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Midwestern: Pioneer Life in Northern Ohio

A Prelude to the History of Oberlin Colony and College

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1. *In the Wilderness*

During the summer of 1832 a handful of pioneers was slowly making its way through the twilight of a boundless forest, driving its ox-teams and covered wagons to the site of a new home in Northern Ohio. The place was well-nigh inaccessible, their progress was impeded by formidable obstacles. The wagons, loaded with farming implements and household utensils, were heavy and the way was difficult, much of it lying through wet clay and almost impassable swamps. There was no road. The drivers were forced to stop every little while to cut down a tree in order to get passage, or to remove dead trunks that cumbered the trail.

At length after weeks of toil the goal was reached. Arriving one by one, covered with mud and sweat, they unloaded their families and freight in a dense wood—so dense that it shut out the sunlight—a lonely place completely cut off from the world. They had left their comfortable New England homes and had come to this forbidding spot—to live.

Who they were, and what fantastic Eldorado they hoped to find there, will appear later on. For the present it is sufficient to say that they were not in search of gold nor worldly advantage but had come hither charged with a mighty purpose, in response to what they believed was a Voice Divine. Inspired by a religious faith inconceivable to the majority in our generation, they had devoted themselves to an enterprise in the service of humanity and were prepared to sacrifice all that they had and were to their ideal aim . . . Thus unnoticed by the world, without pomp or

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circumstance and with no other dedication than the prayers they offered beneath the trees at the journey's end, were laid the foundations of Oberlin Colony and College.

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The first months of the new life were spent in felling trees, building cabins and making homes in the virgin forest. "Virgin forest!" The words are like music. There must always be something magnificent and impressive for us in the thought of "the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks". The overwhelming majesty of the scene is not to be denied. The giant trees that towered around and above them had had a long, quiet time to grow. The great white-woods rose seventy feet to the first branch. The oak-trees often measured fifteen feet in circumference. Could we have looked down from the sky upon the vast expanse of forest we should have seen its rolling green billows extending—like the sea—to the south, east and west, as far as the eye could reach.

All the same, a dark wood is not a pleasant place for a home. This one was not only dark but swampy, full of rotten logs and stagnant pools, swarming with flies and mosquitoes, infested with wolves and alive with snakes.

The darkness, at first, was hard to bear. At night it must have been terrible. No light in the rude lanes. No adequate light in the cabins—only a pine-knot, or a home-made lamp of bear's grease and the uncertain flame of the fire-place, for a tallow dip was really a luxury. It was bad enough even in the day-time. The sun never reached the horizon but rose and set behind tall trees—set too early and rose too late. Those trees stood like the pillars of Karnak. Fairchild, our chief local historian, says they grew so close together that, after they were cut down, an agile boy could have made his way about by jumping from one stump to another.

I have encountered but one reference to this trial. Leonard, another local chronicler, quotes the words of an early student who helped clear the ground:—"What grubbing, what wrestling with roots, what dodging of mud-holes, what devices to fill mud-holes, what toil, what sweat

of the face was needed to open up those lands for the sun to come in . . .!" Gradually, with the clearing of the land, the light got better. They would naturally build along a path of light. At last they would get an open vista and the blessed sunshine would have free entry to their homes. But for a long time trees were deadly enemies. Before garden and field could be properly tilled the stumps must be uprooted; not with gun-powder and dynamite, but with axe, log-chain, ox-team and fire. Roots and bushes must be dug out with mattock and muscle. Until this was done they planted as best they could between the stumps and got a meager crop that was better than nothing at all.

The simplest task demanded heroic labor. Within a couple of years, it is true, they had a steam sawmill that would cut boards, and that saved months of toil and enabled them to build frame houses instead of log cabins. But for a long time the beams for dwellings, barns and public buildings had to be hewn with the broad-axe.

Let us have a glance at the roads. The ways by which the first settlers arrived were not roads at all but merely trails in the thick, yellow northern Ohio clay, full of bushes, humps, and holes, and crossed by huge roots and fallen logs. After a while, of course, the roads were "improved." Spots otherwise impassable were covered with "corduroy". Heavy, round logs laid side by side, close together—that was all. Our colonists bumped over them in springless wagons with stiff, heavy wheels and iron tires. When they could endure it no longer they got out and walked.

Yet there were few complaints. One young woman does, it is true, refer to bad roads in a letter to her parents. "You cannot conceive of a more miserable road than we had—the last 2 miles especially—but still I enjoyed the ride, and our party were all very cheerful. When passing thru the woods, I was so delighted with the black squirrels, the big trees, and above all, the beautiful wild flowers, that at times I forgot to look out for the scraggy limbs that every now and then gave us a rude brush" . . . Charming Marianne Dascomb! You shall hear more of her. She must have had imagination and a love of nature above the common lot.

The Ohio mud deserves a chapter to itself. I knew the primordial mud and knew it well. I walked in it, played in it, drove horse-and-

wagon through it. Even so I am compelled to reflect that by my time the roads were crowned over and drained by deep ditches at the sides. Maybe my mud wasn't "primordial" after all!

A fall of rain would turn the streets into rivers of mud. We used to make up fantastic stories in an effort to beat the truth. A team got stuck in front of our house; the horses stood there knee-keep, exhausted and panting. We improved on this by telling how, "once on a time a team sank deeper-and-deeper-and-deeper" and finally went down. In general we liked a thundering tragedy, but in that tale I believe we arranged for the salvage of the driver. He had first crawled out onto the horses' backs, and then onto their heads. He was rescued just as the tips of their ears went out of sight.

We thought we were exaggerating frightfully. As a matter of fact we were painting the lily. One of my brothers writes as follows:— "About 1890 when I was eighteen or twenty years old, a trench was dug on South Main street for the small-pipe sewer system which was being installed throughout the town. The trench was about eighteen feet deep in front of Cook Brothers' shop where I was employed. During the several weeks that that trench was being dug and closed in we often called each other's attention to the three separate corduroy pavements which were in sight, one below the other, under the surface pavement of Amherst flagstone. The trees of which the corduroy pavements were made, having been always covered with water, were still solid . . ." No—were trying, in those Munchausen-like tales, to caricature something that was literally beneath caricature. Geologists estimate the depth of that clay as seventy-five feet.

If the wet season brought mud the dry one brought dust, which was not less dreaded by house-wives. The hard clay was ground up by passing teams and a grayish-yellow flour lay from two to eight inches deep in the road-beds. Caught up and whirled through the air by the wind, it found its way into the houses by every crack and crevice. The children invented ways of playing both with the mud and the dust and their clothes, most of the time, were heavy with it—heavy and stained too, permanently, for that clay had no respect for clothing.

Because I lived in the village only a generation later, it is easy for

me to reconstruct certain aspects of its early life. I feel sure the children of the older time were not very different from us. I have worked at the same tasks and played the same games. I have roamed in a patch of the forest where some of the old trees were still standing. The wild animals were mostly gone but I know—in a way—what the forest was like. It hurts me to think boys today are cut off from such experiences.

Our local historians give us no word of mosquitoes and flies, which must have been like the Great Plagues of Egypt. Apparently the colonists were too deeply engaged in the struggle for existence, and too engrossed with their ideal aim, to think much about small things. But I have seen letters of the time, written by men of less devotion, who reviled mosquitoes and descanted at length, and with use of improper language, on the troubles they endured from them. Passengers who in the summer-time made the western journey by way of the Erie Canal, mewed up though they were "in a cabin forty-five feet long containing forty-two men and women", were forced to travel with doors and windows tight shut "to keep out mosquitoes."

I knew by personal experience what the creatures were like after the woods had been cut down. It is not to be supposed that they were fewer or less malignant when the trees and thickets were standing and the swamps still undrained. If we closed the windows on a hot summer night we were smothered; if we opened them we were devoured. We listened in the dark for the sharpened pitch of their tenuous note at the instant of lighting and timed well-aimed slaps to face or ankle, keeping up the fight till we fell asleep. Screen doors and windows were undreamed of, at least in our part of the world. The only screens I ever saw, before 1875, were made of loosely-woven cotton textile, secured to the sashes with tacks. There were few, even of these—a little piece perhaps over the baby's cradle. Civilized folks "down East" protected themselves at night with those monstrous mosquito-bars still common in certain parts of Europe. We children never saw them used except in cases of sickness.

As to the flies I can only tell how it was after the Civil War. In the summer the sound of them filled the air. Kitchen and pantry swarmed with flies, while walls, ceilings and wood-work throughout the house were black with specks. We fought them in unequal fight, with fly-

traps and fly-paper made of molasses, poison and glue. We covered the butter and meat with little domes of woven wire. Also we had a kind of cupboard for food, called a "safe", which was something like an iceless refrigerator with walls of wire gauze.

Again there is nothing in the histories of our colony regarding snakes. But I can say that there were plenty of them in the woods and pastures when we drove the cows there forty years later. A certain "dark closet", of evil fame in our home, was filled with their corpses and haunted by their ghosts. I can see them now—the loathly beasts — the greenish blackness of their backs and the sickly yellowish and dirty white of their bellies shining through the bottles in which my brother Charley had pickled them in alcohol after killing them himself. There were black snakes, bull snakes, blue racers, rattlers, and most of the other kinds that used to infest the region. I helped kill a snake once that must have been seven feet long. What! Well—perhaps these creatures do have a way (like the trout) of growing on "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude". But even if I take off a few inches the fact remains that snakes seven or eight feet long were not uncommon in our vicinity.

The climate of Northern Ohio has frequently been defended but seldom praised. The summers I knew were often hot, humid, and breathless; the winters raw and damp. In cold weather the winds from Lake Erie pierced us to the bone. The temperature of this region is never very low; but you suffer more—far more— at twelve degrees above zero than you would, in Iowa for example, at twenty below. Moreover, the temperature is subject, like that of New England, to violent changes that take the life out of you and set the nerves on edge. Nature seems to forget her rule about never proceeding by a leap (*"non facit saltum"*) and the mercury may jump thirty degrees in as many hours. This is hard on everybody but especially on those who have delicate lungs. It is troublesome in other ways. Fine passages of music are liable to be accompanied by bronchial obligati, "and coughing drowns the parson's saw" only too often of a winter Sunday.

On the other hand there must have been, then as now, seasons of fine weather when the air was balmy and gentle but full of life. Best of all would be the days of autumn and Indian summer—the season of haying and harvesting and fruit-gathering—with their riches of color, scent

and sound; when gardens glowed with the orange and gold of warted squashes and globed pumpkins as big as a giant's head; when the heavy fruit-trees flamed with the yellow, vermillion and deep rose of apples, peaches, and pears, their skins splitting with juice. The windfalls fairly hid the grass, while over their pulpy mash hovered swarms of honey-bees, bumble-bees, yellow-jackets, hornets and wasps.

The winter was not all bad. Far from it! Nature afforded long spells of respite. There were weeks—even weeks on end—when the sun shone continuously with that splendor which is the delight and amazement of visitors out of the fog and mists of northern Europe. These seasons found the farmers at work getting supplies of wood for the whole village. They felled the trees with the axe, cut them into lengths with a big hand-saw having a man at each end, and split them with wedges. Then they piled the wood in huge piles and left it in the forest, ready to be hauled at need, on their big sledges, with teams of oxen or horses, over the snow.

In the first thaws of February, before the snow was off the ground, the maple sap began to run. Then came the business of sugar-making, endlessly delightful and fascinating to everybody, especially to the children. The tapping of maple-trees, the sticking of drain-pipes in their veins, the catching of sap in the buckets, the kindling of fires, the boiling down in big caldrons, and the "sugaring off"—all combined to make a festival—a kind of winter picnic—for several weeks, with sugar parties both in the woods and at home. The rising of the sap gave the first promise of the spring. Not only children, youths and maidens but old people too flocked to the woods, busied themselves with the sap-buckets and fires or ate the sweet wax, congealing on pans of snow. It was a great time for courting as may well be imagined. Sugar parties had a very practical use. Pancakes and maple syrup were a staple article of food in every household. For a long time maple sugar was about the only confectionery they had and was doubtless, with the exception of wild honey, almost their sole reliance for sweetening.

The presence of wild animals must on the whole be counted as a blessing and an asset to the colony, rather than a hardship. Yet some of these were dangerous and others a nuisance or worse. The concert of owls and timber-wolves made night hideous. The woods were unsafe after dark.

In 1827 county commissioners were offering a bounty for wolf-scalps. Bears and wildcats were often seen. The bears were not wholly unwelcome; a bear-steak might taste pretty good when meat was scarce. The colonists had chickens and wild-fowl but for some years they must have had very little meat except wild animals and pork. They were only two well acquainted with the gamey taste of rabbit-stew and squirrel-pie.

This being the case it is pleasant to know that deer were very abundant. Finney wrote, in 1835:—"The deer were so plentiful that they seemed to look out from the woods upon us, to see what we were about. To escape from the pressure that was upon my mind, I would frequently take my rifle and go into the woods, and would seldom go forty rods from the clearing without seeing a deer." Probably many of the boys were dressed in deer-skin clothing—hats, shoes and all. Fairchild, who spent his boyhood in Brownhelm not far away, speaks of deer-skin clothing as being common in that settlement. "The snow," he says, "often came before the shoes and then the shoes themselves would be a curiosity—made as they were indiscriminately from the skins of the hog, the dog, the deer and the wolf. I remember to have worn all these myself."

The woods were full of squirrels—silver and black and red—rabbits, possums, coons and other animals. Some of them were good for food and some for pelts, which the colonists cured and make up themselves. Mole skins made warm vests and rabbit-skins were good for coverlets and wraps, a pleasant variation on the home-spun, home-dyed textiles that served most of their needs. In another category we may mention the fox and the bobcat, the weasel and common rat—these foes of the hen-yard—the diminutive chipmunk, the mole, the muskrat and woodchuck. (The skunk should have a place by himself). Most of them were plagues. There were certainly enough of all and too many of some.

Indians were all about, but they were at least a few score miles away. No red-skins were to be seen in the neighborhood of the colony, though arrow-heads and flints are still found in that vicinity. The colonists might well have been glad to know a few friendly Indians, for their extreme isolation must have been one of their hardest trials. From parents and friends in the East they were almost utterly cut off. They bore

the solitude as best they might, building their little cabins close together, as children "snuggle up" in the dark.

