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The President's Page

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF.

Nothing is more fully set forth nor more explicably expressed in the Constitution of the United States and the several States of the Union than the determination of their authors to preserve and perpetuate religious liberty, and to guard against the slightest approach towards the establishment of inequality in the civil and political rights of citizens premised upon differences of religious faith. Centuries of religious oppression and persecution by one party or sect succeeded by another, had taught those who framed our Constitution the utter futility of all attempts to proselyte religious opinions by the rewards, penalties, or terrors of man-made laws. They knew that a union of Church and State, like that in England, was wholly impractical in America and opposed to the spirit of our institutions; that any domineering of one sect over another would repress the energies of the people and tend to discontent if not disorder. Whatever may have been their individual religious faith, they recognized that persons of every religious persuasion should be made equal before the law, and that matters of religious belief and worship should be questions between a man and his Maker.

Innumerable cases have arisen under the first clause of the First Amendment to the Constitution. Religious zealots are continually resorting to the courts for relief. The conflict frequently arises when the activities of a particular sect infringe upon the personal or property rights of members of the general public. The Supreme Court has recently declared:

> *The right to exercise the liberties safeguarded by this clause lies at the foundations of free government by free men, and the court must in all cases weigh the circumstances and appraise the reasons in support of the regulation of those rights.*
>
> *"Freedom of thought" includes freedom of religious belief and embraces the right to maintain theories of life and death and hereafter which are rank heresy to followers of the orthodox faiths, and precludes the putting to proof of religious doctrines or beliefs.*

But while this clause safeguards the free exercise of the chosen form of religion, it embraces two concepts, freedom to believe, and freedom to act, and while the first is absolute, the second is not. The guarantee of freedom of religion is not a guarantee of immunity for violation of law. George Washington said:

> *Every man, conducting himself as a good citizen, and being accountable to God alone for his religious opinions, ought to be protected in worshiping the Deity according to the dictates of his own conscience.*

To the members of a Hebrew congregation, who had been fined and imprisoned under the Sunday observance laws of their State, George Washington wrote:

> *For happily the government of the United States, which gives to bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance, requires only that they who live under its protection should demean themselves as good citizens, in giving it on all occasions their effectual support . . . May the children of the stock of Abraham, who dwell in this land, continue to merit and enjoy the good will of the other inhabitants, while every one shall sit in safety under his own vine and fig tree, and there shall be none to make him afraid.*
>
> *May the Father of all mercies scatter light and not darkness in our paths, and make us all in our several vocations useful here, and in His own due time and way everlastingly happy.*

LEHR FESS

The Director's Page

The General Importance of Local History

Frequently I have been asked to give my views on the importance of local history and to have these views published in the QUARTERLY. I shall do so herewith and expand on certain aspects of my theory in future numbers.

Local history enables readers to get closer to the history of the people than does national history. Moreover it does so without getting *too* local and *too* petty. Obviously the story of the battle of Fallen Timbers concerns a great turning point in American History. Less obviously, but just as truly, the story of the Toledo War of 1835 reveals vividly several points of general significance: the effects of the introduction of the canal question into the western economy; the propensity of western communities for forthright action that may be called aggression or self defense, depending on the point of view; and the ability of state politicians to command the favorable action of national authorities in return for local political influence.

Every local event is part of a more general situation. Sometimes the connection is too trivial to play up. But often the connection is very real. For instance the Americanization of the Germans, the Irish, the Poles and other nationalities takes place in local terms, but is also "typical" of the process everywhere. Moreover the Polish immigrant came to Toledo for much the same reasons that he came to Chicago or Detroit. Hence if one wants to study the question of the Polish-American in Toledo he can find plenty of factors that explain the Polish-American anywhere.

Thus the more one studies important local subjects the more he is preparing for the eventual writing of the folk history of America. Think of what general folk history may some day be written when many local manifestations of such topics as the following are blended together: the Ku Klux Klan, art museums as educational institutions, the progressive movement of the early 20th century, the enforcement of prohibition. These are but single examples—hundreds could be cited.

Another reason justifying local history is that it is an adequate introduction to general history. Every national event or principle has its local manifestation or counterpart, approval or opposition. That is one reason why we are writing our six-volume history of Lucas County. It will eventually become the basis for the preparation of an Introduction to the History of the American People for use as a text in the eighth grade of the Toledo public schools. This plan will be described more in detail in another QUARTERLY.

RANDOLPH C. DOWNES.

The Tales and Travels of Turkey Foot Rock

By Kathryn Miller Keller

1. *Points of View.*

Like the magic *thrice* of an old wives' tale the spirit of Turkey Foot, the Indian warrior, has stirred from his grave three times to haunt the valley. Why?

The explanation you offer depends on your temperament. If you are of Hollywood persuasion you will begin your explanation in an orange technicolor glow with Turkey Foot silhouetted against the fire beneath the Council Elm speaking defiantly:

> *The Potawatomies, Ottawas, and Shawnees will follow the war-path . . . When the sun sleeps again the scalps of the pale face will hang on the belts of our warriors . . . The Manitou gave us this country and he bids us bloody the trail of our enemies.*[1]

With a crash of cymbals on the sound track, the color blazes up into a bloody montage: Council Elm crashing to earth, Kentucky Long Knives leaping through the branches, Mad Anthony bearing down on the scene and Turkey Foot reeling and falling. Then the sound track is deathly still and the colors fade to a tinted pastoral scene with rail fence, bubbling spring, and a mossy boulder over which the vapory outline of Turkey Foot hovers. He cannot rest because his decision brought his people the defeat and loss of their valley.

Or—perhaps you are a run-of-the-mill American who has been schooled in the cough-in-a-carload, walk-a-mile, so-round-so-firm philosophy of the ad writers. And so you theorize that since Turkey Foot's fellow tribesmen were accustomed to leaving tobacco offerings on the rocks in the years following the Battle of Fallen Timbers, and since they have long since departed the valley, the old warrior rises periodically to see what has happened to his supply of smokes. He needs one. To "sat-isfy", naturally.

Or—if you are a hard bitten skeptic, you say, "Look, this Turkey Foot business always starts when somebody wiggles the rock. O.K. So you move a stone, out crawl crickets, sow bugs, and maybe an old yarn about a dead Indian. So what? Maybe there ain't never been a Turkey Foot!"

2. *Oh! But There Was.*

If for no other reason poor Turkey Foot must rest uneasy because his very existence is denied so often. True, no one set down verbatim the orations of the Indians gathered in the dusk of August 16, 1794 as they debated the peace overtures of General Wayne. Yet by the very importance, the drama, and most of all the Indian defeat that followed next day at Fallen Timbers, could anyone who heard them forget the words of Little Turtle, "his head sprinkled with the frosts of many winters," as he cautioned against fighting the whites? Or the fiery phrases of Turkey Foot so determined to fight?

There must have been many who remembered and who repeated the orations to their children. One who heard and remembered was Chief Kin-jo-i-no who afterward lived in the Ottawa Indian village where Grand Rapids now stands. Nearby, the Howard family came to settle in 1821. Dresden Howard, a young boy in the family, was sent to school down river at Roche de Boeuf where the Presbyterian Mission for Indian children was established in 1822. Living with and learning with the Indian boys and girls, Howard became, as one might expect, their friend and confidant. He was welcome in the Indian villages and wigwams. And from the lips of Chief Kin-jo-i-no he heard many times of the fateful council and the battle with Wayne that followed.

Years later Dresden Howard in writing his memoirs set down the story as told to him by the chief and, as he said, he could tell much of it verbatim so vividly did it impress him. Howard's reputation is such that his memoirs have been recognized as *history*. One might add further that Howard himself was a cautious writer. For example in describing the battlefield at Fallen Timbers, he says, "I have not only the evidence of the gray-haired chief, Kin-jo-i-no, but the evidence of such men as Colonel George Knaggs, Peter Navarre and Uncle Peter Manor who were young men at the time of the battle."

In the account of the battle of Fallen Timbers as set down by Colonel Howard, Chief Kin-jo-i-no who was fighting there said:

We were driven back through the woods and swamps to the end of the hill, where the great chief of the Ottawas, Turkey Foot, exhorted the braves to stop and drive the pale face from our country . . . He stood upon a rock and called to the warriors to be brave and that the Great Spirit would make them strong. Suddenly his voice ceased, and he slid from the rock shot through the breast with a rifle ball and lay dying.

We were all around him fighting back the Long Knives and attempting to carry him away from the battle, but the Great Spirit had called and he lay dying. He commanded us to lay him down, and he would sing his death song. Many of our braves had fallen at this place . . . .

. . . the Great Spirit told them (the Americans) to cover the dead warriors with earth for he did not like to look into the dead faces. And many were covered with earth on the bank near the rock.[2]

One hundred years later a contractor grading the River Road unearthed skeletons and Indian spearheads close by Turkey Foot Rock—and incidentally found the Rock "to be in the way" thus touching off the second battle of Turkey Foot Rock. But this is getting ahead of the story.

Of this we can be sure, Turkey Foot is no legendary character. He lived. He died in the midst of battle.

For years after, Indians passing by made offerings of tobacco or whiskey, or a little parched corn to their dead chieftain laying the offerings on this Rock and scratching symbols thereon. It is said that one of the last things most of the Ottawas did before leaving for new homes in the West or in Canada was to make a pilgrimage to Turkey Foot Rock.

The earliest account known to me telling of Turkey Foot Rock is found in the diary of Cutting Marsh, Congregational missionary at Maumee in 1829-30. In an entry dated February 14, 1830, Marsh wrote: "There is a large stone at t. foot of presqueisle having t. print of a turkey, rabbits (and also of a horse's) foot on it. On this rock the In-

dians imagined some spirit who was angry with them, came and stood, during that battle, in t. form of a turkey; accordingly almost to t. present time they offer a sacrifice of whiskey & tobacco on t. rock whenever they pass it."[3] Dresden W. H. Howard, writing in the *Blade* of July 29, 1893 said, "Even in my time, in Pottawatomi characters was written that Turkey Foot died there."

3. *The Legend Maker: Count Coffinberry.*

Now the graves at Fallen Timbers were grass grown and the Ft. Meigs earthworks, thrown up in a later conflict, were also green when Robert Lucas, Governor of Ohio, arrived in Perrysburg for yet another "war." This was the Toledo War which proved bloodless but nonetheless real enough to make the recruiter's drum the pulsebeat of the town in 1835 as the Buckeye Boys waxed indignant over Michigan's claim to a strip of land—and vice versa.

Lucas moved into the front lines of the "war" over the boundary line when he came to Perrysburg. In his retinue as legal adviser was one Andrew Coffinberry, Virginian by birth, Ohioan by adoption, Maumee resident-to-be. Coffinberry was impressed with the Maumee country and at the close of the hostilities set up a law office in Maumee and then, of course, like other of his legal cohorts, (Morrison R. Waite, John C. Spink among them) "rode circuit." Coffinberry "had a grace and stateliness in court that secured to him the title of Count." His manner of dress must have been some provocation, too: "Colonial style excepting the short knee breeches."[4] Besides cutting a figure around town, Coffinberry was quite a wit. But more than that he had a poet's soul. The beauty of the Maumee country, the heroism that went into the struggle to make it American seemed to call for some Homeric literary effort.

Turkey Foot stirred for the first time. Perhaps here in the "Count" he had found the man who could tell and explain away the reason why the Great Spirit had suddenly taken away the valley and given it to the white man, why the Ottawas wept at his Rock and then straggled downriver to the Toledo docks to the melancholy tones of Indian flutes to be herded aboard steamboats that tugged them away from the valley they loved.

Well aware of the tragedy of the Ottawa warrior, Coffinberry picked up his quill and penned the *Forest Rangers* which was published in 1842. The *Forest Rangers* would evoke no huzzahs from the literary critics but at least this poetic work established the Count's right to be called the first (and only) epic poet of the Maumee country.

The Maumee valley at the time of Wayne is the setting. There were two lovers, of course, and they were separated, of course. This time it was an Indian border raiding party responsible for the two hearts torn asunder. Several cantos later the lovers meet again but in the meantime the American army moves steadily toward Fallen Timbers. The death of Turkey Foot (appearing as Me-sa-sa in the poem) is duly described:

Yet at the foot of red Presque Isle
Brave Me-sa-sa was warring still
He stood upon a large rough stone
Still dealing random blows alone
But bleeding fast; glazed were his eyes
And feeble grew his battle cries
Too frail his arms, too dim his sight
To wield or aim his ax aright
As still more frail and faint he grew
His body on the rock he threw
As coursed his blood along the ground
In feeble, low and hollow sound
Mingled with frantic peals and strong
The dying chief poured forth his song.[5]

Whereupon Turkey Foot went back to his Rock and "stayed put" for another fifty-odd years. But it may be that Count Coffinberry in choosing to memorialize the chief in fictional form unwittingly planted the seed which has bloomed time and again: "There was no Turkey Foot. It's only a story." For the people around Maumee, while probably all aware that that "lawyerfellow" had written a book, were too busy with establishing a new town, new businesses, new homes to question what was fact and what was poesy. Almost fifty years had passed since Fallen Timbers and only a handful of Maumee residents of 1842 would have been in the valley at that time, 1794. So, Turkey Foot and his Rock were simply "stories."

