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President's Page

A Speedy and Public Trial

"IN ALL criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense."

By this, the Sixth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, the accused is guaranteed

I. A speedy trial;
II. A public trial;
III. An impartial jury;
IV. A trial in the State and district in which the crime was committed;
V. Information as to the nature and cause of the accusation;
VI. The right to have the witnesses against him present at his trial;
VII. The right to have witnesses to testify on his behalf present at his trial; and
VIII. The right to have the assistance of one or more lawyers at his trial.

This Amendment relates only to criminal cases and to trials only in Federal Courts. However a similar clause was in the Constitution of many of the colonies at the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution. In the Constitution of Ohio, which became a State in 1803, we find in Section 10 of Article I, known as the Ohio Bill of Rights, a provision guaranteeing a speedy and public trial for those accused of crime.

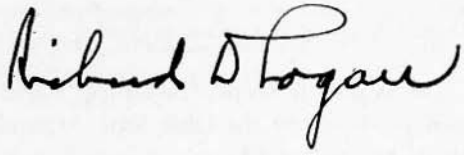
The Seventh Amendment of the Federal Constitution, which will be discussed on this Page in a subsequent number of the QUARTERLY, preserves the right to a trial by jury in civil cases.

In England prior to the twelfth century, there certainly could have been no cause for a complaint that trials for certain crimes were not speedy, although all other characteristics of a fair trial were lacking. When a person was captured with stolen property, he was hurried to the nearest court where he was summarily tried, convicted, and executed, without being permitted to say a word in his own defense. In such cases the owner of the stolen property sometimes was permitted to act as executioner. It is said that this summary proceeding rid the land of many more malefactors than the King's Court could hang.

As late as the beginning of the thirteenth century a person taken with stolen property could be put on trial without a preliminary presentment or indictment. But about this time the old procedure began to be modified: trials by jury came into use, and the defendant was permitted to offer evidence in his defense. It will be recalled that Magna Carta, wrested from King John in 1215, provided, among other things, that no free man should be taken or imprisoned but by the lawful judgment of his peers (a trial by jury), or by the law of the land (due process of law).

While the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus (by which the court commands the officer having a person in charge to bring him before the court for inquiry as to the legality of his imprisonment), had been a provision of England's laws prior to 1688, it had been ignored by Charles I, during whose reign accused persons, who had been released in habeas corpus proceedings, were returned to prison without any charge being placed against them.

In our country a person cannot be held in prison indefinitely without trial, as was the practice in France prior to the French Revolution. The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus, granted in Section 9 of Article I of the Federal Constitution, prevents imprisonment for an indefinite length of time, or without cause, and assures the accused a speedy trial.



News

JESSE R. LONG, *Editor*

Marchman Named to Hayes Post

Watt Pearson Marchman of Columbus, has been named director of research of the Rutherford B. Hayes-Lucy Webb Hayes Foundation in Fremont. He succeeds Dr. Curtis W. Garrison.

Mr. Marchman, who returned from military service in Europe in March, 1946, was formerly executive secretary and librarian of the Florida Historical Society.

Educated at Rollins College and Duke University, the new director holds degrees in American literature and history. He served as archivist and research director of the former institution.

The Hayes Memorial Library and Museum are administered jointly by the Ohio State Archæological and Historical Society and the Hayes Foundation. Trustees are Arthur C. Johnson, Sr., Columbus, publisher of the Columbus *Dispatch,* chairman; Harold Boeschenstein, Toledo, president of the Owens-Corning Fiberglas Co.; Dalton Hayes and Dr. Frank L. Moore, Fremont; Lloyd T. Williams, Toledo attorney, and Commodore Webb C. Hayes, II, secretary and treasurer, of Fremont.

Toledo Newspaper Collection Sold

The Walter J. Toepfer newspaper collection, formerly of Toledo, has been purchased by the Ohio State Archæological and Historical Society for its Newspaper Library. It includes a number of early Ohio newspapers and early nineteenth century New England publications.

Opening of a new reading room by the Newspaper Library makes

more accessible the 45,000 volume collection in Columbus. The library, now 38 years old, receives current copies from 70 Ohio dailies and 88 weeklies.

Additional old or rare newspapers are sought either for gift or purchase by the library.

Area Park Developments Planned

Construction of new state park facilities for the Northwest Ohio area is under study by the Ohio Department of Public Works.

One of these is a 115-acre tract on Lake Erie 18 miles east of Toledo. The proposed beach and play area would use about half of a $400,000 appropriation made by the last General Assembly. It is estimated that the park would serve 406,222 persons within a 25-mile radius.

Another 2,000-acre recreational tract is also planned in the area, according to H. A. Eider, state conservation commissioner. The General Assembly will be asked for a million dollars in 1947 for acquisition of three such sites.

The plan includes an artificial lake within 30 miles of Toledo, with construction work to begin in 1948. It would be completed by 1951, Mr. Rider said.

Dead and Missing in World War II

Ohio suffered 7,722 casualties among personnel of the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, according to a report compiled recently by the Casualty Section of the Navy Department. Of these 3,111 died in combat and 37 in prison camps. Of the remainder 15 are missing, 4,443 wounded and 116 released prisoners.

As mentioned earlier, the *Quarterly* will publish an authoritative Honor List of all Northwest Ohio men and women who lost their lives during World War II. Check of the original lists must continue for some time before they can be considered accurate enough for this purpose.

Local War History

Local War History Commission chairmen will be interested in a bulletin, *Writing Your Community's War History* by Marvin W. Schlegel.

It is published by the American Association for State and Local History through its secretary at Box 1881, Raleigh, N. C. Dr. Schlegel is assistant state historian of the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission.

Toledo Authors Honored

At the annual meeting of the Ohioana Library Association in Columbus on October 12, Ruth Southard (Mrs. Frank Sohn, 2403 Barrington Drive, Toledo) was given honorable mention in fiction for her book "No Sad Songs for Me." The Ohioana medal for fiction published in 1945 went to Dorothy James Roberts for her book "A Durable Fire." (Books published in 1945 are judged in 1946.)

Two Toledoans were elected to the Board of Trustees of the Ohioana Library Association at the annual meeting. They are Dr. G. Harrison Orians, head of the Department of English of the University of Toledo, elected for a four year term, and Mrs. Frank B. McNierney, elected for a two year term.

By virtue of publications issued in 1946, the following Toledo authors were invited as guests at this year's annual luncheon and meeting: Dr. Bess Cunningham, Isabel Scott Rorick, Jean Gould, Olive Colton, Louis A. Klewer, Richard McGeorge, Grove Patterson and Louis Campbell. Dr. Karl Ahrendt was invited as a "composer of the year," for his Symphony No. 1.

History Group Initiates Twelve

Alpha Kappa chapter of Phi Alpha Theta, national honorary history fraternity, initiated 12 members from the University of Toledo on November 1.

Student members were Elliott Anderson, Dorothy Cumiskey, Mary Hausman, Eleanor Jones, Jack C. Ransome, Jean Sonnenberg and Nadine Zunk. New faculty members included Marshall J. Lipman, Edward T. Schweikardt, Duane D. Smith, Willard A. Smith and Carleton F. Waite. Dr. Randolph C. Downes, formerly of Beta chapter, University of Pittsburgh, is now affiliated with the Toledo chapter.

Officers of Alpha Kappa are Rhoda H. Harris, president; Dr. Gardner Williams, vice-president and Herbert Schering, secretary.

Miss Harris was official delegate and Miss Hausman and Eleanor Jones, alternate delegates, to the 25th anniversary convention of the history honorary society held in the Hotel New Yorker, December 27 through 29.

Dean and Mrs. A. J. Townsend opened their home for the affair.

News Notes of Interest

Warren County Historic House Museum at Lebanon is now open to the public. The house, an example of American Greek Revival architecture, was built between 1836 and 1840. It was purchased through the efforts of citizens and the Warren County Historical Society and turned over to the State of Ohio on October 21, 1945.