It is clear that our pioneers were quite unlike the frontiersmen of fiction, or those described by the majority of our writers on the West—rough tools, fit only for the roughest work even when they are not "half knave and half child." No, these colonists were gentle, Christian people, trained to self-denial and peaceful toil. Further differences might have been discerned. New settlements have usually suffered from the dearth of womankind. The men of our colony had their wives—women of admirable character as we shall see. They had their children too; and some had brought sisters with them and even mothers. They came to their new homes as the English settlers had come to New England—not as individual adventurers but as families.

2. *Work and Play*

Our colonists knew the bitterness and the sweetness of toil. After a hard day's work on the stubborn glebe, there remained the endless chores about house and barn. "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until evening"—thus saith the Holy Word—but their labor often lasted far longer and into the night.

The farmers were not the only tillers of the soil. Teachers and ministers eked out their incomes by farming. Finney had his own farm and there was hardly a man who did not keep a garden. Teachers and preachers worked daily with their hands, earning their bread in the sweat of their brows like Father Adam and the Brothers of St. Benedict before them. In my time this had become less common, but my father was one of many who preserved the tradition. With the help of the boys he spaded, planted, weeded and watered the big garden that supplied us with vegetables. I can see him now, in his shirt-sleeves, mowing the orchard or the lawn. I see the slow, deliberate rhythm of his strong body as he swings the scythe. I hear the sharp ring of scythe-stone on slender steel as he pauses a moment to whet his blade and wipe his forehead.

All labor was hard labor. They could not turn on a magic power-stream by twisting a button. The steam at the sawmill and gristmill was

the only power they had besides oxen and horses. Farmers reaped with reaping-hook or scythe and tied every bundle by hand. They threshed their grain with the flail and winnowed the chaff from the wheat with the wind of heaven. They plowed and planted in the ancient ways, known for "yesterday's seven thousand years". As they passed in rhythmic stride along the furrow, casting abroad the golden grain, they would see the birds devouring some of their seed at the wayside and hope that some might still bring forth a hundred fold. They would have time to meditate on spiritual things ("Behold a sower went out to sow").

The women toiled not less arduously. In addition to the common household tasks, the cooking, and washing, and ironing and cleaning, the care of children, the churning of butter, the pickling and drying and smoking of meats, the preserving of fruit and hulling of corn, the dipping of candles and the making of soap and yeast, the sewing and quilting of patch-work, the piecing together of endless carpet-rags (having dyed them beforehand,—copperas for yellow, indigo for blue, cochineal for red and logwood for black)—in addition to all these they made many if not most of the clothes not only for themselves but for their men and children, sewing the seams by hand. Men toiled "from sun to sun"—in certain seasons of the year anyway—but "a woman's work was never done", summer or winter.

The leaders and teachers, of course, were largely occupied with their stated tasks. In their case gardens were a side-issue. Their dress, too, was different. Nearly all of them were ministers and I feel quite sure that they dressed (as my father did still) in tailor-made suits of black broadcloth, with neckties of white muslin—fresh every day. This may seem strange to those familiar with their frugal ways of living. Certainly they could ill afford such apparel, but the clerical tradition was very strong.

Clothing, apart from that, was mostly made in the home. Linsey-woolsey, a mixed cloth with linen warp and woolen filling, was much in use for women and children. A young woman could feel "very comfortable in a new linsey gown, for singing-school or church in winter". Young men still went to college in homespun. The founder of the colony, writing on education for "females" in his new manual labor school says, in 1833, that "young women working at the spinning-wheel and

loom will defray much of their expense". He could not know how soon the power-loom was to replace the work of the hands. I never saw even one of those old cloth looms and only once have I seen a woman spin. She was very old. She stood at a high wheel in the attic, spinning a long, long thread—it must have been twelve feet long. But I think she had just gone up there to be by herself and dream of old times.

Cooking, a hundred years ago, was hard work. There were no kitchen-stoves; and while getting dinner at an open fire-place is doubtless a picturesque occupation, it has its disadvantages. The fire, in those days, had to be kindled with flint and steel or "borrowed" from a neighbor. Iron pots hanging on cranes served for boiling and steaming. Meats were roasted on the spit, fried in the spider, or broiled on the gridiron. The great brick oven at the side of the fireplace served for baking. Those who know the taste of the roast pork, turkey and beans that issued from its blackened mouth can bear witness that there is nothing to surpass them.

It is just possible that the reader, though he has seen them often enough in old houses, does not know how these ovens of our ancestors were worked, and why their mouths were so black? The fire was kindled inside the oven. Wood was heaped on until the oven was hot. Then the coals and ashes were raked out, with the assistance of a long-handled shovel, and the bread and meats shoveled in. The oven would stay hot for twenty-four hours. A family baking was an event. When a woman was going to bake, the neighbors sent in their bread, meats, pies, and other things, to be baked along with her own. "It was too much bother to bake every day", an old friend tells me, "so they baked enormous quantities. My grandmother, who lived in Andover, Mass., usually baked thirty pies."

Think what you will of the results, work at the open fire was trying. The kitchen utensils were of iron—heavy, black, and hard to clean. There was no running water, no plumbing, and of course no bath tubs. Let not the reader assume from this that there was no cleanliness. Great things are oft achieved by simple means. (The pyramids were built with the hand-lever.) I knew men—aged men and women—who took a bath every day of their lives.

Trying to give an idea of the hardships and the amenities of life in the colony, I have had to piece together scattered fragments of information imparted to me by those of the older generation—eye-witnesses still living in my youth when the traditions of the place were still fresh—and to reconstruct older scenes from those I knew. In making use of such material there is danger of underestimating important factors and of putting emphasis on some that may not deserve it. Conversing with a veteran Captain of the Civil War, and some allusion having been made to the hardships of the soldier's life, the old gentleman said he guessed I didn't know much about hardships. After which, with a face empty of expression, he delivered himself of something like this,—"When you've been on a forced march without sleep until the men are falling in the ranks from exhaustion, and are commanded to halt for the night in a bare field full of water without tents or fires; when you've had nothing to eat since morning—nothing but biscuits—and then they turn over to you for your only supper *a live sheep*—that's hardship . . ."

So. To face the cannon's mouth is all in the day's work, but to face a live sheep after a forced march is a "hardship." No, one wouldn't have thought of that! We must bear in mind, it seems, that the very trial that comes nearest to breaking the heart may easily be overlooked by the outsider.

In much of the work the children had part. Of course it was a great education in method, in planning and in executing. To a child properly brought up it would be a joy. I remember how proud I was to help father and mother in their serious occupations and to become responsible, as soon as I was old enough, in important matters. ("It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth.")

The boys had their chores to do,—milking, feeding, watering and bedding the cattle, sawing, splitting and piling the wood, and a score of other duties at the milk-house, the smoke-house and the well. At an early age—sometimes too early—they took their places beside the men, mowing and harvesting. Not otherwise with the girls. At six or seven or even earlier, Patience or little Sara would begin her patchwork quilt. The girls did their "stints" like any woman, knitting mittens, garters and stockings, proud as Lucifer when they could knit a sock without dropping a stitch; and *without looking,* "just like Grandma".

No doubt the pressure in some cases was too great and resulted in a weakened life-stream in the following generation. But in general the experience was salutary. Most of them had plenty of energy left, after working all day, to play all evening—the boys at wrestling, jumping, hunting and trapping, the girls at whatever suited their fancy.

The children of the colony had many pleasures that are now unknown. Most of these were connected with the woods. The fun of gathering nuts, for the whole family and the whole winter, when nuts were a necessary article of food and one of the few luxuries among edibles, can never be imagined by one who has never taken part in it. The nuts were so plentiful they could be found by the bushel—yes, and the wagon-load —shell-bark hickory-nuts, hazel nuts, black-walnuts and butternuts. Then there was the excitement of hunting wild honey—fighting the enraged bees and getting stung in a dozen places! Berry picking was a pleasure too, and at the same time important; for mothers and sisters made delicious pies, tarts, jellies and preserves from the berries,—blackberries, elderberries and hucklebarries; red raspberries, wild strawberries and gooseberries; besides wild plums, wild grapes and other fruits still.

Howells, who spent his youth in Ohio and knew whereof he spoke, said that "to the natural man, in boyhood, the forest is of all places the most delightful." These children possessed the forest. They had earth, and fire, and water to play with, and there are no playthings like the elements. As soon as they were old enough they could ride, and shoot, and trap game. One need waste no pity on them.

Under such conditions they were inured to pain as well as toil. The boys got hard muscles and iron nerves. They became as stoical as Indians. Something of this was still left in my boyhood. "Cry-baby" was a grievous insult. A bad fall, or a gash with a hatchet must draw no tears. Will Wallace didn't cry when he shot himself through the hand and they probed the wound; nor Tommy Bonsor when they set his leg. My brother Nelson, twelve years old and playing with his companions, got his middle finger caught in the barn-door. The boys, not knowing this, kept on pushing with all their might until the finger burst from the joint to the nail. But there was no crying. One of us fell on a hay-knife some fool had left standing upright under the hay, and got a cut in the leg eight or ten inches long. He was rushed to Dr. Allen's office but

the wound was cold before we could get the doctor, who sewed it up without an anaesthetic. The patient made no sound. I have seen a boy thrust a pin in his thigh up to the head without wincing just to show he could do it. Perhaps the exhibition was not wholly admirable but we may grant that it showed nerve. Many's the time I have seen "lick-jacket" played—yes, and played it myself too, though it was no favorite with me! In this game, as you may know, two boys matched as to size and armed with stout sticks, thrash each other till one of them gives in. The sticks are about three feet in length, the "best" ones being made of smooth green willow-branches from the hedge. It is a rude sport.

The girls endured pain like daughters of the Samurai. Grandmother Vance told us a story of the early days that shows the stuff they were made of. The heroine of the story, whose name deserves to be inscribed in bronze—she was the daughter of "Mother Keep", wife of the famous Trustee—was having a new dress. It might be counted an event in her life; the child did not get one any too often and was in a state of blissful though suppressed excitement. Her mother had completed the cutting and basting and had come to the last fitting. The girl stood and endured the long ordeal of pinning on, readjusting and pinning again, without faltering and without a quiver. At last it was over and the mother began to take off the dress. "Just a minute—take out the pins—please, mother dear—the collar's p-pinned to my neck."

3. *Happiness*

Life is enriched by a thousand blessings that were out of reach, or unthought of—a hundred years ago. Of books our colonists had comparatively few. Their privileges in the realm of pictorial and plastic art were small indeed; while as for music they had what music they could make themselves—but no more. On the other hand they possessed treasures that are denied to us.

First of all, they had a close, daily contact with nature that has now been lost forever. They knew the primeval forest and its infinite life. No doubt the darkness and terror of it, in the early days, must be counted as a heavy burden; but with the conquest of the forest that burden would be lifted and their eyes opened to its untold wealth. There is ample

evidence that their imagination was alive and that the beauty and the grandeur of the forest were not lost upon them.

"The grandeur of the forest—the wonderful trees"—let not the reader wince at such expressions; let him not think them exaggerated. An oak "from Whipple's farm" used in building the earliest church in the colony "measured twenty-four feet in circumference". We have no reason to doubt this, for there are authentic records of oak trees even larger yet, in other parts of Ohio. Howe's *Historical Collections of Ohio* has record of an oak near Listerville in Noble County measuring thirty-four feet and six inches in girth above the swell of the roots. It rose seventy-eight feet to the first limb. It was carefully measured by numerous responsible men, including two Presidents of the United States. Besides the gigantic oaks and the lofty white-woods there were countless thousands of maple-trees, ash, sycamore, chestnut, walnut and elm, beech, hickory and birch, that had never been touched by the hand of man . . . And this somber magnificence lay all about them for hundreds upon hundreds of miles.

What deep and lasting effect these things may have had on their spirits no man can say. We may but dimly divine what they would feel in long summer days when birds sang in the green silence, or the thoughts that filled their hearts when the gorgeous hues of autumn announced the approach of winter. With what unutterable emotions might they contemplate the heavens of the winter night! ("When I consider the moon and stars that thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him? . . . Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? . . . They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.") What would be their joy when the long winter was over and the forest put on the tender garment of spring that spoke to them of Resurrection and eternal life!

No less incalculable is the value of familiar acquaintance with the animals and plants of the woods—with the instincts and habits of birds and beasts, of trees and flowers and their unending beauty of form and color and movement. Priceless, also, was their close association with domestic animals. The thrilling comedies and tragedies of the barn-yard can never be imagined by those who have never known the happiness and tranquility of innocent creatures in times of peace; their frantic terror before

danger and death. I see again the slow circling of the hawk in the blue sky and hear the shriek of the cock as he trumpets a warning to the hens. It is in vain. Selecting his quarry, suddenly the bird falls like a shot, in a vertical line. The play is over! With wild cackles and fluttering the spectators disperse.

Chickens and ducks, well enough on their way, are far surpassed in interest by horses and horned cattle. Which of us could forget the hour when Pansy, our favorite heifer, brought forth her first born? To be present and look, with your own eyes into those eyes of pain! To see her happiness when all is over; her tenderness when she licks her child into shape; her contentment when he takes the udder and drinks his first breakfast; her savage defense when some one tries to take him from her!

How moving to see, at close range, and to feel with the hand the powerful structure of the ox—to look into the soft, dark wells of his eyes! No wonder the heathen thought him divine! No wonder Homer, when he sang the beauty of Hera, called her the "ox-eyed goddess." How absorbing to watch the patient sheep, dumb before her shearers; to observe her slow, heavy gait before bearing time. ("He shall carry the lambs in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.")

Further instances are needless, though there are plenty of them—for the boys, the companionship of the dog, the training of a fine dog for the hunt; for the girls the cat and the miracle of kittens. For both, the way of the cat with the mouse,—the stealthy approach, the splendid leap, the play with the victim. All the beauty, the cruelty, and even the grandeur of the tigress are to be seen in the common cat—everything but size, and what is size? Treated with kindness, these animals became our friends and seemed to respond with something like human affection. My grandfather Vance never entered the stable without speaking to old Kit or Ned, as St. Francis spoke to his birds, and offering them a caress. He told me always to be kind to dumb animals and I never forgot.

Can you believe that there is something in all this that might partly make up for the lack of books and the learning of books? Our colonists had more imagination than the majority of men, else they would never

have been where they were and on such an errand. I recognized this trait in those I knew. Moreover their religious outlook and their isolation worked together to develop their native tendency. The Bible accompaniment, here suggested, is typical. They learned to look for deeper meanings in the common scene and the varied aspects of nature and saw symbols of the spiritual life in everything about them.

