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How Andrew Jackson Settled the Ohio-Michigan Boundary Dispute of 1835

EDITED BY RANDOLPH C. DOWNES

1. *How An Ohio Delegation Got What It Wanted*

A reading of the back files of the Toledo Commercial *for* 1874 *has brought new light on the circumstances attending Ohio's victory over Michigan in the famous boundary dispute of* 1835, *sometimes called the Toledo War. It seems that the determining factor in the Ohio victory was the endorsement by President Andrew Jackson of the Buckeye position as presented to him by a delegation from Columbus which visited him on July* 1, 1835. *In fact it is clear that Jackson asked the delegation to write out what it wanted and that he ordered his Secretary of State, John Forsyth, to incorporate its requests in an official recommendation to Governor Stevens Thomson Mason of Michigan Territory.*

The Ohio delegation, William Allen, David T. Disney and Noah H. Swayne, was sent to Washington by Governor Robert Lucas at the climax of the alleged Michigan aggressions in the so-called Toledo strip. Michigan claimed a line south of Toledo (the Fulton Line) because that was the line named in the Ordinance of 1787 *and in the Act of* 1805 *creating Michigan Territory. Ohio claimed a line north of Toledo (the Harris Line) because that line was authorized by the Ohio Constitution of* 1803. *Michigan, by the so-called Pains and Penalties Act of February* 12, 1835, *caused all Ohio officials exercising their functions in the disputed area to be arrested. Ohio surveyors running their northern line were also arrested. Ohio retaliated by legislative acts creating Lucas County and appropriating money to support the militia called out by Governor Lucas. But before proceeding to enforce these acts, the Governor sent Allen, Disney and Swayne to see the President.*

As the following documents show, Jackson gave the Ohio delegation carte blanche *in writing up its terms. This infuriated Gover-*

nor Mason of Michigan who refused to accept the pro-Ohio truce recommended by the President. His defiant attitude resulted in his suspension from office by Jackson and in the loss of the support of public opinion for Michigan's case, which was very good. Eventually Congress backed up Jackson and Ohio, awarding the Toledo strip to Ohio, and consoling Michigan with the Upper Peninsula, then thought to be useless. It should not be forgotten that, although Ohio's case was legally faulty, the state had far more influence in politics at the time. Ohio had Senators, Representatives in Congress and presidential electors, whereas Michigan, as a Territory, had no voting members of Congress and no presidential electors. Moreover, if Michigan had its way with Ohio, segments of Indiana and Illinois could be taken. These states also had congressmen and electors. It is thus fair to say that Democratic Governor Lucas was playing smart politics in bringing this pressure on Democratic President Jackson. The year 1836 *was an election year and Jackson desired Martin Van Buren to be his successor.*

The source of the following document describing Jackson's support of the Ohio position is a statement by William Allen, one of the Ohio delegation sent to Washington. On March 17, 1874 *Allen, then Governor of Ohio, was the leading speaker at the unveiling of the statute of St. Patrick at Father Edward Hannin's Institute adjoining St. Patrick's Church in Toledo. The excerpts from Governor Allen's speech on this occasion are taken from the Toledo* Commercial *of March* 18, 1874.

. . . The question arose when I was in Congress, and we came very near having a war over it. Some people in Ohio apprehended a war. War between whom, Ohio and Michigan? Not at all. Such a war would not have lasted eight hours, for Ohio would have put her foot on Michigan and she would have ceased to exist. (Applause). The danger was between Ohio and the United States because Michigan was at that time organized under an act of Congress.

A foolish Governor named Mason was appointed who took it into his head to be exceedingly patriotic. He wanted to be the first Governor, or Senator, or something else of that character. He had the audacity to take arms from the arsenal at Detroit to prevent the Ohio Commissioners from

running the line. That made the Ohio people mad, and they pressed [*sic*] an act appropriating $100,000 to sustain a call for military forces to prevent this Michigan invasion. The Legislature was called together and passed a bill, but a clause was put in the bill which provided for a suspension of the act until Governor Lucas could send a Board to Washington to present our case to President Jackson.

A few days after this clause was put in the bill the Governor called me to go and see President Jackson about the impending war, and see if he would not prevent the conflict by an order to Mason. I told Lucas I thought Ohio was too big a thing for one man to represent, and he thought so too and named David S. Disney and Noah H. Swayne, now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and off we went to Washington.

It was very hot weather at the time—I believe in the latter part of July —but we travelled over the mountains, and arrived at Washington. We then called on Old Hickory (applause) and told him we had come there to see about the Michigander business. The old man got up, received us cordially, and putting out his pipe and placing it on the mantle-piece, said, "Well, what do you want me to do?" We explained the matter to him, and, after talking a few minutes, he said, "Well, gentlemen, come to me to-morrow morning with what you want on paper." He then bowed us out and it was not long before we had all we wanted put down on a very small piece of paper. Calling the next morning we gave it to him. He was a great man in all his organs and parts, and one of God's noble men. Well, he rubbed up his specs, and reading over what he [we] had written, handed it back, saying: "Take that to the Secretary of State, and tell him to copy it and put the seal of the United States upon it." We did so. It was copied, the seal put on, and three and a half days thereafter, we were back in Columbus and the Ohio and Michigan boundary troubles were settled.

2. *Checking the Records*

Checking the records shows that Governor Allen was not exaggerating. The items that the Ohioans wrote down at Jackson's request "on a very small piece of paper" involved a declaration of a truce

between Michigan and Ohio: (1) *Michigan was to discontinue proceedings under its Pains and Penalties Act against Ohio officials supposedly violating Michigan sovereignty by exercising their offices in the disputed area,* (2) *it was to make no new prosecutions under that Act,* (3) *the Ohio surveyors could run their line without interruption, and* (4) *neither side was to interfere with officials of the other exercising their official functions in the disputed area. The Secretary of State, John Forsyth, did exactly that in his instructions to Governor Mason. The following quotations from "the very small piece of paper" and from Forsyth's reply to the Ohio Commissioners are ample proof of this. The first is taken from a "Statement of Allen, Disney and Swayne, July* 1, 1835" *in John M. Killitts,* Toledo and Lucas County, Ohio, vol. 1, p. 145:

The compromise bill of Ohio (as it is called) contemplates that this arrangement should be carried out, and that whatever has been done inconsistent with its provisions should be undone, or in other words: 1. That the pending recognizances and prosecutions under the Michigan act of February 12, 1835, should be discharged and discontinued. 2. That no new prosecutions under this act should be instituted. 3. That the Harris line shall be run and re-marked by the authorities of Ohio without interruption from those of Michigan. 4. That no forcible opposition be made by the authorities of Ohio or Michigan to the exercise of jurisdiction by the other upon the disputed territory within the time specified [until action by Congress], the citizens residing upon the territory in question resorting to the one jurisdiction or the other, as they may prefer.

The second quotation is taken from a "Statement of Secretary of State Forsyth." Killits, vol. 1, *pp.* 145-146:

. . . The President, without taking upon himself any other character than that in which he has heretofore acted, will cause an earnest recommendation to be immediately sent to the acting governor of Michigan and the other authorities of the territory, whom he can rightfully advise in the performance of their duty, "that no obstructions shall be interposed to the re-marking of Harris' line, that all proceedings already begun under the act of February shall be immediately discontinued, and that no prosecutions shall be commenced for any subsequent violations

of that act, until after the next session of Congress; and that all questions about the disputed jurisdiction shall be carefully avoided, and if occurring inevitably, their discussion shall be postponed until the same period . . .

"Social Security"—1827 Style

By J. W. Cunningham

When young Bill Ewing reached the age of 15 and began looking around for something better than the job he had as a tailor's apprentice, there were no child labor, minimum wage or maximum hours laws to interfere with his employment wherever, for whomever and at whatever wage might be agreed upon. Bill's father and mother had died some years before, and one Samuel Spafford was his legal guardian—or "guardeen," as they used to say it in most places. Only the consent of said guardian was required to validate any working agreement Bill chose to make.

Negotiations for employment didn't involve any questions of paid vacations, sick leave, social security, unemployment or workmen's compensation insurance, hospitalization, retirement pensions, check-off for union dues, deductions for Community Chest, Red Cross, Cancer, Tuberculosis, Heart, Kidney, Gizzard or Liver Societies. "Take Home Pay" had not yet been invented. You took home whatever you got, unless you were separated from it of your own free will and accord, or by somebody smarter than yourself, on the way home.

What you earned or got was nobody's business but yours and your boss's. Neither one need keep any records of the payments unless he chose to do so. No bureaucratic snoopers could pry into your affairs—no income tax was levied on worker's earnings or employer's profits. Provisions for old age or the proverbial "rainy day" of one kind or another were up to you. You could plan for your own future—or trust to luck with the cheerful assurance that if you guessed wrong you would pay the penalty.

William had been born in an immigrant wagon, in or near Perrysburg, in 1812. He was the son of Samuel H. and Hannah Race Ewing. He lived at Maumee, it seems, while over at Perrysburg a man named John Hollister ran a store, doing a considerable business with the Indians. It should be remembered that Indians far outnumbered whites in this area at that time, and that one of the chief sources of commercial income

was the running of stores, or "trading posts," at which white traders bought furs from Indian trappers and hunters. These were usually paid for in goods of all sorts, from whiskey to food and clothing and guns and ammunition—or whatever appealed to the fancies or needs of the Indians.

And so it was that William Ewing, at the age of 15, began to plan his future by apprenticing himself to this John Hollister, in order to learn the merchant's trade, and to provide himself with a living until he was 21. His "Social Security" was embodied in a unique document which is now in the possession of his daughter Mrs. Olive Ewing Hersh of 5872 Nebraska Avenue, Toledo. There was no "collective bargaining" involved, beyond whatever dickering may have taken place among Bill, his guardian Spafford, and John Hollister. Here is the document, just as it was written in longhand:

William Ewing Indenture to John Hollister—June 1, 1827

This Indenture made the first day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, Witnesseth that William Ewing, son of Samuel H. Ewing deceased, a minor aged fifteen years on the fourth day of May last in the present year—by and with the consent and approbation of his guardian Samuel Spafford of Perrysburg, Wood County and State of Ohio, and of his own free will and accord has placed himself apprentice and servant to John Hollister of Perrysburg aforesaid merchant and with him as an apprentice and servant to dwell, continue and serve from the day of the date hereof until the said William Ewing shall have attained his full age of twenty-one years, which will be on the fourth day of May in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, during all of which term the said apprentice and servant his master, well, faithfully and diligently shall serve and obey as a good & faithful servant and apprentice, and shall not do or commit anything contrary to his said master's interests or commands, without his leave and consent.

And the said Hollister on his part and in consideration thereof agrees & covenants to find furnish and allow unto his said servant and apprentice, meat, drink, washing, lodging and apparel both linen and woolen and all other necessaries fit and proper and convenient for such servant & apprentice during the term aforesaid.

And also the said Hollister, the said William Ewing within the said term shall teach or cause to be instructed and taught to read & write and so much of arithmetic as will include the single rule of three, and at the expiration of the said term of service, to furnish the said servant and apprentice with a new bible and at least two suits of common wearing apparel. And the said Hollister further agrees at the expiration of the said term of service to pay the said William the sum of one hundred dollars, or in the meantime and at the expiration thereof to give to the said William a competent education and knowledge of business to do and perform the business and occupation of a merchant in the manner that mercantile business is done and performed by the said Hollister at his store, as an equivalent and in lieu of the said one hundred dollars, at the option and discretion of the said Hollister as he may think proper and conceive that the said William will be more or less worthy and capable of such confidence and of doing and performing such business as aforesaid.

In testimony thereof the said William Ewing and John Hollister individually and the said Samuel Spafford as guardian of the said William have hereto set their hands & seals the day & year first above written.

Signed, sealed & delivered — *William Ewing* (*Seal*)
in the presence of J. W. Powell — *John Hollister* (*Seal*)
Ambrose Rice — *Samuel Spafford* (*Seal*)

You will note that the wages were perfectly "geared to the cost of living" in the above contract: there were no cash payments by way of wages. William just got his living and education in exchange for his work. And at the end of the 6-year term his boss could give him $100, a Bible and a couple of suits and call it square. Or, if he chose, he could skip the hundred dollars, and give him a regular job in the store instead. No "re-opening" or "renegotiation" clauses are found in this contract. In those days when you made a deal, both parties were expected to stick to it if it took the skin.

It appears that William proved so satisfactory that Hollister took him into the business, and did very well by him, following the apprenticeship. And in return, William evidently did very well for his employer.

Later on, Mr. Ewing (they called him "Mister," of course, as he became a somebody in business!) embarked in business on his own, and became one of the leading citizens of his day. In addition to becoming a merchant of considerable consequence, he was Justice of the Peace for many years, Probate Judge of Wood County for a term, Postmaster of Miltonville, and a leading lawyer at Bowling Green for many years.

At this point I want to correct an error in a recent piece I wrote for THE QUARTERLY on the subject of the ghost town of Miltonville. The records on which I relied for my information stated that the post office at Miltonville "was discontinued in 1859, when the D. & M. Railroad through Haskins was completed." This statement which I took from the "History of Wood County" dated 1897 was obviously wrong—for Mrs. Hersh has the original Certificate of appointment of her father as postmaster of Miltonville, dated September 30, 1861.

