terminating on the west in several large clumps of towering oaks. It is covered with thick tall grass, and a beautiful variety of wild flowers.

The entire absence of settlers on the road between Perrysburg and this prairie, led to an inquiry into the cause. The soil appeared to be of the first quality, well watered, heavily timbered, and at a convenient distance from one of the best markets in this portion of the state:—Why then was it unsettled, when the more distant portions of the county were blooming like a flower garden? A sensible old farmer whom we met, solved the riddle satisfactorily. "The road through that forest," said he, "is neither one thing nor the other. You can neither get in or out with a team. We who live on the prairie, find it bad enough, to go seven or eight miles out of our way to get to the burg, but we could not get there at all, if we lived in that forest. It's a confounded shame—but your people have got their heads stuffed too full of rail roads, canals, and the like, to find room for these minor improvements. It'll come by and by—and then we shall show you that our country can do almost as much toward building up the burg, and making it a place of importance, as your large improvements. There ought to be a good turnpike through there—and the people are able to make one, if they'd only think so. What is the expenditure of a few dollars, compared with the benefits which will result from it? Here are our farms groaning with produce of every kind—not only enough to supply the county, but a large surplus to send abroad—and yet in order to get it to market, we are compelled to go a long distance out of the way—over a miserable road at best, when one tenth part of the money expended by your people, in castle building,

would bring us close to you, and advance the interests of your place, and the county, in tenfold proportion, to all your notions about rail roads and canals. But we'll wait patiently—every dog has his day'—and our turn will not come too early, or too late, for your people to feel it."

Passing through the wilderness, beyond the prairie, we soon found ourselves enveloped in a cloud of musquitoes. So numerous were these little tormentors, that we could scarcely see through them, in any direction. Their eternal humming was not less annoying, than the avidity with which they assailed our noses, hands, and ears. They exacted, and received from us a tribute of blood, as the customary allowance of all intruders upon their domains. We in return essayed to scare them away; vainly however, as they left behind them durable traces of victory.

The sun had careered about half the distance between its meridian and setting, and was quietly ensconced behind a fleece of light, silvery clouds, which ravished it of its scorching power, when we emerged from the forest, upon the open prairie.—Reader! have you ever seen a prairie, just as autumn has commenced robbing it of its garlands—when here and there a faded flowret, a stinted plant, or a sere leaf, mingle their sickly dies with the brilliant tints of less susceptible neighbors? Trust me, it is far more beautiful at this moment, than when dressed in the early blush of summer. How gracefully it sweeps away upon the vision! How delightfully do its commingled tints blend with each other, as the alternate sun light and shade cast their flickering gleams over its bosom! How rich and mellow are the thousand hues, which vary with the frolicsome breeze, as it casually kisses the broad surface—now rushing together and forming the most beautiful tesselated mosaic—now distributing themselves into promiscuous groups, like a parti-colored carpet, and now softly blending their floral beauties with the super-incumbent mass of "smiling green," as if too modest for the notice of the passing traveller.

We looked around us, and felt the warm blood bounding through our veins, right merrily, at this illimitable prospect of

magnificent creation. We shouted and laughed, with all the glee and exhileration of uncaged school-boys. Imperceptibly almost, we urged our jaded horses into a lively canter, to keep pace with the buoyancy of our feelings, now wrought up to the highest pitch of juvenile excitement. Onward we hurried over the level plain, ever and anon meeting some fresh object, to break its magnificent monotony, whooping, hallooing and laughing by turns, until the appearance of a few log dwellings and thriving corn fields checked the spontaneous burst of enjoyment, in which we had revelled, to such boyish excess, during the past half hour.

And here, kind reader! we part with thee for the present.

[September 10, 1839]

We left thee, reader, in our last, when half way across the prairie. The embryo village of Bowling Green, with its half dozen log cottages—small frame tavern—well cultivated farms—beautiful young orchards of apple, pear, and peach trees—and waving fields of corn, spreading far and wide over the prairie, lay just before us. We saw, among the numerous cultivated fields on either side of us, several small patches of Baden and Dutton corn, and two or three little spots covered with the stubble of Italian spring and Egyptian wheat. Our farmers are worthy of all praise, for the early introduction of these valuable grains in this new country.