Mound City, near Chillicothe, which has been administered by the Ohio State Archæological and Historical Society for 23 years, has been transferred to the National Park Service.

Eight buildings at Camp Perry's former Army reception center have been officially allotted to universities. Bowling Green State University will receive five and the University of Toledo three former barracks. Kent State University and the University of Cincinnati are among others to receive structures to be converted into temporary classrooms.

Dr. Henry S. Pratt, native Toledoan and noted zoologist, died October 5, 1946, at his home in Orlando, Florida, at the age of 87.

Dr. Pratt was professor of biology for 40 years at Haverford College and was the author of several books on zoology and biology.

A biographical sketch appeared in the *New York Times* of October 8.

Edison Centennial

This issue of the QUARTERLY is denominated the Edison Centennial Number. It is enclosed in a specially prepared envelope recalling the 100th anniversary of the birth of the great inventor. Since this Centennial is a Northwestern Ohio event the QUARTERLY is mailed on February 11 from Milan, Ohio, the scene of Edison's birth. Moreover the envelope contains the special commemorative stamp issued by the United States Post Office. The stamp cancellation is especially devised to call attention to the fact that mailing on the first day of issue of the stamp. Each member of the Society is reminded that he has a collectors' item which will be highly prized by philatelists.

Thomas Alva Edison was born on February 11, 1847 in the thriving ship-building and wheat-shipping village of Milan at the head of the canal leading to the Huron River. Edison has recalled the days of his childhood when Milan was one of the greatest shipping centers in Ohio. "I remember," he said, "the wheat elevators on the canal and Gay shipyard; also the launching of new boats, on which occasion the piece of land called the Hogback would be filled with what seemed to me to be the entire population of the town who came to witness the launching. I also recall a public square filled at times with farmers' teams, and also what seemed to me to be an immense number of teams that came to town bringing oak staves for barrels."

Edison left Milan in 1853 when it was still prosperous and unsuspecting of the disastrous fate that was to visit it as a result of its refusal of a right of way to the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, now the New York Central. The story of his fame in later days has been told many times. He scaled many mountain peaks and helped bring light to many dark places. It is fitting that Northwestern Ohio should honor one of its own who became so great a benefactor to mankind.

FREDERICK BISSELL

RICHARD D. LOGAN

It is with deep regret that we mark the passing on November 28, 1946, of our esteemed friend and fellow member.

Fred Bissell, as we knew him, was elected to membership on the Board of Trustees of our Society in January, 1935. He held this office continuously until his death.

Born in Toledo on October 23, 1865, he became one of Toledo's leading citizens early in his business life. He continued to be the active head of his electrical manufacturing business until 1941 when it was disposed of to his associates.

Fred did not confine his interests to his business. He took an active part in cultural activities in our community, one of which is our Society.

He was a faithful and regular attendant at all meetings of the Society, and was much interested in its objects and purposes.

We shall miss Fred greatly. His passing creates a vacancy in our membership and on our Board which will be difficult to fill. His pleasing personality and gentlemanly presence will be in our consciousness for the remainder of our lives.

Recollections of Old Winameg[1]

DRESDEN W. H. HOWARD[2]

THE traveler of today, in passing along the broad and beautiful highway over which the United States mail is carried daily between Wauseon, Ohio and Adrian, Mich., will pass the quiet farm house[3], the family residence of your humble servant, and the residence recently acquired and occupied by Uncle Daniel Knowels, standing on either bank of a little stream nearby which was called by the Indians Chimiche-cepe (Bad Creek) in Pike Township, Fulton County, Ohio. They will find themselves upon the site of one of the oldest and formerly most populous Indian towns in the Northwest, the Potawatomi village of "Winameg."

I was informed by the last chief that, at one time, the village extended along both banks of the stream for nearly half a mile and north on the ridge to a greater distance. It contained many lodges, the beautiful springs breaking out of the banks in many places, making it a very desirable place in the heat of the summer for the Indians. They cultivated large fields of corn, beans, squash and pumpkins, as the rich land along the creek was excellent for such purposes. The little mounds made by the Indians in their plantings, as they used no plow, are distinctly visible today where the white man's plow has not obliterated them.

This place was the finest hunting and trapping country in all the Northwest. It abounded in all fur-bearing animals—otter, mink, raccoon, fisher, beaver, and the muskrat, all of the darkest and finest shade of color, commanding the highest prices in the market and eagerly sought after by the fur traders of the West. The prairies abounded in deer, elk, and bear, which furnished an ample supply of fur and clothing for this primitive people. The location of this village was about on the boundary line between the land occupied on the north by the Potawatomis and that occupied by the Ottawas and Miamis. I visited this beautiful spot many times in my trading excursions previous to any settlement of the white people, and long before any portion of the land had been surveyed and put on the market.

I remember well in passing the greater portion of the fall and summer aiding the surveyor, a gentleman by the name of Ambrose Rice, a

near relative of the Hibbards of this county from whom they inherited quite a tract of land at Spring Hill, later called Tedrow. I was too young to be of much aid, but I could keep camp and carry the rear end of the chain and pick up the pins. We carried our provisions to some central point, and there camped for several days until the work nearby was accomplished; then we moved forward to another camp. We spent weeks at a time without seeing a white man, but the Indians were frequent visitors and would often bring us a fine saddle of venison or a shoulder and ribs of a fat bear. They treated the old surveyor with kindness, but looked with suspicion upon his work, and would often inquire what it was and what it all meant. I have spent hours in camp with them trying to explain to them that it was necessary before any of the lands could be offered for sale. This made them thoughtful and gloomy, and they would inquire when the pale face would come and cut down the trees and drive the deer and the otter away. I, in my boyish inexperience, told them it would be a long while. In fact, I hoped never, but their heads were older than mine, and they shook them ominously, saying to the old surveyor in broken English, "Bime-bi white man come, Ingines poor fellows." They were true prophets; "white man" did come and "Ingines" had to go and leave so pleasant a spot as Winameg or (Twa Nobba) the twin brothers, as it was called. It was a hard blow to the Indians' happy life in a country where for so many generations, perhaps centuries, the council fires had burned and the smoke of the calumet had ascended to the Great Spirit from over the graves of their fathers.

The tribesmen of the Potawatomi chiefs Winameg, Bawbece, and Meteeah occupied as their hunting ground, in addition to the land along the Big and Little St. Joseph, Bean Creek, and the upper river Raisin, that land in Michigan north to the Lake and the Straits of Mackinac (Michilimackinac). This country was so well stocked with wild game that a small party of hunters during the hunting season would take twenty or thirty horse-loads of furs and skins in a few weeks, and it was the jolly life of the fur trader to follow up and camp with these hunting parties and purchase the products of the chase as soon as they were prepared for market. They paid the Indians in goods such as ammunition, tomahawks, knives, clothing, trinkets, and jewelry. When the outfit had been sold they returned to the post with their peltries. When these were sold they restocked with a new supply of goods and returned to the Indian camp to renew the profitable occupation. The trader who dealt fairly and honorably with the Indians and enjoyed the wild life

of hardship and pleasure received their confidence and was treated as a friend, always welcomed to the village with a feast of hominy and venison or other luxuries of the forest. But the pale face who came to cheat and swindle or bring his firewater to debauch and destroy them was sure to see a day of reckoning.

The Indians in their native state are sociable, kind to each other, and great visitors and talkers. They are excellent story tellers. When in from the chase, they visit from camp to camp partaking of the ever present bowl of hominy and venison, recounting their adventures to encircled listeners, mimicking, as they are capable of doing, the experiences of the hunting trip, and occasionally taking a ladle of the well-cooked corn from the bowl of hominy. An Indian never enters the wigwam of his neighbor without being given a bowl of boiled corn or venison roast or other food. It is the never failing custom of an Indian woman to have the camp kettle over the fire cooking something, and that food, whatever it may be, is presented to the visitor or caller.