4. *Skeletons, Centennials and Skulduggery.*

Came the year 1899 and the second battle of Turkey Foot Rock.

The Maumee country, no longer frontier, had become bumptious and booming. The Spanish American War brought about a flurry of memorial building. Perrysburg was holding meetings to plan a soldiers' memorial. The catalapa tree planted on the courthouse lawn on the day a local contingent of volunteers left town for the battlefront was now duly marked with a plaque. In short, the populace was becoming monument-minded.

Railroads and interurban lines were unreeling from every direction to Toledo. Big town—*Toledo!* New glassworks going up in Rossford. Mr. Libbey's glassworks in Lower Town that made such a showing at the World's Fair in Chicago six years ago. New Lucas County Courthouse right up to the minute with pillars and dome just like the classical style at the World's Fair.[6]

World's Fair—World's Fair. An idea kept cropping up in some men's minds. Chicago had practically pulled itself out of the red with that Fair and built it out of nothing you might say—just drained off some marshy lakefront and put up a pasteboard and plaster scene to rival old Greece and Rome! Now if there was anything Toledo had plenty of, it was marshes! And what city couldn't use the extra shekels and all the advertising to boot?

A new century was at hand—but better than that a century of Ohio statehood ought to be properly celebrated in 1903. Well, it was practically an accomplished fact! A Centennial Commission came into being in Toledo. Stock was sold. Work began out Summit Street near old Manhattan. (It's Bay View Park today.) Toledo would have the State Centennial Celebration!

It's amusing that Toledo should have thought itself the logical and appropriate part of the state for such a celebration because as of 1803 about the only people to whom the mouth of the Maumee mattered very much were the Indians who filed into Fort Industry for the annual distribution of gifts. And since the matter hadn't been settled—

or for that matter even disputed—the mouth of the Maumee was generally considered to be part of Michigan!

Against this background of monument and memorial making, and Centennial stock selling, came the discovery in October that Turkey Foot Rock was "in the way" by the contractor engaged in grading and stoning the road from Maumee to Waterville. The Toledo *Blade,* October 6, 1899 noted that it was in the way and would have to be taken away from its present location or it would be likely to be pushed to one side. One will note that "have-to-be-taken-away" for though the *Blade* made no mention of what was on the Centennial boys' minds, there must have been a leak of information upriver to Perrysburg. The editor of the *Journal* there not only reported the Rock was in the way, but that there was a possibility that it would be taken to Toledo as an attraction at the Centennial. (This appeared on October 13 the day after the "terrible thievery" as we shall see—but, of course, the *Journal* being a weekly would have been ready with its copy before the deed was discovered.)

The Centennial attraction idea incidentally struck a sour note with the Perrysburg editor. Why not move Fort Meigs, too, he asked logically enough, or dip up water from the lake where Perry's victory took place? "What's the use of having historical places and things scattered about the country?"

October 12, the Toledo *Blade* reported that Turkey Foot Rock had turned up missing. A party of gentlemen interested in getting the Rock for the Centennial had visited the spot and found it gone. The "gentlemen" at first thought it was just the farmers' little joke around Maumee way but not so.

At this point the reporter who might have known more than he put into print, we suspect, climbed up to straddle the issue in a most amazing paragraph or two.

On one side he pointed out that the Rock had no interest whatever to the Maumee people! It "mattered little to them whether the rock was covered up in a ditch improvement or whether some farmer broke it up to make foundations for a new barn." But, Toledo had such good things planned for the rock—too bad, too bad. Then swinging in the other direction, he said, the old thing probably wasn't worth anything any

way. It was, after all, just a rock that laid *near a famous battlefield.*

He had evidently worked himself up into a feeling of editorial omnipotence perched up there straddling the fence for, evidently without consulting anyone or any text, he proceeded to describe this "battlefield." The battlefield was the place where Proctor was massacring the brave Kentuckians when Tecumseh put a stop to it, and Chief Turkey Foot had a home here. But as a "matter of history neither Chief Turkey Foot or any member of his family—if there was such a chief or such a family—had anything to do with the rock. General Wayne and Tecumseh did not sign articles of peace on the rock as these men never entered into a treaty of peace." It was simply an old rock which marked the battlefield from which Tecumseh witnessed the massacre of Kentucky soldiers.

May we enter our own punctuation: ! and !! The poor man had succeeded in getting two wars, two generals, and two Indian chiefs entirely confused![7]

Friday, October 13. Surprise! the Rock had proved to be "not lost, strayed, but appropriated." Everything was cozy. The rock had been in the back of Moreton's Trucking Co. barn on Huron Street since Wednesday, 8 p. m. It was going to be exhibited at the Centennial (which was four years hence, mind you!) and would probably be permanently placed in Courthouse Square.

If the theft of the Rock had been vinegar to Maumee this last development, proposed placement in Courthouse Square, must have been gall and wormwood. Forty-seven years could not have entirely erased the sting of losing the county seat to Toledo. No wonder that this *Blade* article felt bound to report also that Maumee was incensed and that some "hot heads were even talking of a lynching bee." The *Blade* went even farther. It told the story of Turkey Foot Rock *sans* Proctor, massacre, and Tecumseh. In fact that gave old Chief Turkey Foot head billing and allowed him to die just where history said he did—on Turkey Foot Rock.

There was one odd note. On Wednesday afternoon the Centennial Commission had passed a resolution to defray the expenses of moving the Rock and instructed Secretary Lem Harris to secure it. But at the very

moment the resolution and instructions were given, the Rock was already aboard the dray making its way to Toledo! In the face of this and the fuming up in Maumee it was no wonder that the Moreton officials declared themselves utterly in ignorance of what had been in the barn for almost two days. Some now-vague group of "prominent gentlemen" supposedly had left instructions with somebody, also unknown, to go up and get the Rock.

As for Maumee's indignation the Perrysburg *Journal* editor said folks over in Maumee, "that cemeterial town," are mad. "It is really too bad that the people of that fossilized village should be so rudely disturbed from their slumber but their anger will be much like the opening of a champagne bottle—a big pop, a small fizz, which will soon be over and the people will sleep as of yore."[8]

But Maumee kept right on "popping" and "fizzing." So much so that news of the furore reached at least as far as Dayton, we know, for a newspaper published there reported the theft and commotion which "nearly awoke the old boy (Turkey Foot) feathers, tobacco and all." At a safe distance from the scene, Dayton could indulge in the sacrilegeous speculation that if the rock found its way to the Courthouse Square in Toledo "it might continue to be the recipient of diurnal tobacco libations by the prize expectorators of the amber juice."[9]

Maumee remained excited. In the midst of letters to the *Blade* and general comment, one practical suggestion came up: Mr. Daniel F. Cook on whose farm the rock had rested should take action.[10] Also a Turkey Foot Rock Monumental Association came into being in Maumee. Just exactly what transpired is lost but on October 21, the *Blade* reported:

BACK THE OLD ROCK GOES

The Rock was taken back to the Cook farm until the Centennial opened. (It never did open of course.) The Centennial planners assured the Turkey Foot Rock Monumental Association that it had always been willing that the Rock *should* go back to Maumee![11]

Perrysburg said that the return of the Rock brought about "a celebration in regular Dewey style, many of the Maumee people cheering and rejoicing while a few native Indians of that village made offerings

of tobacco and whiskey to themselves as manifestation of their supreme joy over the return of the treasure." The *Journal* with another barb said that the stealing would probably be good advertising for the Maumee Valley Railroad which was then planning to extend its line to Waterville so that when the Centennial took place every visitor would ride upriver to see the place where the boulder was (or had been.) Who knows but what President Detwiler (of the railroad) had planned the whole thing?[12]

Just because Perrysburg sneered at Maumee is no sign she was in Toledo's camp! Toledo was entirely too push-y according to a "Mr. Flynn" who (a real or a fictional mouthpiece for the editor) asked in the November 17 *Journal*: "Oid ye notice how them Toledo fellers claim everything that's great: Why if Cubie is ever attached to the Unoited States they'll try to get it hauled up and stuck into Toledo. If Manilla is ever taken they'll push it up to Toledo to make rope of it."[13]

The stone somewhere in its peregrinations was weighed and photographed (its picture appears in Gunckel's *School History.*)[14] Then it seems to have been unceremoniously rolled off along the river bank somewhere in the vicinity of its original location.[15] By mid-November the Maumee *Advance* editor was writing that it was high time the Monumental Association lay plans for preserving the stone. Land ought to be secured and a fence put around it.[16]

Daniel F. Cook donated the small plot on which the Rock rests today, deeding it to the Turkey Foot Rock Monumental Association. This group transferred title to the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society, eventually, in whose care it remains.

And so the second "haunting" ended.

5. *The Third Time.*

In 1950 the old Ottawa stirred again. Seemingly he was no surer of his grave or historic recognition than he was in 1842 or 1899.

The Anthony Wayne Memorial Parkway Board is laying plans to make its north-south route across the state as historically interesting

as possible. At its 1950 meeting the suggestion came up that perhaps Turkey Foot Rock could be moved uphill to the Trail, close by the Fallen Timbers Monument so as to be more easily visited by tourists.[17] In this day of efficiency and hurry-up pilgrimages this is, of course, hardly a suggestion to raise an eye brow. But then some one stated that it probably didn't make any difference where the Rock was dropped because the whole Turkey Foot episode was just folklore . . . .!

The Toledo *Blade* editorialized: "Erudite scholars . . . have had a field day of recent years at destroying the faith of Americans in the authenticity of historical objects. It's reached the point where a school child who once would have looked on Plymouth Rock with round-eyed awe, now sneers that 'it's probably something the Chamber of Commerce dragged in during the depression.' "[18]

A feature article by Lee Z. Hafkin of the *Blade* staff appeared in a Sunday edition of the paper based in the main on the Dresden Howard Memoirs to point out that Turkey Foot was a real historical character in Maumee history.[19]

Recently an expert in Indian pictographs from the Detroit Aborigine Society, Mrs. Margarette E. Pryor, visited Turkey Foot Rock in company with Karl Parchert, president of that society and a member of the Michigan Archaeological Society, Dr. Randolph C. Downes of the Historical Society of Northwest Ohio, and Robert Bauman, authority on Indians of the Toledo area, curator of the Dearborn Museum and adviser to Governor G. Mennen Williams on Indian matters of Michigan.

Once there were many markings on the stone. A few remain. After studying their position, size, and direction Mrs. Pryor decided that the rock symbolized more to the Indians than just the death of Turkey Foot. The Indians must have believed that the boulder housed the spirit of the Turkey god who ranked high in their religion as the one who brought fire from the heavens to their people. There is often told the story that in the midst of battle the figure of the Turkey god appeared on this rock foretelling defeat for the Indians.[20]

Small wonder that the Rock became a sort of religious shrine to the Ottawas as long as they were permitted in the valley; it housed their Turkey god, it marked the death spot of their chief, and most of all it

was symbolic of their loss in battle and their ultimate loss of Maumee homes and fields.

Three times it has happened, as in all good stories. Three times, 1842, 1899, 1950 the ghost of Turkey Foot stirred and roamed the valley.

Will he rise again?

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2. Howard, Dresden W. H., "The Battle of Fallen Timbers as Told by Chief Kin-jo-i-no," *Northwest Ohio Quarterly,* Vol. XX, No. 1, Jan., 1948, p. 37.
3. Manuscript in State Historical Society of Wisconsin Collection.
4. Love, N. B. C., "The Pioneer Poet Lawyer," *Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society Publications,* Vol. X., p. 305.
5. Coffinberry, Andrew, *The Forest Rangers,* (Published by Wright and Leg, Columbus) 1942, pp. 195-6.
6. The Libbey Glass Co. building at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago was designed by the Toledo architect, David L. Stine. Mr. Stine also designed the Courthouse which was opened in 1897. The Chicago Fair, incidentally, was held in celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. "Hard times" held up the opening so that the Fair was held in 1893 instead of 1892. Almost the entire Fair was built in the classic style of architecture which marked a turning point in building styles in America which from the time of the Civil War had been building homes and public buildings in Gothic, Italian villa, and other styles.
7. The massacre of Kentucky soldiers which the writer had in mind occurred during the War of 1812 and down river approximately where the Lucas County Public Library stands. Under Colonel Dudley a band of soldiers crossed over to the British batteries at night to spike the guns. They succeeded but when a few Indians made a show the Kentuckians went after them in hot pursuit—which was exactly what the Indians had hoped for. Falling on the Kentuckians they killed some, made others run the gauntlet, and tortured many. The British General Proctor made no effort to stop the savages but Tecumseh, the Shawnee chief, did put a stop to the massacre saying that Proctor if he could not stop the Indians was fit only to wear petticoats.
8. *Perrysburg Journal,* October 20, 1899.
9. *Dayton Journal* quoted in *Toledo Blade,* Oct. 18, 1899, p. 5.
10. *Toledo Blade,* Oct. 16, 1899, p. 4.
11. *Toledo Blade,* Oct. 21, 1899, p. 6.
12. *Perrysburg Journal,* Oct. 27, 1899.
13. *Ibid.,* Nov. 17, 1899.
14. Gunckel, John, *School History,* p. 36.
15. The Rock may have done quite a bit of "travelling." In the *Quarterly* of the Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio, October, 1933 one finds the following statement from Mr. R. C. Holloway of Delta, Ohio to the editor (the letter dated Nov. 22, 1926): "I remember my grandfather and my father discussing the original location of Turkey Foot Rock and they both said that when they came to Maumee it was located west and north of its present location that is, up the river and farther back from the road up on top of

the hill—it was presumably brought to the road for the convenience of tourists and to avoid tramping over the fields." Mr. Holloways's grandfather and father came to Maumee in 1834 and purchased the farm, part of which is now the cemetery along River Road.