It is not the purpose of this article to write a biography of William Ewing, or "Judge" Ewing as he was always known in his later years. I have merely tried to bring out certain salient facts of a typical career, showing how folks used to go about assuring their own future welfare, before we began relying upon a paternalistic government to take care of us in old age and in times of adversity. Maybe it was a bit rugged—but it undoubtedly tended to breed men of character, foresight and resourcefulness.

But while life was built somewhat on the basis of "survival of the fittest," the truly unfortunate were not always neglected as ruthlessly as might be imagined. "Charity" was a personal matter in those days. Friends and neighbors felt a moral duty and a personal desire to help those in need. The truly deserving were pretty likely to be cared for when trouble hit them. No "case workers" were required. No aid was expected from the State Capital or from Washington. The recipients were conscious of receiving friendly help—not just a handout to be connived for under some pretext or other at every opportunity. And the very ones receiving help this year might be found returning the favor to their helpers next year.

Yes, William Ewing knew that he had to look out for himself. So he started young—and he did a pretty good job of it. That was "Social Security"—1827 Style. One may well wonder if we have really improved upon the formula.

The War of 1812 in Northwestern Ohio: The Year of Victory

By W. M. Heflinger

1. *The Seige of Fort Meigs*

Mild weather kept the swamps open and the ice on Lake Erie too thin and rotten for movements of troops over it during the latter part of the winter of 1812-1813, and these conditions necessitated abandonment of projected movements against Fort Malden and the British fleet which was caught in the ice.[1] The task of planning and supervising the construction of the fortifications at the Maumee rapids was delegated to Colonel Eleazer D. Wood, chief of engineers. When the work was well under way Harrison returned to the interior to supervise the raising of another army. Between the middle of February and the first of March three regiments and three fragments of Kentucky militia and all of the original Ohio volunteers were discharged, their terms having expired.[2]

Armstrong, who had become secretary of war, instructed Harrison, now a major general, to reduce the size of his force and to invade Canada by the water route.[3] Governor Shelby, who had called for three thousand additional Kentucky militia, wrote to Harrison insisting upon his collecting such a large force for the invasion of Canada that victory would not be a matter of chance. Harrison carried on a long range debate with the secretary of war urging the use of a larger force, stating that quantity of troops must make up for the lack of quality, until the latter terminated this controversy by fixing seven thousand as the maximum force to be used.

Harrison's preparations, and incidentally his visit with his family, were cut short by the alarming news that an early spring had opened the Lake, that Indian depredations were increasing, and that a large force of allies was assembling to attack Fort Meigs—which was the name of the newly constructed camp at the Maumee rapids.[4] When Harrison arrived he found the fort in a dilapidated condition. General Leftwich, an old, phlegmatic Dutchman, who was not fit for a packhorse master, much

less to be entrusted with such an important command[5] had maintained no discipline and had even allowed the men to burn the picketing for fire wood.[6] Harrison immediately set to work to strengthen the fort. The terms of the Virginia and Pennsylvania troops were about to expire, but they were persuaded to remain until replacements arrived.

The allied army, commanded by Procter[7] and Tecumseh, consisting of five hundred seventy-seven British regulars, four hundred six Canadian militia,[8] and upwards of twelve hundred Indians,[9] with two gun boats and a train of heavy artillery arrived April 28. The next two days were spent constructing a battery on the left bank. On May first a heavy bombardment opened. It continued for four days without intermission.[10] The American batteries were effective but were short of ammunition, so they replied only occasionally. On May third a British battery was completed on the right bank within a few hundred yards of the fort. The fort had been strengthened by the construction of a traverse,[11] and the Americans suffered little damage.

Half the levy of Kentucky militia, about twelve to fifteen hundred, General Green Clay commanding, was sent to reinforce Fort Meigs. Their progress had been slow, due to heavy rains and high water. When they arrived at Fort Winchester, May 4, they heard the bombardment at the rapids. Descending the river in eighteen boats, the force expected to reach Fort Meigs during the night or early morning, but when they arrived at the head of the rapids the pilot refused to continue until daylight. A messenger sent to apprise Harrison of their presence arrived about midnight. Harrison planned a generally sally to silence both batteries on the arrival of the reinforcements. Instructions were sent to Clay regarding his force's part. In the morning the reinforcement embarked, Colonel Dudley in the van. Dudley was directed to take the men from the first twelve boats, about eight hundred, and to execute Harrison's orders—which were to take the battery, spike the guns, and then retire the instant that object was effected.[12] The plan was simple and was quite feasible for disciplined troops. The detachment landed on the left bank and started for the batteries. The other six boats attempted to land on the right bank, but the current was too swift. After some delay they finally effected a landing considerably below their destination. The British batteries showered them with grape, and a large body of Indians got between them and the fort. Harrison ordered a reinforcement from the fort, and the force was brought in safely. Mean-

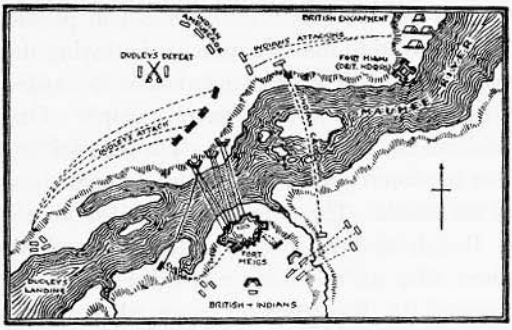
while another detachment stormed and captured the battery on the right bank.[13]

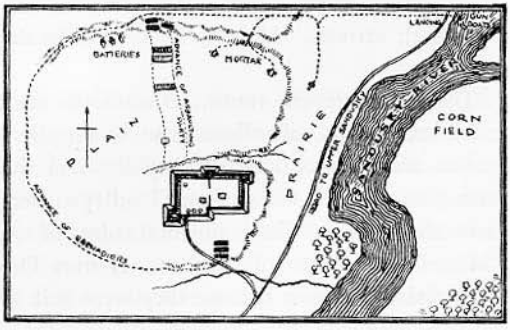
Dudley's force approached and captured the battery without opposition.[14] A few Indians appeared, and the Kentuckians set out in pursuit of them without spiking the guns, cutting the carriages, or destroying the magazines. Harrison offered a reward of a thousand dollars to anyone who would carry orders to the detachment to retire immediately.[15] One of his aides undertook the mission, but he was too late. The Kentuckians drove the Indians back a mile or more opposite the British headquarters, where the main army joined the attack. The Americans were completely disorganized and fled—the British to their rear and Indians on both flanks.[16] About one hundred fifty of the force reached Fort Meigs. The rest were killed or captured.[17] The prisoners were taken to the ruins of Fort Miami, where the Pottawattomies and Chippewas proceeded to torture, murder, and scalp them. About forty had been killed when Tecumseh arrived. He was furious. He stopped the slaughter.[18]

The bombardment continued until the eighth, when the British force embarked hastily, abandoning some supplies and equipment. The Canadian militia was deserting rapidly, and the Indians wanted to return with the plunder taken from Dudley's men and boats.[19] Both sides claim the victory. The regimental colors of the British 41st bear the word "Miami" as a token of their victory over Dudley's force.[20] The Americans claimed success because they were able to repulse the invasion.[21]

A week after the departure of the allies Harrison placed General Clay in command of Fort Meigs and set out to look after several matters that demanded his attention.[22] Cleveland and Fremont were to be fortified; arrangements to receive the paroled prisoners at Huron were necessary; and there was difficulty in securing supplies. When Harrison arrived at Fremont he found that Governor Meigs had raised and led a force of Ohio militia to reinforce Fort Meigs if necessary and to protect the stores and the frontier from the Indians. Harrison praised the men for their zeal, thanked them, and dismissed them.[23] Fort Stephenson, at Fremont, was ordered strengthened, and a blockhouse was ordered at Cleveland.

Harrison had been somewhat worried about the attitude of the Ohio Indians. With the war coming into Ohio he feared the Indians would





ABOVE — BATTLE PLAN OF ATTACK ON FORT MEIGS
MAY 5, 1813

BELOW — THE ATTACK ON FORT STEPHENSON
AUG 2, 1813

ADAPTED FROM LOSSINGS FIELD BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812

not remain neutral, and he had not been authorized to receive them into his force.[24] Finally obtaining such authorization, Harrison held a council with the Wyandots, Senecas, and Shawnees and offered to receive them into the service of the United States. Tarhe, speaking for the group, accepted.[25] Harrison insisted on their conforming to his orders and to the rules of civilized warfare.[26]

General Clay received word that a large force of Indians collected west of the Mississippi by Robert Dickson was approaching Fort Malden and that on their arrival Fort Meigs was to be attacked.[27] Clay notified Harrison to this effect. But Harrison believed that Fremont, Cleveland, or Erie was to be the object of the attack. Accordingly, he reinforced Fort Meigs; placed Major Croghan[28] in command at Fort Stephenson; and proceeded to Seneca Town, where he established his headquarters.[29]

By July 20 the allied army was seen approaching Fort Meigs. Although a large force,[30] it made no attack on the fort. On the twenty-third Tecumseh started up the river with about eight hundred mounted Indians—apparently to attack Fort Winchester. Harrison had warned General Clay to beware of some stratagem, so the garrison remained inside the fort and waited. On the twenty-fifth the allied forces moved across the river. Early in the evening of the twenty-sixth a great commotion was heard some distance away along the road to Fremont. The Americans were sure that a reinforcement had been attacked while en route to the relief of Fort Meigs. But Clay explained that he was certain that it was all a sham battle for the purpose of drawing out the garrison.[31]

2. *Croghan and Fort Stephenson.*

Apparently the real purpose of the partial seige, feints, and sham battle was to entice Harrison forward with reinforcements and ambush him. Harrison, anticipating this, remained at his headquarters. With the failure of this scheme, the British embarked and the Indians started overland towards Fort Stephenson.[32] When Harrison received this word he concluded that the threatened attack on Fort Stephenson was also a feint and that the real objective was Upper Sandusky or Cleveland, where large stores were accumulated, or Erie where the fleet was under construction. As the British were approaching by water it was presumed that they were

bringing heavy artillery. A council of war at headquarters decided that the fort was untenable under fire from heavy artillery and that it should be abandoned rather than reinforced. Orders were sent to Croghan to burn the stores and retreat to Camp Seneca.[33] The messenger lost his way and did not arrive until noon of the next day. The woods were already full of Indians. Croghan called a council. It was decided that retreat would be unsafe, so Croghan answered:

> *I have just received yours of yesterday,* 10 *o'clock P. M. ordering me to destroy this place and make good my retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. We have determined to maintain this place, and by heavens we can.*[34]

Such gross insubordination on the part of the youthful officer drew an immediate reaction. Croghan was suspended and ordered to headquarters. Colonel Wells, sent to replace Croghan, was escorted by a squadron of Ball's cavalry. About two miles from the fort they were forced to cut their way through an Indian party.[35] Croghan, at headquarters, explained to Harrison's evident satisfaction that no violation of orders was intended; that the delay of the order altered circumstances; and anticipating that the reply would fall into the hands of the Indians, the strong language employed was intended to bluff them.[36] Harrison restored Croghan to his command.[37]

The British approached the fort during the afternoon of August first and disposed their forces so as to cut off possible retreat. Colonel Elliott and Major Chambers approached with a flag. Croghan delegated Ensign Shipp to receive their message. Chambers said that Procter demanded the surrender of the fort in order to avoid effusion of blood and to prevent possible massacre.[38] Elliot added:

> *You are a fine young man, I pity your situation, for God's sake surrender and prevent the dreadful slaughter that must follow resistance.*[39]

> *Shipp gave them Croghan's answer, which was: defend the place to the last extremely. No force, however, larg(e), should induce me to surrender it.*

An Indian concealed in the underbrush then jumped out and tried to

overpower Shipp, seizing the latter's sword aand wrestling with him. Elliott pretended to exert great effort to release Shipp and expressed anxiety that he get back to the fort safely—explaining that this was additional evidence of their inability to control the Indians. Harrison condemns this "unworthy artifice."[40]

A brisk fire was opened from the gunboats and from a five and a half inch howitzer on shore. The bombardment continued throughout the night. During the night a battery of three six pounders was established about two hundred fifty yards from the fort. Firing from this battery commenced at sunrise and lasted until about five P. M.[41] Occasional shots from the single cannon in the fort kept the Indians at a safe distance.