In the long summer in this latitude the Indians spent much of their time in their villages idling away their tme. When necessary, they would replensh the family food supply. This was easily done as the woods abounded in game, and the streams full of the finest fish. Wild geese, ducks and swans were floating on the bosom of every stream and nesting on every island or willow clump on their banks, so the work was rather one of pleasure than necessity. The women did all the work except the hunting, prepared the fuel, dressed the skins, made all the clothing, all the needle work. They did ornamental work with beads and porcupine quills, much of which was beautifully done with great skill and art. The squaw was always at work—the Indian man never, when not on the hunt.

The men were great gamblers and horse racers. During the cooler hours of the day they were running horses, foot races, playing ball or some other Indian game much as white boys do nowadays. "Base" was their favorite. I have often played with them with fifty on a side. Winameg village was a great sporting ground, and Indian delegations from the surrounding villages often came to the springs to challenge the fleetest horses, foot men or ball players for contest. The days at these gatherings were spent by each party trying to excel the other. The Indians were always in good nature, parting in friendship after the sport and feasting was over. If there was no firewater there were no quarrels.

The site of the village was admirably situated on a high ridge in a park-like grove of beautiful oaks entirely clear of underbrush or small timber. There was dry sandy soil with springs of pure clear water breaking out of the banks. It was a pretty good representation of the Indian idea of the happy hunting grounds. It was high rolling ground covered with green waving grass dotted here and there with oaks whose great spreading tops made cool shade for man and beast. Deer could often be seen near the camps, and great flocks of wild fowl were almost always in sight. It was paradise for the red man.

Upon the highest point of this ridge and on the bank of the creek is still to be found the ancient burial ground of these people. A number of mounds encircling about five acres, contain the remains of generations of these tribes. The mounds were originally three feet high, but the soil, being sandy, they have washed somewhat, and are not so high. The ground is covered with a beautiful apple orchard, and the mounds are covered with green grass to prevent erosion. Often, in walking through the orchard, images of these departed braves rise before me, and I see them in all their paint and savage dress appearing to reproach me for occupying and trampling upon the graves of their departed heroes and the dead ashes of their extinguished council fires. And, as I am about to reply that I am still their friend and will care, while I live, for the graves of their dead warriors, the illusion disappears and the inmates of these graves are as silent now as they have been for half a century, and will so remain until the Great Day. If these silent spirits, with that of the kind hearted Quaker William Penn could haunt the agents of the government and induce it to be just to the remnant of their friends, it would be to some purpose, and I hope the day is not far distant when people will see to it that justice is done.

* * * * * *

A few seasons after I became acquainted and commenced to trade with the Winameg band, there came to Northwest Ohio a tall raw-boned trader, a Kentuckian I think, although he might have been a Yankee. He built a little cabin on the creek, about a mile east of the Indian town on land now owned by "Uncle Chet" Herrick, and established a trading post. He became known as Yellow Hair. He was unacquainted with the Indians or the trade, so, of course, made slow progress in ingratiating himself with the red men. He knew nothing of making presents of tobacco and knives to the men, or of handkerchiefs and jewelry to the squaws, or of toys to the girls and boys to please them and win their

favor. He was parsimonious to a degree that made him a nuisance to the trade. The Indians and traders who came in contact with him soon formed a dislike that exhibited itself to his disadvantage. He was, however, pretty plucky and had considerable courage, and it was some time before we could get him sufficiently scared to drive him away.

He was, at first, afraid to bring whisky among the Indians. After taking a season or two getting acquainted with them he was soon making a profitable living exchanging food for furs. He could have continued thus indefinitely but he could not withstand the temptation in an evil hour to bring whisky to the village. Its great profit induced him to repeat the villainy, and he adopted the habit of keeping it in the trading house much of the time. We used every effort to induce him to forego this destructive practice. I spent many a long evening in his cabin trying to persuade him, for his own good, to bring no more whisky to the camp, but it was little use to talk to such a man after he had learned the profits of the trade.

We finally decided to break up his business, and, if possible, to drive him out. The Indians were persuaded to surround his shanty, demand his whisky, and order him to leave at once. There was some danger in this course for he was not a coward, and many of the Indians were opposed to the plan as they liked his firewater too well to see it driven from them. The plan would have failed but for the fact that many of them got savagely drunk before the scheme was ripe for execution. They were then ready to risk anything, the shedding of blood, if necessary, to drive him out.

The hunters had been off on their northern and western hunting grounds, and had encountered a prosperous season, coming home with many horse loads of skins and furs, among them bear and otter, with a goodly lot of martin, coon, and mink, and quantities of venison and bear meat. All were feeling happy and gay, and the camp rang with song and joke. The camp kettles were filled with hominy and venison; the squaws were all busily preparing a feast of good things and were as happy as the poor squaw well can be. (For the women of the North American Indian do all the hard work of the camp. They are the drudges and slaves of their husbands, yet seldom murmur at their fate, plodding on patiently and submissively.) Upon the return of a successful hunting party, feasting becomes the order of the day and night. Nothing is carried on in camp but cooking and feasting until all are

satisfied, and, if whisky is not within their reach they have a happy social time, recounting the events of the chase. But, if whisky can be obtained at any price, then farewell to all pleasant enjoyment. The feast develops into a wild riot and only ends when no more firewater can be obtained. Nine times out of ten there is bloodshed between those of nearest kin.

Upon this occasion Yellow Hair, in anticipation of a successful hunt, had provided an ample supply of whisky from river traders. On the return of the hunters, they were notified by Yellow Hair's emisaries and, of course, the poor Indians could not resist the temptation. With the first intelligence, Indian runners were sent to the trader's cabin with a skin of coon or other animal to be used as a bag (*skutawabo*) to carry the whisky. Then the quiet of the camp was at an end. Knives, tomahawks, guns and war clubs were carefully gathered by the squaws and young boys and hidden from sight to prevent the least possible harm, which might result from their inevitable quarrels. For when once launched on a drunken frolic, the nearest and dearest friends become the bitterest of enemies.

I had a friend in the village, who was to notify us of the return of the Indian hunters. True to his promise he sent a runner to tell us of the event and we were promptly on hand with several horse loads of choice goods sufficient to meet the needs and fancies of this untutored and vain people. But no *skutawabo!* We conservative traders had all borne with the whisky trade of Yellow Hair till patience ceased to be a virtue, and we determined to put a stop to it, if possible. We had no fears for ourselves of any course we might take to drive him from the village even if he was scalped in the operation. Yet I did not wish that done, if it could be avoided. The lives of all were endangered by his reckless disregard of the law or advice and I did all in my power to induce some of the younger Indians and those less reckless of human life to make one more effort to dislodge the villain from the camp. I counseled them not to take life but to frighten him away, to destroy the whisky and oblige him to run for his life.

The night upon which the plan was to be carried out was stormy and cold. The wind howled through the woods about the trader's hut, and all was very dark. It was just such a night as would be selected for the purpose of deviltry by either Indian or white man. The village was in its noisiest mood; gourds were beating and groups of half drunk Indians and squaws were dancing, accompanying their savage orgies with songs

of the chase and war. Amid the storm and the flickering of the flames of the numerous camp fires the scene was one not soon to be forgotten. The party of young braves who were to try their skill on the nerves of Yellow Hair, and if possible drive him from the village, were quietly hunting their knives and tomahawks, painting their faces, and adorning their heads in all the hideous and barbarous insignia of Indian warriors in a way calculated to have the greatest effect upon the inexperienced trader.

It was near midnight when the party numbering from twenty-five to thirty stole silently, one by one, away from the dancers and met at the rendezvous near the hut, then marching forward chanting the weird songs natural to the drunken Indian. Surrounding the cabin they demanded *skutawabo* and admittance to the trading house. Yellow Hair at first refused, but the wild and angry yells soon brought the trader to his senses. The fastenings were removed and the doors were opened. The dim light of the fire outside, and a cotton rag burning in a tin cup of bear oil within the store made the appearance of the savages at that hour amid the howling of the storm without enough to try the nerves of a braver man than Yellow Hair. It is not to be wondered at that he did not fail to comply with their demands for whisky and tobacco.

