Northwest Ohio Quarterly

Volume 24

Issue 1

The Last Ottawa

A Selection from the Dresden W. H. Howard Papers[1]

EDITED BY ROBERT F. BAUMAN

The Toledo and Maumee Valley area, once the cherished homeland of the numerous and powerful Ottawa Indians and the birthplace of the famous and outstanding chief, Pontiac, was by 1850 *a far cry from the Eden-like environment the Red Men once knew. The mouth of the Maumee River was fast becoming populated; Toledo was steadily extending its boundaries; smaller communities, such as Maumee and Perrysburg, were springing up in all directions; woodlands were giving way to farmer's fields; and, the nourishing wild plants and animals upon which the Indian depended for sustenance were rapidly becoming extinct. The Maumee Valley by* 1850 *was no place for the Indian, whose old-time facility for securing a livelihood for himself and family was worthless amidst such a setting. It is true that by this time the Government's removal policy was practically complete, and the Ottawas of the Maumee were long gone to the strange and barren Kansas plains. However, many of the Ottawas escaped the dreadful removal. Some went to Canada, while others remained around Toledo until starvation and discomfort forced them tearfully to pack their humble belongings and head their canoes toward the Canadian shores.*

The story of the last of these straggling Ottawa families has been preserved by the pen of Colonel D. W. H. Howard, the dearest white friend the Ottawas had, and a man who, in the eyes of the Indians, was actually one of them. Colonel Howard had the heartbreaking task of directing the removal of the Maumee Ottawas, many of whom he had known and loved from childhood. Until his death, he was deeply concerned about the plight of the Ottawas, and consequently was always aware of any Indian families still making their homes in the area. The story recorded below concerns the last of these families.

The Ottawa family still occupying a piece of the Maumee River land in the winter of 1850 *was the wife and three children of the Indian Tee-na-beek. Their way of life and daily tasks were still much the same as was the custom of their forefathers.*

He (Tee-na-beek) remained hunting. His wife, the patient drudge, dressing the skins and making sugar late in the spring. She varied her occupation by making baskets, moccasins, and toys for sale to the whites in exchange for food and clothing.

Before white contact the Ottawas were agriculturalists in a small way, and hunted and fished only to meet the daily necessities of food and clothing. All of the tools, weapons, and ornaments were made by the agile hands of the Indian braves, using such materials as wood, flint, shell, stone, clay, bone, and even copper. However, the white man induced these people to kill animals solely for their furs, and the savage then became wholly devoted to the chase, making it necessary for the white man to supply him with the much-needed clothing, tools, weapons and ornaments. It was not long until the Indian lost his ability for making such necessities, and such was the situation of Tee-na-beek and his family.

Being quiet and peaceable they were undisturbed and enjoyed their lonely camp life away from their people as best they could.

I was in the habit of occasionally spending an evening in his camp and rehearsing old times with my friend. He was always glad to see me, as I was familiar with their language. He well understood the situation, that his people were rapidly passing away and the land that was theirs would know them no more. No Indian so dull that he did not know this.

I have listened many times to their mournful tale of declining power and greatness as recited by Wauseon, Ottokee, Petoniquet, Kinjoino, Wansonoquet, Mackichewa, Sheenomuek, Auttamong, and many others belonging to these savage tribes.

Howard enjoyed the presence of these simple people. A visit with them brought back memories of some of the happiest days of his fascinating life in the Maumee country. One can imagine his great grief when suddenly Tee-na-beek, the last of the Ottawa braves, became seriously sick and died.

One morning, as I sat beneath the spreading oak on the bank of the river (Maumee), the sad and dejected face of the wife made its appear-

ance. I knew that some misfortune had befallen her. I asked if the Great Spirit was angry, and she answered yes. She said that her husband was very sick and she wished me to come. I went at once to their camp and found him very ill from a high fever. A portion of his face was much swollen. I sent my old friend Dr. Burritt, who after examination pronounced the cause to be from the bite of a large spider which was common in the woods. While not vicious, the bite was very poisonous. The doctor attended him faithfully, but in a few days he died. I went every day to give what ever aid I could to his helpless family.

I went over early one morning to see them and found the poor squaw seated on the ground beside her dead husband, her head bowed on her breast, her face as well as the childrens' painted black in token of mourning.

There was no one now to hunt or trap and aid the destitute squaw to support the three helpless papooses, the eldest being a boy of nine years.

I spoke to her in her native tongue, for she spoke no English, asking her what she wished done with the body of her husband. She answered without raising her head, "I have no home, my people are far away." She said the land of her fathers had been taken by the pale face, that his heart was small, that he would not give back to the Red Mother land enough to bury the body of the dead hunter that it might be secure from the hungry wolf. She said that there was no pale face the friend of the poor Indian, but "Senegau" (the squirrel of the woods), the name given me when a boy, that he was a great Chief that owned land of her tribe and would give his red brother a place to rest while his spirit had gone to the great hunting grounds of his people, toward the setting sun.

"My brother will speak, I have done."

I hardly knew how to answer the poor creature, but finally I said, "'Tis well, my brother shall sleep in the land staked by my father for the graves of his children and friends (his red brothers) on the banks of the Maumee, where the waters shall always sing at midnight the death song of the hunter, who has gone on his last trail."

She answered, "My brother has a big heart. The Great Spirit will be good to him."

Before my arrival, she had dressed the body in the cleanest and best of his clothes; a new calico shirt, leggings and moccasins trimmed with the quills of the porcupine, and covered him with the best blanket in the lodge.

There was no more that could be done until a coffin could be procured, and a grave dug.

My father had reserved a knoll close to the sound of the rapids, and laid it out as a burying ground, where my grandfather, Thomas Howard, my father Edward, and his brothers William and Richard were buried some years previous. I determined that this Indian friend, perhaps the last (which proved true), should be laid in this ground.

I returned home and after a talk with the squaw, procured a man to dig the grave in one corner where none could object, and got a carpenter to make a plain coffin. The next morning I went with the doctor and a few sympathetic friends (among them my old friend Hawkeye, Sam Rich), to the camp of the lonely family.

We found the squaw still sitting as I had left her. Her head was still bowed in mourning and the children were still sitting in a corner of the lodge, nearly as still as their dead father. No one spoke or moved as we entered, until I spoke and told her we had come to take away the dead and bury it from sight. She then left her seat; brought and laid by the dead man's coffin his hunting rifle, tomyhawk, knife, hunting pouch and powder horn, his pipe well filled with Kinnekanick (tobacco) preparatory to putting them into the grave with the body—a custom of the Indian.

After we had finished collecting this equipment, we put the body in the coffin, then waited for her to put the hunters equipment in the coffin, that he might have the means of protection against his enemies, and support on his journey to the Fathers of his people, who had gone before him to the land of the happy hunting grounds.

When we retired, she took her seat beside the coffin and remained silent until we told her it was time to go. She still put things into the coffin and I thought she was waiting for suggestions from me. He (Tee-na-beek) was to be buried by white men in the ground belonging

to them. Should she still observe the right to bury his equipment with him?

I finally said to her that her husband would not need them on his long trail to the happy hunting grounds. There was no enemy to meet, and her son would soon be a hunter and would need the rifle and tomyhawk for their support.

The squaw and her papooses followed as mourners to the grave. After we had lowered the coffin and filled in the earth neatly and left the spot, she took her seat at the head of the grave and, taking some Kinnekanick (tobacco), put it in a wooden grave, and watched it slowly burn away and the smoke rise to the clouds notifying the Great Spirit (Manito) that a soul was on its way to the Spirit land, and she asked his protection.

She did not return to her camp until lengthening shadows warned her that she must return and rest from her long and weary watching. She returned every evening while she remained in camp, and repeated the former ceremony adding bread and meat for the support of the spirit on its long journey. This being her last sad offering.

A few days after the burial she came to the house and told me she was going to her people in Canada, where still quite a number were on reservations which were better secured to them by the British Queen (Victoria) than was given to the Ottawas by our boasted Republic.

My wife supplied her with pork and flour sufficient for herself and children on their journey. After thanking us the impressive way that only an Indian can, and assuring us that the Great Manito would always be good to us, she slipped away and was seen no more by us.

After returning to camp she gathered her little personal belongings, placed her papooses in her light birch canoe, and just as the dusk of evening was settling down on the river, we observed her floating over the rapids and slowly down the stream in the bark canoe guided by a steady hand, and we knew at once that it was the squaw and her little family of the Indian Tee-na-beek, whose resting place they were passing for the last time.

We watched the canoe until it disappeared in the darkness towards

the land of the Saginash (English), who had long cherished a friendship for the Indian.

While the subject of the "Ottawas" will seem but a trifle, yet it is a tale of that vast unwritten history of this beautiful country and a people once powerful who inhabited the country from ocean to ocean, with villages on the banks of every river and lake.

When years—yes generations, shall have passed away, those who shall stand upon these beautiful banks and look upon the river flowing at their feet, would hardly realize the truthful scenes here presented; would hardly realize that the last of the Indians lies buried on the hill, and the last Indian woman and her children passed the spot where they stand in the silent darkness of evening in the spring of 1850, widowed and alone, knowing that she was leaving the land of her people, that she was looking for the last time upon the spot where the father of her children was buried, that her race was nearly extinguished and the remnants of her tribe forbidden to return.

There are a few half breeds living about the bay and river, but I have no doubt that Tee-na-beek was the last Indian buried on the banks of the Maumee.

1. This item of the Howard Papers is published through the kindness of Colonel Howard's daughter, Mrs. Agnes McClarren of Wanameg, Ohio and Davis B. Johnston of Wauseon who made copies of them.

The Geology of Toledo and Vicinity

By J. Ernest Carman

Professor of Geology, Ohio State University

Toledo is located on the drowned mouth of the Maumee River valley at the west end of Lake Erie giving the city the advantages of a quiet harbor readily accessible from the Great Lakes shipping routes. The surface of the surrounding region is level being part of an old lake bed, a greater Lake Erie which existed during the closing stages of the glacial period. Into this flat plain the Maumee River has cut a narrow valley about 50 feet deep and other streams have cut similar though smaller valleys.

Directly underlying the soil of the plain is a compact, laminated silty clay which near the city has a thickness of 5 to 10 feet, and is the material commonly shown in sewer trench and other shallow excavations. This silt clay was deposited in the quiet waters of the greater Lake Erie.

Beneath the silt clay is a compact, dark blue to brown clay with a few pebbles and boulders scattered through it. This is glacial till deposited directly by the ice sheets which covered this region during the glacial period. It has a thickness of 80′ to 100′ at Toledo and contains a few lenses of sand and gravel which may furnish moderate amounts of water in drilled wells. Both the silt clay and the glacial till are compact and tough and stand well in excavations. They may be used in the manufacture of drain tile and common brick.

At Toledo the bedrock is deeply buried to a depth of 80 to 100 feet but rises to the southeast, south and west to an encircling ring of outcrops at a distance of 10 to 20 miles as shown by exposures near Clay Center, Genoa, Lemoyne, Stony Ridge, Lyme City, Maumee, Monclova, Holland, Silica and Sylvania. The rocks of this region are all sedimentary rocks, chiefly limestones and dolomites, which dip westward at a slight angle so that, in general, the rocks which crop out farther west are younger, and higher in the geologic column. The rock formations exposed near Toledo and their approximate thicknesses are as follows:

Devonian system

Ohio shale	100′
Tenmile Creek dolomite	40′
Silica formation	55′
Columbus limestone	45′
Anderdon dolomite	25′
Lucas dolomite	85′
Amherstburg dolomite	20′
Sylvania sandstone	40′

Silurian system

Raisin River dolomite	50′
Put-in Bay dolomite	35′
Tymochtee shaly dolomite	150′
Greenfield dolomite	50′
Niagaran dolomite	100′

The strata exposed at Clay Center and Genoa southeast of Toledo are chiefly Niagaran dolomite which has been extensively used for many years in the manufacture of lime in an area extending southward from Clay Center through western Ottawa and Sandusky counties. This area produces about one-fourth of all the lime manufactured in the entire United States. The rocks of northern Wood County at Stony Ridge and Lyme City and around Maumee are chiefly Greenfield dolomite. They may be used for crushed stone. The rock strata exposed around Waterville are Tymochtee and used for crushed stone.

Extending north-south through western Lucas County there is a belt about one mile wide within which the westward dip of the strata amounts to about five degrees while to the east and to the west of this belt the westward dip is less than one degree. This feature is called the Lucas County monocline. It extends through Silica, passes west of Holland, and through Monclova. South of Monclova the monocline changes into a fault which continues southward across Wood County and northern Hancock County. Rock is exposed along the monocline in large quarries southwest of Holland where the units exposed are the Tymochtee, Put-in Bay, Raisin River and Sylvania, and in a number of quarries around Silica which expose the rock units from Sylvania sandstone to Silica formation inclusive.

Crushed stone is produced from various formations in western Lucas County; from the Tymochtee dolomite at the Waterville quarry, from the Put-in Bay, and Raisin River dolomites at the quarry southwest of Holland, from the Columbus limestone at Whitehouse, and from the lower part of the Columbus, Anderdon, Lucas and Amherstburg at Silica. The total production from these four quarries is about one and one-half million tons per year. Cement is manufactured at Silica using the upper part of the Columbus limestone and the lower part of the Silica formation. The plant operating here is one of the largest producers of Portland cement in Ohio. The Sylvania sandstone was formerly quarried at Silica for glass sand and is still so quarried near Rockwood in southeastern Michigan.