About four P. M. Croghan noticed that the British fire was concentrated on the northwest angle of the picketing, apparently for the purpose of breaching the stockade for assault. Croghan ordered the picketing to be reinforced by bags of flour and sand and that their cannon be placed to rake the ditch at this point. The gun was loaded with a half charge of powder and a double charge of slugs and rifle bullets, and the port hole was masked.[42] The British found that their bombardment was ineffectual, and fearing that its noise would bring reinforcements, they decided to carry the works by storm. One force, consisting of three columns of about one hundred twenty each, of the 41st Regulars approached the northwest angle. A force of grenadiers, perhaps one hundred fifty in number, made a feint against the south side. The smoke was so dense that the advancing columns were not seen until they were nearly upon the fort. A volley from the small arms threw the main attacking force into confusion, but they were soon rallied.[43] As the first column, led by Lieutenant Colonel Shortt, leaped into the ditch the cannon was pushed through the port hole and fired, killing or wounding all but eleven. The force attacking the south side was driven off by volleys from the small arms. The retreating forces were rallied and a second charge was made. It met a similar fate. During the night the Indians dragged away as many of the killed and wounded as they could reach. The British embarked and left hastily, abandoning a gunboat and some camp equipment. The British force was estimated at about five hundred regulars and perhaps three or four thousand Indians.[44] Their casualties totalled perhaps one hundred fifty to two hundred.[45] The American casualties were one killed and seven slightly wounded.[46] Miss Goebel

says, "The defense of Fort Stephenson was one of the few brilliant exploits of the War in that district."[47] Although it was a small battle from the standpoint of numbers engaged, its effect was decisive in the War in the Northwest:

1. It convinced Procter of the futility of attempting to capture American fortified places and it marked the end of British invasions of the Northwest.[48]

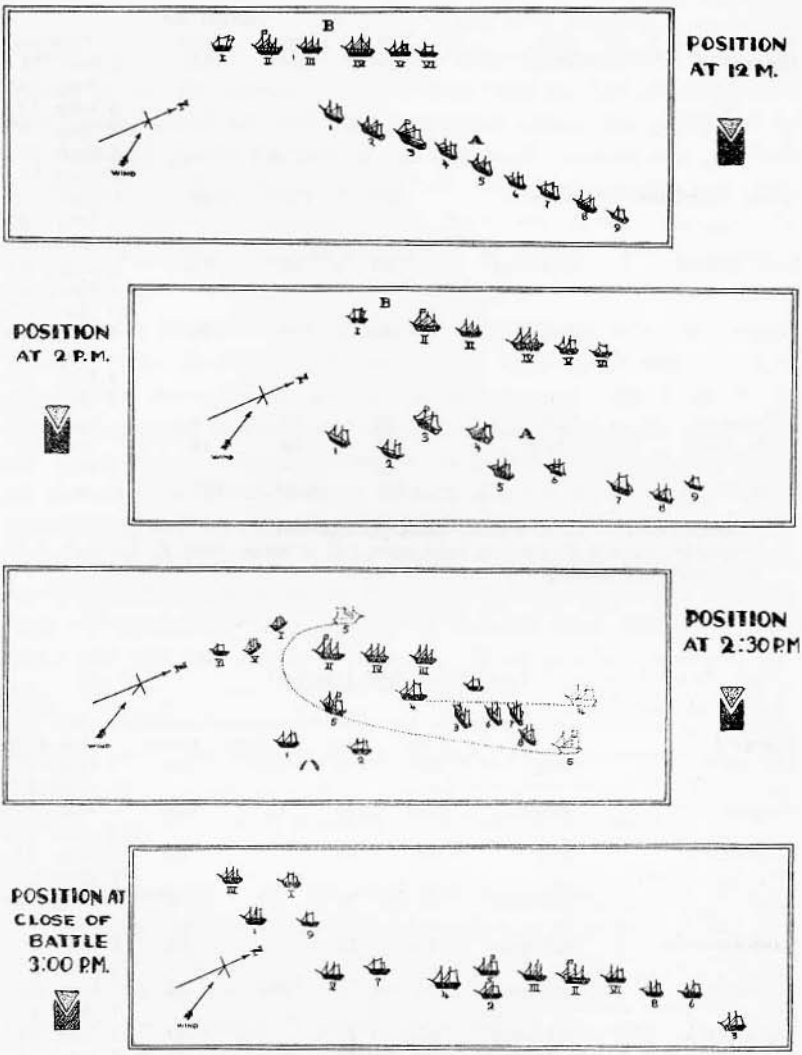
2. Proctor lost the respect and control of the British and Canadian troops, whose morale dropped to a low point. Thus this reverse was a forerunner of British failure on Lake Erie and at the Thames.[49]

3. The Indians became displeased with Procter and deserted him rapidly. Most important of all, Tecumseh was disillusioned and convinced of the hopelessness of his cause. The Indian war on American soil in the Northwest was ended.[50]

Without this victory and the subsequent one on Lake Erie the Northwest or part of it might have become either British territory or a "buffer" state reserved for Indian occupation. In either event the expansion of the West would have been seriously delayed if not permanently handicapped.

3. *Perry and the Battle of Lake Erie; the Battle of the Thames.*

August second held further good fortune for the American cause. Barclay,[51] who had been blockading the American squadron in Presque Isle (now Erie, Pennsylvania) harbor, sailed away.[52] Perry[53] had been indefatigable in securing, buildng, equipping, and manning a naval force for Lake Erie in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles. Finally the *Lawrence* and *Niagara* were completed. Naval superiority on Lake Erie depended on them, for they were the largest, best, carried the heaviest armament, and were the only ships in the fleet actually constructed for war.[54] The Lake was unusually low, and these ships were unable to cross the bar at the mouth of the harbor. Barclay, aware of the difficulty, had hovered close by until August 2. Immediately after his departure every effort was made to float the ships across the bar before his return. By eight o'clock in the morning of the fifth


POSITION AT 12 M.
POSITION AT 2 P.M.
POSITION AT 2:30 P.M.
POSITION AT CLOSE OF BATTLE 3:00 P.M.
A - AMERICAN SQUADRON
1-SCORPION
2-ARIEL
3-LAWARENCE
4-CALEDONIA
5-NIAGARA
6-SOMERS
7-PORCUPINE
8-TIGRESS
9-TRIPPE
B - BRITISH SQUADRON
I-CHIPPEWA
II-DETROIT
III-HUNTER
IV-QUEEN CHARLOTTE
V-LADY PREVOST
VI-LITTLE BELT
- FROM LOSSINGS FIELD BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812 -

BRITISH SQUADRON[1]

Name	*Rig*	*Tons*	*Crew*	*Broadside pounds*	*Armament*
Detroit	Ship	490	150	138	1 long 18 2 long 24's 6 long 12's 8 long 9's 1 short 24 1 short 18
Queen Charlotte	Ship	400	126	189	1 long 12 2 long 9's 14 short 24's
Lady Prevost	Schooner	230	86	75	1 long 9 2 short 6's 10 short 12's
Hunter	Brig	180	45	30	4 long 6's 2 long 4's 2 long 2's 2 short 12's
Chippeway	Schooner	70	15	9	1 long 9
Little Belt	Sloop	90	18	18	1 long 12 2 long 6's
6 vessels		1460	440*	459	63 guns

1. From Roosevelt, *Naval War of* 1812, pp. 260-261.
* Probably too few if meaning total crew. If it means crew fit for duty, it is approximately correct.

AMERICAN SQUADRON[1]

Name	*Rig*	*Tons*	*Total crew*	*Crew fit for duty*	*Broadside pounds*	*Armament*
Lawrence	Brig	480	136	105*	300	2 long 12's 18 short 32's
Niagara	Brig	480	155	127	300	2 long 12's 18 short 32's
Caledonia	Brig	180	53		80	2 long 24's 1 short 32
Ariel	Schooner	112	36		48**	4 long 12's 1 long 32
Scorpion	Schooner	86	35		64	1 long 32 1 short 32
Somers	Schooner	94	30	184	56	1 long 24 1 short 32
Porcupine	Schooner	83	25		32	1 long 32
Tigress	Schooner	96	27		32	1 long 32
Trippe	Sloop	60	35		24	1 long 24
9 vessels		1671	532	416(?)	936	54 guns

1. From Roosevelt, *Naval War of* 1812, pp. 260-261.
* 103 according to Perry's report. See Perry to Wm. Jones, Secretary of the Navy, Sept. 13, 1813. *Amer. St. Pap., Naval Aff.*, I, 296.
** Apparently an error.

the task was accomplished.[55] The Americans had an adequate naval force on Lake Erie for the first time since the War began.

Perry left Erie and cruised about the Lake.[56] The British fleet—unwilling to meet the superior American force until the *Detroit,* then under construction, could be completed—remained within the protection of Fort Malden. Finally the *Detroit* was completed. Procter was in a critical situation. Transportation was cut off; food and supplies were low; and the Indians were deserting him.[57] So it was decided to engage the American fleet in a final, desperate effort to re-open communications.

At sunrise September 10, 1813, the British force was seen leaving Malden. The American fleet advanced to meet the enemy. A light breeze from the southwest scarcely moved the ships. About ten A. M. the wind changed to southeast, putting the Americans to the windward. An "hour of awful suspense" dragged by before the light wind brought the opposing fleets within range of each other.[58] At 11:45 the British opened fire, and ten minutes later the Americans returned the fire. The battle was general by noon. The British concentrated their fire on the *Lawrence,* which was closest in, for two hours. The *Lawrence* was rendered unmanageable. Of a crew of one hundred three, twenty-two were killed and sixty-one seriously wounded. Every gun was rendered useless. The *Niagara,* sister ship of the *Lawrence* and the best manned of the fleet, remained almost entirely out of action. She should have borne up close, where her superior weight of metal at short range would have counted. Instead, she hovered far beyond carronade range.[59] The smaller ships, also, were not as effective as they should have been.

About two-thirty P. M. the wind freshened. The *Niagara* came up closer. Perry left the wreck of the *Lawrence* in an open boat and proceeded to the *Niagara.* Elliott, commander of the *Niagara,* was sent in a boat to bring up the smaller vessels. At two forty-five the signal was given for close formation.[60] Breaking the British line, terrific broadsides of grape and cannister were poured forth at short range. It was more than the British could withstand. By three o'clock the entire fleet surrendered.[61]

The battle on Lake Erie gave the Americans naval supremacy there. It completely isolated Procter. With communications destroyed and

provisions lacking he could no longer retain Fort Malden. The way opened to the Americans for offensive action in Upper Canada.[62]

Harrison had been exerting every effort to organize an effective force for the invasion of Canada. He had two thousand regulars and three thousand militia ready.[63] When news of Perry's victory arrived,[64] final preparations were made quickly. The whole force, except Johnson's cavalry which proceeded overland via Detroit,[65] marched down the "Harrison Trail" to the mouth of the Portage—the present site of Port Clinton. Perry's fleet ferried the army to Canada, where it arrived September 27.[66] Fort Malden was taken without opposition.[67] The Americans followed the retreating British and those Indians who still adhered to them to Moraviantown on the Thames. There the allies faced the Americans. A cavalry charge by Johnson's Kentuckians broke the British line. The entire action lasted only a few minutes.[68] The Indians offered a more prolonged resistance but were finally forced to retreat. The victory was complete. Tecumseh, "in whom were united the prowess of Achilles and the authority of Agamemnon"[69] was killed; six hundred prisoners, including twenty-five officers, were taken—Procter and from thirty to fifty of the British force alone escaping.[70]

The War in the Northwest was ended.

FOOTNOTES

1. Harrison to Monroe, Feb. 11, 1813 in Esarey, (ed), *Messages and Letters,* II, 356-358.
2. McAfee, *History of the Late War,* 268.
3. Armstrong to Harrison, Mar. 3, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 377, 379, 388-9, 393, 398-9, 404-5, 408-9, 412, 416. Same to same, Mar. 5, 1813 in *loc. cit.,* II, 379.
4. It consisted of an octagonal picketing 2500 yards in circumference, the pickets being 12 inches in diameter, 15 feet long, and set in the ground 3 feet; 8 blockhouses of double timbers to elevate 4 large batteries; all surrounded by ditches; it was adequately equipped with storehouses, magazines, etc. (See McAfee, *op. cit.,* 266.
5. McAfee, *op. cit.,* 276-7.
6. Harrison to Armstrong, undated, (about Apr. 15, 1813) in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 445.
7. Brigadier General Henry Procter (frequently confused with Lieutenant General Henry Adolphus Proctor who served with distinction on the Niagara frontier with the 82nd regiment) entered the War of 1812 a colonel. He commanded the allied force that cut Hull's lines of communications and defeated Van Horne's American force which sought to re-establish same. (See Note 6 Heflinger, "War of 1812 in Northwestern Ohio" NORTHWEST-OHIO QUARTERLY, vol. XXII, No. 3 (Summer 1950.) Procter thus con-

tributed to the fall of Detroit. When Brock left the Detroit area for the Niagara frontier, where he met his death (see note 7, *bid.*), he left Procter in command at Fort Malden. Procter led the allied forces at the River Raisin, and was promoted to brigadier general in recognition of his victory. His failures to stop Indian massacres of prisoners there and at Fort Meigs made him the most hated man in the Northwest; were said to have "put him outside the pale of civilization." (Hatch, *History of the War of* 1812, 117.) The Americans nicknamed Procter variously "The Butcher." "The Butcher Boy," etc. His name is still the personification of treachery and cruelty in this region. The more humane Indians, such as Tecumseh once attempted to kill Procter. (Richardson, *War of* 1812, 7 (note), 204-5, 220, 224.) He was described as having a "mean countenance" and looking "like a murderer." (Hatch, *op. cit.,* 116-7.) (See Niles *Register,* Aug. 28, 1814, IV, 417; June 11, 1814, VI, 249). The Chillicothe *Fredonian,* a newspaper established on or about September 1, 1812, stated in the issue of October 19, 1813, that the "miscreant Procter" was "detested by the good, and despised by the brave." Recent accounts in British histories, encyclopedias and other biographical accounts—and to a great extent they are followed without question by American writers—rate Procter as an able officer, an innocent victim of circumstances, "misunderstood," etc. Apparently this is due to the confusion already mentioned with Lieutenant General Henry Adolphus Proctor, since many of such accounts, while placing the subject at Detroit, Fort Malden, River Raisin, Fort Meigs, Fort Stephenson, the battle at the Thames, also place him on the Niagara frontier; frequently misspell his name "Proctor" give him the middle initial "A", and conveniently overlook the fact that he was court martialed for fleeing from his command at the Thames.