Soon the cabin was filled with whisky and tobacco fumes. The dance and song and the flourishing of the knife and tomahawk were entered into with all the energy of which a drunken Indian is capable. Demands were made for bright colored shawls, beads, broaches, and other ornaments and when they were not instantly complied with, they were taken from the shelves by the Indians. Additional logs were thrown on the fires outside and the blaze lighted wierdly the surrounding woods, making the stormy night, the darkness and the dancing, noisy band seem more hideous than ever.

After practicing their deviltry to their hearts' content and filling themselves with whisky, they made demonstrations as if to scalp the trader in order to frighten him from the place, knowing beforehand what would probably happen. I had preceded the Indians to the trading house and, when the band arrived, warned him of the danger, intimating that the Indians held a grudge against him for a certain swindle in trade, which he had perpetrated on them. He begged me to intercede for him, and I of course made a show of doing so. But as he understood very little of the Potawatomi language, he was little the wiser that the whole plan was

understood both by the Indians and myself. I counseled them against taking or destroying any property other than would requite them for the swindle referred to, and advised them to destroy the firewater.

When the howling and confusion was at its highest, acting upon my suggestion and promises that the goods should not be destroyed, or the hut burned, he watched his opportunity and darted out of the door into the darkness. A dozen Indians followed him brandishing tomahawks and yelling like demons, but he was too much frightened to be easily overtaken, and it was not their intention to do so. The Indians soon returned and we had a general laugh all around. They wound up the proceedings by emptying all the kettles and knocking the heads off the kegs and throwing them into Bad Creek, which was for a long time after called "Keg Creek" (Muckuck). The Indians took away little of value and after accomplishing their object took the trail back to the village with plenty of whisky.

I went to the trading house next day but found no Yellow Hair or goods. Later I learned that he had returned to the hut after the Indians had left and all had become still. He had packed his goods in bales and secreted them in the thickets some distance away, for some days, until the Indians had got over their spree and scattered off to their various hunting grounds. Eventually when he was sure that he would not meet the painted savages of the bad night, he returned with pack horses to take his goods away and to open up in some more favorable place.

With such an abundance of firewater the Indians kept up the song and dance for days till all were drunk, debauched and demoralized and completely exhausted. Finally they sobered and scattered to their different hunting grounds and it was many years before whisky traders again troubled the village of Winameg. Two men, Lakins and Cregs, established a trading house on a small scale some years later, but did little business either in goods or whisky.

I passed the deserted cabin of Yellow Hair several years later, but it had never been reoccupied and gradually went into decay. The Indians had by that time become quite scarce in this vicinity, having been moved westward. The village of Winameg was less populous and I passed that way less frequently.

I had not been at the place of this interesting occurrence for a long time, but on one of my trips to the hunting grounds of the Potawatomi

on the upper St. Joseph, my route lay along the old trail from the Maumee River passing near the old trading post, so I visited the spot once more. Leaving the main trail I followed the bank to the site of Yellow Hair's cabin. It was a beautiful day in early spring, the warm sun beginning to open the buds of the elm and soft maple. Getting off my pony to let him rest, I seated myself on a fallen tree near the remains of the post. How changed the scene from the night of the drunken war dance! Rank weeds had grown upon the spot where the camp fire had dimly lighted the woods. The puncheon door had fallen from its rotted hinges and lay upon the ground nearly covered with leaves. The log support of the bark roof had rotted and fallen in; the logs of the walls had fallen to the ground; sprouts of hickory and sassafras had grown to saplings within the hut; the growth of young timber and brush had nearly regained its former appearance. Thus, the forest had resumed the place the cabin had occupied so long ago.

I could not keep memory from going back to that night of revelry so long ago. Where were the actors in that midnight scene? Many were gone to their happy hunting grounds. Others were removed to their homes west of the Mississippi. The cabins of the settler were more numerous, and the blaze of the surveyor was seen upon the trees. The old chief Winameg with his family and a few of his more trusted friends were eking out a migratory existence, moving from place to place with the change of season, camping on the rich bottom lands of the St. Joseph, making sugar from the maples, trapping otter and coon, moving later to more open prairies, killing and drying venison and dressing buckskins for winter use. I occasionally struck the old man's camp and spent a few days with him and his people. They were always glad to have me come and eat and smoke the friendly pipe. Always at such times a feast of fat venison and hominy was prepared and our conversation usually recalled the scenes of other days.

There was at such times an air of despondency in the old man's voice, and I could discern the pain he felt when recounting the happy scenes of his people in a time when all was theirs as far as eye could reach. Now the pale face had taken all. The place of his council fires, the graves of his dead and the little spot upon which he pitched his tent were not his. A few more years of sugar making and trapping and all would disappear. I may be censured for my sympathy for these poor wandering people driven from place to place and finally exterminated. But I still say, "It

would have been better to give them homes and make friends of them, than to rob and starve and alienate them, as we did."

Winameg is buried in an unknown spot near the Council Oak, on my home farm at Winameg.

One of the large oaks standing near one of the springs deserves special mention. It is a white oak nearly six feet in diameter shading many rods of native greensward. Under the cool shade of this monarch of the forest many war dances were performed and the painted post stricken with the keen edge of the murderous tomahawk. There seems to be no doubt of its being a favorite resort for the purpose of holding great councils of war, both prior to and upon the return from their expeditions upon the bloody war path. Upon the east side of this tree facing the hill, and about six feet above the ground is the full length figure of a man, arms extended and head down, cut in the bark of the tree, with numerous bullet, tomahawk, and arrow scars plainly visible. Some marks on the profile and others outside show plainly that it has been used as a mark for the young warriors to perfect their skill. It was used for the tying and lashing of their captives when the enraged warriors took revenge for the wrongs of their people sustained at the hands of the pale face.

This historic tree must be centuries old although seemingly no larger than when my attention was called to it half a century ago by Chief Winameg himself. The profile and marks were shown me when I was a mere boy by the old warrior with all the pride exhibited by a great commander who glories in the skill of his soldiers. And there was an expression on his dark countenance that said, "We have revenged some of the many wrongs of our people." But, then, in a moment, it changed to one of regret that self defense made it necessary to war with the pale faces, after the Broad Brim (William Penn) had been sent by the Great Spirit as the godfather, who had been so kind and just to them.

A few years ago, I employed a noted Toledo artist, William Machen, to paint this tree in all its natural grandeur and apparent youthful growth.[4] The painting I hold in deep regard as a memorial of a day which is forever lost. Each mound, each spring of water, each brook and tree around this spot, where now I write, was the scene of much dark and bloody work of the savages, long the inhabitants of beautiful and once peaceful country.

Few are now living, who have any personal knowledge of the wild

scenes enacted by the red man in his native home. But those of us now living could relate the many kindnesses received at their hands, when we were comparatively helpless, and they powerful and strong. We received kindness for kindness and retaliation for treachery on our part. Is this so different from civilized man?

The first celebration of our national day, July 4th, was held under this tree in 1841. A rude but beautiful table was set beneath its spreading branches while the ample trunk made a background for the speakers' stand. The meeting was presided over by Lucius Taylor, one of the pioneers from Deerfield, Massachusetts. He lived to be 104 years old. How changed the scene! Once its massive trunk sustained the Indians' captive target for the arrows of savage marksmen, while warriors in all their paint and feathers made the forest resound with their murderous yells. And yet by 1841 it had become the playground of happy-faced and rollicking children, whose mothers spread the Fourth of July dinner for them and their pioneer fathers.