Oil is produced in Oregon and Jerusalem townships of eastern Lucas County and in a belt along the fault and monocline past Waterville to Monclova in southern Lucas County. These areas are at the north end of the Lima-Indiana oil field which extends south and southwest past Bowling Green, Findlay and Lima, The producing horizon is near the top of the Trenton limestone at a depth of 1200 to 1600 feet.

Fifty Years Of Toledo Art

A Retrospective View of Pictorial and Space Arts in Toledo, Ohio from 1901-1951

By J. Arthur MacLean, M.F.A.

Curator Emeritus, The Toledo Museum of Art.

The First Public Art Exhibition and the Toledo Museum of Art.

A half a century ago, a native Toledoan who has lived the traditional earthly span of three score years and ten, would have been twenty years of age. A leaway of merely three more years and that young Toledoan in the year 1898 would have seen the first public exhibition of art ever held in the city of Toledo. It was an event of considerable importance, in the art consciousness of a comparative few, which has spread to many, as one may see today when literally crowds visit the large and beautiful Toledo museum every day. It was that early and first exhibition in the city and the persistent interest of the few who inaugurated it that has made possible our grand and glorious museum where the brilliant flame of cultural advantages has been burning freely and brightly these fifty years.

It is hardly fitting that one should think of art in Toledo without due recognition of the personal aid and financial sustenance that Edward Drummond Libbey, and his wife Florence Scott Libbey, freely and generously gave to make the art museum possible. The generous endowment of these two made possible a museum where all activities are free and available to every citizen, their children, and their children's children. It was because of George Stevens, the first director of the museum, that these museum cultural advantages were made pertinently available to adults and children. It is of special interest to realize that in the early years of Toledo's cultural growth there was a clear-cut policy—so far as the museum was concerned—that museum cultural advantages were other than the exposition of pictorial art of European and national importance, but included music and other sister arts. The Toledo museum was the very first in the whole nation to include music as an integral part of American art museum activities. Blake-More Godwin, the successor of George Stevens and the present director of the museum, has kept these cultural advantages in the forefront and at no time then, or since, has the museum failed in guidance and inspiration in the major interests in the whole field of art and culture.

It is particularly apropos to review Toledo's art efforts in retrospect because this year (1951) is the fiftieth anniversary of the Toledo Museum of Art, and, it has been within and largely because of the museum that the major art interests in this city have evolved during these past fifty years.

Toledo Homes Fifty Years Ago.

Trends in visual art interests fifty years ago could be seen only in Toledo homes. It is not too difficult to visualize Toledo homes of fifty years ago. Toledoans of three score years and ten, and older, may vividly recall the fine homes of that time where tradition and inclination seemed to dictate that on the walls and in the various rooms there should be certain universally accepted forms of art. For instance, one might see in the parlors (if you had any good reason to be invited therein) the inevitable kerosene lamp, with its flowery glass shade, on a marble topped table rather pompously if not statically placed between two heavily draped windows. Then over in a corner on a marble pedestal, would be a pristine white marble figure of some classical subject, cut and purchased in Italy where the owner journeyed at some time or other as a part of his cultural training. Hanging on the walls were paintings, inevitably copies of famous Renaissance painters, along with original European paintings, also purchased during some trip to Europe. Thus it was that American homes, fifty years ago, perpetuated a legacy in art directly eminating from European cities. In the dining room the decorations were different. There one saw a brace of dead ducks or pheasants sometimes in color (colored lithographs), or in brown (chromolithographs) along with prints or photographs well framed and glazed. The photographs would be enlargements, perhaps the Colosseum in Rome, or cloistered abbeys of Italy, France or England, purchased, no doubt, at the famous photographic shop in Florence known as Alinari's. In the bedrooms, well, photographs perhaps, and an enlarged print of a sleeping beauty, an Alinari purchase. Thus again we note the European influence creeping in, even in sleeping hours. It was natural enough, one might think, to have this persistent European influence within our homes, but it is interesting to note that American Art was conspicuous by its absence.

The above pattern also holds true when observing the character of the first public exhibition in Toledo in 1898. It was called "Toledo Art

Loan" but it was European in the main. It was primarily made up of the works of European artists: Martinetti, Luna, Schmeltzer, Herpfer, Corradini, Buhler, Anders, Rivas, Bouguereau, Savry, Cantagnola—all realistic artists and followers of the sentimental approach. These names and their works are unknown to the present generation. However, the exhibition was a natural effort to create interest in the unusual or little seen phases of art known only to a comparative few.

The First Organized Art Group: The Tile Club of Toledo and Its Private Public Exhibitions.

But this exhibition did not wholly refute the fact that there were creative artists in this middle western area, that is, within our midst, who were originators of their own type of pictorial and space arts, because, some five years before this initial public event there had been organized an art club known as the Tile Club of Toledo whose members were deeply concerned about American art, Toledo art. Such men as David Stine, George Stevens, Edmund Osthaus, Geo. Colton, Tom Parkhurst and ten others, conceived the idea that there was a cultural and an artistic urge among Toledo men to create and initiate local art in Toledo as differentiated from European art. They were middle westerners with an immediate and far-sighted vision of why, how and when American art and culture were pertinent elements and valuable assets in American life in their own local community.

In December 1898 there was an art exhibition in conjunction with the first public exhibition ever held in Toledo. It was the second annual art exhibition of the Tile Club hung primarily for the pleasure of the club members but also open to the public. A catalogue was issued and the frontispiece was a drawing of the famous fire-place of the club by H. A. Bromley. The exhibitors were: Edmund H. Osthaus, 26 paintings; Geo. W. Stevens, 24 paintings, plus a group of monotypes; E. W. Chamberlin, 21 paintings; D. L. Stine, 12 paintings; W. A. Ketcham, 12 paintings; Arthur E. Hitchcock, 6 paintings; Ludwig Bang, 2 portraits; H. A. Bromley, 2 paintings; Thos. S. Parkhaurst, 20 paintings.

Of the 126 paintings 27 were European or foreign subjects; the rest were wholly local. Every year the Tilers hung an exhibition and the club was open to all who cared to come and view it. A Toledo Blade reporter

of the time writes, "The Tilers have demonstrated what can be done by a long pull, a strong pull, and a merry pull together, for the present exhibition is a credit to the city and would make some of the eastern men wonder as to what sort o' paint do these Maumee fellows mix that their canvas is so seeming fair."

It has been said that the Tile Club was a prime moving factor in the subsequent idea that Toledo should have an art museum. To the Tile Club may go the honor of the first organized working group in the field of art in Toledo (1895). Frederick J. Folger, who, among his colleagues is thought of as a self-taught Toledo artist, is the current president of the club. Then came the incentive for a public exhibition (1898). Then, the Toledo Museum of Art (1901), established in an acquired home on Madison Avenue.

Toledo Federation of Art Societies.

With the advent of the museum, Toledo was well on its way toward the guidance and the inspiration of Toledo artists and Toledo's public. Today one may see the accumulative result of that guidance. There are, for instance, fourteen independant organized art groups. (Art Klan, Art Instructors in the Schools of Toledo, Art Instructors in the Museum School of Design, Artists' Round Table, Craft Club of Toledo, Fine Arts Club of the University of Toledo, Palette Club, Society of Toledo Women Artists, The Toledo Museum of Art, Tile Club, Toledo Artists' Club, Toledo Women's Art League, Toledo Weavers Guild, Delegates at Large.) These groups are closely federated with a council that meets once a month for the good of the whole, a unique situation that is not equally matched in any other American city of its size, or even larger.

The Athena Club, the Society of Toledo Women Artists, The Art Klan.

Among the early art organizations in Toledo was a woman's group known as the Athena Club (1902), now known as the Society of Toledo Women Artists. The Toledo artist, Kate Lamb, who has one of her paintings in the permanent collection of the Toledo Museum of Art was a charter member. Other prime movers in this first woman's art group were Mrs. George Stevens, Mrs. Marie Osthaus Griffith, Anna Thorne, Louise Kitchen, Caroline Morgan, Mrs. Josephine Calder, Alice Camp-

bell and Elizabeth Caine, all of whom have been represented in the annual jury shows at the Museum, with the exception of Mrs. Stevens, who, however, was the first president of the group.

Soon after the women, came a third organized group, of men, who banded together under the name of Art Klan (circa 1910). The men who composed this group were busy business men. They met in the evening for mutual advantages, painting and drawing from the model in their studio art club rooms in the tower of the Nasby Building. Subsequently they moved to the Merideth Building, an old stronghold for art groups. At the present time they occupy the attic studio at the Toledo Artists Club, 3128 Collingwood Boulevard. One recalls active members in the early days; Frank Aldrich, Frank Sotteck, Mark Hannaford, Howard Schuler. Howard Schuler is the immediate past president of the Klan. John Swalley is the steady mooring post who has helped, with his skill in painting and his personal interest, to keep the Art Klan a live active art group in Toledo.

First Professional Art School, Laingor Commercial Studio and School; Art Training in Toledo High Schools.

In the Merideth Building the closest to a professional art school was established by Theodore Keane who came to Toledo from the Art Institute of Chicago. From this group came the nationally known William Smith, a New York illustrator, Robert Coen and William Folger, active Toledo artists of today, and others who have made their mark in the field of art.

At present there is the Laingor Commercial Studio and School where students are trained in the techniques of commercial art.

It is as true today, as it was in the early days, that training of embryo artists is carried on by the various independent art organizations of the city and at the school of the Toledo Museum of Art. Also one must give due credit to the wonderful art training in our various high schools under the able leadership of ranking Toledo artists such as Grace Rhoades Dean, Hazel Bartley, Amy Kimpton, Cuthbert Rhyan, and Sister Jane Catherine.

The First Organized Craft Group; The Craft Club of Toledo.

Fifteen years ago (1936) a small art group organized, with the avowed idea of fostering crafts in Toledo. Only craftsmen other than painters were eligible in this particular group, known as the Craft Club of Toledo. Its constitution is unique. It has but one officer, known as the Master Goat. It frowns upon publicity. It has two classified types of members—Master Craftsmen and Apprentices—the first conforming to a rather rigid requirement. It meets monthly in the homes of members who entertain according to the alphabetic roster of the membership, and, in the same way, the Master Goat is elected for one year only. Its objective was not only to foster crafts, but to create in all the various classifications in the field. At present the members function as creative craftsmen in the following fields: Basketry, Block Printing, Book Binding, Book Plates, Caning, Ceramics, Enameling, Etching, Glass Engraving, Hooked Rugs, Illumination, Ink Resist, Jewelry, Leather Tooling, Lettering, Metal Work, Miniatures, Modeling, Needle Work, Oriental Book Binding, Photography, Pottery, Puppets, Papier Mache, Silk Screen Technique, Stencil Painting, Textile Decoration, Toys, Wood Carving, Wood Stamping, Wood Working, Weaving.

It is interesting to note that up to 1936 entries in the crafts in the Annual Toledo Exhibition at the Museum were nebulous. One craftsman only was represented—Louise Kitchen, pottery—and her items were entered *en concours*. It was she, and Alice Waite, a jeweler craftsman, who originally sponsored the idea of an organized craft group. They, together with a museum official, who also lamented the dirth of craft work in the city, wrote the constitution and solicited members. Today it is an active group and its initiative has completely changed the character of the Annual Exhibition at the Museum. Crafts now are equally balanced with pictorial and graphic arts. It could be assumed that, without this organized group, crafts would be as negliable in the city as it was years ago.

Toledo Artists' Outdoor Jubilee; Toledo Downtown Art Show.

Eleven years ago (1938) this same Craft Club of Toledo conceived the idea of having an outdoor exhibition open to all Toledo artists. The main idea of the instigators was to create a free for all exposition where

the pictorial artist, the craftsman and the public could meet upon equal terms in an environment that would minimize restraint. It was started on the proverbial shoestring in a small way. Today it is big business with a hundred artists participating and a public attendance of about two thousand between the hours of 10 A. M. and 10 P. M. The prime movers at the very beginning were Mrs. James Vogel and J. Arthur MacLean and they realized that the affair had to be a gala occasion with a popular appeal. With this in mind they not only solicited exhibitors but they planned entertainment; music, instrumental and vocal, dancing on the green, broadcasting, demonstrations of painting and craft techniques. This pattern has held sound over these eleven years of activity. It has helped greatly to popularize art in the minds of the visiting public. At present it is sponsored by the Toledo Artists' Club, and known today as it was at the beginning—The Toledo Artists' Outdoor Jubilee.

One of the more recent activities in the field of art is the so-called Downtown Show (1950-1951). The Commerce National Bank of Toledo agreed to hold in their banking rooms a juried show of the work of Toledo artists together with the work of those residing in the Greater Toledo area as well as the work of high school art students. It was a grand success and is now thought of as an annual event. The Toledo Artists' Club, under the Chairmanship of J. Arthur MacLean, organized the work; the Bank gave the space and generous awards for prize winners. This year (1951) the prize winners were: in oils, Frank Sohn, Anna Thorne, John Swalley; in watercolors, Howard Schuler, Sister Jane Catherine, Robert Coen; High School awards, Mollie Fox, Scott High School, Paul Ward, and Joan Bishop, DeVilbiss High School, Dennis Kaminski, Central Catholic High School. A unique and interesting innovation is practiced at the time of the adjudication of the show. The public is permitted to sit in and observe the work of the jury. No similar plan is known to exist in connection with any other juried show. It may well be an innovation that will affect all juried shows throughout the nation. A statement of one of the bank officials is enlightening: "With the feeling that a bank should be interested in and support the educational and cultural development of the community which it serves, the Commerce National Bank of Toledo sponsors a Downtown Art Exhibition of the work of Toledo artists and high school art students with the objective of bringing this art to the people of the central business district. The interest shown by artists and public was beyond expectation and has encouraged the Bank to . . . continue the work." It is

exhibitions such as these that have kept art interests alive and vital in the city of Toledo.