8. Embarkation return, Apr. 23, 1813, *MS.* (copy), Hayes Memorial. Harrison reported 800 militia. Harrison to Armstrong, May 13, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 445.

9. Procter said 1200. (Report, May 14, 1813. *MS.* (copy), Hayes Memorial.) Harrison stated that 1000-1200 is a "most conservative estimate." Harrison to Armstrong, Secretary of War, May 5, 1813. Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 445.) McAfee said 1800. (McAfee, *op. cit.,* 296.) Richardson, a Canadian participant, whose account is fair and generally accurate, said 1500. (Richardson, *op. cit.,* 148.) This number is probably the most nearly correct.

10. Richardson, *op. cit.,* 148; McAfee, *op. cit.,* 283-6.

11. 20 feet wide at the base and 300 yards long. (McAfee, *op. cit.,* 283.)

12. Harrison to Armstrong, May 5, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 432. Richardson, *op. cit.,* 149.

13. This detachment, 200 regulars and 150 Kentucky militia, commanded by Lt. Col. John Miller drove off an enemy force of 200 British regulars, 150 Canadian militia, and 400-500 Indians with heavy losses to both sides. (Procter's report, May 14, 1813. *MS.* (copy), Hayes Memorial; Harrison to Armstrong, May 5, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 432-3; Same to same, May 13, 1813 in *Loc. cit.* II, 443-4. McAfee, *op. cit.,* 290.)

14. The main British force on the left bank was stationed about a mile and a half below the batteries, in and below the ruins of old Fort Miami.

15. McAfee, *op. cit.,* 292.

16. Procter's report, May 14, 1813, *MS.* (copy), Hayes Memorial. Harrison to Armstrong, May 5, 1813, in Esarey, *op. cit., II,* 431-3. *McAfee, op. cit.,* 291-3; Richardson, *op. cit.,* 149-155; Western Reserve *Tracts,* No. 23, p. 5.

17. Procter's report, May 14, 1813; Return of prisoners taken, May 5, 1813. *MSS.* (copies), Hayes Memorial; Harrison to Armstrong, May 5, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 432.

18. Richardson, *War of* 1812, 153-4. Richardson was an eye-witness. Western Reserve *Tracts,* No. 23, p. 6, contains the account of Thomas Christian, a survivor. It is said that Tecumseh reprimanded Procter severely because the latter had not stopped the massacre. The prisoners were later paroled and landed at the mouth of the Huron River of Ohio. (Agreement for Exchange, May 7, 1813. *MS.* (copy), Hayes Memorial; McAfee, *op. cit.,* 294.)
19. Procter's report, May 14, 1813; a petition signed by Wm. Shaw and others of the Canadian militia, May 6, 1813, addressed to Lt. Col. Waberton (Warburton) stated that it was time for them to go home to plant corn. *MSS.* (copies), Hayes Memorial.
20. Richardson, *op. cit.,* 152. See Armstrong, *Notices,* I, 125.
21. British casualties: 14 killed, 47 wounded, 41 captured. (Return of killed, wounded, missing, and prisoners, May 1813. *MS.* (copy) Hayes Memorial. American: 81 killed, 189 wounded, captured about 500. (McAfee, *op. cit.,* 296.) Indian losses unknown. It should be noted that most figures for American forces, losses, etc. are approximations. There were no official returns because most of the militia officers could not write. (See Armstrong, to Harrison, Apr. 3, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 414; Harrison to Armstrong, Apr. 21, 1813 in *loc. cit.,* II, 424.)
22. Rueben Clements to Col. I. D. Brady, Mar. 4, 1880. *M.S.,* Hayes Memorial.
23. McAfee, *op. cit.,* 302-3.
24. Gov. Shelby to Harrison, Mar. 27, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 399.
25. The council was held at Franklintown (now Columbus) June 21, 1813. About 400 warriors joined Harrison. They saw service primarily as scouts. (John Johnston to Armstrong, Aug. 3, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 509. See McAfee, *op. cit.,* 328.) These Indians had combat duties later at the Thames, where Tarhe, then seventy-two years old, led his forces afoot against the British and Tecumseh's Indians.
26. Richardson stated that the Indians' allies of the Americans were humane. *War of* 1812, 8.
27. Sir George Prevost to Lord Bathurst, July 18, 1813; same to same, Aug. 1, 1813. *MSS.* (copies), Hayes Memorial.
28. George Croghan was the son of William Croghan, a major of Virginia infantry with a creditable record in the Revolution. The latter was the nephew of George Croghan, the Indian agent, associate of Sir William Johnson, and author of an invaluable journal. (See Thwaites, (ed.), *Early Amer. Travels,* I.) All were descended from the famous "fighting Croghans" of Ireland. William Croghan married Lucy Clark, sister of George Rogers Clark and General William Clark. George Croghan, only twenty-one years old in 1813, was described "a beardless stripling . . . rather below medium height . . . looked about eighteen" (Clements to Brady, Mar. 4, 1880. *MS.,* Hayes Memorial.) He had participated as a captain in the battle of Tippecanoe and was promoted for his part in Miller's sally at Fort Meigs. (See Brayman, (ed.), *Daring Deeds of American Heroes,* 352.)
29. Harrison to Armstrong, July 23, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 494-5.
30. 350 British regulars and 3000-4000 Indians. (Sir George Prevost to Lord Bathurst, Aug. 25, 1813. *MS.* (copy), Hayes Memorial.) This is said to be probably the largest force of Indian warriors gathered for battle at one time and placed under one commander. (See Randall, "Tecumseh, the Shawnee Chief," Ohio Arch. Soc. *Pub.,* XV, 488.)
31. Harrison to Armstrong, Aug. 4, 1813; Procter to Sir George Prevost, Aug. 9, 1813, *MSS.* (copies), Hayes Memorial; Clements to Brady, Mar. 4, 1880. *MS.,* Hayes Memorial; McAfee, *op. cit.,* 344-6; Richardson, *War of* 1812, 177-8.
32. Fort Stephenson (originally Stevenson) was constructed in the summer of

1812. (See Western Reserve *Tract,* No. 3, p. 3.) It consisted of one blockhouse and a stockade about fifty by one hundred yards. (See Lossing, *Field-Book,* 497; Western Reserve *Tract,* No. 51, p. 121.) During the summer of 1813 the fort was enlarged according to plans prepared by Colonel Wood. (McAfee, *op. cit.,* 332.) The enlarged fort had two blockhouses and a stockade about one hundred yards square, all surrounded by a ditch six feet deep and nine feet wide. (Richardson, *op. cit.,* 179 (note).) The total armament consisted of "Old Betsey," an iron six pounder, veteran of the French and Indian War. (See Clements to Brady, Mar. 4, 1880. *MS.,* Hayes Memorial.) The garrison at the time of the battle consisted of 160 officers and men, mostly Kentuckians of the 17th Regulars with a few Pennsylvania and Virginia volunteers. Practically all were youths.

33. Harrison to Croghan, July 29, 1813; Harrison to Armstrong, Sec. of War, Aug. 4, 1813. *MSS.* (copies), Hayes Memorial. McAfee, *op. cit.,* 347-8.

34. Croghan to Harrison, July 30, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 503.

35. This was known as Ball's "battle." Eleven Indians were killed, two Americans wounded, and two cavalry horses killed. (See Procter to Sir George Prevost, Aug. 9, 1813. *MS.* (copy), Hayes Memorial, McAfee, *op. cit.,* 349; Richardson *War of* 1812, 187.)

36. See Croghan to the editor of the Cincinnati *Liberty Hall,* Aug. 27, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 527-9.

37. According to local tradition the British pilot directed the fleet up Muddy Bay, a shallow arm of the Sandusky, instead of up the main channel. The boats finally ran around. A day was lost freeing the boats and regaining the channel. This delay gave the Americans time for the events related above.

38. Croghan to Harrison, Aug. 5, 1813. *MS.* (copy), Hayes Memorial.

39. Harrison to Armstrong, Aug. 5, 1813. *MS.* (copy), Hayes Memorial.

40. Harrison to Armstrong, supra.

41. Croghan to Harrison, spura; McAfee, *op. cit.,* 351. Brown stated that he counted over 150 impressions of cannon balls and bullets in one gable end of one blockhouse after the battle. (Brown, *History of the Second War,* I, 114.)

42. Harrison to Armstrong, Aug. 4, 1813. *MS.* (copy), Hayes Memorial.

43. *Ibid;* Croghan to Harrison, Aug. 5, 1813. *MS.* (copy), Hayes Memorial Richardson, *War of* 1812, 179-180. Richardson was the only British eyewitness to leave an account of this battle—except Procter's official report, which is vague.

44. The records of the Western Army (British) were lost at the Battle of the Thames. A copy of the disembarkation return exists in the Canadian archives. It gives the entire British force as 330 including sick and boat crews. This is obviously incorrect. If the first digit were a "5" it would make the number about correct. Shetrone stated that 2000 Canadian militia were also engaged, but does not give his authority. (Shetrone, "The Indian in Ohio," Ohio Arch. and Hist. Soc. *Pub.,* XXVII, 446.) I am unable to find any evidence to corroborate that number. Tecumseh with about 2000 Indians was concealed along the road to Fort Meigs waiting to ambush expected reinforcements.

45. Harrison to Armstrong, Aug. 11, 1813 in Esarey, (ed.), *Messages and Letters,* II, 524.

46. Croghan to Harrison, Aug. 3, 1813; same to same, Aug. 5, 1813. *MSS.,* (copies), Hayes Memorial.

47. Goebel, *William Henry Harrison,* 176.

48. Procter to Sir George Prevost, Aug. 9, 1813. *MS.* (copy), Hayes Memorial; *Congressional Debates,* XI, Part I, 236; Richardson, *War of* 1812, 188; Gregory and Guitteau, *History and Geography of Ohio,* 46; Headley, *The*

Second War, 203; Randall and Ryan, *History of Ohio,* III, 500; Young, *Life of Cass,* 63; Winter, *History of Northwest Ohio,* I, 42; Perkins, *History,* 266; Slocum, *The Ohio Country,* 261.

49. Richardson, *War of* 1812, 220, 224; Adams, *History,* VII, 113; Lucas, *Canadian War of* 1812, 79.
50. Harrison to Armstrong, Sept. 8, 1813 in Esarey, (ed.) *Messages and Letters,* II, 537-8; Richardson, *op. cit.,* 188, 205; McAfee, 360, 374, 402, 403; Cummins, *History of the Late War,* 75; Perkins, *History,* 225-6; Shetrone "The Indian in Ohio," Ohio Arch. and Hist. Soc. *Pub.,* XXVII, 446. Atherton, then a captive of the Indians near Detroit, stated that the Indians "came home cursing Major Croghan" and that "this Sandusky engagement appears to have been a hot business all around." (Atherton, *Narrative,* 108-9.)
51. Captain Robert Heriot Barclay was an experienced officer. He served under Nelson at Trafalgar, where he lost an arm. (Richardson, *op. cit.,* 205 (note); Roosevelt, *Naval War of* 1812, 254.) He was assigned to the command on Lake Erie about July 1, 1813. The story is told that he had a dinner engagement at Williamsport when he left Erie on August 2.
52. Roosevelt, *op. cit.,* 255; Cooper, *History of the Navy,* 187.
53. Captain Oliver Hazard Perry was young, "inexperienced . . . but skilled in naval theory, courageous and enterprising." (McAfee *History of the Late War,* 384.) His chief merit and claim to fame was not the battle of Lake Erie itself, but his great energy, skill, and resourcefulness in preparing a superior fleet in the face of adverse circumstances, (See Richardson, *op. cit.,* 192, (note); Roosevelt, *op. cit.,* 274.)
54. Each was a brig 110 feet long, 29 foot beam, 8 foot draft, 480 tons displacement, and armed with 2 long 12 pounders and 18 32 pound carronades. They were rigged and armed after the salt-water fashion of that time. (See Roosevelt's, *Naval War of* 1812, 256, 260; *McClay History of the U. S. Navy,* 1,-495; Spears, *History of Our Navy,* II, 295, 298.)
55. Roosevelt, *op. cit.,* 255.
56. Harrison to Armstrong, Aug. 11, 1813 in Esarey, (ed.), *Messages and Letters,* II, 523. Same to same, Aug. 22, 1813 in *ibid.,* II, 525.
57. Procter to Sir George Prevost, Sept. 21 (?), 1813; Prevost to Lord Bathurst, Aug. 25, 1813; same to same, Sept. 22, 1813; Robert Gilmore, commissary officer, to Edw. Crouch, Sept. 5, 1813. *MSS.* (copies), Hayes Memorial. Richardson, War of 1812, 188-9; McAfee, *op. cit.,* 372.
58. Perry to Wm. Jones, Sec. of the Navy, Sept. 13, 1813 in *Amer. St. Pap., Naval Aff.,* I, 295-6; McAfee, *op. cit.,* 383-5.
59. Roosevelt, *Naval War of* 1812, 264.
60. Perry to Jones, Sept. 13, 1813 in *loc. cit.,* I, 295.
61. Procter to Sir Prevost, Sept. 5 (15?), 1813. *MS.* (copy) Hayes Memorial.
62. Richardson, *War of* 1812, 189; McAfee, op. cit., 390.
63. Harrison to Armstrong, Aug. 29, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 531; Same to same, Sept. 8, 1813, *loc. cit.,* II, 537-8; same to same, Sept. 15, 1813 in *loc. cit.,* II, 541-3.
64. The famous laconic "We have met the enemy" message. See Perry to Harrison, Sept. 10, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 539.
65. McAfee, *op. cit.,* 407-410.
66. Harrison to Armstrong, Sept. 27, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 551; McAfee, op. cit., 400.
67. Harrison to Gov. Meigs (Ohio), Sept. 27, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 550.
68. Harrison to Armstrong, Oct. 5, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 557; McAfee, *op. cit.,* 422-3.
69. McAfee, *History of the Late War,* 407-410.
70. Harrison to Armstrong, Oct. 9, 1813 in Esarey, *op. cit.,* II, 563-565.