NOTES

1. Winameg is an unincorporated village in Pike township in Fulton county. It is at the crossing of the road to Angola, Indiana (State Route 246) and the old state road from Wauseon to Adrian, Michigan.
2. Dresden W. H. Howard was born in Yates County in New York on November 3, 1817. In 1821 he came with his parents and brothers to their new lands at the head of the Rapids of the Maumee near the mouth of Bad Creek and the Maumee River in Lucas County. As a boy he learned enough of the dialects of the nearby Indians to serve as an interpreter in conferences between agents of the United States government and the tribesmen. He was active in supervising the removal of the tribes from Northwest Ohio in the 1830's. His activities as a trader among these tribes and those of northern Indiana and southern Michigan enabled him to speak with first-hand information concerning old Winameg and its original inhabitants. This information is gleaned from the Howard papers now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Agnes McClarren, who lives in the old Howard home at Winameg, and also from Mr. Davis B. Johnson of Wauseon.
3. Colonel Howard moved to this location in Pike Township, Fulton County. He died here on November 9, 1897, and is buried on the estate.
4. This picture and others by the same artist are still in the possession of Mrs. McClarren.

Great Lakes Pioneers in Medicine

STELLANOVA OSBORN

THE STORY of Margaret Ann Fannon Osborn, M.D., and George Augustus Osborn, M.D., the parents of Chase Salmon Osborn, thirty-ninth Governor of Michigan, provides interesting insights into the development of the medical profession in the early years of the Great Lakes states. Rooted in Ohio from New England seed, ramifying into Indiana and Michigan, from first to last it is elemental drama.

Without warning one autumn morning in 1833 near Bloomington in Clinton County, Ohio, young John Fannon sickened and died. That night under the homespun sheet on the bed in the corner of his cabin there were two still figures. At sundown, with equal abruptness, his wife had followed him in death. The watchers in the candlelight shook their heads, half comprehending, half baffled. It was the dreaded milk sickness, their common enemy, as stealthy and as cruel as the Indians had been. Not until many decades later was this malady traced to the white snakeroot, which the cows found when the fall droughts drove them into the swamps for forage. It did not harm the animals but turned their milk to poison.

This time the mysterious scourge had orphaned four. A few weeks later, when year-old Helen Dorcas died, the number to be cared for was reduced to three.

Margaret Ann Fannon, the youngest of the survivors, had been born at Circleville, Pickaway County, Ohio, April 30, 1827, while John and Helen Dorcas McGrath Fannon were trying life there for at least the years between 1827 and 1831. Now Margaret Ann was six: old enough to register indelibly the memory of the glint in her mother's long golden hair as she combed it in the sunshine; to associate sadness with the rustling of ripe cornfields; and to dislike milk and butter the rest of her life and teach her children to do likewise. The tragedy had weight in shaping her career.

The log home of James and Mary Hoblit at Port William, Ohio, sheltered Margaret Ann until she reached eighteen. Half of each year she would spin flax and wool, weave linen and wool cloth, knit mittens and stockings and do all kinds of housework. The other six months, begin-

ning when she was eight, she attended subscription school. She was naturally studious. For a year and a half, after she was sixteen, she attended the Young Ladies Seminary at Xenia, Ohio, a few miles away. Then, returning to Port William, she "took private lessons from Professor Brown, who was a professor in the practice of medicine." She wished to become a nurse, but the instructor, recognizing her marked ability, persuaded her to aspire to medicine and she remained under his tutelage till the summer of 1847, six months after her marriage.

Margaret Ann Fannon's grandfather, William Fannon, a veteran of the American Revolution, was one of the earliest settlers of Wilson Township, Clinton County, Ohio, in the days before the Battle of Tippecanoe laid the final axe to the root of Indian trouble in that country. Circuitously, through several generations, he derived from the northeast Atlantic seaboard. Directly he hailed from the southern side of the Ohio, presumably from Old Virginia. He died in 1846 (or 1848?) on the two hundred Ohio acres he had cleared. Another of his grandchildren, a cousin of Margaret Ann named Samuel Jackson Fannon (1833—ca. 1900), for a half century was a druggist at Bloomington and then at Bowersville, both within a few miles of Port William. Whether she had heard of Samuel Fannon indirectly, or what connection there may have been between his curative calling and her early trend, can be nothing but speculation. By her own statement all her own people except her grandfather were unknown to her. That this cousin was more than a crossroads clerk is witnessed by the fact that, in old age, unable to face the misfortune of losing his house and store at Bowersville, he escaped by means of a concoction he mixed according to his copy of the United States Dispensatory, over which, and an empty cup, he was found slumped in death.

On the twenty-second day of December, 1846, at the home of Douglas Fannon, near Port William, Margaret Ann Fannon was married by the Reverend Jonathan Flood, a Methodist minister, to George Augustus Osborn, who, by her writing, "was also a physician."

Undoubtedly the common urge toward things Hippocratic was a magnetic influence in keeping the trails of Margaret Ann and George Augustus side by side until they merged. However, they shared other major points of view in common, among them a background of tragedy.

George Augustus Osborn was born at Old Madison, Indiana, February 28, 1823, the fifth and last child of Sarah Pardee of East Haven,

Connecticut, and Isaac J. Osborn, a native of New Jersey, who practiced medicine and was also engaged in trade on the Ohio River. He was the last of their children because before his birth his father died or, rather, was murdered at notorious Natchez-under-the-Hill, on the Mississippi, where through the early years many an unwary traveler was relieved of his money and life.

Sarah Pardee Osborn waited for her husband at Old Madison. Toward the close of that winter George Augustus was born. When Isaac's partner brought back the news from Natchez, Sarah Pardee looked her future in the face. She did not evade the responsibility in any of the approved ways of the time, by taking her fatherless family home or by binding the children to service in other families. Her brother Stephen investigated the story, then in his covered wagon carried her and the children back a piece toward civilization, into Ohio, where, at Waynesville, some forty miles from Cincinnati, she managed to support them all by teaching school.

Contemporary with the Osborns at Waynesville, Ohio, was John Evans, son of a local merchant who was sadly disappointed when his son would not succeed him in his business but studied medicine instead. Dr. John Evans founded Evanston, Illinois, and established Northwestern University.

The influence of George Osborn's mother, Sarah Pardee Osborn, was a major blessing. She was of the stock that started New Haven, most religious of the thirteen original colonies. She had pride, ability, education above the average for her day, and indomitable spirit. Medicine was an Osbornian predilection. Undoubtedly she steered the trend with strength in her own son. Possibly it was because of her that John Evans could resist his father and follow the lure of a larger world, for it is likely she was his teacher, at least from 1825 to 1828, which is prehistoric so far as the school records of Waynesville are concerned. Her children had the advantage of superior home instruction as well as that of Ohio log cabin schools.

Although medicine was his dominant interest, dangerous versatility was George A. Osborn's portion. Among other gifts, the young country doctor had something that approached the skill of a cabinetmaker. As a mechanic he was inventive to the point of genius. His distinct flair for the law was based on considerable legal knowledge, so that in later

years, when illness circumscribed his medical activities, he capably managed the property and business affairs of his physician wife. Avidity and instinctive good taste in reading marked him a natural scholar, especially in the field of American history. The turmoil of his times in Indiana—which produced the spectacle of women pulling out each other's hair, even in the churches, in their efforts to fight out the issues of the Civil War—found George A. Osborn, a radical Republican, as hotly in the midst of the political battles as any of his confreres, though he never sought public office for himself. He wrote verses. One poem that preserves his handwriting was penned for Margaret Fannon some months before their wedding. Another, manifestly his own composition while he was still in his teens, expresses his grief at the death of his sister Margaret, about 1840. In *The Iron Hunter,* Chase Osborn says of Dr. George A. Osborn in his youth: "He sawed walnut lumber, built houses, hunted catamounts, deer, coons and squirrels, wrestled, and studied medicine with an old doctor of the horse-syringe school."

In 1831 his mother, Sarah Pardee Osborn, had married Amos Davis, and taken her young family to his farm, trading headquarters, and home with its largest-west-of-the-Allegheny library of spiritualism, located on the road between Gurneyville and Oakland in Clinton County, Ohio.