Living water welled up in the secret depth of their souls—sources of happiness and peace. They were happy because they conceived the world as the design of a supreme Creator and Ruler and felt that, as his children, they had an honored place in it. They were in harmony with the universe. We too perceive evidences—on all hands—of something our human minds can only interpret as design—marvellous beyond all telling. But we are also aware of many things that we are forced to think of as results of blind chance or cruel blundering. In the face of such conflicting evidences we are confused and our faith is weakened or destroyed. With some effort of the imagination we may dimly guess at the profound peace of mind of men to whom the apparent disharmonies of creation were parts of a plan divinely perfect, but too mysterious or too sublime for human comprehension; men who never doubted the Father of an infinite majesty and the God of love, who went forth in glad confidence to their daily tasks—no matter how humble—planting and sowing to the mighty rhythm of the Psalms.

As to the beauty of their surroundings—the beauty of the landscape—perhaps no decisive estimate is possible. Certainly there were no hills, or rivers, or lakes. Lake Erie was only eleven miles distant but that was equivalent of a hundred today. The landscape, when at last it was opened up, showed as a vast plain, somewhat like a western prairie; level as the sea and varied with great patches of timber. To those familiar with the green hills of New England the flat expanse must have seemed at first to offer few attractions. Yet with time it may have become beautiful to them. To me, even in my youth, it had great charm. Especially in the crimson and gold of the sunset, and the twilight of morning and evening, the country seemed to stretch away into infinity. Bayard Taylor has spoken of the sunsets of the Lake Erie region as among the most impressive in his experience. I recognized the beauty of my native fields anew with my first sight of the plain of Barbizon and could comprehend Millet's choice, as a home for life, of the place that offered him

so perfect a setting for the actions of simple people and lives of monotonous toil.

In recounting the blessings that brightened their lot we must not fail to give a place of honor to music. How the old songs and hymns would link them with their past—how they would bring up the old associations—"the old familiar faces!" The weekly singing-school held an important place for them. The leader, in those days, had no trouble to get a chorus together. They learned to read notes and varied their motets and anthems with merry old rounds, part-songs and "glees". Quite aside from the music, the singing-school was a first-rate social function with a chance for light talk and laughter and for walking home with the girls.

The music of the colony must have been very simple at first. Their chief resource would be singing. They would have a few musical instruments of the portable kind,—violins and flutes. In 1835 Finney came with his cello, or bass-viol as it was then called. Before very long they had a big choir, supported by an orchestra of seven instruments. Being sadly in need of a double-bass, and having no money, they got a clever theologue, Alexander McKellar by name, to make one. Others tried their hands at musical instruments. I found a specimen once in an old barn on West street. It was a kind of harp or zither—a perfectly plain but finely constructed pine box, about four and a half feet high, perhaps two and a half feet wide and six inches deep, provided with sound-holes and strung with not less than thirty wires.

There was no piano or organ in the early colony. The reed-organ was still unknown. A pipe-organ for the church was a dream and a desire but they were too poor to afford one. At last, though not until 1851, C. H. Churchill, another young theologue, though he had had no experience in making musical instruments, built for them their first pipe-organ. But I am getting ahead of my story.

Our colony has sometimes been accused of narrowness in its religious views. There are many facts that tend to show the contrary. Their church, unlike that of Jonathan Edwards at Northampton which (near the middle of the 19th century) refused to tolerate the voice of the organ, would have been only too glad at any time to welcome it. King

room close by was the bed where children were born, where the young lay down to love and the aged to die.

It takes no effort of the imagination to get the truth of the picture—the family so crowded together with such small opportunities of privacy. If illness came the sick must be cared for at home, for there was no hospital. There were neither anaesthetics nor trained nurses. Kind neighbors watched at the bedside. When a child was born the doctor would be assisted by the husband and some strong-nerved woman of the family, while two or three of the nearest women friends waited in the big room a few feet away. Meanwhile the children would be cared for by neighbors until the great event was over. It was still so when my younger brothers and sister came into the world. Our house was larger; there had been no other change. I remember it all . . . The reader may wonder what compensation there could be for such hardships. Let him think on the sympathy and love that would unite all hearts, giving them courage and strength to bear their lot if indeed they did not faint under the burden.

The strain of life was not intolerable for the colonists survived and saw the fruit of their labors. So the chapter may close on a note of happiness and cheer. The final picture shall be that of the family gathering after the day is over. A red sun has set long since behind the black trees on the evening of a cold winter's day. It is very dark but work in the barn still continues, by the feeble light of the lantern, until the cattle are made comfortable for the night. The chores are done at last and the "milk comes frozen home in pail."

A fresh back-log is rolled into the fireplace, a good one this time, five feet long and big as a cider-keg and the fire begins to roar up the chimney. There is plenty of wood if nothing else. It is fun to pile on these huge chunks hacked from the bodies of their recent enemies—now become their friends. Soon the table is set with a smoking supper where hunger is the only sauce. When the meal is over and the table cleared, the family take their usual places in a circle about the fire.

The scene is familiar to us. It is just New England over again,—Old England perhaps too. There is nothing to add to the sketch except local color,—the log walls, the sandless floor and the few changes of occu-

pation. The rest is very old:—the faces lit by the ruddy glow; the crackling of the fire mingling with other sounds—voices, music, the whirr of the spinning-wheel; the pleasant odor of burning wood mingling with other scents—popcorn, maybe, and maple syrup, or the spicy hot drink that mother is placing inside the fender. Father reads a book, sometimes aloud (at bed-time he will read the Bible and as he closes it will say, "Here endeth the lesson. Let us worship God"). The rest of the family are busy with various matters. Mother knits her sempiternal sock. Little sister works on her first sampler. One of the boys is constructing a new trap for musk-rats or coons; another carves a trigger for a clever cross-bow. The cat sleeps before the fire . . .

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind!" Not the mighty sound of the trees nor the howling of the wolf in the forest without shall have power to disturb the peace within.

An American Art Student Abroad

Selections from the Letters of Karl Kappes, 1883-85

Edited by RANDOLPH C. DOWNES

In 1883 Karl Kappes was on his way to Toledo where he was to spent a long and notable career as an artist and teacher of artists. But the route he took was a roundabout one which was to lead him from his native Zanesville, Ohio, to many shrines of European art including the great center of training, the Bavarian Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Munich.

Born May 28, 1861, of industrious and frugal German-American parents who kept a hotel in Zanesville, he had reached the age of 22 with a natural talent for painting, with a driving desire to discipline his talent to the highest standards and with a parental ability to make this desire financially possible. In Zanesville he studied under Charles Craig, painter of a well-known picture called Custer's Last Fight. In 1879 he enrolled at the Art School in Cincinnati, but soon hiked to New York where he studied with William Merritt Chase. Here he received competent advice on the best art schools in Europe. As a result he selected the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Munich. With the parental blessing, with the assurance of an income for at least a year and with a firm determination to make the best of his advantages, he set out for Munich in the fall of 1883.

1. *Spartan Beginnings*

The first two months in Munich were hungry ones for the determined young American. He resolved to learn the German language, to save money, and to learn to draw before he took up painting. There was no wavering of purpose, but it is obvious that he was homesick.

Munich, Bavaria, Nov. 9, '83

Dear Father & Mother:

After traveling twenty-two days have arrived at the end of my destination in the best of health . . .

We arrived at Liverpool in the morning—stopped over until the next day then started for Hull—from Hull to Antwerp by way of the North Sea—stopped over at Colonge [sic] one day thence direct to Munich . . .

My first impression of Munich is very favorable. Had trouble to get on but by preserverance I succeeded. Have a fine room for 12 marks—$3—things are very cheap, get a good meal for 10 cts.—other things in proportion.

About 70 Americans here all attending the art school—no. of students in the Academy about 400.

Will write next Sunday, 17th. Clara write me a good long letter as I am anxious to hear from home. Have not received a letter yet . . .

Love to Father and Mother and all. Love to Grandmother.

Good Bye,

Chas.

Charles A. Kappes
Royal Academy of Fine Arts
Munich
Bavaria

Clara write my address very plainly.

Munich, Nov. 18, 1883

Dear Parents:

Received Clara'[s] letter last Friday, 16th, and you can't imagine what pleasure it gave me to read it . . .

Started in school last Monday. Made a trial drawing and the Prof. thought is [it] was very good.

The Germans are very polite—when passing an acquaintance on the street they always take off their hats. The students of the Art School salute each other in this way. In going into a large store you take off you [r] hat.

Will write more about the city in my next letter. Getting along nicely in German, will be able to speak fluently in a few months.

Clara save all my letters.

Hope all are well.

With love . . .

Munich, Nov. 26, 1883

Dear Parents:

The time seems to fly so rapidly that it makes one feel as though a

weeks time is not sufficient to gather material enough to form a good letter . . .

I forgot to tell you when I spoke my first german. It was in Colonge, after looking at the Cathedral and a[d]miring its granduer, I turned to the porter of the hotel that I was stopping [at], and without a grin on my countenance, I exclaimed, "Das ist schon" . . .

At Heidelberg I met an American who was just returning home after spending the summer at the mountains. He came up to me and asked me [if] I wasn't an American. I ask[ed] him how he would distinguish an American—he replied—"That he knew I was by the cut of my overcoat and the imitation diamond pin that I wore in my scarf" . . .

I like the school ever so much and think after spending about two years at Munich, I will be able to do something. We have lectures on Perspective—Art—Architecture and Anatomy. The lectures on Anatomy are very interesting. We have bodies for the purpose of desection [*sic*] and by these means are able to study the musels with advantage. My time is all occupied from 8 to 12 and 1 to 4. I draw at school from the Antique. 4 to 5 we have lectures—5 to 6—I draw from the nude figure at school, and 7 to 9 at night I draw from the nude at a large studio that the students have rented for the purpose of studying the nude. You can see that I have commence[d] to work and hope to keep it up while here . . . .

Munich, Dec. 4th, '83

Dear Parents:

I can not realize that it is nearly two months since I left home . . . Christmas so near at hand and I so far from home! As this will be the first holiday I ever passed away from home I will try and content myself with the pleasures that I have enjoyed while at home . . . We have two weeks vacation at school—but I intend to work the same as before . . .

Sunday I visited the Bavarian National Museum, which contains an extremely rich collection of objects illustrative of the progress of civilisation and art. Some of the objects of interest are dated 800. One large room is entirely devoted to the costumes of the Royal family and it is quiet interesting to study the extravagence that these blue blooded people were wont to do. Of course it did not make a particle of difference to them so long as the people were willing to pay for their vanity.

The Americans had quiet a Thanksgiving dinner. The bill of fare

was—Soup—Fish—Turkey and cranberry sauce and cheese washed down with Beer.

I like the German way of living—in the morning you have nothing but Coffee and simials—(like our buns)—Dinner and Supper are about the same with course food that is not liable to give any body the dyspecia—Coffee you only get in the mornings. I am enjoying the best of health and I may say am getting fat.

I have not seen a drunken man since I have been here, although a large quantity of beer is drank, it does not seem to affect the people as it does at home. The reason of this is due to the pure beer that is made and which is under the supervision of the government. The glasses are measured and then marked, compelling the barkeeper to fill the glass to the measure that the government dictates . . .

Hug to Mother & shake to Father . . . love to all . . .

Chas.

Munich, Dec. 9th, '83

Dear Father and Mother:—

. . . In speaking of the men of Munich it will not be right to overlook the woman. Clara if you have any friends that are in for "Womans Rights" please relate to them what I am about to give. I think the women have about the same right the men enjoy, judging from everyday observations. It is no uncommon sight to see *lady hod carriers.* You see them in company with men piling bricks in the hods and climb[ing] up to the fourth story of a building. They also do work on the streets, such as cleaning out the gutters and similar labor. Now if Susan B. Anthony would just spend the winter over here and hire herself out as a hod carrier, I think she would have enough of Rights and very gladly return to America where woman is honored and respected more so than any other nation on the face of the globe.

I have attended several operas and I must say that they are fine—the theaters are very much different from those at home—all old fashioned which makes them more picturesque and therefore more interesting. The scenic effects are not on such a grand style as American[s] generally have—this is due, I think, to the germans looking more for the fine singing or acting as it may be . . .

I am getting along very rapidly—feel as though I could draw a hundred percent better now than I could at home. If I make the same progress throughout the year, as I have made during this month I will be

somewhat satisfied. Can't get in the painting school before next year. If I am lucky enough to get in [at] that time, it will be quiet an honor, as the students are required to work in the drawing school two years before they are admitted to the colour class.

Will give you my expenses during the month. A mark is 25 cts. in our money.

Room and expenses thereof	27 mks.
Shoes	12 mks.
Box of paints & drawing material	16 mks.
Umbrella	4 mks.
Board and smaller expenses	125 mks.

So the first month cost me $31.00. [I] intend to make $20 do after this. The cost of tuition at school was $10 for the first term which expires the 1st of April. After the first term it only cost[s] $5 per term. The highest expense during the first month was my board bill. Hungry all the time—it seemed that filling me up was next to an impossibility . . .

Munich, Dec. 27, 1883

Dear Parents:—

Christmas has come and gone, but its coming had no charms for me, as I have found from experience that without home, Christmas is a very slim affair . . .

I am anxious for summer to make its appearance as I intend to go to the mountains and stay two or three months to sketch. Boarding is much cheaper there than in the city, and the opportunities that one may have make it so pleasant that art students are always longing for the summer time . . .

In german I am getting along slow but sure, hope to write mother a german letter before many years roll their waves over the beach of old Ocean Time.

During the holidays, I am working in the studio of a young artist, from Chicago . . . .

Have put all my money in the bank. The amount to date is 1500 marks on which I receive two per cent interest. As it is very easy to exchange American money, for german in Munich, a dollar bill occasionally in a letter would help me to purchase books &c &c . . .

Munich, Jan. 13, '84

Dear Parents:—

. . . I wanted to get in the nature school—that is drawing from life—

but I was unsuccessful on account of the school being so crow[d]ed and I being to[o] late in the session. The school had been opened a month before I arrived so all I was to do was to wait until Christmas as the Professor advised me to do, and run the chances of there being a vacancy in the Nature class. I therefore made an examination drawing for entrance in the Antique class, and was admitted without any trouble. A great many students fail to get in the Academy as a good drawing must be made befor[e] you become a member of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. I made very rapid progress in the Antique class, and when Christmas arrived I had the chance to go in the Nature class but did not accept it as I found from studying the antiques that a good foundation could be laid for a successful career in Art. I therefore concluded to remain in the class until summer and then go in the Nature school. Have made up my mind that I will be able to draw before I go in the painting class. The great draw back with the students in the Painting school is that they are unable to draw correctly and thereby making it very difficult to make any progress at colouring. Of course, the plan I laid out will take longer time than was at first thought of but if I am not so fortunate to stay the desired length of time I will be able to draw, and not be like some of the students that have been here some time [and] not able to draw or paint.