Toledo Artists' Exhibition at the Garden and Flower Festival.

Still another recent exhibition of Toledo art (1951) is held at the time of and in connection with the Garden and Flower Festival in the civic auditorium of the city. Landscape and flower paintings only are eligible. It too is sponsored by the Toledo Artists' Club under the chairmanship of Kenneth Beech. The exhibition is a juried one and prizes are awarded. The first year was so succssful that it is proposed to make it an annual event.

Retrospective Exhibition of Fifty Years of Toledo's Art.

It was of tremendous interest to Toledoans to see the Retrospective Exhibition of Fifty Years of Toledo's Art which was held in the museum this year (1951). With the swing of present day art to the extreme right—so-called Ultra Modern Art—one paused in contemplative mood before the creative work of the early Toledo artists who were painting during the first quarter of the century. Such men, for instance, as Ludwig Bang, Fritz Boehmer, Wilder Darling, George Elwell, Karl Kappes, Castle Keith, William H. Machen, David Stine, Van Gorder. The obvious difference between the paintings of the beginning of the century and those at the close of the half century is the subject matter. One might think it would be improvement in technique. No, as I see it, it is largely the difference in approach, in interpretation of subject matter. For instance, every painting in the 1898 exhibition is a "story telling" picture, a sentimental point of view; the returned soldier highly idealized, the lady-like but languid beauty, the quesierudite classical subject, the realistic pomposity of the man in velvet, the flower girl with her sweet smile and sentimental appeal. Four things are discernable. First, the sentimental appeal. Second, the classical trend. Third, the realistic presentation of the subject matter. Fourth, the European source. It was these established characteristics that seemed to affect the Toledo artists during, let us say, the first twenty-five years of the century. One look at the work of early Toledo artists convinces the observer that all four points are pertinent even including the European angle. No American artist of those days could believe that he was an artist unless

he had had European training. With or without means he dreamed of studying in Paris or in Munich.* Curiously enough the middle western artist chose Munich rather than Paris, due largely, I think to the influence that eminated from the professional art school at Cincinnati whose popular teachers had had their training in Germany. In these particulars one recalls the work of early Toledo artists such as Wilder Darling, Karl Kappes, Castle Keith, Fritz Boehmer. Naturally this trend persisted because these key men were prolific painters and teachers of the time.

First Obvious Change in Presentation of Local Art Forms.

Nevertheless, a change was taking place in Toledo as it was all over the country. Such Toledo men as Ernest Dean, A. H. Currier, Carlton Chapman, Thomas Parkhurst, Edmund Osthaus, yes, and even Ludwig Bang, as well as others, were finding Toledo subject matter of interest. Instead of rather somber portraits in the Munich manner, or quesiclassical subjects, or sentimental subjects, more or less after the ideas of European painters, Toledo artists were beginning to paint on their own, especially out of doors, that is, they were beginning to paint subject matter as they saw it in their mind's eye, not literally as they knew it was. Reflected sun light was studied and subjects were more broadly interpretated; impressionistic painting was the result; not literal translations of the subject matter as before. Immediately after the above group of painters and their students, the tide had turned inshore bringing a more American, a more local aspect to all art, particularly pictorial art. As a matter of fact the tide was general all over the country and American painters were painting in a more independent way. One recalls the remark of the American artist Dodge McKnight at about this time. He said, "I am tired of painting yards and yards of dirty brown." He had come home to Boston from painting in the Berkshires with canvases that showed purple shadows! 'Twas an unheard of thing. He was refused a showing in a Boston salon because of it. Indeed, the observation and the independence of American artists were being nationally and locally changed.

---

*See QUARTERLY Vol. XXIII, No. 1 (Winter, 1950-51), "An American Art Student Abroad—Selections from the Letters of Karl Kappes, 1883-85."

Advent of Good Photography and its Influence on Pictorial Art.

It was also about this time that photography came into greater prominence; pictorial photography, with true values in black and white, with particular attention given to composition and pictorial effect. The camera was coming into its own. It was, as a matter of fact, invading the undisputed field of the artist. And how, one may ask, could photography, a mechanical device, change the attitude and the work of the oil painter or the water colorist who originates on canvas a craft so far removed from mechanics? Two important things may be considered. The camera was reporting an artistic effort in pictorial representation that was as good in its way as the work of the artist. The artist was being bettered in the essential elements of pictorial representation, the avowed forte of the trained and observing eye of the artist. But, he still had an anchor to windward. He had color! He also had something else, which was a comparatively new point of view. He had a new urge to paint—not realistically as is the record of the camera and as previous colleagues had painted—but an urge to paint impressionistically; as the eye saw things in reflected light. He began to report things on canvas as they looked to him not as he knew they actually were. He was reaching out in his own field for rightful recognition of his personal skill. It is true that impressionistic painting had long preceded the early years of the last half of the century but the artist of this period was more particularly emphasizing this phase of pictorial art, and while practicing it, he was still the master of his own.

Then came colored photography! Another invasion, and a rather potent one in the essential elements that had been the artist's strongholds; color, pictorial representation, good composition and design. What elements were left when colored photography, a cheap and excellent technique, became a competitor? He had, of course, his genius, his skill, his modern and scientific understanding of the expert use of color, his personality. These things are never mastered by this or that and never will be. And he had something else that was all ready to come into prominence. He had ultra-modern art, a new phase that seemed to burst upon his public with the force of a shock. But if there is anything in the theory presented herein it was not so much an innovation as it was a natural evolution. It's all to the good. The artist is on his way experimentally. It's new. Let us hold our criticism until he expertly and thoroughly explores this new field of art expression.

The Amateur and Other Current Trends.

Hardly had Toledo artists grasped the importance of recording artistically their immediate environment in their own way unbiased by European tradition—broadly speaking about twenty-five years ago—when a new group of participants, the amateurs, came surging into the field. The expert ranks were being augmented by those who found pleasure merely in painting whether the results were good, indifferent or bad. They were indicative of another change; a popular interest in art in the making. This popular interest has made possible, in the later years of this half century, the greatly enlarged annual exhibition of Toledo art in the art museum. This last year (1951) is the 33rd annual show sponsored by the Toledo Federation of Art Societies there were 1213 entries out of which 523 items were chosen for the exhibition by a reputable out-of-town jury. This extraordinary number is offset by the fact that not a half dozen professional artists are known in Toledo. By professional artist I mean one who makes his living in the field of art. Indeed, participation in art had become popular in Toledo, but not lucrative—far from it. Toledo, it would seem, has never been art-buying conscious for any phase of original arts or crafts, yet, the mediums included were inclusive: oil, watercolor, guache, drawing, pastel, prints, metal work, ceramics, decorated fabrics, enamels, sculpture, weaving, and, the prices were nominal, the quality mainly good and in many instances excellent. Can it be true that art will never have its rightful place in a community, or in a nation, until it fosters a buying public?

Of the current trends one may notice an adherence to the traditionally known realistic school, the impressionistic school, and the ultra-modern school, with the impressionistic school dominating the field, the realistic school casually represented, and the ultra-modern school coming more and more into prominence. By the ultra-modern school, one classes, for convenience, all the newest trends such as, abstract painting, the surrealists, portraiture reminiscent of 13th century Europe, primitivistic influence after African negro sculptural forms, expressionists, emotional painting, anti-representational painting, deviators from camera facts within some form of representation, and all the other modern trends. Some are "brutal," some are "wild" but all are reactionary, as far away from camera facts as the current artist's imagination can carry him.

All of the many phases of art that have been practiced in Toledo dur-

ing the past fifty years are visible in the current annual exhibitions. No phase has been completely lost but certainly the "sentimental" painting is fast disappearing along with the "story-telling" picture. Landscape painting is dominant, portraiture is reasonably represented, local scenes hold the artist's interest,—the docks, the ore and grain boats, the Maumee Valley, and the countryside. It is a large and encouraging exposition of American local art and all of it has been accomplished without an important professional art school in Toledo during these fifty years. This is one reason, perhaps, why we have no outstanding professional painters as such. The Museum School of Art is merely and avowedly a school of appreciation and design, therefore, we may say again, it has been within and largely because of the Toledo Museum of Art that there is presented annually the range, the quantity and the quality of art that is shown each year. Toledo artists are teachers of art, busy business men, lay men and women in all walks of life, artistically endower students, and many who for the joy and fun therein have an urge to create. It is a commendable situation, a condition of which a community may be proud. And it is not only in painting, sculpture, and architecture, but in the whole field of crafts that this condition now exists.

Toledo Artists of National Distinction; Out of Town Artists in Toledo.

Few artists of Toledo have attained national distinction, but a goodly number have had their work shown in other art-minded cities of the country. Edmund Osthaus, in his day, was famous for his dog pictures but he was also a versatile painter of landscapes, horses, and genre subjects. Abramofsky, a living Toledo artist, has had his canvasses shown in various cities. George Dinckle, formerly a Toledo artist and now living in Rockport, Massachusetts, has his oil portraits in several Ohio institutions and also in New England. He is particularly known among his contemporaries as a painter of landscapes and particularly as a painter of seascapes. William Smith is a nationally known illustrator. Morris Hobbs, now teaching in New Orleans, has many of his etchings in museums and private collections. Others have had their paintings accepted and hung in nearby cities, also in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia.

Out of town artists have now and then landed commissions in Toledo for murals or decorative art in public buildings. At the time that LaSalle and Koch opened their new store on Adams and Huron streets a

New York artist was asked to paint ten large window illustrations of Toledo's prominent products. They were effective and highly decorative. They still exist, housed in the Public Library. It was thought they might be used on the walls of the new Public Library, but a glass mural took their place. A Toledo artist was given the opportunity to create the panels but he opined that the commission smacked of commercialism and passed it up. The Commodore Perry Hotel has several murals on its walls done by William Mathews of New York. He has come to Toledo recently to take up permanent residence here. Several of the churches have examples of work of Toledo artists particularly those of Daniel Woodward, Martha Milligan and her husband John Bernat. The Cathedral, an important Toledo monument, reverted to Europe for its pictorial art. All the decorations were done by European artists.

WPA Art in Toledo.

During the Great Depression W.P.A. activities in the field of pictorial art were made possible by government funds. The best examples may be seen at the Toledo Zoo where habitat backgrounds were painted by John Richards, Myron Hill, Paul Breisach, Harvey Aldrich, Myron Palmer. The mural in the Library of the University of Toledo was painted at the same time by Howard Ickes and his assistant, Walter Chapman.

One may predict that the great change that has taken place today in pictorial art, as it effects the artists in American cities, that is, all the phases that may be linked to Ultra Modern Art, is here to stay. It is not a passing phase. Also, it may be predicted that all the phases of Impressionistic Art — In contradistinction to Realistic Art — will hold their own regardless of competition. It will take another half century to perfect so-called Ultra Modern Art.

A universal influence, engendered by European art, will hardly occur again though a whole hearted interest in European art will never cease. Comparatively recent French influence is on the wane. Critical analysis of French art has been established by the American school of painters and will have less and less influence on this side of the water.

Perhaps it is not too far fetched to predict that a great Oriental influence will interest the American artist in the future.

APPENDIX A

A list of the artists who were selected to represent Fifty Years of Toledo Art (1901-1951) is appended below.

FIFTY YEARS OF TOLEDO ART

I. Abramofsky, Frank Aldrich, John S. Arhorn, Mary Dean Asplund, Guy Atherton, Paul W. Austin, Ludwig Bang, Manuel Barkan, Hazel E. Bartley, Lawrence Bellman, William Blakesley, Fritz Boehmer, C. C. Britsch, Mrs. Clarence Brown, Maude Brown, Louis U. Bruyere, Mildred Burman, Paul Cahill, Josephine Calder, Zella May Case, Carlton T. Chapman, Walter Chapman, Marian Childs, John W. Clarke.

Esther Biggs Clash, Jessie Comlossy, Florence Cooper, A. H. Currier, Benjamin A. Cratz, Wilder Darling, Grace Rhodes Dean, J. Ernest Dean, Jess DeViney, Walt Dehner, Edward Devlin, George Dinckel, Arthur B. Dugan, George Elwell, Nora A. Fitzpatrick, Fred J. Folger, LaVanche Frey, Eldor Gathman, Mary Gillett, Fern Griggs, Esther Hamilton, Paul Hamlin, Mark Hannaford, Hazel Jacoby Harbauer, T. Y. Hewlett, Jane H. Hill, George Jensen, Karl Kappes, Castle Keith.

Amy L. Kimpton, Thomas E. King, Annie Louise Kitchen, Pauline M. Klewer, Alice Ray Krueger, Isabel Kuhlman, Sr. Jane Catherine Lauer, Kate Brainard Lamb, William H. Machen, Jeannette Doak Martin, Marian D. Maxwell, Howard A. Mikesell, Dorothy Miller, Edmund Mills, Caroline Morgan, Lois Morgan, Stella Morgan, Mable J. Motter, Helen B. K. Nauts, Helen Niles, Edmund Osthaus, Thomas Parkhurst, Lucy Peabody, Paul Perlmutter, Harold Perrine, Carolyn Gassan Plochman, William Raczko, Lydia S. Rheinfrank, Priscilla F. Rhiel, John N. Richards, Lewis H. Risser.