Mr. William Keller of Sylvania, Ohio as a young man lived with his family on the farm which is just adjacent to and upriver from the present Fallen Timbers State Park. He says that before the "theft" the Rock lay close along the River Road. When Moreton's dray brought it back, the Rock was tumbled off on the river side of the road close by a flowing sulphur well there. Mr. Keller happened by the spot when the Rock was being placed in the little plot of ground donated by D. F. Cook. Dan Heffelbauer, a contractor and carpenter of Maumee and his hired hand, Fred Bostdorf (or Botsdorf), were moving the rock with block and tackle and Mr. Keller "gave them a hand" until the Rock was properly placed.

16. Perrysburg *Journal*, November 10, 1899 quotes Editor Seavolt of the Maumee *Advance*. Unfortunately this writer has not been able to locate a file of Maumee papers of the year 1899.
17. Toledo *Blade*, August 11, 1950.
18. *Ibid.*, August 12, 1950.
19. *Ibid.*, September 17, 1950.
20. *Ibid.*, Sept. 28, 1952.

"Aunt Laura"
The Story of Laura Haviland

By Lillian M. Miller

Old Ben, a negro, was snoozing comfortably in his Lockport, New York kitchen when a group of local wits put a charge of powder in his trousers and blew him almost to the ceiling. The little Quaker girl who witnessed the incident was incensed over this treatment of a negro and her censure lasted for eighty-odd years. At the time of Uncle Ben's rise in the world her name was Smith. Some years later a young man changed it to Haviland, but the hundreds of people who came in contact with the spry little woman who was nurse, teacher, foster mother, lecturer and reformer knew her better as Aunt Laura.

In that interim when America was licking her Revolutionary War wounds and rolling up her sleeves for another punch at John Bull, a family of Quakers with a twang of New York and Vermont in their speech settled at Kitley, Ontario. The gifts which Daniel and Sene Smith may have exchanged on Christmas Day, 1809 paled beside the bundle that had arrived a few days before. Daniel being an approved minister in the Society of Friends, and his wife being an elder, they no doubt prayed over the new daughter and they named her Laura.

Why Daniel Smith had moved west only to pull up stakes six years later and go back to New York state is unknown. They settled in a spot in Niagara county which was three miles from a school. Rather than send the children this distance Mrs. Smith took over their instruction which had been begun in a regular school in Canada. This tutelage amounted to little more than a spelling lesson each day but Laura was an apt pupil and soon was spelling out the lessons in the readers which she borrowed from the neighbors. When these were exhausted she tackled her father's books. One which particularly fascinated her was John Woolman's history of the slave trade. Wide eyed she read of slave ships where dead blacks were tossed overboard to sharks, and of Southern plantations where overseers meted out harsh punishments. A session with Mr. Woolman usually ended in tears.

With this graphic background Laura encountered her first negro—old Uncle Jeff who hawked merchandise in the streets of Lockport. One day as he was chanting "Gentlemen and ladies' black silk stockings of all colors for sale!!" a gang of boys pelted him with mud and sang out, "Nigger! Nigger!" The old man looked at them sadly and said, "Boys, I am just as God made me and so is a toad." The badgering began again and the seeds of crusade were sown in the heart of Laura Haviland.

Laura was an earnest child much concerned over affairs of the soul. Death was common among the children of her acquaintance, and upon hearing of the demise of a playmate she would quickly ascertain his exact age. If he were under ten she breathed more easily, for she had once heard her father say that it was his opinion that a child was not responsible for his actions up to the age of ten. When she first heard this opinion she was only eight years old and she was much relieved to find that she still had two carefree years before worrying over salvation.

Her faith in the Bible was shaken. She heard her mother and father discussing the Scriptural phrase "And they are no more twain, but one flesh." She gleaned the idea from their conversation that whatever Father was thinking, Mother also knew. She put this to a test one day by asking her mother where her father had gone. Perhaps he was in the barn. Maybe he had gone to the Coleman's. When Laura investigated both spots and did not find him her mind was made up about the Bible. At least one thing in the good book was untrue and ever after that when the Bible was cited as an authority she would say to herself, "It may be true, and may not, because I tried one thing it said and that was not true."

One autumn evening, Laura and her younger brother, Harvey, shuffled through the leaves toward Uncle Ira's house. They were filled with expectancy over the prayer meeting which was to be held there. Daniel and Sene did not accompany their children for this was a Methodist, not a Quaker, meeting. At the meeting a young girl of Laura's age gave testimony of the comfort she had found in union with the Lord. Laura, thirteen and in the throes of adolescent seriousness, wished that she might have a similar experience. On returning home she packed Harvey off to bed and went out back of the corn crib to pray. She lists this as one of the most difficult things she attempted in her lifetime. The children returned to the meetings several times and Laura became more firmly convinced that this was the true manner of worship rather than

that practiced by the Quakers. She became so upset over the matter that her parents forbade her to attend any more.

In the winter of 1825, sixteen year old Laura and Charles Haviland, Jr. were married. Even when her parents pointed out that Charles was a staunch Friend it failed to convince Laura that the marriage would be a success. More than ever she felt that she was living a lie by attending the Quaker church while she honestly felt that the Methodists were right. The tension mounted until the singing of a bird or the waving of a field of grain were enough to send her into a flood of tears. "Every head of the wheat is bowing in mourning with me," she wrote.

In the early 1820s the Comstock family left Lockport, New York and came west to Detroit. There, a friend advised them to investigate the land around Tecumseh and they found it quite satisfactory. Following them came a great number of Quakers from Lockport, all of whom settled along the Raisin River with the idea of establishing a strong Quaker community. Soon their numbers were so great that the old name of Pleasant Valley became Friends' Valley and it is still used to designate the stretch along the river from Adrian to Tecumseh.

The Smith family were some of the first to come, and they were followed four years later by Laura and Charles Haviland and their two infant children. With the coming of the Quakers the valley came to life. Adrian was laid out by the Comstocks in 1829 and five Quaker churches sprang up. Laura's father was pastor of the Raisin Valley congregation; Charles Haviland was pastor of the Raisin Center church.

As was true in many congregations, the question of slavery split the membership of the Friends' church. The Smiths, the Havilands and several other families had joined with Elizabeth Margaret Chandler to form the first anti-slavery society in Michigan. This move was highly offensive to the ruling portion of the Church since years before they had freed all of their slaves and considered themselves free of the question. At the anti-slavery meetings members of other denominations made it the custom to open the meetings with prayer. In Laura's words, this was thought to be "letting down the principles of the Ancient Friends." The group of Quakers who had espoused abolition finally decided to withdraw from the Quaker meeting. Finally, after nine years, Laura's

dilemma had resolved itself. She was free to join the Methodist church, and she carried her family along with her.

Adrian boomed with activity in 1837. The Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad made its first run into Toledo. Out in the country the Havilands opened a manual school known as the Graham school. The pupils consisted of the four Haviland children and nine orphans taken from the county poorhouse. Laura gave the children formal education for four hours a day. The rest of the time was given over to work and play. The boys did farm work under the supervision of her husband and her brother, Harvey. The girls did housework, knitting and sewing. This arrangement continued until the financial burden became too great and the school was disbanded. All of the children were placed in private homes with the exception of two invalids who were sent back to the home.

By the 1840s, a number of negroes had drifted into Lenawee County. Some were freedmen, others were escaped slaves who aimed to reach Canada, but having arrived in Michigan considered themselves reasonably safe. Among the Adrian Quakers they were treated so kindly that many of them preferred the risk of recapture to the leaving of this friendly settlement. On the whole, however, life was hard for these people. They had little chance of getting ahead because of their lack of education. There was not a school in Michigan at that time which would admit a negro.

Laura's brother, Harvey Smith, who had attended Oberlin College infected his sister with his enthusiasm for the Oberlin plan which said that any good moral character regardless of sex or color should be admitted to the school. They decided to open a school patterned after this plan. It would be primarily a teacher training institute for nothing was so scarce in early nineteenth century Michigan as teachers. Harvey sold his 160 acre farm to finance the first school buildings which were designed to accommodate fifty students. The school was called the Raisin Institute.

Under the direction of Oberlin-trained principals, the school flourished and soon it had the name of being one of the finest in the state. Laura was told that if she would just forget about taking in negroes that it would be the most popular school in Michigan. Raisin Institute was al-

ways filled to capacity. It was a motley array of students that trailed into the two-story frame buildings for instruction. Negroes who could neither read nor write sat beside the daughters of some of the most prominent families of the state. There were objections, of course, to negroes in the classroom. One young lady from Jackson County wept bitterly at discovering a negro in her class and wrote home demanding that someone come for her at once. Travel was not so easy and by the time papa got around to calling for her at Christmas time the Jackson belle was turning to one young negro for help in mathematics and to another for help in parsing sentences. The students overcame their prejudices but outsiders still referred to the school as the "nigger school" or the "nigger den."

Life in the school ran smoothly. There were occasional disturbances such as eight students being suspended for going to a dance under the guise of going to an oyster supper. On the whole, things were in fine fettle and in 1847 Raisin Institute received its charter from the state.

But if the school was running smoothly, Laura's personal life had been completely disrupted. In the spring of 1845 a wave of inflammatory erysipelis hit the Haviland and Smith families, and in six weeks time Laura buried her father, mother, sister, husband and her youngest child. She contracted the disease herself but recovered. She accounts for this by saying that she would not let the doctors come near her but ordered her family to pour pitchers of cold well water over her. At 37 she was a widow with seven children and the staggering debt of $700 bequeathed her by her husband. One era had closed and another was opening.

Laura plunged into anti-slavery work which kept her occupied until the close of the Civil War. She established the first underground railroad station in Michigan[1] and made education available to the negroes who had settled in Friends' Valley. One incident in connection with her anti-slavery work reads like a melodrama.

There was living on the Haviland Reserve at Adrian a negro named Willis Hamilton. He had been freed by his master and had smuggled his wife away from the plantation where she was held slave. They had lived in Canada for a time but had come to Michigan hoping to find a better living. The wife, Elsie, had consented to return to the States only

if they could settle in a vicinity where there were a number of Quakers, and thus they had decided on Adrian.

Once established near the Haviland farm, the Hamiltons wrote back south trying to locate their two children who were still in slavery. They hoped to arrange their escape but the letter fell into the hands of Elsie's former master. A sizable reward had been posted for Elsie and the slave catchers came north post haste. Raisin Institute's tin horn used to spread slaver alarms sounded loud as the southerners rode into the neighborhood. Through the cleverness of Laura Haviland the captors missed their prey even though they stopped at the Hamilton cabin to ask directions.

A short time later a letter arrived from Toledo saying that an old friend of the Hamiltons was desperately ill in a Toledo hotel and that he wished to see Willis and Elsie. Suspecting a trap, Laura ordered the Hamiltons to stay in Adrian while she, her son and another colored man went to Toledo. They visited the Toledo Hotel[2] met the supposedly ill man, found their negro companion had been kidnapped, rescued him from a locked room and finally boarded the train to return to Adrian.