Most of the students come over with the intention of studying four years—others two or three years longer. I may be able to make a little money as soon as I feel competent to copy some of the pictures of the old masters. They find a ready sale in America if done correctly. Medals are awarded every year and I will work and try my best to receive one.

2. *A Fuller Life*

After about two months of Spartan existence in Munich, young Kappes got tired of it. He saw that a true artist should have a somewhat fuller life. Keeping his board bill down to $20 a month and always being hungry were not conducive to good social and artistic balance. Gradually his circle of friends grew larger. He joined the American Artists' Club. On weekends he hiked with his friends into the picturesque countryside. He journeyed with others to the famous salt mines in Salzburg, Austria. He joined with two American students to rent a studio in which he could eat, sleep,

entertain and paint. He grew a beard. He received honors from his professors. He finished the course in drawing—the class in Antiques—and went on into the Nature class where he could begin to do more original work. He continued to lament the Bavarian love of holidays which cut into his productive studies.

Munich, Jan. 20th, '84

Dear Parents:—

. . . This is the season for Carnival Balls. Every night the streets are filled with people, dressed in every style one can imagine . . . The season for balls will keep up until Lent . . . The different colleges give balls, and by visiting them you can see some of the most picturesque costumes that can be made. Our school will give one the 4th of Feb. '84. Do not know weather I will go but at present I expect I shall.

I have tried to live on $20 per month but found that by so doing I was not able to buy enough to live respectable so I concluded that it would be better to enjoy the money in buying good food than giving it to the Doctor for medicine. A fellow can live on the above amount if he would contend with such things as blood wurste—liverwurst and food in that line. They are very good occasionaly but to make a practice and eat them daily—well I found out that I could not do it. My expenses are about $25.00 per month, as I have 1500 marks on hand and expenses [are] 100 mks. per month. I therefor can stay a little over a year from this date . . .

Music—well if the germans don't know how to play, then good music is not to [be] found. Last Sunday I went to the Kings Theater and heard one of the finest opera's I ever had the pleasure of listening to—I expect to go tonight and hear Faust—Sunday is the only time I have to go to the theatres as all my time is occupied in drawing.

The King is a daisy—he only charges us poor Art Students half fare for admittance to his theaters. We get a 50 cts. ticket for 20 cts., the King pays the difference . . .

Munich, 3d/7, 1884

Dear Parents:—

Letter containing the $5 bill at hand . . .

A few weeks ago I took a trip to Salzburg about 100 miles from Munich. It was an excursion and the fare for the round trip was only 6 mks. I enjoyed this trip very much and from present indications I think

of going there this summer for a month and sketch some of the fine scenery that I thought was beautiful . . . Salzburg is in Austria and around it are situated the famous Salt Works.

Munich, 3/9/1884

Dear Parents:—

. . . I am working night and day and thereby getting along in drawing immensely. My Professor speaks of me very highly and every time he comes around to correct he says my work is "sehr gut." Today (Monday) he looked at my drawing some time and said he could do nothing to it as it was as near correct as could be made—of course such corrections make me feel O.K. and also the more for work.

In german I am getting along slowly, but I hope, sure—I understand most all that is said to me, but in speaking I am not so fortunate. If I would spend my evenings in studying german it would take me very little time to learn to speak better than I do, but my nights are spent in the Studio and therefore not much time is allotted me for the study of german. The only time I have for such work is when I go to the Cafe in afternoons between 4 and 5 o'clock, then I drink my coffee and study german. Still I am satisfied with what I have learned since here. I know enough to get along—such as understanding the lectures and the corrections of my Professors.

Now I will give you the prices of articles of food that the Munich people are required to pay. Last week I made it a point to go around the city and learn the prices. *It costs more to live in Munich than at home.* I put the foregoing in large print so when any germans say that you can live in Munich cheaper than at home, you can show them what I have written. I will give the lists of the main articles of food and you can compare them with the prices that you do at home.

Butter—30 to 40 cts. per lb.
Cabbage—5 to 8 cts. per head.
Coffee—the lowest 20 cts. and the best from 30 to 60 cts. per lb.
Potatoes the same as at home.
Sugar—10 to 12 cts. per lb. . . .

Meat and Bread is so much more here that you will be surprised to hear the prices—Flour is 7 cts. per lb. and bread is therefore dearer than our 5 and 6 cts. loafs that we get at home. Large loafs of rye bread cost 23 cts. per loaf . . .

Clothe[s] and wearing stuffs are cheaper than at home, but to get the

same wear out of them that our home goods give us, it cost[s] about double as much here . . .

Now I hope that this letter will convince father it is not as cheap here as he imagined.

Some of the germans live like—I was going to say hogs—but I will say wild people. The ones that live so cheaply—they live on beer and wurste. They can stand it because they were raised up in it—but to take an American that has been used to good meals—well in short he can't stand it . . .

Munich, 3/20 1884

Dear Parents:—

. . . No doubt Dave [his brother] is going to put on style on Commencement day—no style for Art Students. All that is needed to graduate in Art is a suit of Brains—and an eye for the Beautiful . . .

Munich, 4/4/1884

Dear Parents:—

. . . The Americans go in for walking. Every Sunday parties take a stroll to some neighboring town at a distance of about 12 to 15 miles from Munich. The country being so interesting it is almost impossible to get tired—last Sunday I took a trip to an old Castle—about 10 miles distance. The views that I saw were immence. The snow covered Alps always at a distance and the green grass at your feet make quite a striking contrast and most beautiful in the extreme . . .

I received a Certificate from the Professor today and am glad to say that it is very satisfactory. In the first place . . . is the progress—in that he says that my progress was *very good*. Will send the certificate in my next letter as I intend to use it before sending home. I expect to go in the Nature Class next season—that is next May and I could hardly get along without it . . .

Munich, April 15, '84

Dear Parents:—

. . . The good news that I send home is that I have been successful in getting into the Nature Class. A student is generally required to remain into the Antique class about 1 yr. and a half—three sessions—so you see I have been able to make a jump of one year. The Professor in the Nature Class (different prof. in every class) paid me quite a com-

pliment by remarking that my drawings were the best that had been shown him . . .

Munich, 27/4 '84

Dear Parents:—

. . . I had my coat rebound and fixed all over including a velvet collar, new pockets, &c &c and when I came to pay for it I was quite surprised to find that it was only 6 mks.—$1.50 . . .

Munich, 5/23d 1884

Dear Parents:—

. . . One place in particular that I wish to speak is the Augustine where occasionaly I get dinner . . . If you wish something to eat you go in the kitchen and help yourself . . . if it were not for the cheapness I couldn't stand it. The reason I eat in the kitchen is because by so doing you need not drink any beer. If you eat in the other rooms you are expected to drink beer. You are *required* to drink beer in all the resturants in Munich. If you say you dont want any they will tell you very quickly to get up and leave as there is no profit on the food alone but on the beer the profit is made. Oh—for a good meal at home! viel potpie for instance! . . .

Munich, 6/12 1884

Dear Parents:—

. . . A few weeks ago was held in the city a very peculiar fair called the Dult . . . The dult is a place where anything and everything can be purchased. It is generally conducted by the country people who in the course of six months rape [sic] and scrape together what objects they have no further use for and bring them to the dult where they are disposed of . . . A few old nails, hardware, furniture, cooking utensils, drapries, clothes, tombstones, crucifixes, and last but not least human bones . . . Occasionally good bargains can be had but the majority of stuff sold is of no use whatever. The Art Students generally make a raid on the drapries and costumes which can be had for a trifel . . .

Munich, 24/6 1884

Dear Parents:—

. . . Today (thank Heavens) is the last holliday this session of school. If a German can't enjoy a holliday who can!

At school I am drawing a half nude figure of a man—and when finished will get it photographed and send home a copy. The Professor likes it very much and praises me everytime he sees it. For the short time I have been in the nature class the students think I have made remarkable progress . . .

Munich, 7/20 1884

Dear Parents:—

. . . No doubt if I were to send you a good photo of "meself" you would not know it. I have raised a full beard and think it becomes me very well but at the same time it makes me appear a few years older . . .

Next Friday is the exhibition of the work did at the Academy. This yearly exibition is one of great importance to the student. It gives him an idea of the work done by the classes under different professors and also medals &&&c are given to the lucky students. In one of my letters I spoke of my giving up the chances of obtaining a medal by going in a different class, but a good exibit will satisfy me and the next exibition I will show what I can do when placed in an even race . . .

Munich, 28/7 1884

Dear Parents:—

Exibition of the works of the different schools is one of the things of the past. Honors were awarded to the successful students and of course "Old Zanesville" was not behind but succeeded in carrying off one of the honors—that is an "Honorable mention." In one of my last letters I wrote that I expected nothing but it came to pass that the committee thought otherwise and awarded me with an honor. The awarding committee consists of the best artists in Germany and when they give an honor it generally means *"etwas"* [something]. The work I did this year was divided between the Antique and Nature schools, so in neither school I had no chance of making a big display. Some of the students expected me to receive a medal but I expected nothing of the kind as my work was not enough to show what I could do in one class alone.

Munich, Sept. 18, 1884

Dear Parents:—

[Relates plans to spend summer vacation in a nearby village called Schliesheim]. The village is nothing great but the views are something that one can learn a great deal by painting. Another thing . . . is that the

older students are there and being under their influence you pick up a great many points that otherwise you would not be able to do. Am improving very much in color, that is sketching from nature, and I feel assured that my vacation will be one of profit . . .

Munich, Oct. 15, 1884

Dear Parents:—

[Relates that the Academy has moved to another part of Munich thus requiring him to find a new place to live]. After running about half a day you find a room that is just the thing and when the price is given you stagger to one side and gently roll—I mean walk down the stairs and continue your seersh until a room is found that is cheap as well as beautiful . . . The last room I had was very pleasant, but as I had not many acquaintances in the city I had no need for any pictures to make it artistic—in fact I was only in it at night—but the room at present is a much different affair—it is very artistic and by spending a few marks I can make it a place where I can invite my friends. The lady of the house has a son about my age who is in the Composition class in the Academy and of course he being so far advanced his acquaintance will be useful as well as ornamental . . .

[Relates how the Academy fees have been raised]. The price now is 60 mks. a term making in all 120 mks. per year. Before this the fees were only 40 mks. per year with the membership fee of 15 mks. making in all 55 mks. Now the fees including the membership is 140 mks.—Quiet an advance of course I being a member it will only cost 120 mks. per year. When one considers the cost of other schools $30 per year is not so much. The expenses of the school are much more than the income—I think it cost[s] the Government about 1000 mks. for each student . . .

I expect to remain in the drawing class until April and then the painting class three terms [two more years in all]—that is with Fathers and Mothers consent. What say you on the subject? Mother knows my feelings in regard to remaining here as long as possible so I will not write them . . .

Munich, Oct. 19th, '84

Dear Parents:—

. . . The amount of draft that I received from Frank Guillo [banker] 1250 mks.—making in all 1862 mks. The amount at hand at present is

550 mks. So you see my expenses for one year including everything is 1312 marks. That is far below the average expense of the American students at Munich . . .

Have been wearing my clothes that I brought over excepting my good suit which I wear only on special occasions. My pants have been mended so often with different cloth that it reminds me of the Bible story of the young man that wore the coat of many colors. The bicycle shirt that accompined me on my trip is so worn out that I thought it a good idea to send it home and let Willie use it for a seive.

I have been very careful with my money and tried to make both ends meet. I have made progress in my studies and feel that the money that I am using is well spent. The prospects of Art in America are quite encouraging and no doubt before long it will be held in the same reverence as it is in Europe.

Munich, 11/7 1884

Dear Parents,

. . . In one of your letters you say something of Miss Hatton['s] intention to visit Munich. Well, I have no objections for her doing so but I would find a great number of excuses if she made it a business of hunting me up and using me as a guide.

I hope Will Werner and that crowd will not pay me a visit. If they do it would cost me money and also time.

I almost feel at home in Munich the reason being that seven young fellows that I was well acquainted with in Cincinnati and New York are here and therefor I feel as though I am not among strangers . . .

Munich, Nov. 12th, 1884

Dear Parents:—

. . . Last week the American Club held its fall exibition of sketches made by its members during the summer. The members of the Club consists of the most advanced students here and among them are several who have reputations throughout America. At present the membership of the club extend[s] to about 70. The rooms are fitted up with decorations made by the students and with a piana in the room and an extensive library it is more like a home than our sleeping rooms . . . in the Library may be seen all of the Art Books that are published in French, German and English. In fact the Library is valued at $500 and to make a long story short I am the Librarian. I was elected last

week and will try and do my duty. My knowledge of books have been limited but I expect to pick up a few points while in office . . .

Munich, Dec. 17, 1884

Dear Parents:—

. . . One great fault with the schools of Bavaria is that they are under the direction of the church derictors and every religious day (and they are about 50 in a year) is a holiday and of course no school. For one that doesn't study Art it is hard to see why a holiday is so objectionable to the student, but for us, who have become interested in a drawing and then be compelled to lay off a day or two is very objectionable . . .

In my last letter I wrote about having a studio and now I will give reasons for so doing. A room that is used for sleeping can't be used for working as it is too small and when large enough it costs the same as a good studio could be rented for. The studio that I share cost[s] 35 marks per month and service cost[s] 8 mks., in all 43 mks. I had to buy a bed—bed clothes &c &c that cost me about 12 dollars. The student that I share with is an American from Urbana, Ohio. He is very talented and not without a reputation. He had the studio fitted up before I came in with him and that save[d] me a little money. Eichelburger, that is my friend's name has studied in Paris and his landscapes that he paints are considered very strong . . . We do our own cooking—Hotel De Hapi & Co. . . .

Munich, Jan. 29th, 1885

Dear Parents:—

. . . Clara asks me what church I attend. Well my religion is Art and the Services are held every day of the year including a sketch class in the evening. I have never been in the English Church but occasionally I attend the Catholic Church to hear the music which I enjoy very much . . .

As soon as my money comes I must see to my teeth. Mother you remember the condition of some of my food destroyers before I left home. Well at present they are 20% worse. Today one of my front teeth—(I mean a pi[e]ce of it) took its departure and if I am not careful a few more will follow . . .