Letha Schoenfelt, Howard Schuler, Earl Schwartzkopf, Miles M. Silverman, Frank Sohn, Frank Sottek, Kenneth D. Sourenne, William A. Smith, Ernest W. Spring, Mildred C. Stanford, George W. Stevens, David L. Stine, John F. Swalley, Frank L. Turner, Virginia D. Thibodeau, Anna Thorne, Ann Thurston, Frederick L. Trautman, L. E. Van Gorder, Loretta Van Wormer, Sr. Mary Veronica, Leah A. Vogel, Loretta Vortriede, Adele Watson, Clara Ward Wenz, Jessie West, Henry Wildermuth, Hazel C. Witchner, Ben Woodruff, J. Daniel Woodward, Almon C. Whiting, Audrey M. Zinser.

APPENDIX B

A list of artists selected by an out-of-town jury for the Thirty-Third Annual Exhibition at the Museum (1951), sponsored by the Toledo Federation of Art Societies, is arranged alphabetically below.

Harvey S. Aldrich, Frances Gaines Alsberg, John S. Arhorn, Rose M. Ball, Eleanor Barger, Hazel E. Bartley, Mary Ann Bates, Ruth Benner (Adrian), William Blakesley, Robert O. Bone (Bowling Green), Matthew W. Boyhan (Adrian), C. C. Britsch, Doris C. Brockman, Anna Bruggeman, Louis U. Bruyere, Mildred Calvert, Molly Canaday, Vella Caswell, Carole J. Cedoz, Gineth Challen (Deshler), Jean Christiansen (Port Clinton), Chris R. Christoff, Winifred Clark, Esther Clash, Jo Ann Bux Cousino, Doris Ann Cousino, Maude Ide Crabbs, Robert Cremean, Donna Crocker, Edward J. Devlin, Richard E. DeVore, William A. Downie, Arthur B. Dugan, Grace Dunathan, Jacques L. Egan (Adrian), James E. Eldridge

(Monroe), May S. Emch, Maybelle M. Falardeau, Gertrude P. Falconer, Elizabeth C. Fall (Port Clinton), Leon I. Feuer, Florence Fling, Mary B. Fowler (Findlay), Kitty Frankel, Robert M. Freimark, Eldor Gathman (Napoleon), Sister M. Genevieve, Mary Gillett, Margaret W. Gleysteen, Diomede Grissino, Louis Kothelf, Hallco Hand Weavers (Hudson), Esther Hamilton.

Lee Hansen, Charles Harbauer, Hazel Jacoby Harbauer, Harriett Eckel Harper (Napoleon), Fannie Harris, Evelyn K. Hawley, James B. Henderson, Madonna Heschel (Port Clinton), Jane R. Hill, Denzil Hinr, Ann S. Hirssig, Polly Hodgkinson, Albertine Hoeffler, Phyllis S. Houk, Pearl B. Hunter, Stephanie Janas, John Oscar Jenkins (Findlay), George Jensen, Gaylord Kimble, Marjorie Kreilick, Ann Kucera, D. Labino, Charles Lakofsky (Bowling Green), Clotilde Larson, Harold J. Lasko, Sr. Jane Catherine Lauer, Corrinne C. Leidner, Louise Lerche, Marie Lerche, Katharine Leslie, Barbara A. Lewis, Tom E. Lindsey, Fern C. Linne, Harvey K. Littleton, Hal Lotterman, Clara Ludwigsen (Port Clinton), J. Arthur MacLean, Otto G. Ocvirk (Bowling Green), Gregory J. Markopoulos, Inez Mauter, Dorothy Mescher, Mrs. A. D. Miessner (Port Clinton), Irene Miller (Fostoria), H. Edmund Mills, Sarah B. Morrison, Helen B. K. Nauts, Roger Noffsinger (Defiance), Thelma U. Norris, Marcel J. Olender, Richard E. Oxley (Defiance), Helen M. Pass, Virginia Pearson (Adrian), Ralph E. Peotter (Tecumseh).

Paul Perlmutter, Harold Perrine, Carolyn Gassan Plochmann, Eugene M. Powell, Stuart N. Price, William Raczko, Randolph C. Logan (Oakwood), Priscilla F. Rhiel (Port Clinton), Joyce Roper, Elizabeth S. Rudolph, Bella Russell (Port Clinton), Mary Rutan, Janet Scher, Joyce Schmidt, Letha E. Schoenfelt, Bell Schuh, Phyllis Schoenberger (Adrian), B. D. Shryock, Miles M. Silverman, Miriam Silverman, Carroll H. Simms, Ellen Sinclair, Walter Lee Slayton, James T. Small (Napoleon), Margaret White Smith, Frank Sohn, Miriam Sowers (Findlay), Ernest W. Spring, Bonnie Staffel, William Staffel, Bernard L. Stierman, Robert E. Stinson (Bowling Green), P. Joan Sutton, John F. Swalley, W. B. Swisher (Archbold), Helen Anne Thurston, Frank Turner, Leah A. Vogel, Clayton Walker, Willard Wankelman (Bowling Green), V. C. Weaver (Grand Rapids), Evelyn E. Wentz (Fostoria), Clara Ward Wenz, Jean Wetzler, Marietta Kerschner Wigg, Philip R. Wigg (Bowling Green), Nan Wills, Hazel Wood, J. Daniel Woodward, Jean Younglove, Audrey Zinser, Joseph H. Zuelke.

APPENDIX C

A list of artists whose work was selected for the Second Annual Downtown Art Exhibition, sponsored by the Commerce National Bank of Toledo and managed by the Toledo Artists' Club, (1951) is below.

Harvey S. Aldrich, John S. Arhorn, Louis Barut, Kenneth Beach, Carl C. Britsch, Louis Bruyere, Clyde E. Burt, Robert H. Coen, Madelyn Countryman, Jo Ann Bux Cousino, Grace Rhoades Dean, Josefina DeCaire, Richard Elliott DeVore, Arthur B. Dugan, Myrtle B. Dunn, LaVauche Frey, Mary Gillett, Esther Hamilton, Hazel Jacoby Harbauer, Carroll Lee Henty, Denzil Hinr, Danne Howey, George Jensen, Karl Kappes, Amy L. Kimpton, Annie Louise Kitchen, Sonia Kowalewski, Kate Brainard Lamb, Clotilde Larson, Sister Jane Catherine Lauer, O. S. U., Hal Lotterman, Carol Lunbeck, Mrs. C. J. Meyer, Lois Morgan, Helen Nauts, Thelma Norris, Earl W. North, C. Logan Randolph, John N. Richards, Eleanor Roberts, Marion K. Roller, Howard Schuler, Miles Silverman, Margaret Napier Smith, Margaret White Smith, LeRoy L. Snyder, Frank Sohn, Carl B. Spitzer, Ernest W. Spring, George S. Stahl, John F. Swalley, Anna L. Thorne, A. R. Tiedemann, Frank Turner, Patricia Van Nest, Leah A. Vogel, Mrs. Stuart S. Wall, Violette V. Wiese, H. C. Wildermuth, Hazel C. Witchner.

Carole Badger, Judy Waite, St. Ursula Academy; Duane Irmen, Dennis Kaminski, Central Catholic High School; Jacquelyn Miller, Katrina Schneider, Notre Dame Academy; Joan Bishop, Paul E. Ward, DeVilbiss High School; Mollie Fox, LeRoy Miller, Scott High School; Carol Flowers, Marilyn Mens, Woodward High School; Merelyn Pellett, Charles Rogers, Maumee High School.

Landscape *By William H. Machen*

This pastoral scene is indicative of the trend to perpetuate the sentimental idea in European-American technique—first quarter of the century. Oil. Owned by James Bentley.

The Man with the Wine Glass
By Karl Kappes

The story telling period, "The Man with the Wine Glass." A typical painting of an American art student studying in Munich fifty years ago. Owned by Mrs. Karl Kappes.

Studio Model

By Fritz Boehmer

Though European trained (particularly in the fine art of painting miniatures on ivory and on porcelain) this artist often painted in bright colors as in this case. His German training would more typically dictate the use of browns and sombre colors. Owned by Mrs. Fritz Boehmer.

Bear Lake *By Frederick J. Folger*

Snowscapes, indicative of the inclination of American artists to record local American scenes. Oil. Owned by the artist.

A Quiet Canal *By George W. Stevens*

This Venetian scene is indicative of the American trend to perpetuate European subject matter during the first quarter of the century. Watercolor. Owned by Mr. Carl B. Spitzer.

Wells, Maine *By George Dinckel*

Seascape, recording reflected light in the impressionistic manner. End of the half century. Opaque watercolor. Owned by the author.

Carmel Heights *By Earl Schwartzkopf*

Interpretative painting of rugged cliffs & sea in impressionistic manner—end of the half century. Oil. Owned by the Tile Club.

Head, a la Crete

By Hal Lotterman

A contemporary modern trend reminiscent of a reactionary primitiveness that emphasizes pattern and the use of various medicines. Owned by the artist.

Midwestern: New England Backgrounds

BY ALFRED VANCE CHURCHILL

1. *Cultural Origins*

The early culture of the Midwest was largely New England culture. It was that and nothing else, undiluted until the 1850's, in the region of which I write. This fact cannot be too clearly kept in mind by those who would understand its people and institutions. As for Oberlin, we have seen that all leaders of the early Colony and all the first Faculty had come from New England; had been educated in New England schools. (Furthermore, their fathers before them had been natives of the British Isles. Morgan was an Irishman, the others, so far as I know, were of English descent.)

No people can be well understood without a study of its origins. Roman civilization without knowledge of the Greek, or French without a knowledge of the Roman, would be incomprehensible. To understand the transplanted culture of the Midwest, without the knowledge of that culture in its New England home, would be likewise impossible. We need to become familiar with that home, its educational and religious institutions, its ways of thought, its manners and customs. We need to know more than a little of its family life and how its children were reared and educated. My father, for example, would have been quite a different man had he been born in Louisiana instead of New Hampshire, had he never milked a cow or swung a scythe.

Finney himself would have been different had he been reared in a big city instead of the backwoods. Now, although year by year our literature is giving us helpful documents in this field, we have as yet no great number of unbiased pictures of New England life of the period in question; such documents for example as those offered us, on their own country, by the writers of the British Isles. For this reason I here interrupt my chronicle to devote a brief space to the study of a New England family. Should I apologize that it is my father's family? It could not be otherwise, for this is the only family of which I have sufficient knowledge.

It was a typical family. Whatever peculiarities it may have displayed, it resembled multitudes of New England families in such fundamental

Copyright, 1952, *by Marie M. Churchill*

matters as blood and tradition; interest in the things of the mind; religious outlook; and the spirit of enterprise and inventiveness characteristic of the frontier and of those who are not far removed from it. I shall speak of a typical boy, of his parents and brothers and sisters. The account of his school life will throw light on the village school of his time. The picture of his years in college will give some notion of an eastern college in the forties, of professors and of college boys a hundred years ago. I shall be a little disappointed if at the end you find your ideas of the form and color of New England life entirely unchanged.

2. *A New England Family,* 1643-1845.

Churchill is an old French name that goes back to the township of Courcelles in Lorraine. It is conjectured that the Churchills, both in England and America, are descendants of Roger de Courcil who followed William the Conqueror to England and distinguished himself in his service. This is supported by plausible arguments but it remains a conjecture. It may be noted that my father had black eyes and hair and a dark but clear and ruddy complexion, not a bit like the Anglo-Saxon English type, and he talked with his hands as New Englanders do not.

The first ancestor of whom we have actual knowledge was John Churchill of Plymouth, my great-great-great-great-great-grandsire, whose name appears on the records there in 1643, twenty-three years after the landing of the Mayflower. He was an Englishman who had come to Massachusetts from the mother-country; but the place and date of his birth are unknown and there is no record of when he came or how he got there.

To some of his descendants these matters are of minor importance, but there are others who are Colonial Dames and D. A. R.'s and whose happiness in life would have been measurably enhanced if their ancestor had only had the foresight to do what he could so easily have done—what he evidently came so near doing—and had taken passage in the aforementioned ship. But why assume that John Churchill failed to come over on the Mayflower? His name, to be sure, is not on the passenger list. But may he not (like several others) have shipped under an assumed name as a sailor before the mast?—even as an officer? If this seems almost too good to be true, might he not have managed the trip as a stowaway?

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes informs us that there were something like a thousand pieces of colonial furniture on board the doughty vessel. He tells us how his old silver punch bowl came over from Holland,—

> ". . . left the Dutchman's shore
> With those that in the Mayflower came
> —a hundred souls and more.—
> Along with all the furniture, to
> fill their new abodes,—
> To judge by what is still on hand,
> at least a hundred loads."

These are the Doctor's very words. What would have been easier for an adventurous youth than to hide himself effectually in such a cargo?

It is not my purpose to dwell on the family genealogy. My father was so little interested in it that he did not even subscribe to the "Churchill Family in America" when it was issued about 1891, and until quite lately I shared his indifference. We shall therefore pass most of the ancestors in silence. Yet it behooves us to speak further of three of them.

John Churchill of Plymouth, founder of the line in America, a landowner and a respected citizen, is designated in the still existing title-deeds as a "planter." His name appears in a list of male inhabitants between sixteen and sixty years of age "who are able to bear arms." It appears again the tax lists of 1643. By the traditions of the town "the selectmen were for a very long time chosen from descendants of Mayflower passengers and of the original Pilgrims, the Bradfords, Burgesses, Cushings, Churchills and others." Various facts seem to warrant the conclusion that he paid his taxes. I like to think that one of the members of the family, in the 17th century, was able to perform this obligation. He died in 1663.