The Osborn brothers, William Edwin and George Augustus, owned and operated a little sawmill on a creek close to Port William, Ohio, from 1841 until 1849. Both took their families into Indiana in 1850. William, at first in Wabash and Huntington Counties and finally, from 1865 to 1907, at Xenia (now Converse), was a quiet, steady, successful pioneer with a planing mill, and the town's first hardware merchant. He built for himself a local monument of sterling character.

Dr. George Osborn was neither quiet nor steady. His reactions were intense, his responses instantaneous. He was intellectually brilliant, high-tempered, belligerent both mentally and physically. In any group he was a dominating figure. Always he was looking far ahead.

Margaret Ann, his bride, had temperamental balance. Her mind was as strong as his, but where he was impetuous and extreme she was calm and deliberate. Her understanding and patience commanded his lifelong devotion.

They were a striking couple. He was a powerful man—six feet tall, two hundred pounds in weight—filled with energy that drove him to

many deeds. Dark brown curly hair, blue eyes, skin on the verge of being delicate in its fairness, and a large, strong, sensitive Roman nose made him a handsome man in his youth. As he grew gray and bald, with his chin beard and no moustache he resembled the Connecticut type that is immortalized in the conception of "Uncle Sam."

Brown-skinned, brown-haired Margaret Ann, with all her pride could stretch herself no more than five feet two inches tall. Her hands were happy in number five gloves. But she had stature. Her weight, to begin with, was a comfortable one hundred and thirty pounds, but it was in her spirit that she was mighty. The light in her large gray eyes, though it could sparkle, was steady. Once, chiding her grandchild, Margaret Brown, because she was disheartened, Dr. Margaret Osborn cited her own experience: "I have always believed that I could do anything any other woman could do." She was a good manager. Fundamentally serious and a tireless worker, she had also a winsome leaven of amiability and a great fund of humor. She never worried. "Do your best, leave God do the rest" was basic in her philosophy. Her personal ambition extended to all her family but was tempered by wisdom. Among the maxims that usage made her own is this: "I always try to act as if I were going to live forever, or die tomorrow."

They possessed high potentials, these two principals who set out together in 1846 on a life journey that was to carry them together through almost sixty years.

Among the first of their joint ventures was their migration from Clinton County, Ohio, to Wabash, Huntington County, Indiana. This consumed eleven days. It was fortunate they had two teams. Every few miles they had to unhitch the horses from one wagon to pull the other out of the mud. Their first child, Eugene Beauharnois, was not quite two years old. The second, Stephen Pardee, was born soon enough after their arrival in the new country. These two and six others of their ten children lived to maturity.

From his youth, George Osborn had studied and practiced medicine, but in the backwoods of Indiana the opportunities for a physician were limited. They did not afford a livelihood. He went into the mercantile business and bought walnut timber—which was then coming to have a small market value. Margaret Ann continued her medical interest and study with him but confined her practice to their growing family.

There was considerable of the keenness of George Osborn's Yankee ancestry in his equipment. He sold his land at Wabash, with the log cabin he had built on it, at a profit of a thousand dollars on the $275 that he had paid for it, and went to Holland, Indiana, in 1851, where he opened a general store; at the same time buying a similar enterprise at Markel, Indiana. In the fall of 1853 he sold both and moved to Blackford County, on a section of swamp land that he bought there for $1.25 an acre. He traded 400 acres for a fine farm in Ohio, in 1856. Within seven years he figured he had received fifteen dollars an acre for the tract. Later it proved to be part of the Indiana oil fields.

Restlessness was a continual goad.

Once, at some unknown time in the process of settling, he went west of Iowa, among the Indians, then wild, to see the lay of the land. He did not like it. Returning, as the story goes, at Nauvoo, Illinois, he was the house guest of Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, and sat down to table with eight women, all of whom he understood were the prophet's wives.

He drove a section of the underground railway that helped Negroes to escape to Canada.

In the fall of 1856 they were back in Huntington County, at Mt. Aetna, combining medicine and a trading-post once more. Then in the spring of 1859 they moved to the eighty-acre farm three miles southwest of that small town, where, January 22, 1860, Chase Salmon (named for Salmon Portland Chase), their seventh child, was born; and where, in the same year, Margaret Ann Fannon Osborn began the practice of medicine outside her own household.

In 1857, her husband had taken time from his varied activities to go to Cleveland to study hydrotherapy at a sanatorium. She was his apt apprentice. *The Iron Hunter* comments: "The great water cure discoveries of Vincenz Priessnitz were taking hold of America, fostered by such English and American hydropathic propagandists as Gully and Shew. Heavy dosing was the order of the day until the average patient measured his prospects for recovery by the quantity of nauseous drugs he swallowed. To pretend to cure anybody of anything with just simple pure water seemed a grotesquery if not an insanity. But my parents were courageous and would not fool anybody even with a placebo. They

compounded their own prescriptions and carried their own medicine as did most practitioners of the time."

The physicians they had known in the early days had depended almost entirely on calomel, blistering, bleeding, the lance and the old cupping machine. The Osborns, by studying and experimenting, discovered that by combining hydropathy with their allopathy they had a new and successful mode of treatment. This they followed throughout their practice of medicine.

Margaret Ann Fannon had learned much, not only from her husband's experience and teaching and the books he was continually studying, but from her children. The fourth and sixth had died. For a long time the seventh's hold on life was tenuous. Chase Osborn says in *The Iron Hunter*: "I could digest nothing and had, among other things, a bloody flux that drained my body of almost the last vital spark . . . In advance of her times in baby raising, she made gruel of the germ scrapings near the cob of new sweet corn. This, with the delicate pulp just inside the skin of the grape, supplied nutrition. Outdoors in the air night and day . . . won me strength slowly. It took a fight for every minute for three years to save my life."

Beginning in 1860, Margaret Osborn paid the revenue tax as a physician as long as the Government collected revenue from doctors. When the requirements were changed to compel practitioners to secure a government license by filing affidavits of six freeholders that the applicant had had ten years' reputable practice of medicine, she was able to comply. It amused her that among the questions asked in that early day was whether she drank liquor, used opium, or attended horse races.

It is noteworthy that her long medical career, and the remarkable Odyssey of one of her sons, were launched in the same small log house that had one room and a lean-to, one real glass window and two others of greased paper; with three beds and a trundle bed all in one room; and a fireplace with kettles and other cooking utensils until in the course of human events they bought their first stove. The primeval woods were everywhere about "except for two farms to the south and one of these did not come through to their road."

Indirectly through the War of the States, calamity struck. George Osborn enlisted. He was promised an assistant surgeon's post. While

on his way to Indianapolis, the horse on which he was riding stumbled and dragged him for a long distance through the woods. His head was hurt, several ribs were broken, his spine was injured and there were internal bruises. He was an invalid for the remainder of his life.

Fortunately his wife had the capacity and willingness to share professional as well as domestic responsibilities. It was not long before she assumed an important part in their joint activities. With less academic training than her husband, she had the better temperament for medicine; although she lacked brilliance, her common-sense was profound to the point of genius. She studied continually during her professional life, consulted the best medical books, and kept abreast of knowledge and new remedies.

In 1866 they decided to move to Tippecanoe County, Indiana, to secure better educational opportunities for the children, by this time seven in number, ranging from two to eighteen years of age. They were now counted well-off. They had three teams and three wagons. In the one covered vehicle, Dr. Margaret Osborn and the girls and smaller boys rode. The men and older boys marched beside the horses. From their rough road that followed along the Wabash Canal, the smaller children marveled at the swift packets that made as much as six miles an hour; envied the ragged, barefoot, hatless boys who drove mules and bony horses tandem along the towpath; and were terrified by their first sight of a locomotive, a wood-burner on the Wabash Valley Railroad. Their dogs flushed occasional wild turkeys, treed squirrels and chased rabbits. More than two weeks were required for the journey. There was no travel on the Sabbath. Monday was washday. When it rained they camped while the men hunted and fished. The game they brought in, and fruit that was mostly wild, were the only supplies in addition to the food carried in boxes and hollow logs with the ends closed by skins.