Munich, Feb. 24th, 1885

Dear Parents:—

. . . I also attended a "Knipe" given by one of the Nature schools

and when I give you the subject for the nights fun you may well imagine what it was like—It was called "A Night in Hell". The hall was decorated so as to represent the home of his Satanic Majesty. His imps and companions were quite numerous during the evening. There was always a dim light in the hall and one could almost imagine he could see millions of their fiery eyes . . .

The American Artists Club gave a Fancy dress ball about two weeks ago and it proved to be quite a success. I did not go as it was rather expensive and the money was not at hand.

I remain at home nearly every evening now for the purpose of studying the German. I find that if you give up study as soon as you know a few words and sentences in the language you soon begin to fall back and forget what little you did know. One great fault with me in regard to German is that I haven't the courage to speak what I do know. But by a little practice I will be able to put together the words that I know.

I am getting along O.K. in school, am at present just beginning to work with some knowledge and therefore I have hopes that I am progressing . . .

undated fragment

. . . If I must come home the only place for me to locate, at present, would be in Zanesville and then only under the conditions that I spoke of some time ago. My intentions were, after working about a year in the painting school [in Munich], to locate in New York: but such a scheme would not do at present as I do not think I could enjoy a life in a garret. I think that money could be made in Zanesville in a couple of years to bring me back to Munich and finish my studies, but the time that would be lost in so doing would set me back about 5 years and the time that counts best in a students life would be wasted in trying to make a few dollars at the expense of time that is worth 100 times more.

I am quite sure that if I had some one at home to talk up my case to some of the rich men of Zanesville I could get a loan of perhaps $1,000 and complete my education. Several Americans here in Munich are studying from money loaned by rich men of their towns. In Paris I am sure that there are at least 20 students helped by the millionairs of New York & Boston. I think I will resort to that scheme when I get home and no doubt it will work. I am old enough and have had exper[i]ence to see that I have as good a chance to make a success of art as the majority and if they can work such schemes why can't I?

A friend of mine from Cincinnati, named Baer, came over four years ago to remain one year but he managed to borrow some money and he remained 4 years—he left Munich last September and located in New York and I here from good source that he has made a $1000 since he has been home. Mr. Lutz of Cincinnati remained here 3 years—he left last summer and at present is a teacher in the school of design of Cin. and is making it pay hansomely. I could name many more but you can see that money expended in this way is well invested.

If Father can possibly spare more money so much the better—if not I will be at home sometime in June . . .

Ismaining April 9th, '85

Dear Parents:—

Clara['s] welcomed letter announcing that I can remain until next fall received. Better news was never received . . .

Munich, April 25th, 1885

Dear Parents:—

. . . I wrote in my previous letters of the progress I made in my landscape studies but I was much surprised to learn that my friends did not credit my last work to me they said it was too good for one that has not studied as long as I have . . . .

My money will last me for at least 5 month[s]. My expenses of late have been pretty heavy and I will economize as much as possible. But it is impossible for me to live as I did the first year. I am older and have more acquaintances than at first and the idea of living on Leber Kase [liver cheese] and a piece of bread for supper will not go down. I will ilustrate this subject as follows—the first year I used to eat my dinner in a small out of the way place and paid only 33 phf [ennigs] for it—only the poorest class of people patronized such a place—now I eat in a place that the majority of art students patronize and dinner costs 75 to 80 phf. . . .

Munich, May 21st, '85

Dear Parents:—

Clara'[s] letter of May 6th at hand—Father'[s] remarks about the Bauers [farmer's] life rather surprised me as I am quite sure that he has no idea of the ways of a Bavarian Bauer. For dirt, stupidity and ignorance the Bavarian farmer takes the cake . . .

An American Art Student Abroad—Selections from the Letters Of Karl Kappes, 1883-85

. . . The first studio I had with my friend Eichelberger—we gave up last winter and have been occupying our present abode for two or three months. The other room mate is from Chicago named Krause. We get along very good and among the three we learn a little from each one. Our studio is very large with a fine sleeping room attached. Two sleep in the room—the other in the Studio—we have it fixed up very artistic and I only wish you could see our work shop. The studio and room costs 55 mks. per month—and by dividing it by three you see that it becomes very cheap only 18 mks. per month.

It is almost impossible to decorate a studio in America the same manner as in Munich—and another thing of importance is that it cost[s] almost nothing to fix up a studio in Munich—deer skins cost only 1 mk.—and furniture is very cheap—chairs 1 to 2 mks.—of course furniture and everthing is old—you never find an art student buying new things—if an art student would jump the track and buy new furniture he would be laughed at . . .

. . . Everything is all OK—and often I think of my coming home . . .

Munich, June 2nd, '85

Dear Parents:—

. . . The hospital covers a large space of ground and the way things are carried on by the Catholics is quite crediable to that institution. Students are admitted free—that is by paying only 3.50 mks. per year—everything is furnished you—the finest eating—wines—in fact everything that a sick man desires—and the way that the Sisters attend you! Well it make[s] an art student (when he is out of money) wish he could board there a month or two. Several of my friends have been there and they felt almost sorry when the doctor informed them that they were well enough to leave . . .

Munich, June 28, '85

Dear Parents:—

. . . The city is full of Americans—it is a very easy matter to distinguish an American in a foreign land. The first of all is their intelligent look—after that comes the cut of their clothes.

The American Club will as usual, celebrate the 4th of July with a big dinner and a good time in general. I am going to get a big American flag and hang it from my studio window on the day that we celebrate.

While in the country last spring I heard a great many bauers give

their opinions on what they though[t] America was. The great trouble with most of them was the fear of indians. They have an idea that outside of New York City—the country is full of 'em and you are liable to be shot. My room mate Eichelberger made them believe that he used to after the theater was over to go back of the opera house and kill indians by the dozens . . . The other day we had quite a storm and a beautiful rainbow made its appearance. The woman that does our work in the studio made this remark. She wanted to know weather we had rainbows in America as she thought we had a different sky over there . . .

undated fragment

. . . The Americans celebrated the 4th in their usual way—that is having a big dinner speech making and in fact spreading the American Eagle as far as possible . . .

Munich, July 15th, 1885

Dear Parents:—

. . . The weather we are having at present is decidiably warm and just imagine working in a room with 15 or twenty students and not allowed to have even windows or door open. Ventilation is like rat poison to a German. I think a strong draft would be the death of at least half the Germans.

Next week the annual exhibitions of the schools are held and the main question for the interest of the students is who will take honors. I have worked very hard this year and would appreciate an honor very much but if I am not successful in winning one it will not make me feel the worst for it. For the ways of the Academy are mysterious. Many a time a medal

[section of letter torn away]

drawing while the Germans look only for the small things or in other words the detail. Last year I received an honorable mention on my work I did in the Antique school because I worked the way the Proffesors wanted me to—this year I worked the way I thought best and it remains to be seen whether the Proffessor's will give me any honors for so doing. I am anxiously awaiting the decision of the judges and you may rest assured that I will write as soon as it is made . . .

3. *Reluctant Return*

Kappes' money was running out—and so was his time in Munich. It was hard for him to break off his studies for he felt that he was just getting started. He made the best of the situation by planning to spend just enough time in America to make enough money to return to Munich or Paris to complete his training. He left Munich in July with the close of school and journeyed to Rothenburg in northern Germany.

Rothenburg, Aug 30

Dear Parents:—

. . . In Clara'[s] last letter you spoke of traveling—well you know how well I would like to see Europe but I would much rather remain in school another term than see all the cities of Europe. Of course one learns a great deal in traveling but the expence is something great . . .

My going home may put me back considerable but again it will put a little more life into me and I think in a year or two I will be able to return. I haven't been in the pa[i]nting school but have picked up considerable from studying in the galleries and I think I can be able to paint a landscape that will sell. If I remain in Zanesville I will give lessons and I hope I will have time to study. My two years at the Academy has put me on the right track and I think if I keep a little look out I will progress . . . .

I have concluded to go back to Munich next week and will copy some painting of the old masters . . .

Rothenburg 9/7 1885

Dear Parents:—

. . . I am well pleased with this little town of the middle ages but never the less anxious to start on my homeward trip. The remaining two months, I think, will not accomplish much as my mind and thoughts are a few thousand miles from old Deutschland. It is not that I am losing interest in my work but the knowledge that I must go home and the sooner 'tis done the better.

The question that bothers me is where am I to locate! Zanesville? No that will never do. It must be some place out side of Z—By locating I don't mean that I intend to remain in said place—but remain long

enoug to make enough money to bring me back to Munich or Paris—the later place I much prefer.

The last six months has put a damper on my enthusiasm for Munich. The longer I live in Munich, the more I know the people and the less love I have for them. Rothenburg—about 70 to 80 miles north of Munich is quite another people and I understand that the northern Germans are as much different as the difference between day & night. This great difference I think is caused by the Religion—The lower Germans or Bavarians have two thoughts that continualy run through their heads—Catholicism and Beer. The people of Rothenburg and vicinity are Protestant and the difference is readily seen.

Another thing I have against Munich is the life of the place. When I first arrived I thought what a nice quite place to study art. In that respect I have changed my mind—I think the proper place for an art student is where there is plenty of life—something that will keep him a wake and up and doing. I haven't associate[d] much with the German Art Students on account of their habit of getting very thirsty every few minutes. I have enjoyed two Protestant Sundays since here and it "kinder" reminded me of old times. Church bells ringing and the childrens voices in Sunday school . . .

Munich, Oct. 4, '85

Dear Parents:—

. . . All the Americans are returning from their summer studies and preparing to reenter the school while I, the only one, am preparing my homeward journey. It makes me rather blue to think of it—after two years of hard study and just beginning to understand the first principles of Art I must take a trip across the pond to America and lose the best time of my life—and then the money that it cost for my trip would keep me here 6 months. Well I hope it will benefit me but I look for the worst . . .

Young Jim, The Ottawa's Last Hope

A Selection from the Dresden W. H. Howard Papers

EDITED BY ROBERT F. BAUMAN

1. *A Dismal Future and a Gleam of Hope.*

The story of the removal of the Ottawas from the Maumee Valley is an old one, and the cold facts of the forceful land-grab and migration are well-known. However, the sad tale that was carried to Kansas in every swollen Indian heart as the long trek was made has never been released. It is a pathetic story; one of love and hate, of hope and death. "Young Jim" is the story of the great Ottawa tribe's last chance to survive and to begin life anew in the strange, perilous country to which they were destined. We are fortunate that in the memoirs of Colonel D. W. H. Howard a full account of this momentous occasion in the history of the Ohio Ottawas has been preserved. Only such a man at the Colonel, trapper, trader, and life long friend of the Ottawas, could have grasped the significance of the story involved in the last great festival of the Ottawas in the Maumee Valley.

By 1830 *the old Ottawa chiefs realized that removed from the Valley was inevitable; they also feared that death would be the final outcome of the dreadful migration to the west. It was truly difficult for the old chiefs, such as Pet-ton-i-quet, who remembered the Ottawas as one-time lords over vast areas of land in Canada and northern United States, as great warriors, shrewd traders and alert hunters, to realize that at this time they were defenseless as a tribe. The experienced chiefs that were yet alive were too old to lead the Ottawas in battle; and, the young Indians were not equipped with battle experience. Because of this, it is little wonder that fear gripped the hearts of the Ottawas when the old chiefs who viewed the Kansas lands reported that death waited them there—if not by starvation, then by the bloody hands of the savage Indians of the plains.*

In spite of the dismal future faced by the Ottawas during this per-

iod, Colonel Howard emphasizes that they were not entirely leaderless. Although lacking in actual battle experience, Peway and Young Jim (Muc-out-tamong), were all the tribe could ask for in potential leaders against their strange foes in the west.

Young Jim at this time had grown to the years of maturity, nearly six feet tall, with a finely developed form and figure, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds, with a handsome face and open countenance, which was a reflection of his kind, generous nature and manly heart.

During a lifetime with him, I never knew him to become angry, and for an Indian he was very temperate. . .He was the best shot with arrow or rifle in the whole tribe and nation. And I have often seen him take a squirrel from the top of the tallest tree with a single arrow. He was a successful bear and deer hunter, swift of foot and of untiring energy. Among the Sioux, Pawnees, Poncas, and Blackfeet, I never knew his equal. A good horseman, swimmer, he was always the first to encounter danger, and never gave up until he had accomplished his object.

Among our associates, and only a few years our senior, was a cousin of Jim's named Peway (Hair of An Animal), who was remarkably stout built robust young Indian, dark skinned, of a morose and sullen disposition, never genial or friendly, a remarkably good shot, active on foot, a successful hunter and he always won where strength was the test. In pulling fingers, or wrestling, he had no equal, but in the lighter sports, as foot racing, jumping, swimming or shooting with bow and arrow, Jim always won; consequently there was always jealousy on the part of Peway.

These young cousins by near blood relations were both in the prime of life and had never drank the white man's firewater to excess, yet had tasted it, and Pe-way loved it.

2. *Honor to the Two Young Chiefs.*

A great festival was called by the bands of Ohio Ottawas who were living their last days near their loved river. This last great gathering was two-fold in purpose. First of all, it was to honor the

two youths in whom they placed their trust to aid in the preservation of their tribe; and secondly, the Ottawas realized that this would be the last time they could gather in this land to sing and dance together, engage in contests, and recall exploits of the hunt or battles.

It was within one year of the removal of the Indians from their old homes here, that a great Council and Festival was called to meet at the Indian Village of Nawash, on the Indian Island on the north bank of the river a few miles above the present village of Waterville, opposite the Old Mission.

The Indians were holding for the last time at this haunt, a popular meeting place of the neighboring tribes, a Peace Dance and Ceremony of the Feast. Several hundred had already gathered to participate, and they were in the height of their enjoyment.

According to Colonel Howard, both Peway and Young Jim were there, as were many of their near relatives and friends.

Jim's mother and uncle Pet-ton-i-quet, both past their prime, their heads sprinkled with silver, were present. The mother was less affected by age having been strictly temperate, having clearly a pleasant face, and was still a good looking squaw. Jim's father Kin-jo-i-no, had been dead many years; the principal chief at the feast, Pet-ton-i-quet, was a large fine looking man of sixty-five.

3. *The Murder of Young Jim.*

The festivities of the day were in full blast, and all were in high glee. The older braves were recounting exploits of earlier days on the hunt or war path, keeping time to the tum tum of the drum with the peculiar chant of the Indian song. The younger Indians were amusing themselves playing ball, running foot races and other games.