In the fourth generation after John Churchill we meet the name of Francis, my great-grandfather. He was born in Plymouth in 1762. He enlisted at fifteen years of age in Captain Jesse Harlow's Company of Coast Guards at Plymouth and served for nine months and twenty days. He was enrolled as a fifer. Of course as a soldier he was under age. He may have said he was older than he was, or possibly a fifer could enlist at a lower age than a fighter; but I imagine that when the fight was on

he had something else in his hands besides a tin whistle. Several others of the family did service in the Revolutionary War,—Jonathan and Jesse Churchill, Francis' brothers, and great-grandfather Franklin, the father of our "grandma Churchill."

Francis was a versatile man. He was a carpenter and painter by trade, a land-holder, and no doubt a planter too. It appears that he had some inclination toward the life of the soldier; for he organized, later on in Fairlee, Vermont, a militia company of which he was Captain. He seems also to have had the love for music that characterized the family, more or less, from this time on. In the pension office at Washington he is listed as a musician. (It is no strain on the imagination to assume that in times of peace these fifers played on the flute and that the change to the fife was made for military purposes. The piano and the cello were the preferred instruments in the family as I knew it; but there have been two or three that took to the clarinet and the flute.)

Our great-grandfather was a tall powerful man who stood six feet four in his stockings. He died at the age of eighty. They say he was never sick in his life and had kept every tooth in his head. Phebe Leathers, his wife, who bore him thirteen children, was small and dainty. Fortunately we have portraits of both of them, silhouettes and companion-pieces, the earliest family portraits that have come to my notice. Hemenway, in his *Vermont Historical Gazeteer,* has this to say of Phebe,—"According to the writer's best recollection [she was] one of the rare women who could make the best of the vicissitudes of life, always looking on the side of the cloud which has the silver lining, and as a natural result, apparently young in her old age."

Phebe Leathers (or Leders) was of Dutch extraction, the daughter of William and Ruth Leathers of Charlestown, Mass. She was bright and charming in manners and a splendid mother who performed the astonishing feat of "raising" the whole thirteen; for there was no break in the family until after the youngest boy was of age! She died at eighty-three. Phebe was living at Charlestown with her father and mother when it was occupied and then burnt by British troops at the time of the Battle of Bunker Hill. She used to tell how the family fled from the burning town, found a boat and crossed the Mystic River to Malden.

The Hon. David Carroll Churchill, my grandfather, the third son of Francis and Phebe, stands clearly before us. There are those still liv-

ing who remember him; and though I never saw him I have heard him spoken of so often by my father, older brothers and various cousins, that he has come to be a distinct and vivid figure.

He must have been a man of unusual versatility, for he was farmer, carpenter and cabinet-maker, store-keeper, singer and choir-leader, County Sheriff, and Circuit Judge. He was a good many of these at once. Also he was several times returned as Representative to the State Legislature of New Hampshire. He seems to have been successful in his various occupations and must have earned quite a good deal of money though he never acquired more than a competency. In fact he was often hard up for funds, I think because he liked to spend—for comforts and good clothes for himself and his family—and especially for horses and music.

We know very little with regard to grandfather's preparation for his various activities. It is certain that he was unable to go to college; and although largely occupied with law and the making of laws he was never regularly admitted to the bar. He was born in East Fairlee, Vermont, on December 16, 1790. We may assume that he was swung in a cradle and dandled on the knee and kissed on the mouth in a way that would have killed five infants of this degenerate time; but we first hear of him as a journeyman carpenter, twenty years of age, at work on the new Congregational meeting-house at Lyme, New Hampshire, in 1810. I saw it only last summer. It is no longer "new" but it is still standing without a sign of decrepitude. There, five or six years later, he married Polly Franklin. Polly was the ninth child of Jonathan Franklin and Bethiah his wife. David Carroll built himself a house and from that time on made Lyme his home.

How he learned the carpentry trade is no great mystery. His father before him was a carpenter and painter and so were many other men of the family in the early time. The old home, built by Francis Churchill at the foot of the lake in West Fairlee, where David Carroll and his twelve brothers and sisters were born, is still there and still habitable.

Whatever the deficiencies in his own preparation, there is no question that grandfather believed in education. Doubtless he felt severely the handicap of playing the judge and lawgiver without formal training for the parts. To all his children he offered what education he could afford.

Charles Henry, my father, was educated at Meriden Academy and Dartmouth. The Judge thought he saw some unusual ability in him, at an early age, and was determined he should go to college. But the boy had a will of his own, amounting at times to mulish obstinacy. It would be necessary to employ strategy to get him into college.

Henry had begun as a mere child to show interest in machinery. He had dammed up the brook on his father's farm and built little mills—with overshot or undershot wheels—mills that would actually run, and grind, and pump, and saw, in a small way. These had attracted the attention of a millwright of the neighborhood who offered to take him on as an apprentice. Henry had decided to be a millwright.

Grandfather pretended to accept this decision with enthusiasm and proceeded to elaborate his own plans, making use of a principle later enunciated by Artemus Ward in his famous "recipe" for keeping an ass in a lot. ("Put him in the next lot and let him jump over.") Henry heard his classmates talking endlessly about college life and the colleges they were going to attend. At length he ventured a hint that he too ought perhaps to think of further education. His father indignantly rejected the suggestion and had strong arguments against it. Henry couldn't see his point of view at all! So he went to college.

From that moment his father took the liveliest interest in him. He wrote letters during his son's course in academy and college, inquiring about his welfare—physical, mental, and spiritual, and about all his activities. He encouraged him especially in the study of music—not only singing, but cello, organ and thorough-bass.

Grandfather had a rare love of music. It may have come down from his father, Francis, and perhaps from Phebe the little Dutch-woman too. There was always music in grandfather Churchill's home. He purchased a melodeon almost as soon as that instrument was invented. On Sunday afternoons there was a regular concert in the house. Grandfather sang a fine bass. His son Carroll had a beautiful tenor voice. Grandmother's sister Eunice was living with them and there were other members of the family besides the children. My father at twelve or fourteen could sing alto and play bass on the cello both at once. By that time there were four or five brothers and sisters old enough to sing. Polly Churchill sang what they used to call "counter", a part that lay above the

soprano. The counter-singer improvised a part based on the treble or the alto—according to which happened to be more interesting—and an octave above them; somewhat as we now have tenors who sing the air in falsetto. It appears that the counter-singer was also privileged to insert little turns and ornaments.

Grandfather led the choir during most of his life until he grew too old, when it was taken over by David Carroll the younger who kept it forty years until he died. They could not afford a pipe-organ in the church, but managed to make up a little orchestra of five or six pieces—a couple of violins, a cello, one or two flutes. The music of course was very simple.

Physically grandfather was robust. Neither he nor any of his sons ever grew to be as tall as his father and brothers are said to have been, but he must have been very strong. There are stories about him that indicate this and show, too, that he had the kind of a will that can hold the body to its purpose till the body break.

A boat was to be hoisted up to its winter quarters. There were four men to do the work and they placed their shoulders to the heavy hulk. At the critical instant they felt the boat about to fall on them and were seized with panic. Three gave back but one stood to the task. "Come on!" he groaned, and bore the weight alone. Back—from pure shame—rushed the three, and the boat was heaved into place; but grandfather's arm was broken . . . Grandfather was to lose his reason in a way that seems to me to be related to this incident. I shall tell later how he forced his mind until it broke. (At Dartmouth a few years afterward my father and some other fellows were trying to see who could hold his breath longest. Father held his for two full minutes—and lost consciousness.)

Grandfather was known to his acquaintance as "Judge Churchill." His most important work in life, so far as we can estimate it, was connected with the law. His duties as Circuit Judge—"ride judge" the people said—took him to court sessions in various towns in his own county, perhaps farther. As to the nature of these courts I am not informed. I only know that to reach them he had to make long journeys—sometimes in bad weather and over villainous roads.

Another type of work that must have occupied much of his energy had to do with the settlement of differences by arbitration. The men of those times, instead of going to law, had arrived at something that was more satisfactory and far less costly in money and time. The litigants selected judges in whom they had confidence and left the whole case to them, agreeing to abide by their decision. As this would seem to be the most reasonable method that can be devised for all ordinary troubles between citizens, it is good to know that it is again growing in favor. Judge Churchill had a clear mind and his honesty was above suspicion, so he was a popular choice for "side judge," which was the old name for referee in such cases.

Grandfather only lived to be seventy-three and his life closed in mental darkness. He had been engaged on a difficult case which involved the youthful son of an old friend. It is said that this son was to be executed on a capital charge, on circumstantial evidence. Doubtless there are court-records somewhere that would confirm or disprove that part of the story. I have not tried to verify it. My father told me the faithful Judge worked on it day and night for weeks and won his case. But his mind broke under the strain. In 1863 father took his young wife and two children and went back to visit his parents at Lyme. They stood before grandpa Churchill, and grandma said,—"It's our boy, father. He's come back to see us with his wife and children. Father! It's your own boy Henry,—aren't you going to speak to him?" . . . The old man's eyes were still undimmed, but in them was no spark of recognition.

Like Francis his father, David Carroll chose for his wife a little bit of a woman. They say Polly Franklin never weighed over a hundred pounds ("For little things do oft our hearts enthral"). Polly was twenty-one years old when they were married. She was a good housewife and an excellent cook. Her cheeses, sold in her husband's store, enjoyed more than local reputation. Grandmother would never allow a cheese to leave the place under a year. In those days they liked cheese with a tang to it.

Another thing about Polly—she was fond of good clothes. She had style. She understood cutting and sewing and not only made dresses for herself and the girls but on occasion would try men's garments as well. One of her letters to her boy at Dartmouth mentions a pair of "trouses" she has just completed for him.

Our grandmother was much respected and had the love of her family and intimate friends. But beyond that circle she was not altogether liked and not a little feared. She was thought proud ("uppity" was the word) and has been spoken of as a "spit-fire." She was "queer" anyway. She wouldn't permit bundling and wouldn't go to hangings. Questioned as to this idiosyncracy my grandmother would only say that she "didn't enjoy hangings."

Her granddaughter, my cousin Caroline, now eighty-four years old, tells me that she too shared this feeling. When other young people were planning a trip from Lyme to Haverhill to witness executions, Caroline refused to go. She was then thirteen or fourteen. It must be remembered that there were few diversions and excitements at that date. Nowadays when even little children may freely enjoy whippings, knockouts, murders, and the burning alive of martyrs, at public theatres, there is no good reason to regret their being deprived of the spectacle of public executions.

Another queer trait of grandmother's was that she would not take snuff in any form. This brings up the question of the use of tobacco by women in the early days. It is certain that the snuffing of tobacco was very common. As for snuff dipping, it was practiced widely in the South, and certainly to some extent in New England. Possibly you are unacquainted with this practice. A damp rag is wound on a stick, dipped in the snuff and laid inside the lower lip. I have heard that grandmother objected to the habit, not on moral grounds, but because "the stick had been in too many people's mouths."

To what extent did women smoke in those days? Certainly the habit was very common in the South one or two generations ago, and I am told that some quite nice Virginia ladies "still smoke cawn-cob pipes in their rooms—always have." Probably pipe-smoking in New England was more widespread than we are accustomed to think. Not having studied the question, I can not throw much light on it; but here are three or four answers from friends on the Smith College faculty. My colleague, Merle E. Curti, tells me his grandmother smoked the pipe. That was in Vermont. Dr. William S. Taylor admits that his grandmother, "a very fine woman," did the same. She lived at Yorktown near New York City. Mrs. Taylor told me her grandfather's sister-in-law was a pipe-smoker, adding "She was so dainty and nice!" One good old lady says

she didn't have any pipe of her own but that her husband's pipe was "never far away." Several times have I seen women with clay pipes between their teeth when I was a lad in Oberlin. I do not know what their standing was, but they were respectable people. Needless to say they were not of the early Colony. These ladies all seem to have preferred a clay. They smoked in the kitchen, the back-porch or the yard. There was a certain dignity about it. They were not trying to be smart. They didn't light one pipe after another till they had burnt a whole packet.

Smoking, among women, was probably a relic of the pioneering time, a habit that must have been a great comfort in the endless hours they had to spend in toil of an extreme monotony, alone, or with only the companionship of other women or of children. Then, too, tobacco was thought of as a remedy for various ills and for nervous conditions. Father Shipherd notices that quality in his Oberlin Covenant when he writes,—"renouncing all bad habits, and especially the smoking, chewing, and snuffing of tobacco unless it be necessary as a medicine."

Grandmother had a somewhat unusual literary sense. My father said she often read fine things aloud. She had curious little mispronunciations and colloquialisms that she did not get from the classics. These must not be laid against her. They belonged to her time and compared with that of her neighbors her English was probably very "tol'able." There were few persons in the village, I imagine, who did not omit to sound the final g in such words as talkin' and preachin'. Dr. O. W. Holmes had the same fault later on and was not ashamed. Calvin Coolidge, whom I knew very well in the last two years of his life, was no better. His English in public was excellent; but as soon as he found himself with friends in his private study at home, a large Havana between his fingers, and his delicate, beautifully shod feet up on his writing-desk, he perceived that final g's were unnecessary. I found it a rather lovable trait in him. He would speak without embarrassment "of havin' a new petition" put in his Vermont home. He knew just as well as the reader that petitions are in prayers and not in homes. Grandmother Churchill would say things like this,—"Somebody has been usin' one of my best knives to cut apples with. Now I won't have them knives used to cut apples with!" (There are no such mistakes in her letters.)