Midwestern: Early Oberlin Personalities

By Alfred Vance Churchill

1. *Dramatis Personae*

In the early history of the College nothing is more remarkable than the splendid quality of the first Faculty. Seeing their names below, the reader may be inclined to skip them as of no more present interest than the protracted begettings of the Old Testament or Homer's catalogue of the ships. But some further idea must be given, both of their personalities and their preparation for the work.

The name of Charles G. Finney, in charge of the Theological Seminary, and from 1851 to 1865 President of the College, has already been introduced. I knew Finney, the very soul of the place throughout the first generation; the greatest preacher I ever heard; a man who with a world-stage to play on might have been as famous as Luther or Massillon; who believed in the eternal damnation of the wicked but preached a God of love; who loved his fellowmen and gave his life to them; whose heart was full to overflowing with generosity and kindness and gentleness and infinite humor; who rode and hunted and sang and played the violoncello in the intervals of study and prayer. Finney, though he never went to college, completed the Yale course for the Bachelor's Degree under private instruction, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and doubtless had the broadest education of any man on the Faculty.

I knew Morgan, the gentle scholar and Professor, at first of Mathematics, later of Sacred Literature; Finney's closest friend and mental complement. Physically he was a slow-moving colossus. "A Paddy from Cork," he called himself, and in fact he was an Irishman, born in Cork, and red-headed once, though white as snow when I knew him. The Rev. John Morgan was a profound scholar, great in mind and heart; a man of God if there ever was one—strong, and humble, and lovable.

Reared in Philadelphia and New York, Morgan was graduated from Williams, being valedictorian of his class. He got his theology from private instruction with ministers in New York City and later with Dr. Lyman Beecher at Lane. Morgan had a strong influence on musical culture at Oberlin. He was the father of the John Morgan who became organist of Trinity Church, New York, and later was one of the founders of Oberlin Conservatory of Music. Geraldine Morgan the violinist and Paul Morgan the cellist, were Dr. Morgan's grandchildren.

I knew Dr. James Dascomb, who taught Chemistry, Botany, and Physiology in the College for forty-four years besides being, for some time, physician to the Colony. A brilliant scholar though without the slightest outward show. Slow and sound in his thinking, a conservative force in college and community. An invaluable citizen of the growing town which he served at various times in almost every capacity including that of Mayor. Dascomb held the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the famous medical school of Dartmouth College. He was a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Mussey, who recommended him as the best man in a class of fifty.

I knew Dr. Henry Cowles who was made Professor of Languages in 1835, afterwards of Christian History, and later still of Old Testament Literature. He was the editor of the *Oberlin Evangelist* and the author of a Commentary covering nearly the whole Bible. (I remember the long row of grayish-brown volumes on the shelves of my father's library). Cowles was graduated from Yale, being, I believe, the second honor man in his class, and took his theological course also in New Haven. A strong, quiet man of self-effacing devotion and saintly character.

I knew James H. Fairchild who, though not an elected member of the first Faculty, had entered college as a Freshman in 1834, and who became a teacher before graduation. He was Professor of Greek and Latin, later of Mathematics and Physics, finally of Theology and Moral Philosophy. He succeeded to the Presidency after Finney's resignation. A man of great honesty, dignity and worth, admirably fitted for the many and various positions he filled with such modest distinction. His connection with the institute, as student, professor, and president, covered sixty-eight years.

There were other excellent men in the First Faculty, whose names

should at least be mentioned. Rev. Seth Waldo, the first Professor of Languages, who reached the settlement in 1834, was a graduate of Amherst and Andover. Daniel Branch, Principal of the Preparatory Department, who arrived the same year, was also graduated at Amherst. The Rev. John P. Cowles, brother of Henry Cowles, Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Literature in 1836, was valedictorian of his class at Yale. Fairchild speaks of him as "one of the most brilliant scholars produced at Yale in that generation."

George N. Allen, who laid the foundation of musical culture in the institution, had been a pupil of Lowell Mason in Boston. He entered the College as a Junior in 1837 and served as Professor of Music from the start. He received the title of Professor of Sacred Music in 1841, serving also as Principal of the Preparatory Depaprtment. He was elected Professor of Natural History in 1847. The day of specialization was not yet! Allen was a man of fine character and exceptional gifts. Frederick D. Allen, Professor of Greek at Harvard and head of the American School at Athens, was his son.

The Reverend Asa Mahan, first President of the College, has already been mentioned. Mahan arrived on the scene in May, 1835, being then thirty-six years of age, and for fifteen years gave noble service. He was a scholar and thinker. Fairchild felt that he had a genuine gift for philosophy and "gave an impulse to that study in Oberlin which it has never quite lost." Mahan was a graduate of Hamilton College and of Andover Theological Seminary.

How Father Shipherd secured that first Faculty must always remain a mystery. Composed of men, all of them young, who had received the best education the East could afford, it was the equal of any in the country. High standards of admission and scholarship were insisted on from the first. "Nothing less than this was to be expected," says Fairchild, "in view of the fact that the leading professors were men who had graduated with honors—in two cases, with the highest honors—at Williams, Amherst and Yale." "The course of study was the full equivalent of the course at Yale at that time . . . A student in good standing found no difficulty in entering ad eundem any New England college."

The Trustees were the equals of the Faculty. The Rev. John Keep, the first President of the Board, who was elected in 1834 and served for

thirty-six years until his death, was a graduate of Yale. He had already been a trustee of Hamilton College and of Auburn Theological Seminary. I remember the strength and the deeply spiritual expression of his kind face—but nothing more. In him "the milk of human kindness had never been soured by the thunders of Calvinism." Father Keep was a really wonderful person. No ordinary man could have played the part he did as champion of the black race in the crisis over the admission of colored students, or could have saved the College, as he did, together with his associate, William Dawes, in the extraordinary mission to England in 1839.

The superior character and ability of the Colonists has been shown in earlier chapters and some of them have been briefly spoken of by our historians. The parts they played were absolutely essential to the success of the enterprise, and their names should be saved from oblivion. I used, as a young man, to resent the narrowness of their creed and various peculiarities. Later on I began to understand and pardon them. But now that my hair is white I have little left but admiration for their fortitude and love for their sincerity. They were no "saints." They were very human indeed and had their human failings. But they were the salt of the earth—these people. They felt the Everlasting Arms about them and enjoyed such blessedness and peace as we shall never know.

Deacon Turner was a carpenter and builder of a calibre that is rare enough anywhere and certainly not to be expected in a frontier village. He was not alone. Peter Pease was another leader in all major enterprises of construction during the first quarter-century, and Lyman Hill was an expert in the same field. These three could make a masterpiece of anything they put their hands to, from a hen-coop to a house of God. Together they built the First Church, which is still one of the best audience rooms in the Midwest and stands without a crack after a hundred years. Accoustically and in many other respects it is a rare example of the builder's art. There is nothing in the records to tell which man was in charge of the work.

Besides his activities as a builder, Turner was a prominent man in the community and of course in the church, a typical, whole-souled Christian gentleman and patriarch of a type now almost extinct. He joined the Colony with his family, I think in 1837. Fairchild says he first "or-

ganized whatever musical talent the community afforded, and led the singing in the Sabbath services."

Deacon Turner had come from Thetford, Vermont, just across the Connecticut from the town of Lyme, New Hampshire, where my father was born. His name was Thomas Porter Turner, though I do not remember ever to have heard it, for he was known to everybody as Deacon or Father Turner. His daughter Mary Jane was my father's first wife and the mother of my older brothers. The Turners were dear people. "While memory lasts my heart will bless them," wrote my mother shortly before her death. They took her into their lives and treated her like the daughter they had lost. More than once I have heard mother speak of how grandma Turner helped her with the care of the children, and instructed her—young and inexperienced as she was—about the management of the home. For the two were "grandpa and grandma Turner" to all of us alike. Their house was only two or three doors from ours and grandma Turner's cookies and turnovers were an only too constant invitation to call. But if we tired her out and plagued her almost to death she never complained or made us anything but welcome. My brother Fred (half-brother really) writes that "father must have known mother as a girl at Thetford and Lyme, for he did not graduate from Dartmouth until 1845 and was married to mother Nov. 1846, which would have been rather soon if he first met her at Oberlin although the Churchills are quick workers in love matters."

We children said "grandpa Turner built the big church," as if he had been the only one. We said that once, while he was building it, he fell thirty feet and caught a beam with his hands and saved his life. He was a tall, powerful man. There is little doubt that he fell—much farther than he wanted to—but perhaps not "thirty feet!" An incident comes back to me that illustrates the independence as well as the generosity of his character.

We must know in the first place that Turner was a Freemason. There was no lodge in the village, but at any rate he was one. Now President Finney was an avowed enemy of all secret organizations and above all of Freemasonry. He himself had once belonged to the Order, but an unfortunate experience that occurred during his initiation had antagonized him deeply and his enmity was later strengthened by the sensational dis-

appearance of a certain William Morgan, whom many opponents of Masonry thought to have been killed by Masons for revealing their secrets.

One Sunday morning Finney got onto this subject in his sermon and began to inveigh against the Order in no uncertain words. He called Masonry an invention of the Devil. He said, in effect, that its basic principles were contrary to Christianity, because in practice the Masons restricted charity to their own group whereas Christ had enjoined upon us to love all men without distinction. He said that Masons were compelled to swear blood-curdling oaths whereas Christ had commanded us "Swear not at all." As he went on the preacher was carried away by denunciatory fury. He said the members of the Order swore these oaths in order to keep silly secrets that were not worth keeping. He said they bound themselves to assist and defend each other right or wrong. And he declared that, this being the case, it was questionable whether a man would be justified in believing the word of a Mason—even under oath . . . There sat dear Grandpa Turner, the soul of kindness, uprightness and honor, and listened to his beloved Pastor until he could bear it no longer. Then he rose quietly and left the church.

That is all. But to appreciate the full significance of the simple tale, one must remember Finney's exalted standing among his people—the reverence they felt for him—a reverence almost like that accorded to the prophet Elijah or the Apostle Paul. Surely this was the first time a member of his flock had ever walked out of the congregation in grief and anger. Turner must have been hurt beyond words before he could do such a thing. Yet the great-heartedness of the man would have prevented him from holding a permanent grudge against his Brother in the Lord, who after all had been trying—albeit mistakenly—to do his duty . . . And Finney! I feel sure that pain must have passed through his tender heart like a sword.

Another master technician of the village was Deacon Andrews, the gunsmith. I find no mention of him in the records and have no way of learning when he joined the Colony. But he was an old man when I knew him and everything about the house and shop bore evidence that he had been there a long time. He lived with his family on North Professor street. There were two sons and a daughter named Fanny. We thought Deacon Andrews could make as fine a rifle as anyone in the world. The man or boy who owned an Andrews rifle was happy and

enviable. The Deacon was a cabinet maker too. In fact he could make almost anything. He was universally respected—a devoted Christian whose Bible lay always at hand, with his tools, on the long bench below the shop-window.

One may be led to wonder how it happened that the village had so many high-class technicians like Turner, Pease, Hall and Andrews. The need for them is plain. There had to be master builders because there were many buildings to be built. They had to have a gunsmith because they must be prepared to shoot. But the actual presence of such men in the Colony was due to their devotion to its ideals and purposes.

Father Shipherd's name has been saved for the last. Logically it should have been first. His character and deeds have been described sufficiently for the purposes of this book, but you will wish to know what became of him. For himself, Shipherd had reserved no place and expected no advantage or reward. Like the cathedral builders he was willing that his work should be anonymous. He destroyed a diary he had kept, together with a brief manuscript sketch of his career, and refused to sit for his portrait.