The Drums were beating their tum tum accompanied by the musical song of the old grey haired braves; a dozen gourds were rattling by as many old squaws; a group of young girls were playing Pe-nas-ke (The

Bird) imitating the song of the thrush, the mocking bird, and many other of the songsters of the forests; many of the young squaws were engaged in the dance and song. The dance most enjoyed by them was performed by their placing themselves in a single line, all facing the same way, standing together, all moving to the right or left at the same time with a gentle shaking movement, without lifting the feet from the ground, simply moving the heel and toe, accompanying the dance with a low bird-like song composed of a few notes, all in concert. Hours were spent in these dances by those who enjoyed them, in fact until they were tired and weary of the monotony.

All were in high revelery, when word was suddenly passed through the camp, that Muc-out-tamong (Young Jim) had been killed, and with one impulse all rushed to the spot where poor Jim lay with his life blood fast ebbing away from a terrible wound in the breast inflicted by the hand of Pe-way, his own cousin.

One cannot imagine the horror that must have past through the minds of these poor Ottawas as they watched their hope for survival pass away. Colonel Howard seems justified in placing the blame for this brutal crime upon the uncouth white settlers of the area.

The old chief (Pet-ton-i-quet) knew that the primary cause of this crime was the White Man's Firewater, the whiskey of the unprincipaled and worthless trader.

These whites, who had forced the Ottawas (and by unfair tactise), to sign away their homelands on the Maumee Valley and the surrounding area, causing them to face migration to a land of starvation and death, now assisted in smothering the one spark of hope that was left for these doomed red men. It is not known how Peway obtained the fire-water; but, from the above reference by Howard, it can be assumed that the unscrupulous whites in the vicinity took good advantage of this last large gathering of Ottawas before removal. Thus, sudden gloom was cast upon this festival and the hilarity of the "Peace Dance" was changed to mourning for the young chief.

The great gash in the breast immediately over the heart showed at

once that the fatal knife wound had done its work and that the spirit of the young and noble chief had passed to the great hunting grounds of his fathers. Death was almost instantaneous, as the steel had penetrated the heart, and the young Indian had given up his life without a struggle, and of course with little pain.

4. *Ottawa Justice.*

Pe-way, the murderer, stood aloof from the crowd, seemingly unconscious of what was passing around him, and with no disposition to escape his certain doom, knowing full well that stoicism peculiar to the North American Indian, so well known to those familiar to the laws, habits and customs of these strange wild people. The laws of punishment by the Indians in cases like this, were as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and no one need try to escape, either the murderer or the executioner, to do so would (mean he would) be branded as a coward, and that to an Indian is worse than death, which would be accepted cheerfully in preference to disgrace.

The joyous festival had resulted in a great deal of sorrow and confusion for the Ottawas on the Indian Island in the Maumee. Jim had to be cared for and prepared for burial; and, Pe-way must be executed and buried along with his cousin chief. As soon as it was ascertained that nothing could bring back the departed spirit of Young Jim, his body was removed to the mother's wigwam, the blood stains wiped away, and the remains of the young Indian dressed in his best and most valued clothing, and prepared for the ceremony of burial. When the excitement was somewhat abated, the attention of those not directly interested in the care and preparation for the funeral, was drawn to the murderer and his executioner.

Pe-way was standing at a little distance from the several groups of mourning friends, leaning against a tree apparently unconcerned, as though no such savage and wicked tragedy had taken place.

Pe-way's fate was death at the hands of his uncle, Pet-ton-i-quet, who was full of grief at the thought of the task he was destined to perform. He, the oldest and wisest chief of these people, must exe-

cute a duty that would mean certain doom to many of his tribe. He had no other choice.

5. *The Execution.*

The executioner, the uncle and nearest of kin, was sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree, his pipe filled with fragrant kin-ne-ka-nick, and blowing columns of blue smoke upward to the Great Spirit to give him strength, to enable him to execute the imperative law of his people, handed down from generation to generation. He dared not shrink from his responsibility, and he was, through the pipe of peace, communing with the Great Spirit, to give him strength to uphold the untarnished honor of his tribe; to nerve his arm to the bloody work before him, that must be accomplished before sun should sleep in the great waters of the west. It must be done before the sunset. There must be a bravery, a manhood if you please, that a civilized person cannot understand.

This noble chief loved these boys as his own son (children of his sisters', that he always had loved and protected) and now he was to become the executioner, to take the life as was the tribal law of the one who dyed his hands in the blood of the other, to send the spirit on the same path to the great hunting grounds and at the same hour, was a task that none but the brave could perform.

The old chief spent some time in communion with the Great Spirit, and in preparing his mind for the unwelcome and inevitable task that was his.

After closing the long and silent ceremony of smoking to the great Father for strength, he examined the keen edge of a long slim English Hunting Knife, and assuring himself that it was equal to do the part that it had to perform in the bloody work, he approached the silent and seemingly unconcerned Pe-way, who had scarcely moved from the spot he had taken from the tree soon after he had performed his murderous deed, and with a low and steady voice said, "My son, Ne-no-sa". At the sound the Indian turned toward the Chief, and with his own hands and without a word bared his bosom to the fatal knife, which the poor

old man, with a scarce steady hand, drove to the handle of in the body of the stubborn savage till the vital point was reached, and the powerful frame fell to the ground, then with a twist of the knife to make sure of the horrid work, the limbs and body gave one spasmodic stretch, and with but a single groan, the self willed and iron hearted Indian's spirit took its flight, according to Indian tradition towards the setting sun, and the great hunting grounds to which he had sent the spirit of his cousin but a few hours before.

The old chief related to me in detail all the incidents above related, and I think seldom mentioned it to any but myself, and then when he had partaken of the fire water, he would talk for hours with tears rolling down his face, and spoke of the wonderful tenacity of Pe-way, and the difficulty of reaching the vital spot, it had almost unnerved him. He feared his courage would fail him, when time after time the long blade was plunged into the body, yet it did not fall. I have often thought the old man's nerves were unsteady, and that he had struck below the vital organs.

I assisted at the burial of both boys, and examined the wounds of both, I hardly dare remember the cuts in the breast of Pe-way, it would seem impossible for one to stand upon his feet, after having been stabbed so horribly.

The old Chief's task was done, the blood of two of his nearest and dearest relatives had been poured upon the peaceful camp ground of his people, two of the most promising young chiefs of his fast diminishing nation.

6. *A Double Burial.*

The dreadful task had been accomplished, and all that remained to be done at this great gathering of the red men was to perform a double burial for the young chief cousins.

The same friends, who had just closed the task of bearing away the body of poor Muc-out-tamong to the wigwam of his mother, and preparing it for its last resting place, were called upon to take the body of

Pe-way to the same lodge, where his body was dressed and laid beside the body of my friend Jim in the camp of the heart broken squaw, the mother and aunt, for as Pe-ways mother was dead, he must go to the lodge of his aunt or his uncle, Pet-ton-i-quet.

The Ottawas wasted little time in carrying out the burial for these two departed chiefs. Perhaps this was in order that those who must return to their villages many miles away could participate in this sad but momentous occasion. Howard was informed of the tragedy at once and he left his home at Grand Rapids and arrived in the Indian camp in time to take part in the Ceremony of the Burial. He has left an unusually complete description of this event.

The Indians darkened their faces, some wholly, some partially, which is the custom.

The bodies of the dead were dressed in their finest clothing, [including] all ornaments of silver bands, broaches, beads, and wampum, leggings, and moccasins worked and ornamented with porcupine quills and beads. Their weapons, gun, bow and arrow, tomahawk, knife, pipe and kin-ne-ka-nick, wampum belt, etc. were placed by their side preparatory to being placed in the grave when the body was buried.

The great body of Indians gathered on the dancing ground located in a circle and in groups. Pipes of Tobacco, kin-ne-ka-nick, were smoked. The Indian drum was beaten slowly giving that hollow mournful sound peculiar to the Indian drum accompanied by equally monotonous tone of the Indian flute, the rattle of the gourds, the melancholy chant of the death song. This lasted all night and well into the next day, when this part of the service was closed in order to prepare for the more solemn service at the grave.

Just before sunset, the line of march was formed and moved slowly up the bank of the river, where two shallow graves were dug near together under the spreading branches of a large oak tree that grew close to the bank of the river. Bark had been pealed from the white elm and the graves lined with it. The bodies were placed upon a broad bark and borne to the graves by young men, who had been their associates and friends; the entire populace of the village following chanting

in low and measured tones the death song, accompanied by the dull sound of the drum. When the graves were reached some distance from the villages, the bodies were carefully placed in them, the implements of the hunt and war carefully placed beside them and a cover of bark placed over each.

The ceremony being closed, fire was lit at the head (always to the east) of each grave, small portions of tobacco thrown on. The procession was then formed and the chief mourners and friends accompanied by the sound of the drums and death chant marched slowly around the graves many times, and upon passing the fire at the head sprinkling tobacco, or kin-ne-ka-nick, upon it, and small pieces of bread and corn were dropped into a small opening at the head of each grave.

This ceremony continued for some time and at its close more bark was placed over the graves, a few leaves and earth over all, and the ceremony at the graves of the young hunters was closed.

At the close of the ceremony the procession returned to the village marching to the sound of the drum. By this time it was quite dark, and the dusky throng appeared in the darkness with their torch lights like weird spirits of the departed as they passed through the forest to the village.

The council fire was now lighted, the pipe again filled with the kin-ne-ka-nick, the drum commenced its tum tum, the hollow gourds again rattled, and the death song was repeated. The virtues, bravery and honor, the kindness, the strength of the departed heroes were sung by the assembled throng. All joined in praise to the young hunters that they were to meet no more this side of the happy hunting grounds.

This was continued all night and far into the afternoon of the next day, when hunger and fatigue caused them to desist, and a feast was prepared by the squaws and the long and mournful fast was broken.

Colonel Howard was extremely impressed with the burial ceremony, and also felt a great deal of sadness concerning it. He knew too well what this unfortunate incident meant to these fallen people; and, having lived among them all his life and knowing them as he

did, he was able to put upon paper the sentiments of these red men.

The mother of this dead son knew that she could visit this spot, and burn incense to his memory but a few times more, that she left her husband and only son buried beneath the forest shade on the banks of the beautiful river, with no one to care for their last resting place, that the ruthless hand of the paleface would desecrate these places, and the plowshare of civilization would expose their remains to open day, and be trampled under the feet of men and animals.

What would be the feelings of civilized people under like circumstances?

If we cannot be generous to this wasted and wandering people, that once were in possession of a Continent, and now know not where to lay their heads, let us at least be just.

I have witnessed the solemn burial services of my French and American friends, and those of the gallant soldier, when the last platoon was fired over his grave, and have always been deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, yet I think none more solemn and impressive or melancholy than the burial of these dusky sons of the forest accompanied by the solemn drum beat and death chant closing as in this instance with the shades of night, especially as we looked into the swarthy faces of the mourners and realized that in a few months perhaps they would be removed beyond the Mississippi, they knowing that they cannot return to sprinkle incense or light again the fire at the head of the grave even once a year.

But few today will understand fully the sad and melancholy scene which just closed the death and burial of the two young chiefs of the once powerful tribe of Ottawas. The entire valley of the Maumee with the Auglaize, St. Joseph and St. Mary rivers were theirs. The finest hunting ground on the Continent of which they were once owners and possessors, now reduced to a few villages and not owning a foot of the beautiful country, forbidden to remain longer, gathered together for perhaps the last time, visiting their ancient villages and burial grounds of their dead, smoking their last pipe and partaking of their last feast in memory of departed friends, knowing full well that they could never

again visit these sacred spots, when they had set their faces towards the great West and taken up the trail to their new homes toward the setting sun.

7. *Leaderless and Landless*

The feast was over; that which had commenced amid feasting and pleasure by the Ottawas, with their usual songs, dancing and activities, closed with the solemn ceremonies attending the death and burial of these red chiefs of the forest. All that remained for them to do was to return to their villages and report the sad news to those not present, and await the dreaded call to the west.

Many faces still wore the never failing signs of deep mourning (painted black) which was a truthful indication of a sad heart within. Late in the afternoon visitors from the distant towns began preparation for their return home and before sunset most of them had taken up the line of march through the forest and prairies to the villages on the upper Maumee, Auglaize, Bouchares Creek fork and the St. Joseph.

The sad news of the death of two of their most promising chiefs was carried to their villages, and the long weary days and nights consumed in the continuation of the ceremony of the burial service and the rehearsal in song the story of the greatness of the departed braves, in the outlying towns would take too many pages to recount.

In some instances a white dog was slain and burned upon the council fire amid shouting and dancing, singing and drumming. Fat deer was brought in by the hunters after a long fast, as was the custom, the feast again was prepared and all partook to their full satisfaction.

Nothing but contempt can be felt for those unscrupulous whites who tempted the gallant chief with fire water and killed the hopes of these people during one of the gravest eras in their long history. Instead of sympathizing with the Ottawas in their time of need, they tried to punish the most respected man among the tribe.

At the time of this murder there was quite a settlement of whites at

Waterville and some meddlesome, virtuous whites sought to have old Chief Pet-ton-i-quet tried and punished by the laws of the white people's courts, but after arresting him and ransacking the few law books at command, and finding nothing to warrant prosecution, the attempt was abandoned and the old man was released. It was well for the whites that they did discontinue their determination to punish the unwilling executioner, for at that day the Indians had many true and trusted friends who would never have permitted the old chief to be punished. The code of his own people was severe enough, for the old Chief would gladly have taken the place of Pe-way and been cut down than to have been compelled to take the life of his nephew in whose veins coursed the blood of his own family, and one of whom he prided as his own son.

The death of Pe-way and Young Jim meant that the Ottawas had to face the savage tribes of the west practically without leaders. They also knew that they were not trained to secure the large game of the plains; and that the hard stoney land there would offer them little opportunity to raise maize and other foods. Many of them died during the long trek to Kansas, others were lost because of lack of supplies and medical treatment after arrival; and, within a few decades after the migration, the Ottawas were reduced to less than half the original migrating band. They soon found that their land in Kansas was as much a prize to the white swindlers as was their Maumee Valley lands in Ohio. The Ottawas were forced, in 1869, *to move to Oklahoma, where they had purchased land for the tribe. Again many died during the migration. Today, all of this land has been lost, and only a five-acre cemetery remains in the possession of this once great tribe.*

Colonel Howard has provided us with an appropriate finish for this tragic story of these unfortunate Ottawas.