They had begun this trek at a log cabin where wild turkeys roosted in the brush fences and bear tracks crossed their deadening. It ended at what seemed a palace to the children; a big three-story frame house with four acres of grounds, barns, outbuildings, fruit trees, shrubs and flowers, on Oakland Hill overlooking the town of Lafayette, Indiana.

"We had a real lamp with something green in the oil bowl and a ground glass globe and shining chimney. It was kept in the parlor, that holy of holies of the time, and never lighted. Candles made our

light, and father used two at a time when he read, and snuffed them with his fingers in a manner that fired all of us with emulation.

"The big house had a huge cellar. Soon there were mysterious goings on in it. My eldest brother was the only one of the children permitted the secret. But we learned when the time came that father was an inventor; that he had devised one of the first stoves with an oven and that now he had designed a washing machine. We did not know that nearly everybody of that period had invented a washing machine, so when father sold out his patents for what seemed a large amount of money we took it as a matter of course. All of us had had plenty to eat and good enough clothing up to that time. But with the sale of the patent came still better days. Mother had two black silk dresses and father, wherever he got the idea, donned a frock coat and plug hat. I had seen a daguerreotype of him as a youth with a beaver on, and I know he was familiar with the advice of Polonius to Laertes."

The pinnacle, however, was brittle. It toppled them sharply, early in 1868, from affluence to abyssmal poverty, from the big house on the hill to "the little brown house," a two-roomed frame shack with a lean-to, on Tenth Street between Cincinnati and Elizabeth. Fire, given a good start in shavings from the inventive labors in the basement, had destroyed the home on Oakland Hill. Dr. George Osborn had injudiciously invested his savings, and his credit. His loss was staggering. Between that and the fire every dollar he had disappeared. He was unflinchingly honest. "It actually took the carpets off the floors to pay out, and there was no hesitation about permitting them to be taken." For a time he and his family felt the pinch of actual hunger.

"Father acted strangely. He was depressed. I did not know that then. He hung out his doctor sign and one for mother, too. Also he would parade in front of the house with his long coat, gold-headed cane and silk hat, which he had managed somehow to hang onto. After thus showing himself he would return to the house, put on cotton overalls and waist, and departing by the rear and through the alley go to a remote part of town and work as a carpenter—a trade he had well learned as a boy. He was not strong. Soon he grew ill."

This trough in the sea of their experience was deep but short. The unusual medical skill of both insured that they would not be in poverty long. They were still new in Lafayette when a dramatic incident at this

juncture gave Dr. Margaret Osborn a firm foothold in the general estimation and provided a fast-growing clientele. During an outbreak in Lafayette of what they called black diphtheria, two small children in a family named Booth were stricken. One died quickly, and its body was being held in the house so that the other victim might be buried with it. It was at this point that the nurse, a German woman named Mrs. Overesch, persuaded the parents to call in Dr. Margaret Osborn. She looked at the survivor, said, calmly, that he was not going to die, and advised them to proceed with the burial. When the ailing child did actually live and regain health, Mrs. Overesch spread the story especially among the Germans of the county. They flocked to Margaret Osborn and built an extensive practice for her rapidly.

At least as early as 1870 Doctors Margaret and George Augustus Osborn had established a successful hydropathic institute in a ten-roomed house at the corner of Tenth and Elizabeth Streets in Lafayette. It seemed drastic treatment to some to swathe a fevered patient in a sheet wet in ice water, wrap a dry sheet around this, then pile on blankets till in a short time perspiration became copious. But the Osborns were really working miracles with water. When Chase Osborn stepped on a rake and ran one of the rusty prongs completely through his foot, his father soaked a feather in oil and pulled it through the opening; then rigged up some water-dripping apparatus that foreshadowed the Caryl-Dakin treatment.

In 1873, Dr. George Augustus Osborn was graduated from the Medical Department of the State University of Indiana, at Indianapolis.

It was not long before they were able to purchase another homeplace, a forty-seven acre tract three miles from Lafayette on the County Farm Gravel Road, in the timber belt three or four miles from the Grand Prairie, on the breaks of the Wabash but not on the River itself. Their son Chase cleared and ditched the land, with the assistance of brand-newly imported Irish laborers, and their son Eugene built the home. Here they farmed and practiced medicine until they settled finally in South Bend, Indiana, in 1885.

Their adventurings were over. Henceforth their lives ran smoothly, and less interestingly in the large. The names of George Augustus Osborn and Margaret Ann Fannon Osborn appear for the first time in the South Bend Directory in 1886-1887, both as physicians, at 220 North

Main Street. In 1889 and thereafter their residence and office was given as 1031 West Washington Street. Their patients, especially those of Dr. Margaret Osborn, often came long distances. They had a considerable practice across the state line in Michigan.

In 1896, complying with new and more stringent state laws regulating the practice of medicine, Dr. Margaret Osborn took the examination before the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Indiana, passed, and received her certificate.

South Bend and the Men Who Have Made It spoke of Dr. George Augustus Osborn in 1901 as "a retired physician and a citizen of high repute," owner of a large farm near that city. He died November 5, 1902, of asthenia.

In 1908 Dr. Margaret Osborn retired in her eighty-second year, after forty-eight years of continual practice of her profession. She died January 27, 1914, of chonic interstitial nephritis, according to the records of Washington Street Cemetery, South Bend, Indiana, where she and her husband are interred.

Of their eight children who reached maturity, not one embraced the medical profession. Eugene, the eldest, embarked upon it and finished one or two courses of lectures, but when the financial crash came in Lafayette he gave up his studies, turned to carpentering with his father to support the family in the harsh interim, and never resumed his training.

It may be said, however, that a great-niece followed in the footsteps of Dr. Margaret Osborn; and a few facts about Dr. Etta May Jefferis Trewin are in order here.

George Augustus Osborn's older sister, Angeline Woodruff Osborn, had married Joab Jefferis in Clinton County, Ohio, in 1840, and in April, 1861, migrated with him and their son, William Darlington, to Stevensville, Michigan. Etta May was William Darlington Jefferis' eldest child.

The Osborn and Jefferis families were intimate. "One of my earliest recollections (of Dr. Margaret Osborn)," writes Margaret Jefferis Loshbough, half-sister of Dr. Trewin, "was watching her lift so much powder from one bottle and so much from another, then mix and blend with the tiniest spatula, divide into equal quantities and place on a small square of paper which she folded into 'powders'—each one making a 'dose.' All

this at a small table in the baywindow of the living-room on West Washington at South Bend."

Beyond doubt such pictures as this had their influence in the decision of Etta May Jefferis to attend old Benton Harbor College with the idea of following up with a medical course. Marriage deflected her purpose temporarily. Before her graduation she became the wife of Samuel Trewin, Methodist minister at Stevensville, later at Lawrence, Keeler, Fife Lake, and other places near Traverse City, Michigan. They had two sons, William S. and Wesley Carlisle. When their father's health failed, while they were still young, Mrs. Trewin determined to go on with her study of medicine. It was a struggle. She had to support the two boys at the same time. Her graduation from the Medical School of the University of Michigan in June, 1912, was no ordinary achievement. In the summer of 1913 she established her office in Buchanan, Michigan, where she practiced until her death in July, 1922. The obstetrical instruments of Dr. Trewin were given to her by her great-aunt, Dr. Margaret Osborn, who had retired from practice a few years before Dr. Trewin began.

No account of the lives of Drs. Margaret Osborn and George Augustus Osborn can be complete without crediting their contributions to the profession of medicine through their son, Chase S. Osborn.