While upon this subject, we will take occasion to remark, that nothing will sooner develope the productive character of our soil, or more readily prove to the world its capabilities for high and various cultivation, than the establishment of County Agricultural and Horticultural Societies throughout this fertile region. Among the primitive rocks of New England, they have done wonders. That commendable spirit of competition, which of agriculture, as of everything else, constitutes the life and soul, has only visited our farmers, since the establishment of these societies upon the American continent. The spirit of emulation evoked by their influence in the east, has subdued every foot of tillable land in New England, eastern New York,

and the other free states on the Atlantic sea-board. As the tide of emigration has rolled westward, and richer soils have yielded to the plough and spade, they have followed in train, and proved by their results, the importance of exciting a laudable ambition among the hardy settlers of a new country. We venture to assert, that their influence alone, has done as much towards bringing the soil of western New York into favorable repute, as all the boasted improvements of that state, combined. In our own state, and the states west of us, wherever they have been introduced, the most satisfactory and pleasing results have followed. They have given character to both farmers and country abroad—have introduced the choicest grains and fruits of other soils, among us—have cheered the hard handed laborer, after his summer toil was over, with bountiful crops and luscious gatherings. In all the territory bordering upon the Wabash and Erie canal and its tributaries, these institutions should be formed without further delay. For richness and fertility of soil, this portion of country is excelled nowhere. Improvements by canal and rail road, are spreading their broad arms over it, in every direction; furnishing an easy, safe and cheap conveyance for its yearly surplus of grains and fruits, to eastern markets. No people have greater inducements to organize themselves into societies for the promotion of agriculture and horticulture, than those who inhabit this favored region. We should like to see the farmers of old Wood furnish an example upon this subject.

Pardon this digression, reader!—and listen with us for a moment, to what is going on around. Bowling Green, when we passed through it, was a little world of good feeling and industry,—whatever it might have been the Saturday succeeding!!! The steady thump of the flail in yonder barn—the rustic song of the laborer in that field of golden sheafs—the madcap gambols of yon lot of urchins, just

"let loose from school,"

and the merry laugh of those flaxen haired damsels, as they trip homeward, over the prairie, are sounds of rural delight, with which our ears are seldom greeted. Look you, too, at the dapper pedagogue, with his patrician airs, just issuing from his do-

minions. No monarch of ancient or modern times, e'er ruled a kingdom, with greater "pomp and circumstance" than he does his school. See the "blithe milkmaids" at their evening task, and the busy house-wifes, dealing the evening allowance, to a promiscuous flock of corn fed gabblers and cacklers, running and flying from all directions, to devour it. As these scenes pass before your eyes, contrast the peaceful routine, of a country life, with the never ending cares, perplexities, vexations, and disappointments, which fill up between sun and sun, the changeful existence of cits and townsmen. Who would not gladly forego wealth, honor, fame, all the dazzling phantoms of hope, for quietude and happiness like this! Where else, in the wide circle of human occupations, can be found that sturdy independence, that inbred love of contentment, that fireside enjoyment which beams so brightly, from the humble cot of the farmer. Who among the thousands that have crossed the venturous ocean of ambition, dared the contending waves of hope and disappointment and rode out successfully, the peltings of those pittiless storms, surcharged with mingled anxiety and joy, would not willingly exchange their hard earned trophies for the tranquil delights which cluster around his declining years. He has no care beyond his farm and fireside. They are his world, his ambition, his everything.

The next settlement we came to, after leaving Bowling Green, is called, for reasons unknown, Mount Ararat; it is two miles beyond—on the verge of the prairie and about as large as Bowling Green.—After leaving here, we soon found ourselves again in the forest. Three miles brought us to Portage River, which at this crossing is about two rods wide—and at this season is a dirty, slimy, frothy looking stream, as ever exhaled an ague or super-induced a fever. Here we observed a fine saw mill idle for want of water—and a beautiful farm of one thousand acres, some parts of which, were under fair improvement. It was now sundown; we rode a mile and a half further, and stopped for the night at a comfortable log tavern, situated on a beautiful elevation, kept by Mr. Adam Ross. Our host informed us that this was the half way house, between Perrysburg and Findlay.