I visited the ancient burying grounds of my departed Ottawa friends many years after the incident above related, long after the construction of the Miami and Erie Canal, and although this runs near the bank of the river, the spot where the young chiefs were buried was still undisturbed, and the great Oak was still standing in all its natural beauty and grandeur. I could not help thinking of it, as a silent sentinel preserved by the Great Manitou to spread its protecting branches in winter's

cold and summer's heat over the last resting place of a departed people, who were taking their long sleep at its roots on the bank of the river whose dark and sluggish current is ever flowing on, passing and re-passing this spot long after the red man is forgotten, and possibly after the Great Republic has done its work, and other people have taken our place—I trust with a kindlier hand than we have taken the long and cherished homes of the simple red man.

The Stage Career of John Howard Payne, Author of "Home, Sweet Home"

BY VEDDER MORRIS GILBERT

During the Second World War a surprising number of servicemen, finding themselves in Tunis, sought out the grave of John Howard Payne in order to pay a nostalgic tribute to the author of "Home, Sweet Home." They made the surprising discovery that his grave is empty, the body having been disinterred in 1883 and brought to the United States. But their disappointment could not have been too great. The "Pleasure in Payne" pervades every corner of the world where Sir Henry Bishop's tune for "Home, Sweet Home" is played or sung.

The fact that Payne wrote his now famous lyrics about cottages and palaces is bound up with the most interesting parcel of his career, a career—as he said of something else—"as particolored as a French milliner's holiday suit."

Approximating chronological order, the roster of his activities runs in this wise: elocutionist, editor, critic, playwright, actor, prisoner, thwarted lover, theatre manager, anthropologist, diplomat. Each cause or effect in his professional life moves to and from and around about Payne's brief years on the stage. Consequently, it is impossible to reconstruct the histrionics of Payne without providing a biographical sketch, for with him the child is most certainly the father of the man.

The days of Payne's acting career are central because they give an insight into the character of the man; they are related to his early life, and they lead to his success as America's first prolific playwright. The one piece he wrote which remains popular is the short song, "Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam . . .," lifted from the otherwise prosaic play, *Clari, The Maid of Milan,* staged in London at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on the eighth of May, 1823. British and American audiences of the Nineteenth Century, however, saw the greatest actors of their day perform in dramas by Payne that held higher favor with them than did *Clari.* The three most famous were *Brutus, or, the Fall of Tar-*

Payne as Young Norval in Home's Douglas, about 1813. *From an engraving after the painting of C. R. Leslie, R. A.*

quin; Charles the Second, or, the Merry Monarch; and *Therese, or, the Orphan of Geneva.* As tragedies and comedies they equal nothing of worth from the preceding or succeeding centuries; nevertheless, they were plays written out of an actor's experience with stagecraft for men of the ilk of Edwin Forrest, William Macready, or Edmund Kean. *Brutus* and *Therese* make stiff reading today, but *Charles the Second* still may be read with pleasure as something more than a period piece. *Charles,* let it be said out of justness, was written in collaboration with Washington Irving.

By 1813 Payne was called the Transatlantic Roscius. The honor came about in this fashion. As a child, it would seem that Payne preferred sticks of grease paint to candy. At about the turn of the century, the William Paynes moved to Boston from New York. Soon afterwards John's father began teaching him the principles of elocution, an art used by the boy at every opportunity, causing his schoolmates to believe him to be "a prodigy of eloquence." Along with constant practice in school or at church, Payne increased his skill by studying dramatic theory. His later reviews in the *Thespian Mirror* indicate that at this time he had applied himself to the elder Sheridan's *Lectures on Elocution,* to Walker's *Standard of Pronunciation* and *Rhetorical Dictionary,* and to Holcraft's *Art of Acting,* as well as to careful readings in the works of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Congreve. His ambition to excel upon the stage was inflamed further by the various portraits he saw in shop windows. There was one of John Philip Kemble as Hamlet that took his fancy, but it was the various poses of the English boy, William Henry West Betty, and the stories of his success brought to America by every British packet that most delighted stagestruck Payne.

Weary of hearing their child talk of nothing but the theatre, the parents decided to thwart their son by sending him to New York as a clerk in the mercantile house of Grant & Bennett, a family concern. The boy, he was nearly fourteen, answered this rebuke by surreptitiously editing the *Thespian Mirror* (28 December 1805 31 May 1806). This remarkable feat, done on time borrowed from his working hours, turned Payne into "almost the only topic of fashionable table-talk." What makes the issues of the little paper important to his biographers is his criticism of contemporary actors. From these reviews one may surmise what he thought distasteful in the profession. He could not tolerate rant, indistinct rapidity, tedious deliberation. Nor was he able to endure play-

ing to the boxes, talking in the throat, keeping the head in motion, nor an imperfect knowledge of the literary background of a role. The faults he condemned in others were seldom laid to him. It is perhaps significant that at this period Payne was more concerned in his analyses with matters of delivery than with action.

The March twenty-second issue of the *Mirror* carried the following note addressed to its public: "A collegiate education will be the object of [*the editor's*] present pursuit, and the study of law, the *goal* of his future exertions . . ." (A goal never reached.) Union College at Schenectady, New York, was decided upon by his patrons: William G. Coleman of the New York *Evening Post* and John E. Seaman, a merchant. Union College was chosen as the best; that is, most isolated, place for him after Payne had aroused a commotion in New York when he was identified as "Eugenius," the author of *Julia; or, the Wanderer,* a comedy. It is characteristic of the author to have included in the 1 February 1806 issue of his *Mirror* that *Julia,* still in preparation, was "written by a young gentleman of this city, who possesses talents which every lover of the drama should be proud to encourage." The play, a thing of slight merit, was not encouraged. It was granted one showing at the Park Lane Theatre on the night of the seventh of February and withdrawn at once because its severest critics had found in it objectionable incidents narrated in highly objectionable language. Today it would not be banned even in Boston.

The two years spent in Schenectady were important to Payne because they foreshadowed two of his greatest triumphs. The first, and the most important historically, was the inclusion in a letter to his father of a reduction of "the pleasures of Home to doggrell" (his own words). There can be no doubt that the doggerel contains the genesis of the famous "Home, Sweet Home," which Ann Marie Tree was to introduce as Clari seventeen years later at Covent Garden.

The second important event during Payne's college years was the night he and fellow members of the Adelphic Society gave their annual dramatic presentation. In 1808 the boys enacted member Henry Warner's *Pulaski.* The only female character, Lodoiska, was entrusted to Payne, who also delivered an epilogue he composed for the occasion. The burden of the epilogue was a familiar justification of female impersonation:

> *"No woman!" say you?—gentle folks don't stare!*
> *The transformation is no more than fair!*
> *So many women now* our breeches *wear*
> *That* we must *sport* their dresses, *or go bare!*

His Lodoiska was to his credit. Schoolfellows stood in awe of him. "He became," writes an early biographer, "the little god and great everything at college."

From this first major performance until after his London debut, Payne was critized favorably for his appearance, personality, and histrionic abilities. Since these are the factors which brought him fame, it is well to offer a description of the young man whose rise and fall are the subjects of these next pages.

Everyone who saw him commented upon his handsome face and figure, which were markedly effeminate. He was "below middle size," but well proportioned. His black, expressive eyes; his voice that was clear, sweet, powerful, and capable of much modulation; his usual graceful manner, and his intellectual approach to the character he portrayed made him attractive to audiences and critics alike. His faults were a tendency to mispronounce, to over-strain his voice (though he was never given to ranting), a tendency to be over violent in stage actions (though not habitually excessive), and a disability to translate passages needing fire and energy into suitable expressions. This last fault was his greatest limitation and may have had its source in his emotional immaturity.

His off-stage character was not always as attractive. As Mr. Saxe Commins says, he "was afflicted with a form of genius mania" which resulted in grandiose schemes that were beyond control, thus leading to disappointments for all involved. He tended to be misanthropic, but when he was drawn into society, his conversation was well-informed, witty (much given to puns), and full of pleasant egotism. That he was an egotist, he well knew, for among his papers was found a bound volume whose title, in part, was self-revealing: *Egotisms, Play-Bills, and Correspondence.* He must have had a capacity for friendship as he was well acquainted with Peter and Washington Irving, Charles Brockden Brown, James K. Paulding, Lord Byron, Samuel Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and the Percy Shelleys. He was the more human for being absent-minded, meticulous, a homemaker wherever he was, a great lover of

animals and children, and very testy. It was this last trait that precipitated his downfall as an actor; theatre managers had little patience with his choleric disposition.

While at college Payne suffered a change of fortune. In 1806 the boy's mother died. Two years later John Seaman withdrew his patronage. William Payne, now suffering from financial reverses, no longer could assist his son. Young Payne was restless. He longed to be on the stage. A letter to his father, dated 4 October 1808, tells of an interview with Payne's idol, Thomas A. Cooper, the English tragedian then enjoying an American engagement. Payne received no encouragement from Cooper who said to him that after infinite study and labor, Payne possibly might succeed—as a youth. In later years the aspirant had reason to recall the words of Cooper, but at that moment he refused to turn from his ambition.

Soon after this momentary defeat, Payne prevailed upon his father to allow him to plan a debut in New York. Permission granted, he hurried home to Boston and put in several months of extensive preparations. This preliminary training unfortunately was restricted to memorizing parts and establishing the interpretations of the dialogue. He never devoted himself to co-ordinating his movements.

The role Payne chose for his debut, 24 February 1809, at the Old Park Theatre, was that of Young Norval in John Home's popular tragedy, *Douglas,* first acted in 1757. The part was a great favorite with Payne; therefore, a synopsis of *Douglas* may help to explain Payne's delight in it.

In brief, the play tells that the Danes have landed on Scotland's shores. Against this background of invasion, Lady Randolph tells how she is the widow of Douglas, her secret husband, and how she was delivered of their son. The child was sent with a nurse to a distant house. Neither nurse nor child had been heard from in the past years. Soon after her widowhood, Lady Randolph remarried. Her new husband's heir is Glenalvon who wishes his father, Randolph, dead that Glenalvon may wed Lady Randolph, his step-mother.

Coming back from the wars, Lord Randolph brings with him

A low born man of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms,

a stranger whose valor saved the nobleman where Glenalvon failed. The young soldier says of himself, in famous lines:

My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And heav'n soon granted what my sire denied.

As a reward for the stranger's courage, he is made equal to Glenalvon in honor and command. Lady Randolph looks upon Norval and wishes he were her son.

The play works itself out as might be expected, giving Norval one dramatic moment after another. First, he is identified as the missing child of Douglas. Genalvon, motivated by jealousy, plots to kill Lord Randolph and Norval. In trying to protect his step-father, Norval is stabbed in the back. He dies in his mother's presence.

Doug.: *Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of me.—*
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,
And think life only wanting to my fame:
But who shall comfort thee?

Lady R.: *Despair! despair!*

Doug.: *O had it pleased high heaven to let me live*
A little while!—my eyes that gaze on thee
Grow dim apace!—My mother— (Dies)

To complete the carnage, the play ends with the suicide of Lady Randolph.

One of the great nineteenth-century critics, William Hazlitt, damning-

ly wrote that the part of Young Norval is more ideal and poetical than dramatic. If Hazlitt is right, the role calls for an actor who can read blank verse well and portray dramatic emotions in operatic gestures. That is why Master Betty essayed the part and why it attracted Payne.

The choice was a profitable one. At his debut Payne earned immediate applause from a large and fashionable audience who took him to their hearts. Next morning the newspapers heaped praise upon the eighteen year old lad; all maintained that his death scene was a masterpiece of dramatic art; seven distinct rounds of applause marked the magnificent conclusion.

After an engagement of seven days, including a benefit which netted him $1400, Payne set out for Boston. On the second of April he repeated his Norval at the Federal Street Theatre, following an introduction in the form of a poetical prologue, written by his kinsman, Robert Treat Paine, Jr. The audience was assured by the questionable compliment:

In all the drama's technic lore untaught
He reads by sentiment, and moves by thought.

The reception was greater than that given in New York. Boston was true to her home town boy, and when he returned three years later, she was the first city to bill him as Mr. Payne.

In the months ensuing his debut, the presses of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, Norfolk, and Washington lauded the activities of Master Payne: the "gentle little lover," the "extraordinary," "astonishing," "surprising" boy who had, by looking to nature as his only instructor, learned in a few months "what it has cost other eminent actors years of labour, tutorage and travel to acquire . . ."

His tour was notable for the implications behind two performances. In Baltimore the force of his novelty caused one inquisitive soul to pay fifty dollars for a single ticket. And in 1810, after a century and more of existence, Albany was introduced to a staging of *Hamlet,* with Payne in the leading role.

At about this time Payne wrote to William Warren explaining under

what conditions he would play in Philadelphia. He stated that it was his policy to limit all engagements to seven nights, with a repeated visit of the same duration at a later date, should his public's demand be great enough. This policy was adopted by Payne in deference to his father's wish that the "gentle little lover" should remain aloof from the acting profession as much as possible. The remaining portion of the letter gives an insight into both the methods of the period and into its author's temperament. "Prior to anything else, I should choose to understand that the plays are to be *thoroughly* rehearsed . . . and that the female counterpart should be given to persons petite in figure as myself. I mention thus emphatically the first of these articles, having suffered not a little from the delinquency of others."

During March, 1811, Payne gave his support to Cooper's protege and rival, George Frederick Cooke. The elder star welcomed this support by feigned illness whenever he was announced to act with Payne. Once, however, he did consent to appear, playing Lear to the younger man's Edgar. The experience led Cooke to suggest that Payne go abroad for further study. This advice went by for the moment as Payne had begun to think of himself as weary of his task because of his disappointment in the decline of his popularity. He wrote from Boston to his friend, the "soothing, lovely" Mrs. R. P. Air, in a letter dated March third, "I am sick of the theatre and everything connected with it . . . In less than two years I hope to take an eternal farewell of the profession." His plans were delayed almost at once by the death of his father. The son was forced to find continued support from the stage. He did so half-heartedly, becoming careless and indifferent, devoting less time to study and to preparation.

In spite of disappointments and disillusionments, Payne took time at this period to turn out a second play, *Lovers' Vow*, an adaptation of the prolific Mrs. Elizabeth Inchbald's version of *Das Kind der Liebe* by the then popular German playwright, August von Kotzebue.

The arrangement for the publication of *Lovers' Vow* may have been completed while Payne was on a non-professional visit to Baltimore during the summer of 1812. If so, the visit was doubly profitable because it was on this trip that he was able to do a kindness for Alexander Hanson, editor and publisher of the *Federal Republic*. In gratitude Hanson and several other interested friends raised a purse of $2,000 in order

that Payne might travel abroad where he, as Cooke had suggested, might have a better opportunity for the improvement of his dramatic and literary talents.