One day grandma left the baby with my father—a most unwilling nurse—with the words,—"You've got to tend that child or find somebody

else to. *Git red on 'im if ye can!"* When the "little spit-fire" returned, she was enraged to see that the nurse had vanished and the child was all alone in the yard with a piece of red flannel tied round his shoulders. "Henry! Where are you—you mis'able scamp—wait till I ketch you!" A head was slowly protruded from an upper window. "Henry, why didn't you tend that baby as I told you to?" "Mother, you told me to 'git red on him if I could' and I *did!"* Polly Churchill laughed aloud, and the "mis'able scamp" escaped the spanking he deserved. Laughter came easily to her lips.

Both my grandparents were good Christians and "pillars of the church." We have evidence of this in the words of their friends and in letters they wrote which we still have. They were the very kind of people Father Shipherd was hunting for his Colonists; and I am sure that, if he had known them, he would have tried to get them. He would not have approved of grandfather's side-board, which was said to be one of the best in the State. (Yet I recall that Shipherd himself in his home in the East, before he was launched on his great enterprise, had also a good side-board "with three decanters,—wine, gin and brandy.")

Sunday must have been a great day at Lyme. People made long drives over bad roads in all kinds of weather to get to church. For that matter they were not averse to walking almost any distance. In those days you'd cheerfully walk ten or fifteen miles—and back—to see the girl you loved or hear a good preacher. Once you got to the meeting-house you were well paid for your trouble. The parson thought nothing of preaching a couple of hours, the sermon being divided into numbered headings,—"Fifthly," "Twenty-fifthly," "Forty-fifthly." I have seen a manuscript sermon with "Forty-seventhly, My Beloved Brethren and Sisters," solemnly written out. We may hope part of that was for the afternoon discourse.

After such an ordeal a good dinner was in order. Dinner at the Churchill's was no mean event. There was room for as many as could get to the table and among them there might be noted ministers from Boston and other distinguished people. Children, a century ago, kept their mouths shut; so that there was good talk as well as good food. Polly Churchill served the kind of a meal that made her cooking known in the county, every bit of it prepared the previous day before sundown so as not to violate the Sabbath.

Like other women of the time, grandmother made brandies and cordials of peach and cherry, of blackberries and raspberries, not to mention her wines and ciders. I have been told that her peach brandy was famous. It seems that everybody drank except the children. The women partook moderately, diluting and sweetening their beverages. The visiting ministers were the first to be served . . . When we consider that the preaching was resumed in the afternoon, and reflect on the long drives, and the awful roads, and the "chores" waiting for almost everybody before he could get to bed, we begin to understand even if we cannot wholly approve.

Before the things were cleared away the children—old and young—would be eagerly looking forward to the dessert. This time it might be grandmother's mince-pie with plenty of brandy in it, or her equally celebrated fruit-pudding with brandy over it—and afire! Were these people physically better endowed than we? Or was it only that they took more adequate bodily exercise? I have reports there is no reason to question that seem somewhat incredible today. One of my friends tells me her grandmother, Mary Augusta Keeler, who lived at Wilton, Connecticut, "a very religious woman, kindly and hospitable but austere, had, at the age of ninety-six, a generous piece of mince-pie and a glass of whiskey every night before going to bed."

The reader has now been told about all I know of my paternal ancestors. This was done partly to throw additional light on the character of New England people of the best type, from whose ranks the Colony and College at Oberlin were recruited, and partly in order to establish the milieu of my father's boyhood and make his figure more intelligible.

3. *A New England Boyhood,* 1824-42.

My father spent his boyhood amid beautiful surroundings, adapted to develop the powers of body, mind and will in harmonious action.

There was his father's farm with its pebbly brook where the boy sailed his boats and built his water-mills. There were the hills all around; one of them "about a mile long" seemed made for coasting. I saw that hill for the first time last summer. Not a mile long, but long enough; steep enough for speed and thrill, but not dangerous—a hill for a Mid-

western child to dream of. Then, right on the farm, was the "old swimmin'-hole"—with the big rock where the boy cut his name so long ago—and a few rods away the Connecticut which the Lord had provided for swimming and boating when you were older. When Henry went away to school he built his own sailboat and could sail back and forth from his home to Meriden Academy, or to Dartmouth twelve miles away, tackling to a log going down-stream or hoisting his sail to the constant breeze up-stream.

These attractions, along with woods and waters for hunting, trapping and fishing—not to mention horses for riding—and the presence of oxen, cows, sheep, pigs and dogs, made the place a boys' paradise. Besides all that it was, and is, a perfectly beautiful country—one to make the heart of the landscape-painter stand still with delight.

But the social aspects of life were not less favorable. In that little town of Lyme, New Hampshire, were souls of every degree of magnitude and meanness and every shade of quality. There were men and women that would have been hard to match anywhere, whether for sheer ability, or for strength and beauty of character. I have known a few of them and am convinced of the fact. Those already spoken of have been distinctly of the better sort, and most of those still to appear will only add to your impression of the treasures of human dignity and worth that the town contained.

On the other hand, there were others that bore out the statement of John White when he said that "Some of the settlers of New England were the very scum of the earth." It is appropriate and just that the wicked be represented along with the righteous. Happily a tale comes back to me just now that we called "The Silver Shilling, or the Sailor and the Baker's Apprentice." Here it is:—

In the town of Lyme, my father told us, lived a baker, a miserly old rascal whose name I have forgotten; the boys called him "Stingyguts." This baker had for his sole helper a youth who had been bound over to him as an apprentice for seven years. During that period the boy practically belonged to his master. He was up long before daylight, making the fires or moulding the bread. He got nothing but his keep and once a week an extra loaf of bread.

As a special privilege the apprentice was allowed to take his master's horse and wagon and spend Sundays with his widowed mother in a village several miles away. On a certain Saturday evening—in those days Sunday began Saturday at sundown—the tired apprentice took his loaf, hitched up the team, climbed to the seat, and giving a shake to the reins on his horse and the cares on his soul, started off for a few happy hours at home with mother.

He had not been long on the way when he was hailed by a sailor who asked for a ride. Of course the boy assented gladly. Finding they were going in the same direction, the sailor promised the youngster that if he would set him down at a certain point by a certain hour he would get a shining new silver shilling. The place was reached on time, the shilling was handed over, and the happiest boy in New England drove on to his mother's home, thinking what wonderful things he could do with all that money; for he had never had so much at once in all his life.

On Monday morning the proud apprentice could not resist telling the master of his adventure and showing his prize. "Heh! and whose *wagon* did you have, and whose *horse* did you use to git that money with?" No argument was possible. The luckless lad handed over the silver coin . . . But wait! There was a third act to follow.

A few weeks later the sailor again made his appearance in the village. Hunting up his new friend, he inquired about his mother and how he was getting on. He asked the boy what he had bought with his money and heard in reply the story of his loss. Then was the heart of the rude seaman filled with rage unbounded. He went after that baker, tracked him to his lair and offered him an unreserved opinion of his person, his character, and his antecedents, in a speech the loss of which to oratorical literature is forever to be regretted. From that speech only a single fragment has survived,—"Small soul—*small?*—why, man alive, your soul would have more room in a mustard-seed shell *than a frog in the Atlantic Ocean!"* (My father, who understood language, said this was an example of hyperbole; but I think his judgment here is open to question.)

The reader has already had a glimpse into the home grandfather had built for his young bride about 1816, where my father was born and reared. Father used to tell us about the living-room with its enormous fire-place and sanded floor. Grandfather had arranged a big outside

door on either side of the room. When they were ready for a fresh back-log in winter, they hitched a horse to the log and drove right in through one of the doors and out through the other, leaving the log on the floor; after which the boys rolled it across the hearth to the back of the fire-place. They could put in a log which was almost a tree.

My father thought the winters were formerly more severe than now. He told how once it snowed for days on end until all the fences were covered and the giant drifts reached above the tops of the windows. They had to dig a tunnel from the house to the barn before they could feed and bed the cattle and carry the milk to the house. He told how after some days the sun thawed the snow and the weather turned cold and the surface froze—hard and solid—and the boys and girls skated for miles around the country—over the fence-tops.

He told of the long winter evenings about the fire, with the women busy at knitting and spinning, and the children working or playing as they chose. He himself loved to whittle, and draw, and model heads in spruce-gum, or work at his water-mills or practice the bass-viol. His mother used to stretch the imagination of the children telling them stories or reading grand passages of poetry—Homer and Byron. (That was before the modern notion had come into existence of leveling reading to the child's comprehension.) There would be refreshments,—doughnuts, roasted apples and cider, to fill the pauses and the healthy young stomachs.

Charles Henry Churchill, my father—the fourth in a family of eight—was born at Lyme, a tiny New Hampshire village unknown to fame, August 21, 1824. He was a normal boy of good intelligence and kindly disposition, of highly sensitive type but endowed with splendid physical strength.

Henry hated cruelty and injustice. He had a particular hatred for the bully—the man or boy (or woman) who presumes on strength, of one sort or another, to annoy and torture the weak. His nature was fiery and passionate and he had a quick temper, insomuch that his mother feared he might end on the gallows and said so; which seems like a joke now, to those who knew his mild and perfectly controlled manner with his students.

"Hen," as the boys called him, was a lad of medium height with black eyes, waving black hair and dark, ruddy skin. This last was a sore point with him. His quick temper made him a favorite victim for teasing, but he could stand it pretty well till they began on his complexion. He was angry when they spoke of him as "black Hen." But anyone who called him a "nigger" had a fight on his hands regardless of size or age.

Father went to school at four. At five he took his turn reading the Bible at family worship and was already beginning to read music on the blackboard. He thought they sent him too early to school, and would never let his own children go before seven or even older. His teacher, Miss Blake, must have been a remarkable woman. We have other evidence than the affectionately prejudiced verdict of Charles Henry. She it was who taught him to read music and started him in many other directions; in mathematics, for example, which he hated—this boy who was to become a teacher of mathematics. It was she who gave him his first start in drawing, as well as in reading, writing, and other subjects. This young woman, the daughter of an English clergyman, was a born teacher who loved children. She kept her eyes open and was always looking for chances to improve her technique.

A fresh interest in education characterized the time. A citizen of the town who had been reading about the reforms of Pestalozzi (his name deserves to be remembered, it was Arthur Latham) offered to pay Miss Blake's expenses to go and study modern methods in the Pestalozzian School recently established, I think in Boston. She was to pay special attention to the teaching of music to children. This opportunity she eagerly accepted.

Have you ever heard anything like this? Can you imagine a small farming community anywhere — now or a hundred years ago — that could hold a Singing School twice a week "with a hundred and twenty-four scholars" and support a church choir and orchestra like the one described?—could secure and retain a teacher of Miss Blake's quality and produce a citizen who would send her, at his own expense, to study methods? What are we to think of the assumptions so commonly accepted of the narrow-mindedness of New England? of the outright assertions by an otherwise liberal historian that there was "no suppleness" in their small lives?—that they dwelt in an atmosphere of hell-fire and selfish materialism? that "at the bottom of all that an American does is money;

beneath every word, money"? Are we to conclude that Lyme, New Hampshire, was absolutely unique? There must have been dozens of towns in New England that were very much like it, or at least something like it.

It was an interesting old town even then, as it is still. Settled in 1632, there were in father's time hardly over 1300 inhabitants. Even now its outward aspect is little altered. My brother Carroll and his wife went not long since to see it. Eleanor describes her impressions in a recent letter:—"We climbed to the belfry of the brooding old church and felt almost as if we were in the presence of grandfather and his helpers as we touched those huge beams which support the roof. We lost our hearts to the little village which seemed to be living in the times of a century ago; no where else have I seen so little change in the outward aspects of a New England hamlet."

Miss Blake kept her pupils fully occupied during school hours and after school there was plenty of work to do. Henry was compactly knit and at an early age was strong as a man grown. I have heard that at ten years of age he had ten cows to milk. It seems hardly credible. But he told me that at fifteen he took his place with the farmhands—swung his scythe in the line of mowers—and held it through the day. He told me this was wrong and that his strength was presumed on too much. But he was not too tired at close of day to play foot-ball as long as the light held and then to swim, jump or wrestle until bed-time.

"Hen" was good at almost anything that called for strength and dexterity and this trait continued until middle life. The boys liked tricks and feats of strength. One day a stranger showed them something quite new. He proudly sat down with his legs sticking straight out to left and right like a professional tumbler. This chef d'oeuvre was regarded with admiration by all except Hen. The boys twitted him with jealously and dared him to try it himself. "Poh," said Hen, "he ain't more'n half put together."

The games of a hundred years ago were just about like those of today,—hide-and-seek, goal, yard-off, with rudimentary forms of baseball and football, besides running, jumping, boxing, wrestling, quoits, jack-stones, duck-stones and kindred sports. Then there were stunts of various kinds, some of which have been forgotten.

Among these was one I have never seen and which, for the purposes of this chronicle, will have to be described. It was a combination of standing-jump and kick. Taking your position a short distance before a wall, you leapt into the air and struck the wall with both feet, after which you dropped back into position.

Henry and his friends would practice this by the hour on the side of the barn. Sometimes they put up a mark to aim at. If they smashed a plank occasionally it didn't worry them, they just nailed it up again. The blow thus struck is no laughing matter, especially when the feet are shod—as theirs were—with heavy, hand-made, cowhide boots. An old French lumberman who passed that way and saw them working at it said it was a *coup de savate*. That sounded interesting—"Koodsavat"—so the name was retained. If the old man had a queer smile on his face it meant nothing to them; I doubt if they ever thought of the trick as a means of defence. But it "came in handy" more than once during my father's career.