OUR "TOUR"

[*The Ohio Whig, and Perrysburg Commercial Advertiser,* October 8, 1839]

It has become so mighty fashionable of late, for every person who ventures far from his own "habitation and abode," to be "takin notes" of the big wonders and curiosities which entertained him while absent, that we have a good mind to give a few "pencillings by the way" of our late tour. So here goes for

Chapter I

On the afternoon of ——, our humble self, might have been seen standing on the bank in front of town, casting a "long, a lingering look" far down the river.—From our appearance, and actions, a person would naturally infer, that we were one of those who had drank largely at the fountain of the *"Maumee Springs,"* and that we were then on the "lookout" for a steamboat to convey our invalid form perchance across Old Erie's waters. A steamboat soon hove in sight. It was the *Star.* She touched at Miami, but contrary to expectations and usual custom, did not run up to Perrysburg, but wheeled and went down the river. We then took the stage for Toledo, and arrived there before the cars were in from Adrian, consequently the *Star* had not left Toledo for Cleveland. We took passage aboard of her. The cars soon came rumbling, snorting, puffing and blowing along—And soon our little steamboat commenced walking the waters "like a thing of life;" and we speedily found ourselves floating out of the Maumee River and leaving the "river of so many *cities on paper,"* as a passenger on board termed it, who by the way was a "down easter," far in the distance.—As we came into Old Erie's waters, a change of atmosphere was plainly perceptible. The wind was blowing a stiff breeze down the Lake—the sun was fast sinking in the western horizon—and clouds were at times seen hovering near, which betokened a strong appearance of rain. It soon grew dusk, and the rain came on apace. Darkness brooded o'er the waters, and

there was nought to be seen save the light house in the far off distance, and the steamboat *Constitution,* (which left Toledo a little before us,) on the left, dashing through the spray. There is little to amuse or interest a person on board of a steamboat at night, when darkness has thrown her dreary mantel around, and clouds are mingling with each other, by which they hide the starry heavens, save reading and lounging in the cabins, and conversing with fellow passengers, (we had no ladies on board!) unless you meet with an agreeable and sociable captain, one who is ever willing, and takes pleasure in conversing with the passengers, and informing them and relating different anecdotes pertaining to his calling. Such a captain, we found Capt. Peck, of the steamboat *Star.* For sociability, gentlemanly manners and correct deportment, we have seldom met with a steamboat captain who excels the captain of the *Star.* And the accommodations of his boat, too, are of the first order. Although the *Star* is smaller in size, than some of the floating palaces of the lake, yet her accommodations and *fare* are superior to most of the largest *crack* boats that plough old Erie's waters, and few of them "go-a-head" of her as to speed. [If any of our readers feel disposed to doubt our word on this point, let them secure a passage on board of the *Star* and hie away to Cleveland or some other place and satisfy themselves.]

The next morning, (Sunday), about 8 o'clock, we found ourselves nearing Cleveland harbor, the sun shone brilliantly, and the city with her church steeples glistening in the sun beams, presented a magnificent appearance. As we entered the harbor, the river bore quite a commercial aspect—on the one side, the wharves were lined with steamboats and vessels of almost every hue, with their flags "streaming in the wind," while on the other side, (Ohio city,) and in the various "by ways" and slips were to be seen numerous canal boats from the far interior, discharging the rich products of our fertile state, for the merchandize that comes swelling in on the Lake breeze.

Cleveland, although of a Sunday morning, when industry had ceased its busy hum in her streets, when the merchants' doors

were closed, and the mechanics had dropped their tools,—all alike to unite to pay adoration and render up devout thanks to their Divine Maker for the many dispensations of his Divine Providence; and when little was to be seen in the streets, save people walking to and fro, to their respective places of public worship—presented the appearance to us, as a place of extensive commercial operations. To walk her wharves and view the canal packets come teeming in with the productions of as fertile a region as can be found in the west—to stand on "Old Erie's banks" and view the stately steamboat come puffing in from hundreds of miles off, bearing the different commodities of almost every clime, and to take into contemplation the splendid improvements which are in projection and which will ere long be completed, together with her natural advantages, no one can but say that Cleveland is destined to rival the largest cities of the west, and that if she is not one day the "City of the Lakes," she will soon be second to none of her sister cities bordering on the Lakes.

CHAPTER II [October 19, 1839]

Our first chapter left us in Cleveland, *speculating* on the future prosperity of that flourishing city.

The next morning, after partaking of a hearty breakfast with "mine host" SCOVILL, of the Franklin House, (who by the by, keeps a fine house,) we repaired to the wharf, with the view of engaging a passage on board of a boat for Ashtabula. The steamboat *Monroe,* just in, was bound down the Lake. We stepped aboard of her, and enquired of the captain, if his boat would run into Ashtabula harbor, he replied in the affirmative, and added that it would leave about 10 o'clock. We engaged our passage. As the stated time rolled round, the bell told its "iron tale"—the words were given out—"All aboard?" "Cast off," and we were soon gliding out of the harbor. Most gloriously, did our vessel—with her snowy canvass spread to the breeze—bound off on the blue waters. The morning was fine, the lake calm, the sky serene, and the air pure, and all on board anticipated a