A delegation of negroes and white sympathizers having heard of the trouble were at the depot to render any aid which the Adrian delegation might need. Things were peaceful enough until the slave catchers appeared and bought tickets for the eight o'clock train to Adrian. Then followed a chase such as one sees in slap stick comedy. Wherever Laura sat in the coaches the slave catchers would sit beside her. They raced from one coach to another until Laura dodged into a seat with another woman, and her friends threw a cordon around her. Just then the conductor came through the train and Laura said to him, "I suppose we will be perfectly safe here, should we have trouble on our way to Adrian?" The board of directors of the Erie and Kalamazoo would have beamed approval on the conductor's reply. "Most certainly," he said. "I vouch for the perfect safety and protection of every individual on board this train."[3]

The train puffed out of the depot, headed through the woods and up the slight grade that now marks the southern boundary of Ottawa Hills, and directed its efforts toward getting to Sylvania. This excerpt

from Mrs. Haviland's book "A Woman's Life Work" best describes what happened next:

Near Sylvania, a small town ten miles from Toledo, the train halted to sand the track, and our chivalrous friends got off. Chester and his son Thomas (the slave catchers) stationed themselves about three feet from us; and Chester pointed to James and said in a low voice: "We'll see you alone some time;" and turning to my son, "You too, young man." Then directing his volley of wrath to me, he roared out: "But that lady there—you nigger stealer-you that's got my property and the avails of it—I'll show you, you nigger thief;" and drawing a revolver from his pocket his son doing the same, they pointed them towards my face, Chester again bawling out, "You see these tools, do you? We have more of them here (holding up a traveling bag) and we will have that property which you have in your possession . . ."

Man, I fear neither your weapons nor your threats, they are powerless. You are not at home—you are not in Tennessee. As for your property, I have none of it about me or on my premises . . .

Pale and trembling with rage they still shook their pistols in my face and Chester, in a choked voice exclaimed; "I'll — I'll — I won't say much more to you — you're a woman — but that young man of yours; I'll give five hundred dollars if he'll go to Kentucky with me."

Just then the conductor appeared and cried out: "What are you doing here you villainous scoundrels? We'll have you arrested in five minutes." At this they fled percipitately to the woods, and the last we saw of these tall and valiant representatives of the land of chivalry were their heels fast receding in the thicket.[4]

The train went on to Adrian with the passengers plying the Haviland party with questions. Meanwhile, back in Sylvania the news of the incident spread like wildfire and it was reported that over forty men came down to the depot with hand-spikes and iron bars, ready to tear up the track in case the Hamilton family over whom this controversy raged shouldl be found on the train bound for Toledo and the slave catchers.

It was said that the proprietor of the Toledo Hotel was ostracized because of allowing such characters as the slave catchers in his hotel. His business fell off sharpely and sometime later the hotel burned.

A lively correspondence between the slave catcher and Laura followed this incident. One of the letters arrived at Raisin Institute in Laura's absence and it was turned over to the principal. He was so incensed when he read the abuse heaped on Laura that he decided to answer the letter himself. The spirit of the letter is shown by this excerpt.

> *"Sir, as John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay were seated in Congress, they saw passing on the street a school of jackasses. Said Henry Clay, "There, Mr. Adams, is a company of your constituents as they come from the North." "All right; they are going South to teach yours," was the quick reply. And I think one of those long-eared animals has strayed down your way, and your ma might have sent you to his school—I think, however, but a few weeks, or your epistolary correspondence with Mrs. Haviland would have been vastly improved."*[5]

This letter was struck off in hand bills and was circulated in a number of Southern states over Laura's signature. Attached was notice of a $3,000 reward for her head.

This threat did not deter Laura from going into the heart of enemy territory. With headquarters in Cincinnati at Levi Coffin's home she made many trips into the south to start slaves on their way to freedom. How many negroes she helped to escape no one knows, but her book is filled with accounts of the various trips she planned on the Underground railroad.

On these trips she collected proof of the atrocities committed against the slaves. She brought back to Adrian such items as slave irons, leg shackles, iron collars that could not be opened once they were placed on the neck of a recalcitrant slave. Such articles displayed as she lectured fanned the spark of anti-slavery sentiment into a high flame.

In 1849 Laura Haviland opened a school for negroes in Toledo. State law at the time provided for the education of blacks but stated that it was the right of any parent or guardian of a white child to protest the presence of a negro in a classroom and demand his dismissal.[6] Laura's tiny school with its twenty scholars was maintained during its first term

by contributions from sympathetic persons. The only description we have of its location is that it was located a "few rods from the canal."

> *There were* 15 *families of lower class Irish who lived in shanties near the canal and as the most of our school passed them, we got from one man in particular a systematic cursing; beginning with cursing my feet, and cursing every toe on them, and cursing every nail on every toe, and so on, to cursing my head and every hair on it.*[7]

Often this man had a company, mostly intoxicated, with him and they would stone as well as curse the little group from the negro school. Before leaving Toledo, Laura found an opportunity to talk with these people and discovered that much of their antipathy stemmed from the fact that they thought she had a negro husband. She stayed with the Toledo school long enough to see the Board of Education vote support to it. She left it in the hands of a negro teacher, John Mitchel, an Oberlin graduate, who taught the 1852-53 term for the munificent salary of $275.

When the Civil War broke out, Laura turned to nursing. She received a free pass from President Lincoln to go to Cairo taking with her garments and hospital supplies purchased with funds donated by Adrian citizens. Hospital conditions in many places were horrible, and she made herself most unpopular with some of the military by demanding reform. She pleaded for decent food and care for the wounded and demanded that a notorious drunkard be removed from his post as head of one hospital.

There were other military men whose respect she won. On leaving to return north for supplies and funds to continue her work General Hunter said to her, "I am glad that you have been in the army so long, and I am glad you went so far. You have observed the movements of troops from one place to another on the eve of battle. These are matters you are not to report; but the wrongs you have met you may proclaim from the housetops."[8] And proclaim them she did wherever she went.

When the Freedman's Aid Society with which Laura was closely associated decided to open a school for negroes at Windsor, Ontario, Laura helped organize the institution. Later, her welfare work took her to Arkansas, Vicksburg and Baton Rouge carrying supplies from this

organization. After General Price's raid, Kansas needed assistance and she and a Mrs. Lee of Hillsdale, Michigan went there with a carload of food and $400. In one month they gave aid to 444 families.

In 1864 on a trip to New Orleans to distribute supplies as an agent of the Freedman's Aid Society she learned that there were 3000 Union soldiers imprisoned on Ship Island and Dry Tortugas. They had been sentenced there on petty charges by Alce Aloysius Attocha, a young New Orleanian who had served in the Confederate army, then sworn allegiance to the Union and subsequently been appointed Provost Judge in New Orleans by General Banks. Laura spent a week at Ship Island and somehow got access to the records and copied the charges against the men. Her efforts in New Orleans to effect their release were futile. On returning to Adrian she enlisted the help of Fernando C. Beaman, a member of Congress from that district, and of Benjamin Wade of Ohio. Within a week word came that the ex-Confederate officer had been removed and the men would be released as soon as investigation was made.

During the war years the enrollment of Raisin Institute shriveled. Almost to a man the male students had enlisted in the army. It was increasingly difficult to find Oberlin trained principals for the school (and the foundress would have no others) and finally in 1864 the school was closed for the duration of the war. Ten acres of the school grounds were sold to the Freedman's Aid Society for the purpose of establishing an orphan asylum which was called "Haviland Home For Destitute Children." It was Laura's hope that this would grow into a state orphan asylum. Eventually, Raisin Institute was reorganized and called Raisin Valley Seminary. It used Darius Comstock's home as one of its buildings.

When the war was over, Laura returned to Michigan taking with her 75 negro orphans. As she waited in the depot at St. Joseph, Missouri, someone remarked that the North had fought to free the negro and now that woman was taking slaves north to stock a plantation of her own.

Laura went back to the South many times in the reconstruction years and worked in soup kitchens, hospitals or wherever she could lend a hand to negro or white. In her absence the Freedman's Aid Society decided to close the orphanage and use its funds for schools in the South. They had already sold West Hall which was moved to Tecumseh and they were preparing to sell the rest of the land when word came to Laura

from Levi Coffin that he had found ten orphans on his doorstep with a note pinned to one saying that Haviland Home had been closed.

Laura hurried back to Adrian and pointed out that in the sale there had been the stipulation that the land was to be used only for an orphanage. The Society agreed to open the home again with Laura in charge. The asylum operated on almost nothing, and finally on December 15, 1870 there were absolutely no more funds. They had food enough for two weeks when Dr. Asa Mahan went to the state legislature and presented the case. The legislature agreed to give $30,000 to the institution. The city of Coldwater, Michigan quickly matched this amount with the result that the institution was moved to that town. Much as she desired the orphan home to be located in Adrian Laura went to Coldwater and served there as nurse and seamstress. One night she mistook a cellar door for one leading into a closet, fell down the stairway and suffered a fractured skull. This might well have ended a long and useful life, but Laura Haviland still had much to accomplish.

She recovered from her accident and helped set the W.C.T.U. in motion in Michigan. As the result of a gigantic temperance meeting at which Laura Haviland was one of the most effective speakers, the W.C.T.U. was organized in Michigan on March 10, 1874. The state convention was held in Adrian the following year with Frances Willard in attendance. As a delegate of this organization she went to the state legislature to petition for a school for wayward girls. The request was granted and the school still exists in Adrian. She campaigned to have this school and the penal institution for boys in Lansing renamed "Industrial Schools" as having a better psychological effect on the inmates than the term "reformatory."

She visited county poor houses and campaigned for their reform, called at the State Penitentiary and found a man serving a lengthy sentence for a petty theft from the U.S. mails and went to Washington to plead his case. She went to Kansas to visit the schools established there by the Freedman's Aid Commission, and found a school and a town named for her. She revisited Washington seeking a refund for her friend, Elizabeth Comstock, who had used her private fortune to help the destitute. She went abroad and was warmly received in England.

But time was running out for the little lady in the Quaker bonnet which she had donned again in 1871 when she rejoined the Quaker church. She suffered a series of strokes and died in Grand Rapids,

Michigan at the home of her only remaining brother with whom she spent her last years. It was in April, 1898 that a funeral cortege wound through Friends' Valley and stopped at a quiet little cemetery where Laura was laid to rest beside her father, mother, husband and child.

Almost a decade later the Massachusetts sculptor, Barnicot, laid down his chisel and eyed his latest work—the statue of a Michigan woman who had worked constantly for the good of others. Probably he felt, as any sculptor would feel, that it was impossible to capture in stone the kindliness, warm heartedness and the fire of Aunt Laura Haviland.

On June 24, 1909 people came over the dusty, hilly gravel roads from miles around Adrian and gathered in front of the City Hall for the dedication of Aunt Laura's statue. Will Carleton, a native son, delivered the eulogy. Then, everyone went home and the memory of Aunt Laura began to fade until today few people have any idea who the lady was whose statute stands in front of the old fashioned Adrian police station. But anyone who cares can still find the quaint little Friends' Church where Daniel Smith was pastor standing on a knoll overlooking busy Route 50. He can go, as the escaping slaves were told to go, "two miles east from Friends' Church" and find a stone monument beside a narrow gravel roaad. This plaque, almost overgrown with dusty wild asters, marks the original location of Raisin Institute. None of the buildings are left there. Part of them burned, one was moved to the neighboring Green farm where it is used as a barn. There remains only one huge elm tree that witnessed many a frightened slave made welcome at the Haviland home, and saw the "nigger school" grow into a Seminary and move up the road closer to the Friends' Church. Hanging in the State Museum at Lansing is a portrait of Laura Haviland done by a descendent. Tucked away in the stacks of a few public libraries are copies of Aunt Laura's autobiography which contains enough activities for a dozen lives. That is all that there is to remind this generation of the unselfishness of Laura Smith Haviland.

FOOTNOTES

1. Bonner *Memoirs of Lenawee* County, Vol. I p. 469.
2. This apparently was the Toledo House which stood on the northeast corner of Summit and Perry St. The hotel opened in 1836 and burned in 1860. Waggoner *History of Toledo,* p. 808.
3. Haviland, *A Woman's Life Work,* p. 76.
4. Haviland, *A Woman's Life Work,* p. 76.
5. *Ibid.* p. 83.
6. Waggoner, *History of Toledo,* p. 628.
7. Haviland, *A Woman's Life Work,* p. 181.
8. *Michigan History Magazine,* Vol. 5, p. 173.

Henry Gibson, Pioneer Mail Carrier of Attica, Ohio

By Harry S. Blaine

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure."
—Gray's Elegy.

This is the story of Henry Gibson, of Attica, Ohio, a man of the great middle class of Americans, sprung from its soil; one who did his duty to the fullest extent by his family and his country; in short, it is a true account of a member of that worthy class of citizens often referred to as "the salt of the earth." An article recently published in the QUARTERLY featured the Gibson House, an hostelry in Attica founded by Henry Gibson, but said little concerning the man himself and his family. What more fitting, then, since we in early life knew these folk very well, that we here set down some details concerning them.

The commonplace happenings of life as they occur sometimes pass unnoticed, but occasionally with the onward sweep of Time and the lengthening of the perspective these past events are recalled with appreciation, and are then viewed in a new light as items of history. Thus it would seem with our present subject and his activities; and although we are sure that in his lifetime it was far from his thought that his name should ever be writ in History's pages, yet since such appears to be the case we are glad to here record some brief recollections of this interesting figure of Attica and its vicinity.