Neither time nor place was favorable for a good school. In those days hundreds of New England schools were being broken up because teachers could not keep order. Thrashing was frightfully common. Generally speaking, a teacher who couldn't lick every boy in the room had small hope of success. One seems to remember that the seal of the school that Wordsworth attended bore the figure of a schoolmaster with a Bible in one hand and a Rod in the other. That was only a little earlier and the tradition of corporal punishment had been continued on both sides of the ocean.

Then, in a little town like Lyme, there could be but one teacher and one room, with pupils of all ages crowded together. Some of the pupils were mere infants while others were strapping big bucks, older and taller than the teacher. These would often conspire to make trouble. The trying-out of a new schoolmaster was the most exciting event of the year. More than once my father was an eye-witness of such incidents. He did not participate in them, or if he did it was on the teacher's side. There was mischief enough in him—Heaven knows—but he had a grand sense of fair play. He was born to help the weak and—he adored Miss Blake.

Things came to a head one day when one of the larger boys kept on with something she had asked him not to do. She reproved him once,

twice and again, but it was no use. He refused to obey. "I don't like," she said, "to punish such a big boy as you are, but I am afraid I shall have to." So birch in hand she walked up to the sinner who rose and faced her with a grin. The little ones looked on with eyes of fear but some of the larger ones waited in eager anticipation. The fun was about to begin.

Now it happened that Hen Churchill was seated just behind the offender. Rising to his feet and catching a signal in his teacher's eye he sprang like a cat to the big lout's neck, bore him to the ground and held him there struggling, till the teacher had done what she had to do—thoroughly and well. In a word he held while she whaled. From then on the boy gave no trouble.

Not long afterwards something happened of a far more serious character. The offender this time was a full-grown man, a brawny rascal from the east edge of town who had acted very badly indeed. "Teacher" had done her best by him, speaking to him privately and trying to gain his friendship. Kindness and courtesy had failed. In the end it was a case of open defiance of her authority that would probably have broken up the school as it was intended to do. What her intention was no man can say, but when the time came the plucky school-mistress advanced against the foe like David against Goliath.

The ruffian stood his ground. He became offensive. He was not going to be whipped by any school-marm. At this instant young Churchill clearing his desk at a bound planted himself before his teacher. Had he stopped to think he would have known he stood no chance against such an antagonist, but he was too mad to think. "Get out," shouted the bully, "get out or I'll wring your neck—you black Hen you,—you nigger-chick." In that moment the boy would have done murder but he had no weapon. No weapon—nothing but hands and feet—his feet! ha, the "kood-savat!!" . . .

The blow was terrific. Henry's hobnailed heels took his opponent full in the pit of his stomach. He fell headlong and lay gasping and groaning on the floor, unable to move. As nothing more seemed to be needed the teacher walked calmly back to her desk and asked the pupils to resume their seats. Bye and bye the injured man got up and passed slowly from the room. He was not seen there again . . . After that for a long time the school was quiet.

Henry must have been at least as full of mischievous pranks in boyhood as in young manhood. Yet curiously enough I am unable to recall his telling us of even one; but my brother Frederick, in whose home father spent his later years, was able to preserve a few specimens. They date from the time when the boy was employed in his father's General Store, the only store in Lyme and the favorite resort for town-loafers as well as for good citizens, there being no other warm comfortable place where they could meet.

The young clerk often lost his patience with fellows of the baser sort, who took up so much room and made themselves so much at home, helping themselves to a handful of this or that and annoying the women customers with their loud talk. One night he saw a man slip a pat of butter on the sly into his hat. So, building a very hot fire he engaged the offender in earnest conversation near the red-hot stove until the butter melted and poured down his face. Another time the loafers were vastly amused at finding the hand of one of their number dripping with a dark-reddish sticky fluid. Noticing that the man had the habit of reaching over the counter and helping himself to a chew of fine-cut tobacco that was under the counter but within reach, Henry had removed the tobacco and substituted a tub of New Orleans molasses.

The thing that annoyed the boy most was to see the loafers take possession of the whole counter for use as a settee. Against the perpetrators of this nuisance he plotted a revenge so elaborate that it must have cost him hours of work. "He bored a series of holes all along the counter in each of which he put a darning-needle threaded to a long string beneath the counter and running to the backroom. Then one evening when the counter was full he went to the backroom and gave his string a good jerk which forced the needles half an inch or so into the hams sitting above them. It was a rising vote, and the vote was unanimous."

One would never have expected the little town to take so great an interest as it did in music. That the singing-school was an important New England institution is well known. Quite apart from its aesthetic value it provided a healthy emotional outlet. It had also a social importance quite different from that of the church-meeting, because it offered a different atmosphere and type of conversation. Then, too, it brought the young folks together under favorable conditions. The singing-school was a school of love as well.

In Lyme the singing-school and the church choir were the pride of the village. Nearly the whole Churchill family were members of both. Henry, already familiar with the common scales and keys, was singing soprano in the choir before he was ten. When he was twelve he received a precious gift.

A near relative of the family died leaving a legacy of twenty-five dollars each for Henry and his brother Carroll. It was a good deal of money in those days. Grandfather called the boys in solemn conclave. He told them he wanted them to spend this large sum wisely; for something that would last a long time to remind them of the giver; and for something that he himself could not have afforded. Carroll chose a gold watch which was duly purchased. Henry chose a bass-viol.

Grandfather hunted up a reliable violin-maker, placed the order, and in a few weeks the instrument was between Henry's knees. Pasted in the inside, on the back, was the usual paper label. It did *not* say *Antonius Stradivarius Ceremonensis, faciebat anno* 1719, but simply Abraham Cowley 1836, with the name of the town in Connecticut where the maker lived. (I think I have the name right but am not quite sure.) I found an old cello once in Janesville, Wisconsin, of the same maker and date. It was badly dried and cracked but good in model and finish. Do not these incidents cast a mellowing light on some of our impressions of old New England?

Before long Henry was playing his bass-viol in the choir. After a little he could play bass and sing soprano at the same time. As his voice got lower he changed to alto and after that to tenor, but in general he played bass while singing another part. We must remember that the music was simple. It was not like trying this feat with Bach or Brahms—nor even Dudley Buck! Probably it seemed a pity to the boy that the human larynx was not so arranged as to enable him to get in the full harmony.

The choir-work was good fun. It was pleasant to sit near Miss Blake and have a chance once in a while to do her some small service. There was a girl of his own age, too, that he liked so well he hardly dared to think about her. But the sermons of the Rev. Josiah Peabody were "awful long"—that is for young folks—and sitting in such a prominent place you had to keep still and behave yourself or the choir-master—

who happened to be your father—would get you as soon as church was out. Under these circumstances opportunities for diversion were decidedly limited. You might make a character sketch in the back of a hymn-book if you didn't try it too often and were careful to keep one eye on the parson so people would think you were taking notes on the sermon.

The tension was slightly relieved from time to time, as when Deacon Tuba Dandum, the blacksmith, gathered strength for a mighty effort and blew his nose like the last trump at the Day of Judgment. Then there was Deacon Bellows who had a way of dropping off to sleep as soon as the text was named and snoring all through the sermon to the extreme annoyance of the minister, with whom the honest Deacon was a very thorn in the flesh—which reminds me of a somewhat singular incident my father told us; an incident that might be regarded as an example of poetic justice.

One bright Sunday morning a young sailor finding nothing else to do in the little town strolled into the church. The choir was singing at the time and Henry was having his hands and mouth full carrying two parts at once. But as soon as his duties were over and the sermon was under way he was free to devote his attention to the stranger.

Casting an eye over the place, the visitor had chosen his seat on the front row of the gallery. Now it had been ordained before the beginning of the world (according to the doctrine of these good people) that the chosen seat should be situated directly above the one occupied by the lank form of Deacon Bellows in his pew on the floor below. That individual was enjoying his Sabbath rest as usual and before long the stranger, attracted by the curious sounds that rose from his wide-open mouth, ventured a peep over the gallery-rail and descried the unconscious Deacon—fast asleep with legs outstretched—a bandana over his forehead and his lean neck hooked over the back of the pew. The simple-minded sailor studied this phenomenon with unconcealed curiosity.

Meanwhile the black-eyed choir-boy was watching every motion and change of expression on the part of the stranger. Among other things he noticed a slight rolling movement of the tongue and jaw on the left side of the face; and he saw there—or thought he saw—a delicate heaving or swelling in the ruddy check. He was engaged with this detail when he

noticed the sailor-man raising his hand to his face in an innocent gesture, after which the swelling disappeared. Accordingly the watcher was not too much astonished, a moment later, when a thumb and index finger appeared above the horizon of the gallery with a tertium quid poised between them. But what the dickens . . . I say—this was getting interesting!

The hand crept cautiously over the edge of the parapet and stayed there. The bold tar steadied his arm on the rail, took careful aim—and let her go! It was a dead shot . . . With a choking cry the Deacon staggered to his feet and dashed madly out of the church.

In the little world of his native town Henry discovered many things that cannot be learned in a red schoolhouse or the books of the wise. If he knew only a few dozen people he knew them from way back, having observed them for years at different ages and in different situations and having heard tales about their ancestors to the third and fourth generation. He listened to the conversation of his elders at the table and on Sunday heard the talk of his father's guests. No doubt theology was the leading course at the Sunday dinner, but there were sharp discussions on slavery and other live issues.

If the Holy Sabbath sometimes seemed a long day, it still had its points. In the late afternoon came the family concert; then the simple supper—of bread and milk, doughnuts, pie and cheese—that tasted almost as good as the dinner. At sundown the Sabbath was ended and you might play or go swimming. In the evening mother might read the matchless stories of the Old Testament,—the story of Joseph and his Coat of Many Colors; or the story of Gideon and his Fleece, and how, with only three hundred men, he prevailed over the hosts of Midian that were "like grasshoppers for multitude"; or the story of the lovely Queen Esther and the gallows of fifty cubits whereon false Haman was hanged; or the one about David and Jonathan or David and Goliath; or that of King David and his wayward son—his beloved Absalom—dying, with his beautiful locks entangled in the oak. ("O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!")

Then there was Training Day and the militia. You could see the soldiers drilling and manoeuvering all day on the Common to the sound of

fife and drum. Sometimes you could hear the guns go off, by platoons —all together. Once in a while even the cannon might be fired.

Other interesting things happened to keep the town from stagnation. Lectures and concerts were given by visitors from outside. The statement is rather incredible but there is no getting around the fact. J. K. Lord, speaking in his *History of Dartmouth College,* of the important activities of the Dartmouth Handel Society, has this to say:—"This was also the period, under the influence of Lowell Mason and others, of a general revival in sacred music through the medium of conventions. In many of these the Handel Society took active part; at Lyme, October, 1844 . . . at Lebanon, November, 1853 (conducted for three days by Lowell Mason . . ." Our old letters show that the spelling-match was not the only intellectual activity the town could boast.

There were other contacts and influences the importance of which we can only half realize today. Journeymen carpenters jogged from town to town getting a job where they could and bringing news of the ouside world and all sorts of information about the villages and cities they had worked in. Once a year came the shoemaker, lived in your family, and made footwear for everybody. A wise old Odysseus he was, who had seen many things by land and sea and whose advent was eagerly hailed because he loved to talk. There were clock-menders, too, tinkers, and tin-peddlers. There might even be a painter from time to time with his brushes and paints who would paint you a good likeness for five or ten dollars "and keep." Such people came on foot more often than not, with their kits on their backs, for there was a great deal of foot-travel in those days.

Once in a while a sailor would pass through on the way to his home or to join his ship—a jolly young tar or a tough old salt out of any harbor from Portland to Nantucket—sailors from Boston merchantmen, codfishers from Gloucester with yarns of the Grand Banks, New Bedford whalers fresh from Behring Straits and Nantucket sperm-whalers with the lore of the Seven Seas. A load of fish was no uncommon sight in the village, frozen solid or salted, and stacked like a load of wood on a low-swung wagon.

Grandfather's sons enjoyed an advantage of city contacts that most of their companions never had. His wagon went every week to Boston for supplies for the store and some of the boys were sure to go with it.

My cousin Caroline tells me she thinks the "trip took nearly a week to go and come, even the mail-stage took two nights on the way. For heavy loads they used an eight-horse team." When grandfather sold sheep to Boston the boys drove them all the way to Brighton Market in Watertown. It must be remembered that there were neither trains nor commercial travellers at the time—the first trains came in about 1849—and then as now there was no station at Lyme.

The trips to Boston would in a few years count up to several score, while the time spent in resting between trips and purchasing supplies meant a total of many weeks' sojourn in the city. So my father began to be acquainted with Boston before he was twelve and by the time he left college must have known it very well. He probably owed the urbanity we recognized in him to these early contacts, for though he spent most of his life in Oberlin he was always at home in the city.

During these visits the boys would find lodgings with relatives of whom there were many living in Boston and neighborhood. People were more hospitable than now and family ties were closer. Among these relatives were numerous uncles, aunts, and first cousins. One of them was Dr. George Churchill, our family historian, whose records, however, have been lost; and there were the Southworths, the Lawrences, and the Coffins of Medford who had married daughters of the Churchill family.

4. *A New England College,* 1842-45

Dartmouth College, only ten or twelve miles away, opened its doors to Charles Henry Churchill, Freshman, in 1842. It offered the straight classical course—the old traditional course—consisting mostly of Latin, Greek and Mathematics, with some provision for the physical sciences and history, rhetoric and elocution. There is no mention of modern languages in the catalogue, except a statement that "instruction is given in the French language." (Modern languages received scant attention in the thirties and forties. Until 1825 no German was given at Harvard.) Almost the whole Senior Year was devoted to philosophy,—"philosophy of the mind," moral philosophy and philosophy of Christianity,—Butler's Analogy and Edwards on the Will.