The voyage to Liverpool from New York began 17 January 1813 in the brig *Catherine Ray* and ended after twenty-three rough days. No sooner had the passengers landed than the American citizens were arrested as prisoners of war. For a fortnight Payne remained comfortably incarcerated—he was to know less friendly jails before he left England—until his fellow passengers and he were released and permitted to go their ways.

Payne went straight to London where he had the assistance of such good and influential friends from the United States as Peter Irving, Henry Brevoort, and William Roscoe; but he could not arrange a much sought after meeting with the administrators of the Theatres Royal. As the season drew to a close, Payne took matters into his own hands and wrote a letter of self-introduction to the manager of Drury Lane. An interview was arranged and plans were settled for him to appear in an adaptation of Voltaire's *Mohamet,* a play that had brought him acclaim in the States. By his own request, Payne's name was not to be mentioned in any press releases or on any playbill in order that no preconceived notions might color his reception. Further, he was to perform gratuitously for a few nights.

The twenty-one year old visitor from an enemy country ran into troubles the moment he was accepted by the management. First, it was decided that it would be cheaper to launch him in a less spectacular production. *Douglas* was the choice. Second, the change in plan allowed time for but one rehearsal, and the leading lady, a Miss Smith, did not appear for it. When he was free to, Payne went to Miss Smith's lodgings and read through the play with her, indicating how he intended to deliver his part. She disagreed. His mode of performance would lure the attention of the audience from her. With a formal curtsey to the ground, she bade her caller good-day and politely expressed her hopes for his success. When Payne was gone from her, Miss Smith sent a hasty word to Drury Lane that she was prevented from doing Lady Randolph by the "sudden and dangerous illness of her mother." It may be added to the praise of the British people that when the public later learned of Miss Smith's conduct, she was received coolly at her next appearance, and that as Lady Randolph to Payne's Norval.

Billed as "A Young Gentleman" to make his London debut on the fourth of June, Payne had to go on. It was not until he came into the wings, prior to his first entrance in the second act, that he was told that Mrs. Powell from Covent Garden was to be his stage mother. He must have drawn a deep breath to quell the excitement churning within him as he strode across the stage and waited to introduce himself with the lines quoted above: "My name is Norval . . .," and so on through an expository speech important to the play and to the player. Even in his personal concern he remembered the innovations he had made in his interpretation. The audience liked him at once, and so did Mrs. Powell whose role allowed her to give full play to her maternal instincts. During the tremendous applause for the death scene, it is reported that she leaned over Payne and whispered, "There! do you hear that? Do you hear the verdict?"

The women of the audience were charmed by the young man's beauty; the men admired his costume for it was the first time anyone had thought to wear the authentic Highland gear. The critics were unanimous in their praise of his intelligent and forceful performance. And the management was so pleased that they scheduled him for a return engagement under his own name.

A faction of Londoners attempted to do Payne an injustice by insisting that the "Damn'd Yankee" was the "illegitimate son of the infamous Mr. Thomas Paine." The newspapers came to his defense first by declaring that Benjamin West, then president of the Royal Academy, who had not been to the theatre since his friend David Garrick was popular, honored Payne's second performance with his presence and extolled the young actor by saying, "This young man has nothing to fear, and but little to learn." Second, the press explained that "in the midst of an unhappy and vindictive war" this lad had chosen to come to England in order that he might better learn his profession. England was too generous a country not to open her heart to an ambitious stranger. Third, there was no bond of kinship between Tom Paine and John Payne. Thus assured of the soundness of their new idol, the public openly demonstrated its affections by crowding the pit and stalls of Drury Lane.

But the theatre was about to close for the season, and Payne shrewdly was advised to go on a provincial tour, making successful visits to Liverpool, Manchester, Dublin, and Cork. It was in Dublin, after his appear-

ance in *Hamlet,* that the audience paid him the high compliment of not staying for the usual afterpieces.

His fame spread over the British Isles and into France. When he visited Paris at a time coinciding with Napoleon's famous Hundred Days, he was honored by the Theatre Nationale, which extended him an invitation to the freedom of the house. Also, on this trip, began a close friendship with the greatest French actor of the decade, Talma.

The first visit to Paris in 1814 was notable, too, in that *The Maid and the Magpie,* a popular melodrama by Caigniez and Baudouin, struck Payne's fancy, and he set about translating it as an exercise in vocabulary. When he returned to London to re-establish himself upon the stage, the managers took the play and left its translator to find engagements in Stourbridge, Bath, and Birmingham. At the end of the tour, London managers suggested that he go back to Paris and adapt other French successes for them. Payne accepted the suggestion, realizing that the theatres, provincial and urban, were changing their allegiance to Kean and Macready. In order to remain on the boards, Payne would have to take secondary parts. He did not like that. His last appearance as a star was in Birmingham, 27 May 1818. As he began, so he ended in the role of Norval.

So say his biographers, but there is evidence to the contrary. There is extant a colored print published in London by J. Mitchell, 1 December 1838, depicting the three witches from *Macbeth.* One of the facsimile autographs below the portraits is Payne's. It seems safe to offer the conjecture that J. Graf made the plate before Payne returned to America, 25 July 1832. By then Payne was willing to augment his scanty earnings by playing minor parts. Such a surmise is not unlikely as it is known that Payne found himself in debtor's prison at least once and was forced to write *Therese* in order to pay his way out. Further, to use Charles Brainard's words, "he had now become corpulent, and outgrown all tragic symmetry" so that even the attractive supporting roles of Horatio, Edgar, or Mercutio were unsuited to him.

But, if the account is more than legend, there was an unexpected moment of glory for Payne after he grew "fat and scant of breath." One day in London he met Robert Elliston who had played Mercutio to his Romeo the third night of Payne's first London engagement. Elliston in-

vited Payne to come up to Manchester to see his theatre and to play a part or so. Payne protested that he had forgotten all his old characters so that acting a part would be out of the question, but he promised that if ever he were in Manchester he would pay Elliston and his theatre a visit. A call was made later, during a morning rehearsal of *Richard the Third*. Payne was most welcome. Elliston invited him to step upon the stage and rehearse for Elliston so that the actor-manager might do an errand or two in town. Payne was obliging. The rehearsal continued with heavy dependence upon the prompter. After a while Elliston returned to say that he had taken the liberty to post bills in town announcing: "For this night only, the part of Richard by the celebrated American Roscius, Mr. John Howard Payne." For friendship's sake the task was accepted. He studied the part all the rest of the day and at night gave as much as he could recollect. The story goes that when he could not remember lines, he spouted something like Shakespeare. His own comment was: "And to tell the truth, people seemed to think my imitation better than the original; for I roared it out twice as loud as the legitimate text, and it drew down thunders of applause."

It is doubtful whether the above story can be admitted as conclusive evidence. The yarn seems to be a favorite among theatrical people. The most recent variation is in a charming essay by Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner, "The Bard and My Father," in the 18 November 1950 issue of *The New Yorker*. However, until the folklorist proves otherwise, it is pleasant to think that the episode is one of Payne's experiences.

To confound the issue of when Payne made his last appearance as an actor, it is reported in an unsigned article that on 18 March 1835, at the close of a tour through the Southern States, Payne was tendered a complimentary benefit in New Orleans, "after which he severed his connections with the drama forever." Whatever the truth is, no matter how his defenders stretch the days of his acting career, it cannot be denied that he was past his zenith at the age of twenty-six, an early date even for the eternal youth tenaciously maintained by matinee idols. Success while it lasted for him was great and sincere. Few are the scathing reviews of his work; there are occasional passages of fault finding in criticisms that aimed to be just. A sample from S. C. Carpenter's notice in the Philadelphia *Mirror of Taste* (February, 1810) represents the type of unfavorable criticism that was given in the hope of being corrective: "Master

Payne would find it his interest to avoid as much as may be, long declamatory speeches, till his organs are enlarged and confirmed . . ."

One other event following Payne's stay in England must needs be mentioned in order to establish better the extent of his reputation in the 'Thirties. On the evening of 29 November 1832 friends of Payne arranged a benefit and public dinner as a welcome to the recently returned actor-playwright. It was a magnificent tribute. Quite fittingly the benefit included a rendition of "Home, Sweet Home" by a full chorus with a Mr. Jones as soloist. The program made place for Edwin Forrest and Fanny Kemble to appear in *Brutus* and James Wallack to appear in *Charles the Second*. The rest of the theatrical fare was as star lighted; as a matter of fact, all but one of America's best actors played a part. The exception was Booth, who that night was at the Bowery. The benefit realized $4,200, a sizeable amount for those days. The dinner, held the first of December, was equally successful.

Such a tribute along with the purse from American friends that had provided Payne with a passage to Europe, the friendship of such international figures as Irving and Talma, and the publication in London in 1815 of a little book of memoirs are facts which assure his claim to brief fame. A short quotation from the preface to the memoirs may assist in establishing the judgments of this paragraph:

> *The following pages present, perhaps, the only materials which have been collected in England for a correct estimate of the American Stage, as to be inferred from the encouragement of national talent, and the style of dramatic criticism in that recent and interesting country. Mr. Payne is, we believe, the only native American to whom they have ever given celebrity; their Drama like their Literature, having almost exclusively been British.*

In spite of his contemporary acclaim, every biographer has felt it necessary to attempt an apology for Payne's failures. The gist of their arguments is that the public ceased to look upon him as a wonder-child and found adult players who were suited better to their tastes. The managers found it hard to deal with Payne because of his refusal to accept lesser parts, because of his nervous temperament, and because—let this be said in his favor—he was incapable of coping with the political chicanery that was rife in the administration of the Theatres Royal. Then, to his per-

sonal disadvantage, he always was a free-lance actor whose paltry business acumen was insufficient to sell a figure that had lost its trimness and a skill that had been dulled by indifference.

Some of his biographers would have it that Payne's heart was never in his work, that he came to the stage first to lend financial support to his father, later to himself. Notwithstanding, there is every reason to believe that in the beginning Payne was stagestruck and that when the urge paid dividends in applause and money, he was egotist enough to be pleased thoroughly with himself and to take great pleasure in being before audiences.

Most of the apologies skirt what may well have been the true cause of his loss of popularity. He was good but not great, clever but not skillful. It was no difficult task for men of greater ability to push him aside. That power to be displaced is true of everything he did; even "Home, Sweet Home" is not secure. There are those who feel their sentiments better expressd in the lyrics of "The Hills of Home" or "Dear Hearts and Gentle People."

As a success or as a failure, Payne never will be ignored completely. In his history is matter of importance to any account of the British and American stages. And, his story presents a type which always attracts the student of character, the child prodigy. It is all these aspects of his life that perpetuate a "Pleasure in Payne."

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The President's Page

Bill of Rights
(1689)

THE STRUGGLE in England between the despotism of James II and the people culminated in open revolt. On February 13, 1688, the crown was offered to his daughter, Mary and her husband, William of Orange, accompanied by a declaration of rights from the Convention that issued the invitation. Under William and Mary, Parliament converted the declaration into the Bill of Rights on December 16, 1689, thereby formally recognizing the liberties gained during the bitter and extended struggle with the divine right claimed by the Stuarts.

The Bill of Rights, after reciting the grievances under King James, declared as follows:

"And thereupon the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, pursuant to their respective Letters and Elections, being now assembled in a full and free Representative of this Nation, taking into their most serious Consideration the best Means for attaining the Ends aforesaid; do in the first Place (as their Ancestors in like Case have usually done) for the vindicating and asserting their ancient Rights and Liberties, declare:

1. That the pretended Power of suspending Laws, or the Execution of Laws, by regal Authority, without consent of Parliament, is illegal.

2. That the pretended Power of dispensing with Laws, or the execution of Laws, by Regal Authority, as it hath been assumed and exercised of late, is illegal.

3. That the Commission for erecting the late Court of Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Causes, and all other Commissions and Courts of like Nature, are illegal and pernicious.

4. That levying Money for or to the Use of the Crown, by Pretence of Prerogative, without Grant of Parliament, for longer Time, or in other Manner than the same is or shall be granted, is illegal.

5. That it is the Right of Subjects to Petition the King, and all Commitments and Prosecutions for such petitioning are illegal.

6. That the raising or keeping a Standing Army within the Kingdom in Time of Peace, unless it be with Consent of Parliament, is against Law.

7. That the Subjects which are Protestant, may have arms for their Defence suitable to their Conditions, and as allowed by Law.

8. That Election of Members of Parliament ought to be free.

9. That the Freedom of Speech, and Debates or Proceedings in Parliament, ought not to be impeached or questioned in any Court or Place out of Parliament.

10. That excessive Bail ought not to be required, nor excessive Fines imposed; nor cruel and unusual Punishments inflicted.

11. That Jurors ought to be duly impanelled and returned, and Jurors which pass upon Men in Trials for High Treason ought to be Freeholders.

12. That all Grants and Promises of Fines and Forfeitures of particular Persons before Conviction, are illegal and void.

13. And that for Redress of all Grievances, and for the amending, strengthening, and preserving of the Laws, Parliaments ought to be held frequently.

And they do claim, demand, and insist upon all and singular the Premisses, as their undoubted Rights and Liberties; and that no Declarations, Judgments, Doings, or Proceedings, to the Prejudice of the People in any of the said Premisses, ought in any wise to be drawn hereafter into Consequence or Example . . ."

The enacting clauses read as follows:

"VI. Now in pursuance of the Premisses, the said Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in Parliament assembled, for the ratifying, confirming and establishing the said Declaration, and the Articles, Clauses, Matters, and Things therein contained, by the Force of a Law made in due Form by Authority of Parliament, do pray that it may be declared and enacted, That all and singular the Rights and Liberties as-

serted and claimed in the said Declaration, are the true, ancient, and indubitable Rights and Liberties of the People of this Kingdom, and so shall be esteemed, allowed, adjudged, deemed, and taken to be, and that all and every the Particulars aforesaid shall be firmly and strictly holden and observed, as they are expressed in the said Declaration; and all Officers and Ministers whatsoever shall serve their Majesties and Their Successors according to the same in all Times to come . . .

XI. All which Their Majesties are contented and pleased shall be declared, enacted, and established by Authority of this present Parliament, and shall stand, remain, and be the Law of this Realm for ever; and the same are by Their said Majesties by and with the Advice and Consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in Parliament assembled, and by the Authority of the same, declared, enacted, and established accordingly . . ."

As in the case of the prior documents of liberty, the Bill of Rights introduced no new principle into the English Constitution but was merely a re-declaration of constitutional liberty and individual freedom. A review of the items above will disclose that the main provisions were adopted in the Constitution of the United States and in the several states. Liberty and Freedom marches on.

Lehr Fess