Shipherd's work at Oberlin was no sooner completed—it had taken only five years of his life!—than he seemed to hear the call of the Voice Divine to other fields. And now he began to dream of a "chain of institutions," placed at strategic points, for educating and evangelizing the whole West—a grandiose conception which needless to say was never realized. Almost exhausted in strength though not in spirit, this bold Knight of the Cross—this visionary—set forth on the new quest. Once or twice he tried to start a new institution—and failed.

But in 1844, having once again secured land, colonists and teachers, he "took his wife and six boys into a wagon," says our chief historian, "with such house-hold goods as could be readily transported, with a young man or two to drive his horses and sheep, and made his way overland to the new wilderness home . . . and thus the foundation of the town and college of Olivet, in Michigan, was laid . . ." It was his last fight. Worn out at the age of forty-two, he died and was laid to rest on the field of victory.

"He was a verray parfit gentil Knyght."

We have already seen that, aside from other competencies, most of the men could fell trees, build cabins, guide the plow, drive, ride and shoot. Some of the women could have done all these—and all of them some of them. For the women were no less able or less devoted. Of women of the first generation the ones that stand out in my memory are —after grandma Turner—the wives of Finney, Morgan and Dascomb. If they were fair specimens it is certain that the Colonists had the blessing of Heaven in their choice of mates. These four are enough to show how strong, capable, and loyal—how charming and loveable—the women of the Colony could be. The women I knew were happy wives and mothers. Their time was fully occupied, for large families were the rule. Aside from household tasks and family affection they were united with their husbands in a mighty purpose outside themselves; which may perhaps be accounted as one of the most important conditions of a happy marriage.

Some of the women had enjoyed the best education the times afforded. Mrs. Dascomb is a good example. After attending an excellent academy she received her final training as a pupil of Mary Lyon in the school of Zilpah P. Grant at Ipswich, Massachusetts, one of the best seminaries for young women in the country. A number of others were "prepared to teach Latin, French, and other branches as occasion required."

Marianne Parker Dascomb was "wonderfully fitted for the work she had to do, strong in the simplicity, transparency and integrity of her character, and in the unconscious influence which constantly attended her. Her power as an instructor and guide lay in her rare good sense, in her ready adjustment to every emergency, and in her cheerful and hopeful temper, which no cloud could darken."

"The portraits," said Miss Hosford, late Dean of Women at Oberlin, "with their becoming headgear, pretty finger puffs and curls, their elaborate dresses and judicious neckwear, make it clear that she knew the value of attention to the outer woman . . . She was the wife of a prominent professor, and the Principal of the Ladies' Department. As such she would have the suitable clothes and deportment . . . She gave . . . instruction in social and table etiquette, undoubtedly needed by girls from scattered villages and frontier farms—homes then isolated as no villages and farms can ever be again. This is a delicate undertak-

ing for any principal or dean of college girls, but she seems to have been able to do it without offense . . ."

"Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Dr. Dascomb gives his testimony in a letter to Marianne's parents, dated April 7, 1835. As professor of chemistry, botany and physiology, he was the foe of dithyrambics and his words may be counted on for scientific exactitude . . . "I can never be sufficiently grateful that I was so kindly received into your family, and allowed to become a son. In every trial, in sorrows and in joy, Marianne is just the companion I need, and everything I could wish. And while she is regarded with daily increasing affection, her dear mother, and brother and sisters at home will please accept a full share of my love. J. Dascomb." (Who could have believed that a stern Puritan family would provide a baby-girl with the ravishing name of Marianne!)

Shipherd's wife Esther must not be forgotten. She was a "woman of heroic mold"—an inspiration to her husband in all his undertakings. Left a widow by his early death, she held bravely on. She lived to the age of eighty-two, gave her six boys an education and prepared them for life.

Besides the women of the original Colony I knew several of their daughters. Grandpa and Grandma Turner had five girls, all healthy, capable and attractive and all happily married. I remember three of them, Aunt Sarah, Aunt Martha, and Frances—alias "Aunt Fanny"—and I am convinced that one would have had to go far to find their equals in mingled sweetness and strength of personality. All three were fine-looking women. Aunt Fanny was beautiful.

I recall the lady known to us all as Mother Keep (not the wife of the great Trustee, but of his son Theodore). She was one of my mother's dearest and most trusted friends. Still more vividly do I remember "Fanny" Keep—her daughter—a magnificent specimen of womanhood whom I secretly adored. She was tall and finely made and of a clear but low-toned golden color in hair and complexion—like Brunhilde.

Dr. Morgan had two noble and capable daughters. Unfortunately they were very homely and never married; which suggests once more that Oberlin men had not attained to complete sainthood. Morgan

once told my father what he thought of foolish young idiots who could pass such splendid women by and get themselves tied up for life to some doll-faced nonentity. It was perhaps as near as the old man ever came to bitterness in judging his fellows.

Of the daughters of the Colony, the one I knew best was Julia—one of the children of President Finney. She stands out in my mind as a perfect example of the cultured gentlewoman. I have heard that in addition to her social gifts she was an exquisite musician. Though she lived to the age of ninety-three, she was delicate and frail in health. She did not play in public and I think kept her music for her family and herself. Her father had always encouraged her. She had had instruction in piano from an early age and owned a beautiful instrument. Her eyes troubled her and she loved to play in the dark. I have passed her home of a summer evening and heard, through the open windows, strains of Chopin or Schubert. It sounded good to me.

She was born in 1837. After her marriage to the Hon. James Monroe she became his companion during most of his public service. This included a term or two in the Ohio Legislature, a consulship at Rio (1869), and five successive terms (1871 to 1881) in the national House of Representatives. The Brazilian sojourn and the long years of Washington society had brought to the wife a wide experience of the world —an advantage denied to the other women of the Colony—but had left untouched the gentleness and simplicity of her character.

Julia Finney Monroe was my life-long friend. She was a charming woman and like almost everyone else I was under the spell of her personality. But aside from that she must be counted among the very few —one of perhaps three people in my acquaintance—that seemed to divine in me some quality of imagination or intellect that made them think me a child of the Muses and, without saying anything specifically, let me know they were glad of it. I suppose the arts had small encouragement anywhere in those days, small certainly in the Midwest. The only art cultivated in our village (if we except that of language) was music. Of course music was a grand thing, something to be thankful for and enjoyed, but it was hardly to be considered as a life-work, particularly for a man.

The lady I am telling you about had quite different ideas on this sub-

ject as on many others. Her reverence for the arts was implied in all that she said and did. I believe she thought of beauty as something sacred—a blessed gift from Heaven. She invited me into her home and showed me engravings and illustrated books—such books as no one else had—no one at least in my acquaintance. She took me back through the house to her garden—a small, formal garden—the prettiest one I had ever seen and mostly her own work. Besides the flowers, the paths and borders one would expect, there were places where you could sit down in the sun or the shade and just rest and dream. A very unusual thing about the garden—unheard of really—it was completely closed in; bounded on the north by the brick house and on the other three sides by a strong, high-board fence. This fence, which must have been seven feet high, was stained a darkish green and covered, like the house itself, with flowering vines. The whole arrangement gave to the little family perfect privacy in what was practically an out-of-door room such as I was to see later in England, Italy, and France.

To appreciate the novelty of this arrangement, unique at the time, the reader should understand that our country had been passing through an orgy of democratic sentiment. In my childhood every home had been surrounded by a good fence or hedge (our own yard had a splendid thick hedge of arbor vitae). But before I was twenty years old the fences and beautiful hedges had vanished as if they had never been and we were living together in a vast park without boundaries or division lines of any kind. The mistress of this house was almost the only person in the town—perhaps in the State—who had not forgotten the value of privacy. (I understand that this destruction of hedges and fences was common throughout New England, and in some other parts of the country.)

My lovely friend showed me other things. On the wall of the living-room hung an old musical instrument unlike any I had known—unimaginable—a sort of lute, exquisite in form, color and finish. I think she must have brought it from South America just for its lovely shape and something in it that touched her imagination. I think she told me so, and said she had never tried to play on it. There it was, hanging by a band of faded green ribbon. ("Mit dem grunen Lautenbande.") She took it down and let me hold it and touch it.

I'm not sure there is any use trying to tell what this meant to me. To

understand that, the reader must remember that we were living in a small town of the Midwest in the worst period of taste in our history—the period of black haircloth furniture; parlor organs six or seven feet high, with brackets and colonettes and small beveled mirrors inserted here and there; monumental walnut beds "with shapeless sculpture deck'd;" piano-legs elaborately carved in uncertain style—Louis Quinzy perhaps—and modestly protected from the sight of men by lead-colored, oil-cloth panties, the seams being piped in pink.

It will hardly be believed how few beautiful objects were to be seen in our vicinity during this period—except in nature. I knew what it was to be moved by the works of God: but I can almost count on my fingers the really beautiful things I had seen that had been made by man,—one or two lamps, a colonial bed, a rose wood melodeon; a few viols and other musical instruments; the plain silver service in the church. Besides these there were the church itself, two or three dwelling-houses and various articles of ordinary use which I did not then recognize as beautiful (though I liked to look at them) because they were severe and without ornament. I remember the thrill of delight I had one day in childhood when I saw a Rhine-wine bottle—brought from the Devil knows where —those lofty proportions and perfect curves! It was an event in my life.

I must not claim Julia Monroe as an intimate friend. It is true I had known her as far back as I could remember, but I did not go often to her house. Even so I owed her much. She gave me encouragement when I was in sore need of it. She interested herself in my early sketches from nature in watercolor and told me she enjoyed my singing. When I began to have terrible pain in the eyes and was wearing black glasses, she advised me about going to an oculist who had been of help to her; for she too had suffered the same way and knew what it was to "love darkness rather than light."

I hold in my hand the only letter I ever received from her, dated Nov. 12, 1902. It is edged with black and the ink slightly faded. The address is Columbia University, where I was in charge of the Art Department of Teachers College. It happened that I was giving, that year, a series of lectures at Baltimore.

My friend tells me she is glad to see me called to the honorable post of lecturer at Johns Hopkins. She has examined my syllabus with inter-

disagreements, leading to the resignation of Stewart, and Waldo, and of President Mahan himself, have been frankly treated.

No. The striking fact about the whole situation is that these earthquakes and storms failed to disrupt the structure. The differences were not deep enough or bitter enough to be permanent. Disappearing one by one they left hardly a ripple on the surface. The harmony among the Faculty, and between Town and Gown, was something for which it would have been difficult to find a parallel elsewhere. "We have had trials among ourselves," Finney writes. "Frequent subjects of discussion have come up; and we have sometimes spent days, and even weeks, in discussing great questions of duty and expediency, on which we have not thought alike. But these questions have none of them permanently divided us. Our principle has been to accord each other the right of private judgment."

You see they were a singularly homogeneous lot—these men and women who went out into the wilderness and laid the foundations of Oberlin a century ago. They were all from New England, directly or indirectly; representatives of New England Puritanism at its best. Not only that. They were a picked lot, culled from among their neighbors by Father Shipherd for steadfast character and devotion to the great Cause.

2. *Finney,* 1792-1875: *A Study of a Leader*

Though Finney has already been spoken of a good many times and at some length in these pages, I must not leave this period of my chronicle without further attention to the man who—as I wrote in introducing him —was the soul of the place from the beginning; "without whom," in Fairchild's words, "Oberlin would not have existed."

Finney and Morgan, the great preacher and the gentle scholar, held in our affection a place apart. I believe that father loved them best of all his friends and they him of all their pupils. One of my earliest recollections is the familiar sight of my father walking home from church with one or the other, arm in arm, or swinging hands like children. They would come on past their own homes as far as our gate and turn and go back again as far as theirs (a quarter of a mile to Finney's corner), oscillating back and forth, unable to break off from discourse on

some high theme—human or divine. Mother would send me out to call father to dinner; but it was hard for them to break away, though dinners cooled and wives waited.

Finney and father were made for each other. There was between them that profound harmony which comes from likeness, in taste and various other things, while, at the same time, the great diversity in their temperaments, experience and education, provided their friendship with the necessary element of *interest.* They were alike in their natural fondness for athletics and sports, in their lively sense of humor, in their love of beauty, of nature and art—especially the love of literature and music—and in their devotion to the Kingdom of God. There was a strong physical attraction as well. Both were good to look at. Father, younger by thirty years, was short, with black hair and eyes. Finney was tall and blue-eyed, with light brown hair of auburn tinge. Both were healthy, normal men, powerfully built, hirsute and eminently masculine.

Charles Grandison Finney saw the light in the 18th century. When he died, in 1875, he was eighty-three years old, and I was eleven. He often came to our house so that I came to know him well—as a child may know an old man. My first meeting with him took place in our "sitting-room" in 1864. The occasion was my baptism, and the members of the family, with a few friends, had gathered to witness it. Mother used to tell of it, years later. The ceremony was very simple. My father stood by with a bowl of water. Finney uttered a brief prayer and, taking me from my mother's arms into his own, dipped his hand in the water, touched my forehead, and said, "Alfred Vance, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." Mother said that, as he did this, some drops of cold water ran down my neck.