Although he found another vocation early, in the publishing world, medicine was a dominant interest throughout Chase Osborn's long career. As a boy he helped his parents by filling capsules with quinine, magnesia, charcoal, rhubarb. He drove the phaeton and held the horse for his mother while she made calls. Surreptitiously and otherwise he read all the books in their home medical library and gave dramatic lectures by lurid bonfire light to curbstone audiences on the terrible punishments that follow social misbehavior. The names of all the bones in the human body were at the end of his tongue. Later, from dogs and wild animals, and then at many world-famous spas, he learned even more of the virtues of water than his parents had taught him. The basis of all values at the most highly touted mineral springs was simply water—and enough of it. He became the kind of physician all men should be—his own best doctor. Ailing members of his family and his friends were carried off into the woods and cured by him. In his camp equipment there was always a surgeon's kit, which in emergencies he used effectively.

Many years ago Dr. Emil Henry Webster of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, approached Chase Osborn, calling attention to the fact that there was no adequate record of medical progress in the Upper Peninsula, and asking him, for the profession's sake, to write and publish such a history.

"Why don't you do it yourself?" was the blunt challenge.

Dr. Webster had not thought of that. After due consideration he decided that he would. The quest soon grew to be a consuming interest and, as he said often, changed the tenor of his life. Unfortunately Dr. Webster died before the material he gathered was in final form for publication. But it is in existence.

As Governor of Michigan in 1911 and 1912, Chase Osborn showed keen comprehension of situations in the medical profession. At that time Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, though conceded high rank as a surgeon, was looked on somewhat askance as a physician because of many of his theories. At this strategic point in the Battle Creek man's career, Governor Osborn appointed him Health Commissioner of Michigan. It was an unpopular appointment. Long since Dr. Kellogg's important contribution has been recognized. Governor Osborn's support was given him at a time when it meant most to him and to preventive medicine.

While Chase Osborn was chief executive of the State, complaints were laid before him concerning the legitimacy of the credentials of one of his physician neighbors at Sault Ste. Marie. Confronting the young Irishman personally, he forced him to admit that, though he had attended medical school in Dublin, he had not actually received a diploma.

"There is only one thing for you to do," said the Governor. "Go back to Ireland and finish properly." From this decision he would not depart. The doctor gave him concentrated hatred for the position he took, and in his dilemma threatened personal violence, but finally followed his advice and went to Ireland. Returning to the Sault, he practiced there for many satisfactory decades, and soon came to have an ardent affection for his one-time persecutor.

But the most significant facet of Chase Osborn's relationship to Michigan medical history is the major part he played, back in 1899, in the passage of the law requiring medical registration and examinations in the State.

Dr. Beverly Drake Harison of the Sault had been complaining to the

then Commissioner of Railroads Osborn about the need to advance the standards of the medical profession in Michigan. Chase Osborn's comment was straight to the point:

"Why don't you draft the kind of bill you think is necessary and get Otto Fowle (then State Senator) to present it to the Legislature? I'll do everything in my power to put it through."

So the bill was drafted at Sault Ste. Marie and taken to Lansing. Bitter and powerful opposition developed from ill-equipped members of the profession. Commissioner Osborn's interest was alert and effective. After the bill passed House and Senate, Governor Pingree was persuaded that he ought not sign it. He had no personal interest whatever in the subject. He had made up his mind he would not sign it, and he was obdurate. That evening Chase Osborn followed him home from Lansing to Detroit, argued with him far into the night and stayed with him until he actually saw it signed in the early hours of the next morning.

On the surface it seems odd that a Commissioner of Railroads of Michigan should have been the one to aid importantly in the inception, development and final birth throes of Act Number 237 of the Public Acts of 1899, which is the basic law governing the medical profession in Michigan today. This story of the Commissioner's parents makes it entirely reasonable. Clearly it was the pioneering spirit of the Fannon-Osborns still active on the frontiers of medicine.

NOTE

1. Reprinted from the *Alexander Blain Hospital Bulletin*, August 1946, Vol. 5, No. 3 (Detroit, Michigan) pp. 127-138 by permission of the author and of Dr. Alexander W. Blain.

Valley (Bowling Green, 1910), 93-94, hereafter to be cited as Evers, *Scrap-Book.*

5. See my "Navigation at the Foot of the Maumee Rapids, 1815-1845," Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio *Quarterly Bulletin,* XV (July, 1943), 159-73.
6. *Wood Co. Hist.,* 249; Evers, *Scrap-Book,* 37; "Scrap-Book of Newspaper Clippings," owned by Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Schroyer, Bradner, Ohio.
7. W. S. Richard, "Family Scrap-Book of Newspaper Clippings," owned by Mrs. Cora Vincent, Hiram, Ohio.
8. *Wood Co. Hist.,* 183; Charles Elihu Slocum, *History of the Maumee Basin* . . . (Defiance, 1905), 584, 587; Harvey Scribner (ed.), *Memoirs of Lucas County and the City of Toledo* (Madison, 1910), I, 92. Appropriations for these roads and bridges cover many pages of the "Journal" of the Wood County Commissioners, Auditor's Office, Court House, Bowling Green.
9. Slocum, *op. cit.,* 584; Evers, *Scrap-Book,* 80; *Wood Co. Hist.,* 182.
10. Clark Waggoner, "Toledo History," Toledo *Blade,* April 2, 1892.
11. Evers, *Scrap-Book,* 65.
12. *Wood Co. Hist.,* 257.
13. Perrysburg *Journal,* August 27, 1857.
14. A. C. McLaughlin, "The Influence of Governor Cass on the Development of the Northwest," *Proceedings* of the American Historical Association, III (1889), 70.
15. Charles E. Bliven, "Maumee Valley and Pioneers," a paper read at the annual meeting of the Maumee Valley Pioneer Association, Perrysburg, September 10, 1880, p. 13.
16. Slocum, *op. cit.,* 584.
17. Caleb Atwater, *A History of the State of Ohio* (Cincinnati, 1838), 284.
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20. Evers, *Scrap-Book,* 122; Clark Waggoner, "Address to the Sandusky County Pioneers," September 16, 1879, in Clark Waggoner, "Scrap-Book," Department of Local History, Toledo Public Library, II, 94.
21. Clark Waggoner, "Toledo History," Toledo *Blade,* January 21, 1882.
22. Scribner, *op. cit.,* I, 96.
23. Reprinted in the Fremont *Journal,* April 1, 1898, in Waggoner, "Scrap-Book," VIII, 23.
24. Evers, *Scrap-Book,* 96.
25. *Ibid.,* 124.
26. David Hackman, "Reminiscences," *Maumee Valley Pioneer,* I (1890), 2-3.
27. Reprinted in the Toledo *Blade,* February 7, 1838.
28. *Wood Co. Hist.,* 182-83.
29. Evers, *Scrap-Book,* 43.
30. Clark Waggoner, "Toledo History," Toledo *Blade,* February 11, 1882; Scribner, *op. cit.,* I, 91.
31. Scribner, *op. cit.,* I, 91.
32. See Francis P. Weisenburger, *The Passing of the Frontier,* 1825-1850, Vol. III of *The History of the State of Ohio,* edited by Carl Wittke (Columbus, 1941), 107.
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34. Toledo *Blade*, December 19, 1838.
35. Manhattan (Ohio) *Advertiser*, March 4, 1840.
36. Toledo *Blade*, February 18, 1842.
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38. Letter from Sandusky, April 24, 1842, in John Forster, *The Life of Charles Dickens* (New York), I, 282-83; also see Dickens, *American Notes*, chap. xiv.
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40. Waggoner, "Address to the Sandusky County Pioneers," *loc. cit.*
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42. Letter from Sandusky, *loc. cit.*, 284; also see American Notes, chap. xiv.
43. H. S. Knapp, *History of the Maumee Valley* (Toledo, 1872), 314.
44. [R. C. Brown (comp.)], *History of Hancock County*, Ohio . . . (Chicago, 1886), 301.
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47. Slocum, *op. cit.*, 587.
48. *Fort Meigs* (Perrysburg) *Reveille*, September 2, 1848.
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50. *Wood Co. Hist.*, 183.
51. Waggoner, "Address to the Sandusky County Pioneers," *loc. cit.*
52. Slocum, *op. cit.*, 588.
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55. "Tax Record," Auditor's Office, Court House, Bowling Green.
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