Henry enjoyed his Latin and Greek. He read the great classics, achieving a mastery beyond the attained by any of his sons. I still have

his Homer, his Vergil and Demosthenes' Orations, beautiful old books printed in Leipzig more than a century ago. They are on hand made paper, bound in full or half leather, measure five and a half by three and a quarter inches in size, and are deliciously free from spoon-fed notes. The title page of the Homer contains the words,—HOMERI ILIAS, LIPSIAE SUMTIBUS ET TYPIS CAROLI TAUCHNITII, 1828. The books are as good as ever. They are not even dog-eared. My father's name is written in Greek letters inside the front cover. The class list appears at the back with caricatures of various students and their names written in Latin.

This was the Golden Age of caricature, of puns, conundrums and practical joking. Daumier and Thackeray were in their prime. Charles Lamb had been alive less than ten years before. The Rev. Theodore Hook, the King of Practical Jokers, was even later while Thomas Hood, the Prince of Punsters, died the year father graduated.

The humor of the day was healthy, candid and unsophisticated. Conundrums and puns were robust rather than subtle—a little obvious perhaps but witty and extremely effective—making modern efforts in these fields seem thin and feeble. If such a statement needs support it will be found in the following anonymous example of what might well be called the classic conundrum, which afford an idea of the kind of thing the boys liked a hundred years ago.

Probably every one knows that nobody need starve in the desert, because of the sandwiches there. But how came the sandwiches there? Shem and Japheth were bread there and Ham was between them. Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a broker? She drew a little profit from the rushes on the banks. What is the difference between the death of a barber and that of a sculptor? The barber curls up and dyes and the sculptor makes faces and busts . . . No modern conundrum has a chance of immortality compared with these.

College boys loved practical jokes and the Dartmouth boys were no exception. They got an infinite amount of fun rigging up a pan of water on the top of a bedroom door so that it would fall on the head of the fellow who passed below; or dragging a calf—or perhaps a cow or an ass—up the long flight of stairs to the college belfry. These tricks had ancient tradition behind them. One evening the boys turned the bell

upside down and filled it with water. It froze solid during the night and there was no chapel-bell for prayers next morning.

Here is a fair specimen out of many that my father had to his credit —or discredit—depending on the point of view. It should be known that Dartmouth had compulsory chapel twice a day—morning and evening. Morning chapel (as at Harvard and other colleges) was at five-thirty a. m., mercifully changed to six in the dark winter months "because there was no artificial light in the chapel." Wakened out of a sound sleep by the warning-bell on a cold winter morning the boys had hardly time to dress and tumble down Dartmouth Hall stairs to the assembly-room below. Some of them still had their night-shirts on under their pants and over-coats. Just after prayers came a before-breakfast recitation. A wood stove had been recently lighted in the recitation-room, but it was so cold you could see your breath and so dark you could hardly see the page.

About six o'clock then, on such a winter morning in 1842, a group of shivering freshmen were taking their accustomed seats and preparing to enjoy the wonderful beauties of Vergil's poetry. If a student happened to lapse into slumber once the recitation was under way, it called forth no remark. If the sleeper's name was called, he would be given a friendly jolt and the passage would be pointed out to him. That was only following the Golden Rule.

But there was one student—a big, lazy fellow he was—that had long presumed on the friendly offices of the boy who sat next to him. He expected to be waked up and have the passage pointed out every morning. Charles Henry had been used for this service until his patience was exhausted. He had resolved to put an end to the nuisance and was biding his time, when suddenly he saw his chance. One of the younger boys, a favorite with the teacher, was slow of thought and speech. His recitations were punctuated by long pauses. The teacher never hurried him because he knew that when the translation came it would be good. Waiting for such a pause, my naughty ancestor gave his seatmate a smart punch—and pointed to the passage. The big man plunged clumsily into the translation to the silent amazement of professor and pupils.

Father must have been a pleasant companion then as he was all his life, but no doubt the spirit of mischief sometimes carried him too far.

Once he cured a boy of going to sleep in church. His remedy was to hold a bottle of ammonia under the sleeper's nose. The remedy was justified in purpose, because it would help to keep the sinner's attention on the sermon and perhaps be the means of saving his soul. It was successful in operation. The head came up with a resounding thwack against the wall, waking the sleeper effectually. But the treatment had an unfortunate reaction. The patient was unreasonably annoyed by it. He impugned the motives of the operator and claimed that he had sustained an injury to his "octopus."

Father enlarged his curriculum by taking work on the side. There was an old French refugee—I believe a titled aristocrat—who was now earning his livelihood at Hanover making boots for the Dartmouth boys. This man was a scholar who knew the literature of his native land. Henry became his pupil during his college course. Years after father used to smile—very discreetly—at the pronunciation of certain persons who taught us French at Oberlin. When at last father saw France for the first and only time in his life, he was pleased to find that his own pronunciation was good and that he was almost a Frenchman himself.

Henry played football and other athletic games because he liked them and needed the exercise, and chess for diversion indoors. He was elected to Psi Upsilon. He made good friends—some of them lifelong friends. His room-mate was "Sam Willey," alias the Rev. Samuel Hopkins Willey, later the founder of California College, now the University of California.

The President of Dartmouth at that time was the Rev. Nathan Lord. I do not remember anything father may have said about him, except that he took a great interest in public speaking. Knowing that a large percentage of the students would enter the ministry and hoping that all would be leaders in their communities, he thought it a matter of prime importance that they should be good speakers. He had an excellent Professor of Oratory in the person of Samuel Gilman Brown, later President of Hamilton College. But Lord took hold of the work himself and taught the boys not only to walk and stand well and speak with spirit and conviction, ease and grace, but to enunciate clearly and pronounce correctly. He laid special stress on the right production of the voice; perhaps because his own voice had failed in early manhood and had never quite recovered its pristine strength and resonance. For all that he was a fine example of everything he taught.

Father had no gift for oratory, his personal talent lying in exposition rather than in arousing men to action. But he took a deep interest in the President's work and learned all he could from it. One rarely hears such unaffected and perfect enunciation as his was. He almost never mispronounced a word, while his voice-placing, both in speaking and singing, was proverbial later on in Oberlin, being held up as a model to students by teachers of vocal music and professors of rhetoric alike. As there is no record of his having taken voice lessons it would seem that he must have developed his own method; relying on his fine instinct, listening to the production of good singers, and profiting much from the instruction of the Rev. Nathan Lord.

President Lord must have been an unusual man—a fine man—both in character and scholarship. One of Dartmouth's historians tells us he had "the highest respect of the student body, a respect in many cases not unmingled with sincere affection." This veneration and affection did not, however, prevent them from playing practical jokes on him when they got the chance. Here is one that was celebrated in its time.

A small but nervy gang of students stole his closed carriage and ran it about eight miles out into the country with the idea of leaving it to get home as best it might. The way those boys tugged and sweated on the steep flanks of the New England hills—like Trojans hauling up the horse to the topless towers of Ilium! At the end their bones were aching and they were almost exhausted. Then President Lord, who had concealed himself in the carriage, stuck his head out and spoke to them. "Gentlemen, I have enjoyed the ride out very much and shall enjoy the journey home even better." So they dragged him all the way home again —but with what feelings we may hardly imagine.

In recording these incidents I do not seek to justify naughty boys, but only to throw light on extra-curricular activities of college youth in the forties and to show that the sons of the Puritans were not always the perfect models of propriety they ought to have been. As to my father, his parents' letters reveal the fact that he sometimes asked their prayers. It is evident that he needed 'em.

Besides encouraging his musical studies in other ways, his father bought him an instrument of novel design. It was a portable, keyed instrument, child of the accordion and parent to the melodeon. It had

no legs or pedals but was intended to be placed on a table; and the bellows were worked by the right and left elbows, while the fingers played on an ordinary key-board. I found one just like it a few months ago in the Metropolitan Museum collection, the only one I have ever seen. It is easy to imagine what a help such an instrument could be at serenades and social parties. Whenever the young man was invited out people would say "be sure and bring your baby."

Before long Henry began to figure in the musical life of the College. The Dartmouth Handel Society, organized in 1807, was now in its prime and he became a leading member. The records of the Society show that he was Secretary and player on the bass-viol in 1842-3; censor, first organist, and first bass-viol in the first semester of 1844-5; first organist and first bass-viol in the second semester of that year. There can be little doubt that he helped to engage Lowell Mason for the Musical Convention and the concert of the Society in his native town in 1844, already mentioned. As organist he would certainly have come in close contact with this precursor in our musical history.

It seems probable that he had already made Mason's acquaintance in the "conferences" and lectures he used to give throughout New England. During those many visits to Boston in his boyhood, father would naturally have attended concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society, to which ever afterward he was wont to refer as the chief inspiration of his musical life. Probably he visited Oliver Ditson's shop, the Mecca for musicians in those days, and made other valuable contacts.

It is certain that at Dartmouth he studied thorough-bass and played organ at chapel. We may only guess where he got his knowledge. He had learned to read notes at school. He had become familiar with four parts through singing each in turn as his voice got lower. He had made a first acquaintance with a keyed instrument through his "baby." After that came the organ work at Dartmouth; then the contact with Mason and possibly lessons from him in organ and thorough-bass; perhaps the recommendation of some book in that subject. How else account for the facts as we know them? . . . Mr. Henry L. Mason, who has made a study of the life and work of his famous grandfather, concurs with me in these surmises and adds that the book recommended would probably be the *Treatise on Harmony,* written and composed for the use of pupils at the Royal Conservatoire of Music in Paris, by Charles Simon Catel (1802). "Because in 1832 the work was translated into English and published in Boston with additional notes and explanations, by Lowell Mason."

The President's Page

THE BILL OF RIGHTS

Upon the submission of the draft of the proposed Constitution by the Convention to the several States, the battle for ratification was on. Wherever people gathered, whether in town meeting, church or at the crossroad country store, the topic was the subject of universal and virulent discussion. It raged for months and ratification became more difficult as the debate progressed. The issue comprised a number of phases: the old question of States Rights and State Sovereignty; the danger to personal liberty from a strong central government; sectional antagonism; class prejudices; desire to escape obligations and enjoy the phantasy of cheap money; backwoods life, where ignorance of the real need prevailed; and reluctance arising out of the fear of anything new.

Such giants and popular heroes as Patrick Henry, George Mason, James Monroe and Richard Henry Lee, with vigor and even vituperation opposed ratification. Arrayed on the other side were Hamilton, Jay and Benson in New York, King and Strong in Massachusetts. Madison was a tower of strength in Virginia, ably seconded by Randolph and the youthful John Marshall, ignorant of his great future career in constitutional history but already firm in convictions that were to give him immortal fame. The fact that Washington and Franklin had signed the draft carried great weight. Although Washington took no direct, active share in the ratification contest, he made no secret of his unqualified support in his correspondence and discussion with many visitors to Mount Vernon.

In Massachusetts, the proponents, facing the crisis of defeat, devised the remedy that made ratification possible. This was the proposal of amendments by the State conventions, not as a condition of ratification, although this had been generally demanded by the opposition, but as a recommendation of the proper consideration of which the proponents were "convinced." The chief feature of the amendments so recommended was a bill of rights, that the new central government might not become an instrument of tyranny, from which the citizens had recently been emancipated. Ratification was thus secured in Massachusetts on February 6, 1788, by the very close vote of 187 to 168. All of the States but one, ratifying thereafter, also proposed amendments.

Virginia was a pivotal state on which the successful inauguration of the Constitution turned. Patrick Henry, whom Lord Byron said was "the forest-born Demosthenes who shook the Philip of the seas" was "most awfully alarmed." He felt that the document threatened the hardwon

liberties of his people, principally because it lacked a bill of rights. Henry challenged the superb intellect of Madison, the revered name of Washington and also Wythe, Pendleton, Inness, Randolph and Marshall, the most resplendent gallaxy of scholars and statesmen ever to enrich the annals of American history. But the Virginia Convention ratified the Constitution by a bare majority of ten votes.

In the First Congress, on July 21, 1790, James Madison arose and asked the House "to indulge him in further consideration of the amendments to the Constitution" and pointed out that the faith and honor of Congress and that of public men throughout the land were pledged to amendments securing to the citizens such guaranties as were to be comprehended in the first ten Amendments. The Bill of Rights amendments were soon thereafter submitted by Congress to the several States and were ratified within two or three years. They became and are a part and parcel of the original Constitution. They are safeguards against the abuse of national power only, but they do not take from Congress any powers hitherto granted. The people had all their rights and liberties before they adopted the Constitution. These rights and immunities enumerated in the Bill of Rights were already in existence, because the Constitution was established to make the people's liberties secure against oppression by the government which they so wisely established. But the Bill of Rights specifically set forth these hard-won principles of liberty. It not only contributed materially to assure ratification of the Constitution itself, but was a reiteration in specific terms and a guarantee of liberty and freedom. In the light of the present enhancement of the power of the Federal government and the tendency to infringe upon the rights of the individual, the liberties and freedoms guaranteed by the Bill of Rights may prove a greater shield than was apparent at the time of their adoption.

It is said that those elder statesmen who framed the First Ten Amendments were never tired of quoting the immortal words of the elder Pitt in his speech on The Excise:

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter; the rain may enter—but the King of England can not enter. All his forces dare not cross the threshhold of the ruined tenement.

Today the Bill of Rights stands as a shield and buckler and to Mr. Big Government boldly proclaims "Beyond this Threshhold of Freedom, You shall not Pass."

LEHR FESS