It is a comment on the primitive state of society in our village that neither birth or baptism was ever officially recorded; a fact which, twenty-six years later (though not till then) gave occasion for much trouble and regret. Studying in Berlin in 1890, I had made the acquaintance of the young woman who was to be my life companion. Her parents had given their consent and we were ready to be married. But at this exciting moment, the German government showed its paternal face. No daughter of the Fatherland could be taken to wife without certain definite assurances. I must offer competent proofs (1) that I was born; (2) that I was baptized; (3) that I could support a wife. To me as a young

art student, point three seemed to ring the knell of hope, but somehow I got by. No—it was point one that counted with Bureaucratic Authority. In vain did I argue,—"I am, therefore I was born." Not at all. On this important issue they wanted something more than circumstantial evidence. And they regarded it as highly suspicious that a man who claimed to have been baptized into an evangelical communion should not be able to prove it. We were just ready to elope to England and get married when a document arrived with a big red seal. Father had persuaded Dr. Allen (who had brought me into the world) to appear before a notary public and swear, first that I was born, and second, that I was baptized into the Protestant Christian faith. The red seal did the work. The document was accepted.

As to my conscious memories of our great friend, they date from my sixth and seventh years. Finney was fond of my mother, and, in those days, often used to take her out driving; especially if she happened to be with child—which was almost exactly one-fifth of the time. His bright yellow mare and funny old leather-top vehicle—like a chaise on four wheels—would stop before our front gate. A moment later, his tall, graceful figure could be seen coming up the walk between the apple trees. When my father appeared, Finney would greet him and ask after mother in some such words as these,—"How's the dear child this morning, Charles? Do you think she could bear a short drive? I'll be very careful."

Not infrequently, I was invited to go with them on these drives. Sitting between the two on the only seat, I regarded the shanks of the solemn old nag, ambling leisurely along, or watched the preacher flick the insistent horse-fly from her lean crupper. Their conversation had no interest for me, yet a vague impression of it seems to remain—an impression of extreme seriousness on one side and of light-heartedness on the other. Years later father explained this to me. He said that mother's too susceptible conscience made her take to herself things that her pastor, in his sermons, had hurled at the ears of hardened sinners. Being well aware of this Finney was careful to reassure her; to divert her mind by pointing out the beauties of the wayside; to laugh and sing; to rebuke her, if need be, though with great gentleness. Sometimes he would even laugh at her, but only to encourage her; never in such a way as to wound her sensitive feelings. She was a child of God after his own heart.

Of what was said on these occasions I recall only one thing, no doubt because it concerned myself. There must have been some allusion to my baptism, seven years before. "The darling," said Finney, "do you remember what a sigh he gave when the cold water ran down his neck?"

In the few years to follow, I saw how Finney loved children. I remember that he was not too familiar—was reserved in his caresses. He did not patronize or talk down to us, but spoke to us as man to man. I can still see his strong, gentle face and piercing blue eyes—those eyes that "could quell a lion or comfort a frightened child."

Then, too, I often heard him preach, too often indeed; for his sermons were very long and I was not old enough to understand them. Nevertheless, I have a clear impression of their effect. I caught the depth of conviction in his voice and gesture and, at times, felt something of the sublime beauty and solemnity of his emotion, when the whole place would seem filled with the presence of God.

During one of his sermons I had an experience which left a permanent mental image. I saw the Devil. The reader has already been told of Finney's implicit belief in that personage. It is related that, on a certain occasion, one of his students who was preparing for the ministry ventured to question his doctrine. "I believe," he said, "in the scriptural idea of Satan; but it seems to me it should be taken in a symbolical sense. I do not believe in a personal Devil." "Try to resist him once and you will!" was the retort.

Well—I saw the Devil, just as plain as Luther did. Finney had been preaching about him. It was a hot Sunday in summer and I was very warm and tired. Suddenly *He* was there before me—floating along, high up in the air, moving slowly from one end of the church to the other. It is impossible to describe his appearance exactly, but it may be stated that he is unlike any of his pictures. He is quite small, about the size of a spring-chicken, almost black in color, angular and lean. An "execrable shape," Milton has called it, and that is the truth.

I remember a visit that mother and I made in his old age at Finney's home. It was a wonderful summer evening. A faint after-glow still lingered in the sky; the air was full of the odor of lilac and locust blossoms and the music of tree-toads and insects. When we passed Finney's

house, mother suggested that we make him a call. The doors and windows were open and, as we stood on the stone steps, we could see through the hall into the study on our left. Finney, seated on a music stool, was pumping away at a cabinet-organ and trying, with one finger, to play "Rock of Ages!"

He rose with some effort but greeted us with his customary warmth. He informed his wife of our visit and she came in, bringing a beautiful little girl, probably a granddaughter. Mrs. Finney reminded my mother how much her husband had always loved music; how, until lately, he had sung solos and played the bass-viol, accompanied on the piano by one of his daughters. Now there was no musician left in the home and he was too feeble for the viol. So he had purchased this organ, only to find he could play with but one finger.

There sat Finney, looking like a wounded lion. Bye and bye he asked mother to play; and when we left, they entreated her to come often and make music for them. Finney followed us to the door. As we turned away, he smiled and said,—"And Etta! wear that red gown of yours?"

Being possibly the only individual now living who, with a degree of personal knowledge, has also a distinct remembrance of what was thought and said of Finney by some of his most intimate friends, I may not pass on without a further attempt to leave a true portrait of him. For he is not only forgotten by the majority, but is already as remote from us—and as hard to understand—as if he had lived in the age of Augustine or Thomas Aquinas.

Finney is not often mentioned nowadays, except by those seriously engaged in the study of our social history. The occasional references one meets with in popular literature are mostly rather sensational, and are characterized by inaccuracy. Even when the facts are right, they invariably leave a false impression of the man. The average journalist lacks the organs for apprehending the mentality and personal qualities of such human types as his.

I ran across something a few months ago, in the *Atlantic Monthly* (Feb., 1937), which will serve as a fair example. The writer, discussing the use of music by the evangelists of the eighties, gives us this:—"Dwight L. Moody . . . understood the value of music, or at least sing-

ing, in working up that emotional pitch so necessary to what is technically known as conversion. His illustrious predecessor, Charles G. Finney, originator of revival technic (the famous Mr. Finney, who had the turnip) *got along without much music.* He had dramatic gifts at least as effective *for harrowing up the feelings."* (The italics are mine.)

As a matter of fact, Finney was a great lover and patron of music. He realized so fully the part it must play in the spiritual life of the new West that he refused to accept the call to Oberlin unless the Trustees would agree to appoint a professor of music on the first faculty. Oberlin's distinction in music was owing largely to his influence. So far as I have been able to learn, he was the first College President in the world to entertain the "absurd notion" that music was a necessary part of the higher education.

Besides that, he was himself a musician. The first money he earned (by teaching district school) went to purchase a violoncello. He took lessons of Seth Norton, a Yale graduate, who taught him to read and write music, sing, and play the cello. He seems to have studied thorough-bass and counterpoint also. As a young man he led choirs, conducted singing schools, and sang solos with a beautiful flexible voice of great range and power. He encouraged music in his family. The children were all musical. Besides a harp and other instruments, they had a piano when very few families had one. Two of the daughters were players.

After speaking of Finney's music, the same writer pursues, with evident pleasure, the topic of "harrowing up the feelings." "Moody and Sankey," he says, "played down the insistence of hell and blood which had made Finney and his (Holy Band) holy terrors to scared young sinners in the forties, and played up the blessings of the saved . . ."

It is inaccurate to say that Finney "played up hell and blood." I remember no descriptions of the tortures of hell, and doubt whether such can be found in his published sermons. He did not depend primarily on emotional effects and deprecated conversions made in emotional excitement. His sermons were very sober, as different as possible from the descriptions we read of Peter Cartwright's with their "boisterous shouting and three hundred persons at once, falling like dead men." Once in a while some sinner, feeling that he had outraged the laws of God and

man, might be seized with convulsions. But such cases were rare, and were by no means encouraged. Finney hated excess. His religious services were marked by dignity and reserve.

He based his discourse on reason. He felt sure he could convince any honest man that he was a sinner; that he must turn from his sins and be forgiven. He was so strong in conviction, so forceful in statement, that he nearly always succeeded, with infidels as well as believers. He allowed them to answer and he listened to them carefully. But "his arguments crashed through theirs like a cannonball through a basket of eggs."

I am not saying that he never addressed the emotions. Pathos appeared from time to time, though not often; and there were occasional dramatic flights of tremendous power. Finney was gifted not only with poetic imagination but with a strength and beauty of vocal utterance that greatly enhanced such passages. But he gave nine-tenths of his sermon to taking his hearers on their own ground, of belief or unbelief, and bringing them to a conviction of their wickedness. In the other tenth, he overwhelmed them with the love of God till they sank on their knees and prayed for mercy.

"The camp-meeting preacher is an ignoramus. His language is characterized by sensationalism and vulgarity." "The evangelist appeals to a low order of intellect. His successes are with those who are as ignorant as himself." "The camp-meeting, with its insistence on blood and hellfire, its noise and shouting, is merely an emotional orgy." These sentences are fairly representative of many that I have run across in the last few years, and doubtless they are true descriptions of a certain type of evangelism. The emotional orgy referred to is considered by many to be fundamentally a sexual orgy. Calhoun writes of things that were done at the close of revival sessions, and says that the camp-meeting baby was a well known phenomenon. A serious historian makes this unhesitating statement: "Evangelism is evangelism," he says, "whether one finds it in Lancaster, in Kings County, or along Salt River. Evangelism racked the frontier with visions of hell and the major symptoms of hysteria—at certain periods, among certain classes."

This may be a fair picture of revival work of early days in the West, but I do not believe that the writer intended to say, or would for a moment maintain, that the evangelical preaching of men like St. Paul, White-

field, and Finney—fanatics if you like, but educated men of great intelligence, honest, self-forgetful, devoted men—is identical with that of the rude exhorters of the frontier. I have heard both Finney and the camp-meeting revivalists and I find no resemblance whatever, except that Finney used a tent when the church was not big enough.

As for "appealing to a low order of intellect," Finney's successes were precisely with the intellectuals—the leading men of the communities he addressed—teachers, doctors, lawyers, and judges; particularly this latter class—of men trained to reason. He was not an "ignoramus," but a highly educated man. His language was based on the Bible, Shakespeare and Blackstone. He spoke "like an inspired lawyer." His words were "logic on fire." It is a grievous blunder to pigeon-hole him with ignorant exhorters—not to mention confusing him and his kind with the vulgar rotters who, in our time, do vaudeville stunts in a spotlight and amass fortunes for themselves without a trace of the spirit of Christ, their nominal model.

In mature manhood, at the age of twenty-nine, Finney began to feel that he was not living in accordance with his highest ideals and the knowledge was insupportable. Suddenly the awful thought came upon him that he was at enmity with God. In three days and three nights, during much of which time he was alone in the forest, his soul was the theatre of a dreadful conflict, followed by joy and peace unspeakable. As the crisis came on, he had an experience like that of St. Paul. He beheld the glory of God about him, a light ineffable shone into his soul and he fell to the ground in adoration. "It was," he wrote, "as if I met the Lord Jesus Christ face to face . . . It seemed to me that I saw him as I would any other man."

At this time, Finney was practicing law. He dropped his practice in the middle of a case. He was a great favorite in the community. He conducted the choir and the singing-school, and was the best man for miles around in wrestling, boxing, skating, rowing and sailing. And now his soul cried out for the salvation of his companions. In a very short time they were all converted and he began to preach in the small towns of the neighborhood. From that time on he devoted his life to "saving souls." His personal relations with his Maker became ever more sacred and assured, and, at last, he seemed "aware of the continual presence of God" . . . Some of my readers will be inclined to classify Finney, along with

men like St. Paul, as an epileptic. If that is what they were, then let us thank whatever gods may be for the great epileptics.

Finney was soon called to larger fields. He held services, not only in the crude West, but in New York and Boston and all the prominent centers of the East, in England and Scotland. Converts were number by hundreds of thousands. In "turning many to righteousness," he was more successful than any other of his generation.

A striking evidence of the sincerity—the genuineness—of these conversions may be seen in the principle of "restitution" which was a distinguishing feature of Finney's revival work. He spoke very plainly to his hearers about men who steal and cheat—cheat even the widows and fatherless. But there were heart-searching words also for professing Christians who insult God by wicked practices while keeping within the law.

"If I were omniscient, as God is," rang out the preacher's voice, "I could doubtless name persons in this audience who are guilty of just such practices." A respected citizen cried out: "Name me!" and sank down in an agony of shame and contrition. "If you have defrauded anybody, you must offer a public confession and make restitution. God will not accept any repentance that you make just to get your selfish miserable little soul into Heaven! Send the money—the full amount—and the interest. If the individual you have injured is too far off for you to go and see him, sit down and write him a letter." . . . There were hundreds of converts who did just that, and thousands of cases where restitution was made without public confession of guilt. (I have not noticed this kind of thing as being a prominent feature in the work of our present-day revivalists.)

The good accomplished by the revivals, during the period under discussion and in the earlier period also, was greater than we are accustomed to think. Under the preaching of men like Finney and Lyman Beecher in the "second great awakening," the results were apparent for a long time, while the Protestant church of our country reached a higher spiritual level than ever before. It must be constantly borne in mind that the "great revivals" occurred in a period of terrible lawlessness, when religion was at a low ebb. Also that there were few in our country, at that time, who could conceive of any religion, moral code or stability of character, other

than those based on the Christian religion. The people had a dim realization that they were not living according to their ideals—their best traditions. When Finney turned the white light of religion into their darkened souls, they felt the burden of guilt before God—the same old burden that had oppressed the soul of man since the time of the Egyptians. They were puzzled by thoughts and emotions they could not understand and could only attribute to the workings of the Holy Spirit . . . And they found peace in repentance and confession.