delightful voyage. But, how uncertain is the weather, in this ever changeable season of the year! The brightest sky, may only be the precursor of an approaching storm.—Ere Cleveland faded from our view, black, dense clouds were seen rising in the west, charged with the coming gale; a "regular built" "nor-wester." We gave ourselves no unnecessary alarm, but were consoled with the idea that should old Boreas in his wrath and fury overtake us, we could either weather the storm, or make Fairport or Ashtabula harbor. The storm soon approached us; the wind blew a strong gale, and the lake lashed itself into a foam. The storm overtook us, a few mile[s] west of Fairport. The captain thought that the gale was not so severe, but that he might with ease seek shelter in Fairport harbor—(certainly the name bids *Fair* for a *Fairport.*) But not so. The violence of the storm increased; and there was little prospect of our making a harbor west of Erie. Yet the captain prophesied, that the wind would go down with the sun, and he could then with safety run into Conneaut harbor. Contrary however, to all expectations, no sooner had the sun sank in the western horizon, than the violence of the gale increased ten fold—the waves ran high—darkness came on—not a star bedecked the heavens—and our ship rocked to and fro, with every swell of the sea.

Such was the violence of the storm, that many of the passengers became alarmed for their safety, especially a western Yorker, who declared that he would not venture on the lake again in such a storm for "All York State," and the lady passengers, among whom were several elderly ladies, were exceedingly frightened, and numerous were the "ifs" and "ands," concerning the "pesky steamboats," and the "awful Lake Ery," should they be so lucky as again to get on land. A large number of our passengers were afflicted with sea sickness; and the way they lay sprawling about on the decks, "casting up their accounts," presented a *scene* somewhat amusing to behold, although to them it was no laughable matter. The divers antics they performed on deck, almost put us in mind of the description of a "shipwreck" given not long since, by "Ollopod" of the

Knickerbocker, as related by a loafer at Niagara Falls, who was amusing the by-standers in relating his adventures, although the consequences aboard our boat, were not so disastrous as those related by our hero:

"Well, what about the shipwreck," inquired a sojourner at the Falls: "Ah!" he continued, "that *was* a scene! Twenty miles out at sea, on the lake—the storm bustin' upon the deck—the waves, like mad tailors, making breeches over it continually—the lightnings a-bustin' overhead, and hissing in the water—the clouds meeting the earth—the land just over the ice-bow—every mast in splinters—every sail in rags—women ascreechin'—farmer's wives emigratin! calling for their husbands—and graves yawnin' all around! A good many was dreadfully sea-sick; and one man, after casting forth every thing beside, with a violent retch, threw—*threw up his boots!* Oh, gentlemen, it was awful! At length came the last and destructive billow. It struck the ship on the left side, in the neighborhood of the poop—and all at wanst, I felt something under us breakin' away. The vessel was parting! One half of the crew was drowned—passengers was praying, and commending themselves to heaven. I alone escaped the watery doom."

"And how did you manage to redeem *yourself* from destruction?" was the general inquiry.

"Why, gentlemen, the fact is, I seen how things were going, and *I took my hat and went ashore!*"

As good luck would have it, about 1 o'clock the next morning, we found ourselves safely moored in the harbor of Erie, alongside the dock. When we come to pick up the *maimed* and *wounded,* we found that none of the passengers had been so unfortunate as to experience the catastrophe related by the loafer, the casting up of their *boots!* and that no one had taken his *hat* during the night and gone *ashore!* (although we anticipated this from the Yorker.) But we found that all were very much pleased to get ashore, and that none regretted again to step foot on terra firma, notwithstanding it was in the land of Penn., and about 50 miles beyond the destination of those who had taken passage for Ashtabula and Conneaut.

CHAPTER III [November 2, 1839]

Erie, presented by far, the most business-like appearance, of any village we have been in on the shores of Lake Erie. The click, click of the mason's trowel, was heard in almost every direction in her principal streets. We noticed a number of brick blocks going up, which would prove a credit to any of our eastern or western cities. R. REED, the enterprising capitalist of that place, is rearing a splendid hotel on the ruins of the Mansion House, (which was burnt a year or two since,) that will vie in elegance and splendor, with most of the largest hotels of the east or west—one hundred and seventy-five feet square on the ground—five stories high. Erie is a place of considerable wealth; the greater portion of her citizens are forehanded, enterprising men, and there is little or no fictitious capital among them; and as soon as the Erie Extension to the Pennsylvania Canal is completed—which will open an avenue for the trade of Philadelphia, and secure the products of the fertile region through which it passes—there will be nothing to prevent the prosperity of Erie from going onward with rapid strides.—But there's no use of our *puffing* Erie. Nature has done all she can for her—besides, the number of steamboats that constantly ply there, do all the *puffing* she wants! So "Our Tour."