Henry, son of James and Mary Gibson, first saw the light in Canada on May 13, 1842. At the age of nine he went with his parents to Eaton County, Michigan where they took up land near the town of Grand Ledge. In 1861 when he was nineteen Henry struck out for himself, going to Huron County, Ohio, where he had relatives, the Daniel Rogers family, in Richmond Township. Richmond is the most southwesterly of the Huron County townships, forming the extreme southwest corner of the Western Reserve Fire Lands tract. After his arrival Henry worked on his uncle's farm until the next summer when at the age of twenty,

in the second year of the Civil War, on August 20, 1862, he went with a number of other young men of the district to the recruiting station in Podunk schoolhouse in Norwich Township, and enlisted in the army. Podunk School lies some two miles west of Centerton, a place of considerable importance at that period as a market town of Norwich. Henry was assigned to Co. E of the 123rd Regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry. The records show his point of enrollment as Monroeville, which lies north of Podunk some twelve miles and was the site of the gathering place for Civil War recruits known as Camp Monroeville. The 123rd Regiment by October, 1862, had moved on to Clarksburg, Va., and on the following January 14th was engaged in the sanguinary Battle of Winchester where 5000 northern soldiers fell and most of the line, including Henry Gibson, were captured by the enemy. In this engagement he stood right beside his friend in the ranks, Charles Vogel, of New Haven Township, when the latter fell mortally wounded. This was the father of Louisa Vogel who in later life was known as Lou Leonard, having been taken into the home of Wm. Finley Leonard, of Venice Township, Seneca County, at the age of three and reared as their own daughter. In this same home and at the same early age was sheltered another war orphan, Harry Gordon Blaine, the writer's father, who there grew to manhood.

After their capture the officers of the 123rd were confined in Libbey Prison at Richmond and the private soldiers sent to the prison camp on Belle Isle in the James River near Richmond. Here Henry Gibson spent the next 6½ months and due to the terrible conditions there prevailing during the severe winter of 1862-1863 lost fifty pounds, having weighed 140 pounds on entry and 90 upon his release. Within a few months the men of the regiment were lucky enough to be exchanged and were then sent to the paroled prisoners' camp at Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio. In the fall of 1863 these stragglers were organized by Major Horace Kellogg and on the following April 1st moved on to Winchester, Cedar Creek and New Market. On the 19th of September, 1864 occurred the second engagement at Winchester, often referred to as the Battle of Opequan Creek, where the army's left flank was turned by the enemy and the Federals routed. It was here that Gen. Phil Sheridan made his famous ride and here also that Henry Gibson fell pierced by four bullets in one leg and one in the other. He was carried off the field into a nearby barn where he was laid on a pile of hay; and here he remained for the better part of two days before being taken to a field

hospital. Thus the war ended for him and from this time on until his final discharge on May 1, 1865, he was in hospital and convalescent. That he survived at all his terrible experiences was due evidently to a good constitution. He came back to Richmond Township on crutches and stayed in the home of Uncle Dan Rogers until his eventual recovery. The Rogers home was near the center of Richmond Township and a mile or so from old Bethel Church, which is on the Tiffin-New Haven road 3½ miles east of Attica.

In the fall of 1865 Henry was feeling fit enough to do light work with his uncle's clover-hulling outfit and one day on a trip over into Norwich Township, north of Richmond, at the home of John Bowen there met his future wife, John's daughter, Sarah Elizabeth Bowen. They were married the next year on July 3, 1866. John Bowen was one of the pioneer settlers of Norwich, a farmer and brickmason, who is said to have burned the first kiln of brick in the township and built the first brick house. Norwich lies near the southwest corner of Huron County and borders Reed Township in Seneca County on the west. A prominent feature of Norwich is the "angling" road on which some three miles east of Reedtown was the Bowen farm. This early road traverses the township from southeast to northwest, and its unusual direction among the uniformly right-angled roads of the vicinity immediately strikes the eye when viewed on a map. It had its origin in a trail made by Gen. Beall in the War of 1812 and a subsequent survey. The trail entered Norwich Township at its southeastern corner, then ran northwesterly past Centerton village to near the township's northwest corner.[1]

Their honeymoon over, Henry and his bride settled down to the more prosaic affairs of life. Incapacitated for hard physical labor for a time and to some degree by reason of his war wounds, he sought employment as a driver of the mail stage on the "star route" mail line running through Centerton to Attica. Centerton was the midpoint on the Newark & Sandusky R. R. between its termini, hence its name. The railroad was completed through the town in 1848 and mail was put off here for several neighboring towns, including Attica. The first mail route in Huron County was established in 1827, running from Tiffin to Fitchville. It passed through Centerton and crossed the Columbus and Sandusky Pike one mile north of Attica. Gibson's route followed this line which was in operation until early in 1874, when upon the opening of the Baltimore & Ohio's new Chicago extension the Post Office De-

partment signed a contract with the railway whereby mail for Attica and other nearby towns was carried on their trains. That for Attica was put off at the new town of Siam, named by the railroad authorities Attica Station. This arrangement put an end to the old "star" mail route. The Chicago line of the B. & O. was "sprung" westward from the original pioneer Newark-Sandusky line in the open country about two miles south of Centerton, and here soon grew up a town called Chicago Junction, later changed to Willard. It is said that Attica could have had the extension built through it over a survey near its north corporation line; however, due to the town's failure to pay $1,000, a new survey was run a mile north and Attica was left "high and dry" insofar as railway transportation at that period was concerned.

Gibson, the better to serve his mail route, in 1871 moved over to Attica; and in this year we find record at Tiffin, the county seat of Seneca County, of a deed from Wm. F. Smith to Henry Gibson, bearing date of July 1, 1871, for two town lots in Attica, Nos. 46 and 47. Smith was an undertaker, the predecessor of John W. Hoke in the same business on East Tiffin Street in Attica in the 1880's. The Gibson home, bought of Smith, stood and still stands on Lot 46 on High Street next to the Methodist Church, which is on Lot 45. Gibson's easterly lot, No. 47, was used as a garden until the year 1903 when it was sold to Daniel Y. Fink who built a house on it which he occupied for a time, then sold. Within recent years it has become the property of the Methodists, who have their parsonage there. On March 28, 1911, Lot 46, the home site, was sold to Benj. Wolford. Thus it will be noted that the period of Gibson's ownership was from 1871 to 1911.

While search of the archives at Tiffin was being made, the following item regarding the neighboring church lot was noted and is here cited for the sake of the record:

> "*Vol.* 68, *page* 483. *Jas. N. Gilmer to Trustees Methodist Church, East part Lot* 45 *Attica, May* 11, 1877."

Evidently at about this same period the church also got possession of the east part of Lot 44, as their building is on parts of these two lots and faces north on High Street. The church edifice was built in the summer of 1877 and dedicated on Jan. 6, 1878.

Henry Gibson, then, drove the mail stage from Centerton to Attica, his route being westward from the Huron County town to the Pike (the present State Route 4), thence south the mile to Attica. The total distance was some ten miles, nine of which were over dirt roads sometimes almost impassable in the wintertime. However, true to Post Office Department's traditional motto that "The mail must go through," Henry got it through. The usual star-route equipment of the day consisted of a light, 2-horse hack and passengers could be carried if any. One remembered passenger of Gibson's in the early seventies was a babe, little Mayme Wilcox, who was brought from Centerton to Attica to the home of her aunt, Mrs. John Wilcox, and there grew to maturity as a daughter.[2] In after life she became the wife of Clint Pitcher, who survives as one of Attica's older residents.

Now a word as to the old Sandusky Pike. This road was built about 1830 by authority of the State Legislature and ran from the State capital to Sandusky via Worthington, Delaware, Marion, Bucyrus and Attica. In the last named place it formed the Main Street and at the town square intersected the Tiffin-New Haven road. A mile north of Attica, just south of Siam, the pike crosses the east-and-west road leading to Centerton that was Henry Gibson's mail route. North another 2½ miles along the pike was a place called Old Omar, a half mile east of Omar Station on the old Short Line Railroad which is now the Sandusky Division of the Pennsylvania Lines. Old Omar is of interest as an early platted town that failed to "come through" Nothing remains of it but the name. Around 1830 it had a post office and store, and nearby on the old Horace Gambee farm there was a brick tavern conducted by one Reed (or Read). This inn had a large barn where were kept the horses used on the stage line that traversed the pike; and here is reported to have been a station on the Underground Railroad where fleeing slaves enroute to freedom via Lake Erie and Canada were sheltered. But this old tavern is remembered by residents of the district for another reason: it was the birthplace of that noted local character known as "Old Nelson" and "Tommy-Jimmy", a simple-minded fellow who during a long lifetime ranged the countryside peddling gossip. The story is, that Old Nelson's mother was employed in the Reed inn when he was born there in 1835 and that his real name was Nelson Reed.[3] His double nickname of Tommy-Jimmy came about, it is reported, because of some doubt as to his paternity. Now, some three miles north of Old Omar along the pike is a hamlet, Reedtown, at one time called Cook's Gate and Cat-

linville. It has not grown through the years but has remained just a trading point for the rich farming district round about. At different periods of its existence it has had a resident physician. About six miles east of Reedtown, in Huron County, is Havana, a lively market town on the Sandusky branch of the B. & O. R.R., the original Newark-Sandusky pioneer railway line. If the reader will visualize, then, the towns of Attica and Reedtown on the west and Havana and Centerton on the east, and include Bethel Church southeast of Attica, he will have the five points of a rough polygon within which most of the activities of Henry Gibson took place; and with this brief description of the territory as a background, we return to our subject, the Gibson family.

In Attica by the year 1875 two children had been born to them: Linnie in 1872 and Johnny in 1875. About 1877, due to the declining health of his father-in-law, John Bowen, Henry Gibson moved his family to the old Bowen place in Norwich Township on the angling road; and here he farmed for the next few years. John Bowen, the pioneer, died in August, 1880,[4] and life for the Gibsons here moved along smoothly enough until the fall of 1882, when tragedy struck.

On the 30th of October of that year the annual threshing took place and young Johnny Gibson, age 7, and several companions were greatly excited when the steam engine with its load of heavy machinery drew into the farmyard. A well had been uncovered to furnish water for the engine and running to see the wonderful sights that morning, Johnny fell into the open well. His companions raised an outcry summoning help; a young man was let down into the well and the lad was soon rescued. A rider was dispatched on horseback to bring the doctor from Reedtown, 3 miles distant. At 9:30 on the morning of October 30th, 1882, young Dr. Harry G. Blaine, who had opened his medical practice in Reedtown the previous March, was sitting in his office waiting for patients when a messenger arrived on horseback with news of the accident to the Gibson boy. All haste was made back to the farm where the doctor's examination soon showed that the mishap was a fatal one: the lad could not be revived. The following entry appears in my father's diary for the day:

"Arose at 6:20; retired at 9. Weather warm. Was at home till 9:30 when was called in haste to see Johnny Gibson at Kin Bowen's who accidentally fell in a well and was drowned. Body was lifeless

when I arrived, to all probability: could not resuscitate him. Came home at 12:30 *and was at home rest of day."*

After this sad event, not having the heart to remain longer at the scene of their great sorrow, early the next year Henry Gibson moved his family back to their old home in Attica. His employment for the next few years was teaming and he was associated for a time with Daniel Fink in the operation of a brickyard. Ma Gibson wove rag carpets for the people of the vicinity and the products of her loom entered the homes of many Attica folk. Henry, known as "Hank" to his many friends, received a small pension from the Government for his Civil War services. In the same year that the Gibsons returned, Dr. Blaine left Reedtown and transferred his medical practice to Attica where he entered into a partnership with Dr. Alfred Force. The Gibsons continued to be his patients and our two families were close friends. In 1884 the second Gibson daughter, Ethel Lucy, was born; she was named for our mother, Lucy E. Blaine. In the year 1888 we four Blaine boys came down with the measles and Linnie Gibson, then a girl of 16, came to our house to help with the homework. The Blaine kids duly recovered and Linnie went home where she promptly got the measles herself and gave them to her younger sister. Their house was right next to the Methodist Church on High Street where we boys were sent to Sunday School. The Gibsons belonged to the United Brethren congregation. With the removal of our family to Toledo in 1891, they were more or less lost sight of until my father's return to Attica in 1896 and my own the following year when I entered high school there. It was at this period that we boarded at the Gibson House.