"One of the iron rules of Oberlin was that all students should cultivate a grave outward aspect. Such frivolity as smiles and laughter in public places was strictly barred." Thus Mr. Don Seitz in a brief monograph on the great preacher ("Uncommon Americans," p. 107).

Only those who knew President Finney and his colleagues can realize how far this is from the truth. Finney was a man of infinite humor. A few examples have already been given, but a chapter could be filled with others. I can see him now with Morgan and my father, standing at "Morgan's corner" talking and laughing—not boisterously, but with great animation. "I can not believe," writes Emma Monroe Fitch (class of '69), "that the Oberlin of today can realize what the faculty men of those days were to each other. Poverty, yes. But such close friendship meant more than money. They had so much to bear together. So much to try men's souls. Public censure, political hatred, and ridicule of all sorts. What a handsome set of cheery men they were! I can hear the merry sounds of laughter in my father's study now."

This is the true picture. The men I knew were very serious men, but full of fun. They could take a joke on themselves or make one, if called for, on the death-bed. Cowles, the theologian, was an expert in biology. To him, very old and lying in a half-darkened room, some mischievous students brought in a bug skillfully patched together out of wire and silk and beads. "We don't like to disturb you, Father Cowles, but we would like to ask you what kind of a bug this is?" "That," replied the dying man, "is a humbug."

Finney would flavor gravity with humor even in the pulpit. One Sunday morning while my father was choirmaster, Finney gave him the list of the hymns, selected, as always, with care to reinforce the main topic of the service. But, after doing so, the preacher suddenly made up his

mind to change his subject and handed father a new set of hymns. It seems he had gone out that morning to bury a canary-bird and had found nothing to do it with. Every tool suitable for the purpose had been borrowed and had not been returned.

That day he preached on stealing. He spoke plain words on the wickedness of stealing, but he took pains to show, also, that the habit of borrowing things from one's neighbor *and not returning them* was a manifestation of carelessness and selfishness so gross that it might properly be classed as theft.

The Sunday after, he made an announcement from the pulpit that shook the congregation. "I have new evidences," he said, "that the spirit of God is working among us. During the week there have been brought to my barn the following items,—six hoes, a dung-fork, a mattock and two axes—which do not belong to me. I trust that those of the brethren who have missed these articles will not fail to claim them."

To get the true spirit of this, we must realize that Finney, though he probably had a hard time to conceal his chuckles, was entirely in earnest; that his words gave no offence because they were spoken in all simplicity and love to his brothers in the Lord; and that the culprits knew their pastor to be a man of absolute honesty and selfless generosity.

There was a boy that Finney met from time to time in the village. He was a fine lad who later became one of Oberlin's leading citizens. One day Finney stopped him and asked his name. "John Steele," was the reply. The same thing occurred more than once, until John got tired of it and gave a wrong name. "John Steele," inquired the preacher, "what makes you lie so?" It sounds harsh on paper, but the twinkle in the preacher's eye could have relieved it of any sting.

There is an old story about Finney's stopping a girl on the street and calling her "a child of the Devil." Though it dates from about 1842, almost a hundred years ago, its authenticity is unquestionable. The only trouble is that—as usually told—it grossly misrepresents Finney, making him mannerless, harsh and cruel, when in fact he was just the opposite. To me it is a classic instance of how a truth may be made to lie. I have heard the story more than once from my father and mother, both of whom

were very conscientious in reporting matters of fact. This is what they told me.

Finney had been conducting a notable series of revival meetings and about every person in the College had been "hopefully converted;" but there was one girl-student that he had utterly failed to reach. She was the daughter of a professional man who was an avowed skeptic. I think they said he was a lawyer. Sitting at her father's table, she had heard discussions on religion between himself and his friends since childhood. "She knew all the arguments and had been led astray by them." At all events, Finney could not reach her. He felt, of course, that she was "hardening her heart and resisting the Holy Spirit," and he was praying very earnestly for her soul . . . It should be added that she was a very pretty girl, high-spirited and charming in mind and manner.

Such was the state of things when Finney, returning one morning from the Post Office, saw his lost lamb in the distance, coming toward him. To think of such a lovely child as a sinner on the road to hell was insupportable agony. As they passed each other, Finney stopped, and, gazing on her with deep compassion (and probably with eyes full of tears) he said with great gentleness, "Good morning—child of Satan." "Good morning, Father!" was the instant retort. It was irresistably funny. It could not be interpreted as impudent, because everybody called him "Father Finney." He burst out laughing and they laughed together. When they parted, Finney couldn't wait to tell Morgan, and walked straight over to his house. "She *is* a most engaging young sinner!" was his final remark as he closed the recital.

In writing of this well-known incident, some have asserted that the young woman had the reputation of being vain and frivolous. These hold that the preacher's intention was to utter a stinging reproof and "crush the butterfly." Others understand Finney's seemingly brutal greeting as simply "an audacious pleasantry on his part; merely a joke." No doubt they will continue to think so.

There are other stories besides this to show that the great Preacher could take a joke on himself, and that throw light on the warm, friendly relation between the father and his children. I can not vouch for this one, but it seems to me quite plausible . . . One of his sons got tired of hearing himself and his brothers prayed for by name, and their weak-

nesses presented in detail before the mercy seat, at family worship. When his turn came to pray, he besought the Lord that their father might "learn to pray vertically instead of horizontally."

Horace Mann speaks of his Calvinistic education as an unspeakable calamity, and says it deprived him of "that filial love of God, that tenderness, that sweetness, that intimacy, that desiring, nestling love . . . which it is natural that a child should feel toward a Father who combines all excellence." Such words could never have been spoken by Finney's sons and daughters. No doubt his beliefs included some conceptions that seem naive today. Could not the same be said of the foremost scientists of his time? No doubt he preached hell and devil, but he was no Calvinist. He offered every sinner a chance of salvation, and hoped and prayed for even the vilest. The love of God stood as the one overwhelming fact in his consciousness, insomuch that he could hardly refrain from weeping when he thought of it—the love of the Father of All for his poor, erring children.

I shall not dwell on Finney's theology. Times have changed, and many of the older ways of thought have been abandoned. Finney lived and died before the principle of evolution was sufficiently established to have much influence on him. (His *Theology* was published in 1846). In his time he was an advanced thinker, branded a heretic. He was ahead of his age in insisting that men ought to use their minds freely, even on the problems of religion. Though he would have been distressed at our conclusions, he helped prepare the way for all of us.

One can only be astonished at his liberality. He gave his students in theology the same liberty he reserved for himself, to form their own opinions and be ready to change them if and when they saw new light. He refused to bind them with any creed when they went out to preach. Like Emerson, he saw that not to change with new light was the mark of a narrow mind. This is well shown in an old story of his class-room. Finney makes a statement. A student objects,—"But President, you say on page 169 of your *Systematic Theology*" . . . "Stop," says the preacher, *"don't quote Finney to me!"*

For many years Finney had to face foes both within the church and without. His liberal theology was execrated; his methods as a revivalist were bitterly attacked. But in the end most of his enemies became his

friends. A typical case is that of the Beecher family. Dr. Lyman Beecher, probably the most influential religious leader of the East, hastily took a stand against him and did not conceal his intention to fight him to the limit. This position Beecher completely reversed as soon as he really knew the man and his work.

Henry Ward Beecher was an ardent admirer of Finney, and invited him to preach in his Brooklyn church. It was the same with Dr. Edward Beecher, pastor of the Park Street Church in Boston. Writing in 1889 of a sermon given by Finney more than fifty years before, he speaks of it as "the most impressive and powerful sermon I ever heard. No one," he says, "can form any conception of the power of his appeal . . . It rings in my ears even to this day . . ." He speaks of the good results among those who heard the sermon, and thus concludes,—"I have ever honored and loved him as one truly commissioned by God to declare His will . . ." This is something more than a beautiful example of the honesty and generosity that were to be looked for from members of the Beecher family. One has to remember that the witness was the son of one of the foremost living preachers and brother of another whose name was famous throughout England and America.

Something of Finney's great-heartedness and love of men must, by this time, have impressed itself on the reader. He had charity for all, and malice toward none. His feelings, even for his bitterest enemies, were kindly and without rancor. Differing from certain modern revivalists, whose chief preoccupation seems to be to make a big sensation and a big fortune, Finney despised sensationalism and gave away a small fortune. Neither money nor personal comfort could sway him from the path. Engaged in revival work in England, he writes to his daughter Helen: "So far as comfort is concerned, or pecuniary consideration, and any consideration except that of doing good to others who need our labors, we should be indefinitely better off at home."

He held on in New York City through the great cholera epidemic until he caught the infection himself, because he thought they needed him more in distress than in seasons of health. Instead of dividing his cloak, like St. Martin, he gave away his best overcoat to one who needed it more than he. He took no credit to himself for his success, but ascribed it to God alone . . . These things show what he was. And when all is said it is not what a man does that counts—but what he is.

The President's Page

An Act For Establishing Religious Freedom

Well aware that Almighty God hath created the mind free; that all attempts to influence it by temporal punishments or burdens, or by civil incapacitations, tend only to beget habits of hypocrisy, and are a departure from the plan of the Holy Author of our religion, who being Lord of body and mind, yet chose not to propagate it by coercions on either.—That the impious presumption of legislators and rulers, civil as well as ecclesiastical (who being themselves but fallible and uninspired men, have assumed dominion over the faith of others, setting up their own opinion and modes of thinking as alone true and infallible, and as such endeavoring to impose them on others), had established and maintained false religions over the greatest part of the world, and through all time,—That to compel a man to furnish contributions of money for the propagations of opinions which he disbelieves, is sinful and tyrannical,—That even the forcing a man to support this or that teacher of his own religious persuasion, is depriving him of the comfortable liberty of giving his contributions to the particular pastor whose morals he would make his pattern, and whose powers he feels most persuasive to righteousness; and is withdrawing from the ministry those temporal rewards, which, proceeding from an appropriation of their personal conduct, are an additional incitement to earnest and unremitted labours for the instruction of mankind; That our civil rights have no dependence on our religious opinions, more than on our opinions in physic or geometry,—That, therefore, the proscribing any citizen as unworthy the public confidence, by laying upon him an incapacity of being called to offices of trust and emolument, unless he profess or renounce this or that religious opinion, is depriving him injuriously of those privileges and advantages to which in common with his fellow-citizens he has a natural right; and tends also to corrupt the principles of that very religion it is meant to encourage, by bribing with a monopoly of worldly honours and emoluments, those who will externally conform to it,—That though indeed those are criminal who do not withstand such temptation, yet neither are those innocent who lay them in their way,—That to suffer the civil magistrate

to intrude his powers into the field of opinion, and to restrain the profession or propagation of principles on the supposition of their ill tendency, is a dangerous fallacy; which, at once destroys all religious liberty; because he, being of course judge of that tendency, will make his opinions the rule of judgment, and approve or condemn the sentiments of others, only as they shall agree with, or differ with his own,—That it is time enough for the rightful purposes of civil government, for its officers to interpose when principles break out in overt acts against peace and good order. And finally, that truth is great, and will prevail if left to herself, that she is the proper and sufficient antagonist to error; and can have nothing to fear from conflict, unless by human interposition disarmed of her natural weapons, (free argument and debate) errors ceasing to be dangerous, when it is permitted freely to contradict them.

Be it therefore enacted by the General Assembly, that no man shall be compelled to support any religious worship, place, or ministry whatsoever; nor shall be forced, restrained, molested, or burthened in his body or goods, nor shall otherwise suffer, on account of his religious opinions or belief. But that all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinion in matters of religion; and that the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge, or affect their civil capacities.

And though we well know that this Assembly, elected by the people for the ordinary purposes of legislation only, have no power to restrain the acts of succeeding Assemblies, constituted with powers equal to our own; and that, therefore, to declare this act irrevocable, would be of no effect in law; yet we are free to declare, and do declare, that the rights hereby asserted, are natural rights of mankind; and that if any act shall be hereafter passed to repeal the present or to narrow its operation, such act will be an infringement of natural right.

Thomas Jefferson regarded his authorship of the Act for Establishing Religious Freedom next in importance to his writing the Declaration of Independence. The Act was passed by the Virginia Assembly December 16, 1785. It sets forth the fundamental American ideals upon the proper functions of church and state and of civil and religious liberty. Jefferson, among others, was insistent that religious freedom should be given

constitutional security. In a letter written from Paris to James Madison December 20, 1787, Jefferson, after approving a number of features in the Constitution, said:

> *I will now add what I do not like. First, the omission of a bill of rights providing clearly and without aid of sophisms for freedom of religion, freedom of the press, protection against standing armies, restriction against monopolies, the eternal and unremitting force of the habeas corpus laws, and trials by jury in all matters of fact triable by the laws of the land and not by the laws of the nation.*

In 1791, the first ten amendments became effective, including the provision in the First Amendment that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

LEHR FESS