The number of passengers carried by their several ports of destination the preceding day, in consequence of the wind and heavy sea, was about twenty, a part of which number wished to land as far back as Fairport. The captain of the Monroe, however, *magnanimously* offered to *transfer* those of us who had been carried by, to the Michigan, then laying in port, bound up the Lake, *sometime this fall* "wind and weather permitting." But as the Michigan was known to be a still "weaker sister" than the Monroe, in a storm (she having been lately deprived of one of her engines, and having endeavored the day before, to face the wind, and got within a few miles of Conneaut, and was then driven back to Erie), and as the *wind* still continued to blow strong from the west, we came to the conclusion, that to submit to that kind of a "bargain and sale," would prove a poor

speculation—it was therefore resolved to try the "back track" by land.

On repairing to the stage office, we were informed that most of the seats in the stage had been engaged, and that we could not all be accommodated without procuring extras. Two extras were therefore procured—the stage-horns summoned the passengers to the door—"All aboard?" was announced by the landlord of the Eagle—and off we started, "over the hills and far away." There were about thirty passengers who left Erie that morning for the west, including those in the regular line stage and extras. It happened to fall to our lot to be seated inside the mail coach with eight other passengers—two of whom were ladies—two passengers were seated with the driver, and three *on deck*—(on top of the stage). Thus "cabbin'd, cribb'd, and confined," we were left to ruminate on the *pleasures* of stage riding.

We passed through a fine undulating section of country, rich with the products of the season—the waving fields of ripening corn—the newly ploughed fallow—and the green fields of Buckwheat then in the blossom—bespoke that we were passing through a section of country, where honest industry received its rich reward—where the husbandman was amply repaid for his labors. We passed a number of fine residences, the *outward* appearance of which manifested neatness and independence.—There is one thing characteristic of the Pennsylvanians which we admire—that is the excellence of their fruit, and the attention they pay to its cultivation. On all sides of us, wherever improvements met the eye, were to be seen large orchards of peaches, pears and apples, the trees of which seemed groaning as it were, and bending beneath their cumbersome burdens! [Would that the citizens of the Maumee valley, would pay more attention to the cultivation of fruit, and throw speculation to the dogs!]—And the taste, the rural scenery and cottage-like splendor, with which many of the Pennsylvanians decorate their dwellings, with fruit and shrub trees, cannot but receive the praise and admiration of the passing traveller. But on the other hand, while we saw much to admire, we saw much to condemn! A man that will use his

door & gate post as an *advertising* medium, is no patron of the press! We passed a number of houses where sign boards hung out at the gate posts and doors, "This farm is for sale," "Oats for sale," "A yoke of oxen for sale," "a good horse for sale," etc., etc., including all the etceteras that a farmer has for sale from his farm down to the lowest vegetable. Now this we consider encroaching upon the grounds of the *printer*—beside, it is subjecting the public to examine a man's gate past and door to find out what he has for sale! If we were editor of the *Erie Gazette,* we would call loudly for a redress of our grievances! About ten miles west of Erie, we came to a pleasant little village named Gerard [Girard, *ed. note*], numbering we should think about three hundred inhabitants. Here our driver stopped and fed his horses, and in the meantime we took a short survey of the village. It is through this village that the Erie Extension to the Pennsylvania Canal passes. There were a number of laborers employed on the canal at this place, and among the number we noticed several paddies who were wont to use the shovel and spade on the Wabash and Erie Canal.

"Arrah, Patrick, is that you?—did you not formerly work on the Wabash and Erie Canal?"

"An' 'fath, indeed I did, but I left that coontry as soon as the froost come out of the ground, for fear of the favar an' nager an' all!"

The chief occupation of the citizens of Gerard, appeared to be the manufacture of leather, boots and shoes. We hardly stepped into a store or grocery, but what the first articles that met our eyes, were boots and shoes. You ask a man the price of wheat, the reply was $1 in boots and shoes—the price of oats, 31 cts. in boots and shoes. In fact a majority of the buildings in the place, we should judge, were labelled "boots and shoes."

After leaving Gerard, we passed through an open hilly country, and two or three very pleasant villages—Springfield and Salem, the northeast corner town in Ohio—and arrived in Conneaut village in the evening, just as darkness was beginning to throw her dusky mantle over the landscape.