Now, as to the date of the establishment of this hostelry. According to Ethel Gibson Dignan, now a resident of Fremont, Ohio, her parents started their boarding house in 1892. At that time Attica had but one hotel, the old Ayres House, later named the Ringle House, on the town square. The Pitcher House, also known as the Eastern House, burned down in the big fire of 1889 and was not rebuilt. In 1893 the present Hotel Myers, a 3-story brick structure, was built by A. J. Myers, his contractor being Jacob Engelhart. The time seemed favorable for the opening of another hotel, a project that had been debated by the Gibsons for sometime, and in 1892, as stated, they opened their home as a boarding house or hotel and erected in front of it a large wooden sign bearing the legend: GIBSON HOUSE. Patronage was good from

the first and especially each year during the Attica Fair, when their tables were crowded with paying guests. Ma Gibson's good cooking was traditional, to which the present writer can certify through personal experience. To meet the demands of expanding business, in 1897 Gibson enlarged his hotel by the addition of several guest rooms and continued to do well with both regular boarders and transients.

We have not been able to verify that Attica ever had a station on the Underground Railroad. Reference to a recently published book on this subject by Siebert[5] shows that the town indeed was on an Underground *route* that ran over the old Columbus-Sandusky Pike through Marion, Bucyrus, Attica and perhaps Parkertown to the Bay at Sandusky; but although there are grounds for belief that there were stations both at Republic and Old Omar, the first named in the home of Dr. Maynard and the latter in the Old Omar inn, Siebert's map does not show a station at either place. However, the Warner-Beers History of Seneca County of 1886 is authority for the statement that Republic had a station, and the strong local tradition regarding the Old Omar inn would seem to furnish basis for the belief that there was a station there. Inasmuch as Republic was on the line of the Mad River & Lake Erie Railroad, which was completed through the town in 1850, it is quite possible that fleeing slaves might sometimes have stopped off trains there. It would seem, however, that we are on sure ground when we say that there is little possibility that there was a station in the Gibson House in Attica, as indeed the building was not used as an hotel until 1892 and the architectural style of the older part would indicate its construction hardly before 1865. Although we have not been able to unearth any local legend that there was an underground station within the confines of Attica, we do have a story that there was such a station at Caroline, the small settlement on the pike a half mile south on Honey Creek, where is an old stone building long occupied as a general store by L. Sachs & Son; and here is said to have been the station.[6] Honey Creek is a considerable stream, draining the marshlands to the east in Huron County and flowing westward to its outlet in the Sandusky River a few miles below Tiffin.

The older Gibson daughter, Linnie, was married in 1892 to George W. Keefe and died in 1901. The younger daughter's marriage was in 1902 to William Dignan. Her two daughters gone, Ma Gibson carried on alone for a time; but in the summer of 1909 with failing health she

went to live in the home of her daughter, Ethel, in Clyde, Ohio, where she died the following September 26th. Family circumstances and advancing age demanded that Henry Gibson alter his plan of life, so in 1911 he sold out his Attica holdings to Benj. Wolford, who continued the boarding house business. Henry went to live with his daughter in Clyde and spent his later years in various occupations as able until his death on January 4, 1926, at the age of 84. He is buried in the cemetery at Attica beside his faithful wife of 43 years. Thus passed a man of whom it can be said that he was an average American, truly typical of his time.

The writer wishes to express his appreciation and thanks for assistance in verification of data to the following persons: Mayme Kaufman, Ethel Raymond Kaufman, Nellie Groves Hassler and Clint Pitcher, of Attica; and Lily Shanks Day, Ada Robinson and Carrie Hoke Rossiter, of Tiffin, Ohio.

FOOTNOTES

1. Fire Lands Pioneer, March, 1860, page 33.
2. Statement of Clint Pitcher, Attica, Ohio.
3. Statement of Ethel Raymond Kaufman, Attica, Ohio.
4. Fire Lands Pioneer, 1900, page 753.
5. "Mysteries of Ohio's Underground Railroads" by Wilbur H. Siebert, 1951.
6. Statement of Lily Shanks Day, Tiffin, Ohio.

Midwestern: Transition at Oberlin, 1850-1887

By Alfred Vance Churchill

1. *Changes.*

The thirty years that followed the founding of Oberlin Colony saw it transformed into the pleasant town I knew. None would have recognized it. The deer, the wild creatures and the forest itself had vanished as if by a stroke of the enchanter's wand. The log cabins and small frame-houses of the primitive settlement had given way to comfortable homes. The streets—some of them planted with trees—were well laid out and "beautifully lighted," first with kerosene lamps and a few years later with coal gas. Citizens no longer carried lanterns when they went abroad at night.

The habits of life, too, were largely altered. Spinning-wheels had been relegated to the attic or the wood-pile. The great fire-places had been walled up or removed and the cooking was now done on cast-iron cook-stoves. The house was heated by coal stoves, sometimes even by furnaces. A sewing-machine had been installed in the living-room.

Farms were flourishing. The clay, once they learned to manage it, proved better soil than they had thought. Households no longer suffered from dearth of fresh meats, cultivated fruits and sugar. Farmers wore boots the year round; ne'er-do-wells and children were now the only ones left who went bare-foot in summer.

The College, though still hampered by lack of funds, was forging ahead. It had over a thousand students and was standing on the threshold of a new era in which the fondest dreams of its Founders were to be realized and surpassed. The town was prospering and numbered three or four thousand inhabitants.

These inner changes coincided in time with extra-ordinary developments in our national life. The introduction of the steam railway, trans-

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Atlantic navigation by steam, telegraphy, and the laying of the first Atlantic cable not long afterward, were reforming ideas in commerce and politics. The industrial revolution was changing the face of a world. These factors of course had their influence on the physical and mental life of our village. With the coming of the first railroad in 1852, the East, instead of a few weeks, was a few hours away. The great cities were now our neighbors and Europe, too, came nearer to us, year by year. The town emerged from its isolation.

These contacts brought much that was good. They also brought worldly ideals and aspirations. By this time there were many citizens who did not share in the sentiments and purposes of the early community. Though the majority of the students were still earning their own way, in whole or in part, there was an increasing number who were supported by parents, and some of these were less serious in character and out-look than the first generation.

The Arcadian simplicity of the Colony was beginning to disappear. It had not yet vanished. Students still made a small profit by placing baskets of apples under trees on the Square—with a card saying "Help yourselves and put the pennies in the tin cup." Farmers would still leave potatoes and cabbages and return in the evening to get their money and sacks.

But with the growth of the town it was no longer possible for everybody to know everybody else. No longer did the good citizens greet each other with "Father", "Brother", "Sister", or "Daughter." These tender appellations had been replaced by conventional forms,—Mr., Mrs., and Miss. In my time we still said "Father Finney", and "Father Morgan"; but the title was reserved for venerable men of the older generation . . . With all due recognition of subsequent achievements one cannot but "breathe a sign for those good old times."

The changes in our village were paralleled by those taking place throughout the new West,—changes so vast and incalculable that it is quite impossible completely to realize them. The Midwest, which a short time before had been a wilderness of trees inhabited only by wild animals and a few thousand Indians, was by 1850 populated with millions of souls and had almost completely lost the character and aspect of the frontier. Turner quotes a pregnant sentence from Gen. Francis A.

Walker: — "The course of settlement," he says, "has called upon our people to occupy territory as extensive as Switzerland, as England, as Italy, and latterly as France or Germany, every ten years."

Agitation against slavery was reaching a dangerous pitch. It had been fanned into flame as early as 1820 by the Missouri Compromise. With the threatened extension of slavery in the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska in 1854, it burst into a conflagration that was to end in civil war. Oberlin had taken a stand for the education of colored youth at the very beginning, as we have seen. Town and College now presented a solid front in the fight against slavery. Slaves escaping from their masters in the South would make their way across the Ohio river and be helped northward to Oberlin. From thence they were conveyed by night to the Lake Erie shore and there embarked for Canada and freedom.

Once arrived in our village, the poor, frightened, exhausted creatures were taken into the homes of citizens of any and every class to be clothed and fed and comforted. They would be hidden—if need were—for days or weeks, in cellars, barn-lofts or attics. The town was organized. When the signal sounded hundreds of citizens would assemble in a few minutes. Sentinels were set and the roads patroled. Our leaders were full of tricks to delude and out-wit the pursuers. They would dress men as women or women as men. They would paint dark people light and light ones dark. Once a band of students threw the man-hunters off the track by blacking their own faces and staging a seemingly desperate flight toward Canada.

I did not see these things because I was still unborn. But I have heard the stories from the lips of those who took part in them. And they are to be found in the histories and records of the time, beginning with the first rescue case in 1841 and culminating—though not closing—with the "Oberlin-Wellington Rescue" of 1858, when some of our leading citizens were convicted and sent to prison for resisting Federal authority, an incident that "stirred the country to its depths." The slave-catchers did not often succeed in laying hands on a victim, once he had found refuge with us, and not a single slave was ever carried back into bondage. Oberlin became a trunk-line station of the "Underground Railway" and was reviled and hated to the farthest boundaries of the South; for hundreds upon hundreds of slaves were passed through our village to freedom.

I remember dark holes and places in wood-sheds and garrets, where as children we played hide-and-seek, that were still haunted by the spirits of the unhappy refugees. We seemed at times to see their scared eyeballs rolling in the shadows. Some of the planks had dark-brown spots that we thought were stains of blood. We knew mother had helped to dress their wounds and pick slivers and bits of shirting from the festering sores in their backs—torn by the lash.

Amid all this excitement, and dealing with men some of whom would not have hesitated at murder, the citizens of our village preserved a spirit of moderation. There is not a single instance of violence on record—not even an instance of lawlessness, except that involved in breaking the Fugitive Slave Law. Our people felt justified in doing that, because they were "acting in obedience to a higher law."

Of course there were extremists among them who would have thought themselves justified in using violence, but they never got the upper hand. There is a monument in Westwood Cemetery with the names of three young men and the words, —"These colored citizens of Oberlin, the heroic associates of the immortal John Brown, gave their lives for the slaves." But while Oberlin had profound sympathy with the martyrs, and probably sang "John Brown's Body" not only better but with more heartfelt enthusiasm than any town in the country, the majority of our citizens disapproved of their action. The *Evangelist* voiced the sentiment of the community in these words: —"We object to such intervention . . . not because it is properly a moral wrong to deliver the oppressed from the grasp of the oppressor; but entirely for other reasons. We long to see slavery abolished by peaceful means and as a demand of conscience, under the law of righteousness, which is the law of God . . . It is especially because an armed intervention frustrates this form of pacific reformatory agency, that we disapprove and deplore it."

All the same, the Hon. James Monroe went all the way from Oberlin to Charlestown, Virginia, "at a time of grave danger to himself, in an effort to bring back, at the heart-broken request of a poor black mother, the body of John Copeland, one of the three who gave up their lives on the gallows after the raid at Harper's Ferry." Of another of them, an Oberlin student, Green by name, it is related that when John Brown was captured Green was not near the place. He might have escaped,

and was advised to do so, but said he "would rather go back and die with the old man."

Meanwhile the hundreds of graduates who had gone out from the College were doing effective work for the cause. Undergraduates, who taught schools in the long vacation to help pay their tuition, organized clubs and delivered fiery orations from the stump. In the South, Oberlin men were instantly dismissed if the local school-board found out where they had come from. Theologues went forth to preach against slavery and were ejected from their pulpits. Not a few of these agitators suffered personal violence.

The news of our friendship for the Negro of course spread quickly through the slave-states, and before long Oberlin was looked on by the blacks as a kind of Heaven on earth. A few of them had found homes there fifteen or twenty years before the War. Leonard says that in 1854 a wealthy planter of North Carolina, one of many Southerners who detested slavery, sent "seventeen of his slaves in a wagon with five horses and a white driver . . . to Cincinnati, and thence by rail to Oberlin. Later on thirty more were despatched in the same way." Besides their freedom this gentleman had presented each family with a considerable sum of money "to one at least as much as $500 in gold . . . A planter removed hither bringing certain slaves who were his own children as well." A number of other individuals and families were emancipated in the same way and came to Oberlin to live.

The movement of course became stronger as time went on and in my day the Negroes constituted one-fifth of our inhabitants, of whom all except the younger children had been slaves. Their humble homes were mostly gathered together in a quarter to which they naturally gravitated; but some of the more prosperous ones had purchased houses here and there through the town. They had their own pastor and their own church, but were welcome to join ours if they preferred.

The influx of a large colored population must be counted as one of the major changes in the village in the forty years after its founding. Unnecessary to add that it had influences both for good and evil. There were fine men among this population, who raised excellent families; and there were others of quite a different character. But whatever the moral balance, I would not have missed my colored brothers out of my

life for any price. Their qualities of imagination and humor enriched our experience and greatly endeared them to us. Besides that there were among them many bright minds and some of the sweetest and most lovable men and women I have known.

The same may be said of the colored students. Their number was not large. They were never over five per cent of the student body, and generally less than four per cent. They were good material on the whole and some of them won distinction in later life.

The War came on. There was no difficulty in raising our quota. A hundred had enlisted within two days after Lincoln's call for volunteers. There was a big mass-meeting in the First Church and the young men came crowding to the colors—eager to serve—ready to "die to make men free". Whatever reasons others may have had, the thought in the minds of these men was not saving the Union but freeing the slave. It is doubtful if soldiers ever went to war with purer motives since the world began. The whole town was gathered in the streets—my father and mother among them—to see the dear fellows march off for the front. Our citizens looked on many a face for the last time that day.

Those who enrolled first became Company C of the Seventh Ohio Volunteers Infantry. Before long there were several other companies, or parts of companies, from Oberlin and vicinity. Counting graduates, eight hundred and fifty enlisted from first to last from the College alone; besides hundreds of citizens, including a considerable number of colored men in the Ohio and Massachusetts regiments for Negroes. They were all volunteers. There were no drafted soldiers from our town.

One can hardly conceive of the emotions that filled all hearts. With what envy those too young to serve would watch the others departing! —like Charley, my oldest brother, who was only thirteen. Imagine the indignation against the few "copper-heads" to be found in the neighborhood—those who sympathized with the "wicked, slave-holding Rebels!" In these circumstances even good men might be tempted to deeds of violence. One regrettable incident did in fact occur, which candor compels me to relate.

There lived, on the outskirts of the town, a queer old fellow—a car-

penter he was—who not only sympathized with the enemy but in addition was obstreperous, loud-mouthed and despicable. Against him feeling rose to a terrible pitch. At last a band of students went out to get him. They overpowered him, strapped him to his bench, and sawed his leg off. It was only a wooden leg. Never mind! The act was inexcusable. It was injuring another man's property, and it was "an un-Christian act."

When they got to the front our fellows fought like tigers. The blue uniform did not change their character in the least. It didn't stop them from being a "Puritanical, psalm-singing lot", but "damned good fellows after all", good-natured, steadfast in their duties and hard to beat. Listening to the inspiring music they made at night around the campfire, Southern commanders regretted their own lack of such music and envied their opponents; for they were well aware of its value in preserving morale. Our boys offered their devotions night and morning just as they did at home. When the Hon. James Monroe visited them in camp, he found them "not only practicing the manual of arms, but holding weekly prayer-meetings in the street between the barracks, and morning and evening worship in each of the messes . . ."

Of course they were conscientious law-abiding men at heart, but it was not easy for them to adjust themselves to all the exigencies of military life. They did not enjoy the everlasting saluting of superiors in office that they had known as equals at home; and it was more convenient to call their Captain "by his nighest name"—"Giles", or "old man" —than by the formal title. Between the skirmishes they found it almost impossible not to treat the enemy as friends. When they ran out of molasses and coffee they would borrow from the "Johnny Rebs", paying them back with bread or pancakes. The blues and the grays would even play games together. Our commanders had a hard time to keep the boys from finding out what jolly good fellows their enemies were.

I extract a paragraph from John Steele's history of Company H, as quoted by Phillips: —"Soon after entering Camp Wood the majority of Company H members drew up a written remonstrance against profanity among the officers of the regiment. This remonstrance was written in moderate language and rather in the tone of a petition than a complaint. A committee was appointed who presented the remon-

strance to the Colonel. They were told that such action was subversive of military discipline and were not a little surprised at the spirit in which the petition was received. They fearlessly ventured the remark that profanity was not only in violation of the commandment but also a violation of the United States regulations for the army." Judge Steele goes on to quote a letter recently received by him from Captain Horatio P. Kile who commanded the company twenty months, and who was not an Oberlin man. "The men of Company H were as a whole as grand, noble, and brave a lot of men as could be mustered into my company . . . Therefore, to its survivors, descendants, and friends, is due a recognition of their worth and work."

Names of individuals now mean nothing to most of my readers, so I shall mention but few. John Steele, later one of Oberlin's leading men and a truly great citizen, together with Alonzo H. Pease, whose distinction as an artist has not yet been sufficiently recognized, formed a company in the first year of the war. Pease was appointed Captain. Steele himself was raised to Captain, then to Major, and was mustered out as Lieutenant-Colonel. He was a brilliant and distinguished commander and I think was twice wounded. Three more Captains were P. C. Hayes, W. M. Ampt, and A. B. Nettleton, who was mustered out as a general officer. Captain Giles W. Shurtleff, Professor of Latin in the College, was advanced from Captain to Colonel and retired at the end of the War as Brigadier General. Prof. G. F. Wright states in his autobiography that Shurtleff organized the first Negro regiment from Ohio. This was at a time when the arming of the blacks was regarded with contempt. The College student who attained greatest distinction was Jacob Dolson Cox, later Governor of Ohio, who achieved the rank of Major General.

Of course the College was badly broken up. "The attendance in 1863 was reduced to 525, with 200 students in war service, of whom thirty held commissions." My father's class-book has name after name crossed off, with the laconic note—"gone to War". The work of the class-room was frequently interrupted for the funeral services of some soldier who had fallen and had been brought home for burial.

We shall not linger over the tales of the War. As a matter of fact I heard very few of them. When the four bad years were over at last, the men who came back did not talk any more than soldiers do now.

They tried as best they could to throw off the cruel dream and settle down to study. War against strangers is bad enough, but war against your own people is infinitely worse. The whole thing had been too sickening. When it was over, military enthusiasm had vanished.

2. *Newcomers: President Fairchild.*

The early Colony and College were dwelt on at length because they illustrated important phases of American life that have been insufficiently studied and too little understood, and because later developments would not have been intelligible in the absence of clear ideas concerning the beginnings. I have now to present the life of the village and the institution in the quarter-century that followed the Civil War—not to record its history, but to describe the town I knew and the people that I knew best.

While a considerable number of the new generation had come—like their predecessors—from New England, there were others who hailed from other parts of the country, far and near. The community was no longer homogeneous. Among the new-comers were many who in ability, culture, and devotion to ideal aims were prepared to take the places of those who were passing away; while a considerable number of the older men were still living and still influential. The leaders of the community were no less able or devoted than those of the early days. With such men as Fairchild in the presidency, and James Brand in the pulpit, scholastic and religious standards were not likely to be lowered.

The reader is already acquainted with the name of James H. Fairchild, appointed to the presidential chair made vacant by Finney's resignation in 1866. Oberlin could hardly have found a better President. He certainly looked his part. A stranger visiting the town and meeting him on the street would have recognized him at once as the head of the institution. A little girl attending Commencement exercises turned to her mother and asked in an awe-stricken whisper, "Mama—is that God?"

Though Fairchild was not endowed with great special gifts, like his predecessor, his common sense itself amounted to genius. "In the twenty years of my association with him," one of his colleagues said to me, "I have never known him to make a mistake, or even to speak an ill-

considered word." I can not go quite as far as that, but he probably made as few as any man I have known. He was "Prexy" to me as long as I was in college—and before that as far back as I can remember, so that I knew him fairly well.

Our President was an extraordinary example of broad culture developed under imperfect and narrow conditions. He had been reared on a country farm in the village of Brownhelm in the extreme northwestern tract of the Western Reserve. I doubt if the reader has ever heard of the place or seen anything like it as it was in that day. If he has he will not cease to wonder how such a man could have been produced from such an environment.

Fairchild was prepared for college in the High School at Elyria. Having entered Oberlin as a Freshmen in 1834, he earned his way through college. He had learned the carpenter's trade and once made the window-frames for a college building, receiving for them fifty cents apiece. If it had not been for manual labor he could never have had college training.

Having completed the college course he graduated from the Seminary under Finney, Morgan and Cowles. He had three months of study in the East and made visits to the great universities. This adventure, with a journey to Louisiana, a few weeks in the Holy Land and a trip to the Northwest and the Hawaiian Islands comprised his travels. His life was spent in Oberlin village.

Our President became a cultured gentleman—a finished man of the world. There was no trace of rusticity about him and no hint of the lack of poise which often marks the small-town man. His dress, too, was always appropriate and his manners, so far as I may judge, were perfect.

With all his gravity he had the grace of humor. I never heard him jesting or telling a funny story in my life. But he could laugh heartily when others took the lead, and he had a fund of humor all his own that was genuine—and rare. It is difficult to describe; for it was so reserved that it did not tempt to laughter but only to inward smiling.

Just once I heard him say something that provoked an outburst of

hilarity. One evening a meeting of the Faculty Club was being held at our house. The Rev. Henry Matson, our College librarian, had presented a paper on Mnemonics, a topic that was exciting some interest at the time. Perhaps I should say that the Club consisted of the men of the Faculty and their Wives; and you can judge of the simplicity of their hearts when you hear that a mere boy like myself was allowed to sit with them and listen to the paper.

Our learned librarian, then, had finished his reading and the topic was open for discussion. The President was the final speaker. This was his contribution, given with his customary dignity and deliberation: — "I shall hardly be able," he said, "to add anything profitable to the discussion, as I know little of the subject. But there is one mnemonic that I habitually use, and which may prove useful to others. I am a poor speller, as some of you know, and have often to consult the dictionary. I used formerly to be troubled in writing such words as believe, conceive and receive. I could not remember whether it was c-i-e-v-e or c-e-i-v-e. But I am no longer troubled. I scratch my head—for remembrance, (here he made an imperceptible gesture to his head) and I say,—'i follows l and e follows c' ". This is probably as near as Fairchild ever came to indelicacy. We rehearsed it next morning at the breakfast-table. Some graceless brother of mine was irreverent enough to hint that a head like "prexy's" offered scant pasturage. His shining crown was hairless as an egg.

Though my father and he were never intimate friends, I remember seeing the President occasionally at our home. He came at once the morning that father accidentally shot himself with a revolver. The President had an antipathy for lethal weapons. He thought it very wrong that we should keep such a murderous engine in the house. "If I owned a thing like that," he said, "I would bury it thirty feet under ground."

Father lay very still on the bed with his head and eyes bound up. Dr. Allen was at the bed-side, while mother and some of the children were gathered about. After a time the conversation shifted to general topics and they spoke of a runaway that had occurred some time before. My mother, then carrying her youngest child, had been out riding when the horse bolted and she was thrown from the carriage. "If I had a horse like that," exclaimed the President, "I would shoot him!" "Yes?"—

came a feeble voice from the bed, "but where would you get the revolver?" The President chuckled and we all sighed with relief. Father was feeling better.

Of course our President must have had foibles and weaknesses, no matter how few and insignificant compared with our own. Although he seemed calm—almost phlegmatic—he was by nature both sensitive and quick-tempered. I have heard him say that to the end he never rose to address the students without trembling at the knees. I think he did not understand women very well and was not inwardly at ease in their presence. I have been told by one who witnessed the phenomenon that, on one occasion at least, he got angry. "Someone had called upon him and was acting in a very importunate and annoying manner. The President was walking up and down, fighting himself and trying to control his emotion." But if—like the father of his country—he sometimes lost his temper, you may depend upon it he never swore; and he was really too nearly perfect ever to serve as a subject for the art of the debunker.

His modesty was extreme. In the little volume he wrote at the close of half a century—on the Colony and the College—his own name is not mentioned, "nor would the reader suspect that such a person had ever lived." The autobiographical sketch, secured from him by Leonard for insertion in his own work, was written only after "repeated and urgent solicitation." It occupies five pages.

In this he tells us of his appointment to the Faculty at the close of his first year in theology. "I was made tutor in charge of the freshman class in Latin and Greek five days of the week and of rhetorical exercises on Monday. The salary was four dollars a week and seemed ample to me." He says that when Finney resigned from the presidency on account of failing strength, he was asked to accept the place. "It was not an ideal appointment, but no other person seemed available . . . Mr. Finney was always cordial to me, but I do not think he approved of my appointment."

The simplicity, kindness and tact of our President are well illustrated in the story, so often told, of his blacking Matthew Arnold's shoes, when that distinguished essayist and poet came to us in the eighties to lecture. The story goes that Arnold, who was in fact a guest in the President's house on that occasion on retiring to his room left his shoes outside the

door. Fairchild picked them up as a matter of course—there was no servant in his family—shined them up nicely and replaced them before the guest-room door.

Wishing to be reassured as to the facts I wrote to the President's son James—a friend of my boyhood—who remembers the incident well and corroborates it in all essential particulars—except one. Tradition has the shoes on the wrong feet. The guest thus honored was the Rev. Dr. Newman Hall of London. "It's really a pity," says my correspondent, "that it wasn't Arnold's shoes!"

There are other anecdotes that reveal the same simplicity of character and custom. For many years, for example, Fairchild kept a cow and himself led her to and from the pasture. You may depend on it that he did his own milking—as my father did—unless there happened to be a son of the right age. We are not informed that these bucolic habits were abandoned when he took the presidential chair.

Although an adept of a mystic faith he was no mystic by temperament. I doubt if he depended for guidance upon heavenly Voices or mysterious providences. He was naturally conservative and his mind, deeply occupied with the great traditional truths of his faith, did not turn easily to the novelties of the "Higher Criticism." He did not enjoy controversy; and though I often heard him preach and lecture, I do not remember that he ever mentioned the names of Darwin and Huxley or referred to the disturbing speculations of modern science. Understanding these traits, and unwilling to give him pain, his friends were apt to avoid introducing such topics in conversation.

Yet from time to time his equanimity was disturbed. I have been told of an incident that occurred one morning at family worship. The President had just finished reading the verse, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Suddenly his wife's voice was heard—very quiet but sure—*"Well, I have!"* "My dear, my dear,'—said the reader reprovingly. "Well, I *have,"* replied the brave little lady . . . Mrs. Fairchild seemed ordinarily to be a self-effacing person—very retiring—perhaps a little timid, ("Let your women keep silence") but she couldn't sit quietly by and listen to a statement so palpably at variance with the facts of human experience.

My personal contact with the President was rather limited. He always gave me a nod and a pleasant smile on the street. When I was nineteen or twenty, one of his daughters, who taught drawing and painting in the College after Miss Wyatt's retirement, had an informal evening life-class in her father's home to which my father and I were invited. Kind friends posed—in their customary clothing. Members of the family used to come in to see what we were doing. The President, too, would drop in and converse with us. After that I seemed to know him a little better and this gave me strength for the only private interview I ever had with him. It was on a case of discipline. One of my chums had got into trouble and was to be expelled. I summoned all my courage and powers of "moral suasion" and argued—successfully—for the delinquent. A happy day for me!

Then, on a memorable occasion, I got into trouble myself and received a fully-deserved rebuke in chapel—with the Faculty and my father sitting there on the platform—shall I ever forget the shame of it! The President was very kind. He said what he had to say about my action and they knew whom he meant, but he did not use my name. Father never mentioned the matter. My-my-my! I never want to go through *that* again.

3. *The Faculty*

By the time Fairchild became President the majority of the first College Faculty had retired and their places had been taken by others—men of sterling character and, in most cases, of scholarly attainment. The professors of the Theological Faculty, too, were worthy successors of those who had preceded them; while the Conservatory of Music now had a gifted staff of trained musicians.

It is true that on closer examination an element of weakness might have been discerned, which was to work injury to the institution for some years. With only three exceptions, the professors I myself knew in the College Faculty had been graduated from Oberlin. By employing her own graduates the College could be sure of the character, scholarship and religious orthodoxy of the appointees. Also these could be secured at lesser salaries than must be paid to outsiders. I remember hearing my father speak of this situation with regret. He did not believe in in-

breeding, thinking that it tended to narrowness of view. He recalled that the men of the first Faculty had come from many different colleges, and all of them from a distance. It seemed to him, too, the old custom of public debate had somewhat declined and that freedom of thought had suffered in consequence.

I must not exaggerate here. Some of our graduates were splendid men—broadminded and admirable. Also the situation was mitigated by the fact that a number of the younger ones had enjoyed privileges of study in our own universities or in foreign countries. Moreover several of the teachers of the Seminary were outsiders, and some of the teachers of the Conservatory; while the fact that every one of our musicians had studied for a number of years in Germany, thus coming into contact with another people and language, must be counted as the most liberalizing element in our lives at this time.

Yet it must be admitted that some of the teachers who had got their education at home did little credit to the institution. They were well grounded in the elements of their subjects, but there were crude men among them, men of narrow mind, and above all—uninteresting. Never in a lifetime of bitter educational experiences have I endured anything worse than the hours spent in a certain class in history. The teacher knew everything that could be known about Greek history—everything, at least, that was in the text-book. But did he offer us—even once—the ghost of an enthusiasm over any part of the thrilling tale? Not even once.

Another class-room rises before me. We are reading an oration of Cicero. Shameless in the presence of the Senate sits the traitor Catiline, while the good old man pours upon him a tremendous cataract of invective. I cannot quote the passage but the meaning is something like this,—"Do you suppose—infamous Catiline—that we are unaware of your plots against the State? We know them every one. We know of your private life and those obscene orgies of your camp and the girls you keep there to dance naked (*nudae*) before you."

As the man who is reciting hesitates before that too-suggestive phrase, the teacher relieves the embarrassment of the class by translating the rest of the paragraph himself. Without one thought of the dramatic scene; without an inkling of the mighty oratory, or the significance of

the piece as a monument of classic prose and Roman character; aiming only to render the words without shocking delicate sensibilities, and making by the very lady-like tone of his voice the whole passage as lifeless and proper as an infant Sunday School, he lisps out the words, "and the maidens who dance before you lightly clad."

In happy contrast to that sort of thing was the classwork of Professor George H. White ("Prin. White," we called him), a graduate of Amherst and one of the finest men in the faculty. To read the Iliad under his guidance was an experience to be remembered. Like the professor just mentioned, Prin was an excellent drill-master. But with him the mechanics of a language were only a means to an end. He loved the poem and wanted us to love it. I can see the flash of his mild blue eyes as he read some favorite passage after we had murdered it in English. Later on he was a friend whom I remember with gratitude and affection.

In the sixties or seventies there was a queer old fellow on the Faculty by the name of Hodge. Of him I have heard only strange tales so that I cannot tell you of the better traits that presumably caused him to be appointed and retained. He was inclined to be harsh and sarcastic in manner, insomuch that the verb "to hodge" was long in use among us, with a meaning too obvious to need definition.

Tutor Hodge liked to tease and plague his pupils and—what annoyed them still more—to make puns on their names. In fact punning with him was a disease. His friends realized that he meant no harm but it made the students angry and once in a while he got it back—good and plenty.

There was a boy in his class by the name of Walker. This gave the Tutor an opening. Several times before, he had rung changes on the name. At last one day in recitation after two or three students had made bad work of a difficult passage—"Mr. Walker," called Hodge, "now just let's see you walk into that passage and try what *you* can do with it." "I'm afraid, Professor, that they've made such a hodge-podge of it already, it will be hard for me to do anything with it."

There was another unfortunate in the Tutor's class by the name of Gunning. Whenever it was his turn to recite, the teacher might offer

a specimen of his wit. "Mr. Gunning! take good aim now—don't shoot in a hurry. But be careful you don't hang fire!" Or, after a somewhat lame recitation,—"You rather flashed in the pan that time—*didn't* you, Gunning?" Poor Gunning. He and his father before him in all the centuries since the invention of gun-powder had been compelled to listen to these nauseating jests. Years later he took a cruel revenge.

It must be explained that Tutor Hodge had had the misfortune to lose an eye, and that his face was peculiar, one-sided and quizzical like his character. As for Gunning, he went his way after graduation and became quite a famous biologist—one of the first of our graduates to accept evolution and its implications. Thus at last he returned to his Alma Mater as a distinguished alumnus to give his well-known lecture on the "ascent of Man". He had hardly begun when he descried his ancient enemy in the audience, head cocked to the side and scorching him with his single eye.

Having stated a few principles, the lecturer proceeded to trace the gradual rise of humanity from lower to higher types, supporting his thesis with a formidable array of arguments and illustrating them with clever drawings on the board. He drew as he spoke. Really he was amazingly skillful. An eye-witness has described to me how he could transform the skull of a horse into that of an ape, or of ape into man, with a few magic touches.

As an effective close to the lecture on this occasion he made the statement that while science had hitherto failed to discover any example of the transition stage between man and brute, it was still possible for us to form a fairly accurate idea of the "Missing Link." So saying he began to draw, with some care, the cranium of an ugly big anthropoid. As the work progressed the lecturer turned his head repeatedly and shot a piercing glance at poor old Hodge sitting there at the back, keeping this up until the attention of the audience was divided between the drawing and the Tutor . . . Then a few masterly touches and suddenly the face of the great ape became the face of Hodge!—complete—with patch over eye and eternal expression of quizzical sarcasm.

Then there was Professor Penfield, who used to get off the same jokes at the same points every year. So the class organized, secured old notebooks, classified the jokes into good and poor, and drove the Profes-

sor nearly frantic by greeting the good ones with the solemnity of boiled owls, and the poor ones with uproarious applause.

I record these things—tomfooleries, bad puns, and all—because they are significant as marking a transition in our College culture. They reveal a state of mind utterly different from that of the early days. Make no mistake; the first Faculty were full of humor and laughter. But they would not have indulged themselves at the expense of their students. Much less would the students have been guilty of irreverence toward their teachers. Gunning's revenge, in Finney's time, would have been characterized as an "un-Christian act."

Stories there are without number that illustrate the characters and peculiarities of our leaders and teachers. The trouble is that such stories are one-sided. No matter how authentic the tale or how just in the telling, we are left with the feeling that only one aspect of the personality has been exposed. Such, for example, are the tales of Shurtleff, our Professor of Latin. I remember only the slightly ridiculous things that happened in his classroom when he was no longer young, when his health had been impaired by the terrible experiences of the War.

Shurtleff was good-natured and generous but very irascible. He had numerous antipathies that not only wore on his nerves but excited his wrath. The fellow that sat next to me rose to recite one day with a toothpick between his lips. "Take that thing out of your mouth!" barked the veteran Colonel. "A man that will carry a toothpick in his mouth would commit a crime!" Another time after calling the class to order—"Bowersox!" he cried, "just now you were whistling on the street. A man who robs me of my right to quiet on the public street would not hesitate to steal my purse."

The sole ornament of Shurtleff's recitation room was a set of four or five dusty plaster-casts of Roman worthies, standing high above our heads on heavy wooden brackets. One of them was the well-known portrait-bust supposed to represent the features of Seneca. One morning before the Professor arrived, Roger Lee took a notion to use this bust for a hat-rack. Roger, who had more imagination than the majority, had glorified his mischief with the touch of art. I have seldom seen anything more comical than that shrewd old Yankee face, capped with a black derby hat which Roger had cocked at a perfect angle. When "old Giles"

came into the room he gave one glance and almost screamed—"Take down that hat! A man who would do that would commit murder."

You can have no idea of the terrific energy with which he uttered these denunciations. He was in earnest. It was impossible to laugh. What chance did we have to judge him fairly—this man who had been twice wounded? —who had commanded a Company for four years *without swearing!* How could we know the genial host he was, or the delightful friend? the charming home-life of the family, the sweetness of the mother, the loveliness of the children? We should have had to see the Professor and his wife at work together in the garden which was one of the most beautiful in the town. Shurtleff had made a study of plant-life. His grapes growing luxuriantly on cross-barred posts, neatly painted, were the finest to be seen in our vicinity. Surrounding the garden, they afforded a privacy only to be found in that of Mrs. Monroe a few doors away. I only divined all this; but my sister, who as a girl in her teens was a close friend of Laura—the elder daughter of the family—came to know them very well and to love them every one.

4. *The Conservatory*

In my time the music department was one of the most distinguished features of the College. Thanks to Finney's ardent love of the art, a professor of music had been appointed on the first faculty in 1835. (George N. Allen may have been the first professor of music in any college in America.) The study of music took a strong hold on the community. After studying with Allen, Morgan's son John and another boy of the village, George Steele, went to Germany to study, returned to their native town and founded, in 1865 the Oberlin Conservatory of Music. Under the able direction of Professor Rice it had now become one of the best conservatories in the country. Every member of its faculty had studied in Germany. Such musicians as Fenelon B. Rice, George W. Andrews, Howard Carter and Celestia Wattles would have graced any conservatory in the land, whether for musicianship or for admirable character and individuality. So many of their students went to the Fatherland for study after graduation that it often provoked comment there. "Is Oberlin larger than New York?" was Moskowski's naive question to one of his pupils. "No, master," was the reply, "may I know why you asked that?" "Because I get more pupils from Oberlin than from New York."

We had about every advantage that could possibly be hoped for in an isolated village in Northern Ohio. There was excellent instruction in piano and organ. Voice teachers were harder to find but we had some good ones—others not so good. There were limitations of course. We heard the great piano and organ classics, but there was no orchestral music except what we made ourselves, and our string department was in its infancy. The College orchestra was small, wood-winds and brasses were few. Our repertoire was restricted and the music we played was simple. We supplied accompaniments to the oratorios and cantatas and occasionally did the orchestral parts for piano concertos and the like.

But as for our choral music, it was not equalled by any college in America. The selections were of a high order of merit, being taken largely from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Mendelssohn. We gave the Brahms *Deutsches Requiem* in 1890, when it was practically unknown outside of German-speaking countries and England. The success of our "great concerts" was such that they often had to be repeated to accommodate the crowds. Thus we learned to know a few supreme works well, which is no small advantage. (Handel seems to be not quite as popular just now as he was then, but I note Thayer's remark that Beethoven thought him the greatest of the masters) . . .

There is much to be said for Goethe's view of the decline of art under Protestantism. But leaving aside Durer, Rembrandt, Milton, and perhaps Shakespeare or even Goethe himself, it would take—would it not? a considerable number of Italian paintings to balance the value, in the hearts of men, of the immeasurable majesty and spiritual depth of Bach?