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The President's Page

CHARTERS OF FREEDOM.

The Ordinance of 1787.

"We are accustomed to praise the lawgivers of antiquity — but I doubt whether any single lawgiver, ancient or modern, has produced effects of more distinct, marked and lasting character than the Ordinance of 1787. We see its consequences at this moment and we shall never cease to see them, perhaps, while the Ohio shall flow". Daniel Webster.

How prophetic were the great statesman's words! The Ordinance marks the advent of the most remarkable growth ever known in territorial expansion. It furnished the pattern for the Bill of Rights in the Federal Constitution and also for the constitutions of the States created from the Western Territory.

The Ordinance was intended to be more than a law of Congress subject to repeal. By specific terms it provides that the articles shall be considered as articles of compact between the original thirteen states and the people and the states in the territory, and forever remain unalterable, unless by common consent. Notwithstanding the inviolability of its articles, however, the Supreme Court of Ohio has held that the Ordinance was entirely superseded by the Constitution of Ohio and upon its admission to the Union, Ohio became a sovereign state as free from the operation of the articles as any of the original states, party to the compact. State ex rel v. Edmondson, 89 Ohio St., 93. Its most salient provisions were, however, carried into the constitutions of the new States.

The most notable provisions of the Ordinance are, (1) guaranty of freedom of worship, (2) prohibition of slavery, and (3) encouragement of education.

Art. I. No person, demeaning himself in a peaceable manner shall ever be molested on account of his mode of worship, or religious sentiments, in the said territories.

Art. III. Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged.

Art. VI. There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted.

As a forerunner of the Bill of Rights in the Constitution, Article II guaranteed the right of trial by jury, habeas corpus, judicial proceedings according to the course of common law, right to bail. No cruel or unusual punishments should be inflicted. No man should be deprived of his liberty or property, but by the judgment of his peers, or the law of the land. Full compensation should be made for private property taken for public use. And, in just preservation of rights and property, no law ought ever to be made or have force that shall, in any manner whatever, interfere with or affect private contracts, or engagements, bona fide, and without fraud previously formed.

Adopted by the Congress at the same time as the Constitutional Convention was in session, the Ordinance was both a constitution and a code of law under which the Old Northwest developed in true national spirit and attitude while the older states were endeavoring to adjust their exaggerated ideas of individual sovereignty to the demands of a Federal Union. The European Colonial system did not contemplate the possibility of a colony becoming part and parcel of the mother country as a unit possessing the same privileges as the citizens of the mother country. In that respect, the Ordinance was revolutionary. While the proceeds of the sale of the public lands in the Northwest Territory were considered to inure to the benefit of the original states, no colonial status as such was fixed. The Ordinance opened the door for the contemplated new states to be ushered into the Union as states upon an equal footing with the original states. The inhabitants under the Ordinance were therefore not relegated to the inferior classification of "subject colonials". Only a moderate qualification as to population was provided to raise the pioneer inhabitants to the dignity of citizens of a sovereign state which would take its place as an equal with other states in the Union.

LEHR FESS

The Director's Page

Our Local History Textbook—Progress Report.

It is a pleasure to announce that the co-author for our textbook entitled An Introduction to the History of the United States for Lucas County, Ohio has been chosen. She is Mrs. Catherine G. Simonds of the Cherry Street School. Mrs. Simonds is a native Toledoan and has been a student of local history for many years. She was chosen for the task by the director after long experimentation with the writing of several Toledo school teachers.

A committee of history teachers in the Toledo Public Schools has been meeting monthly ever since the first of the year. The committee was chosen by Philo C. Dunsmore, assistant superintendent of Toledo schools. This committee studied the textbook manuscript prepared by the director of the Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio, and showed wherein it must be transformed into language and style suitable for eighth grade school children. It will be Mrs. Simond's task to take the director's manuscript and put the committee's recommendations into effect.

To show the scope of the textbook the titles of the eleven units into which it is divided are listed:

1. The Maumee Valley Is Created.
2. Indians and Europeans Obtain and Hold Land in the Ohio Country.
3. The English and the Indians Keep the Americans From Taking Over Our Valley During the Revolutionary War.
4. Our Valley Becomes Part of the New United States.
5. The people of Our Valley Take Part in Making Life Better for the Common Man.
6. The people of Our Valley Take Part in Making the Nation Stronger.
7. Lucas County Supports the Nation as It Divides and Reunites.

8. The Machine Age Comes to Lucas County.
9. Local, State and National Governments Cooperate to Solve New Problems.
10. Knowledge and the Arts Enrich the Life of the People of Our Valley.
11. The People of Our Valley Follow the Nation Into a New International Era.

It is impossible to predict at this time when Mrs. Simond's revision of our manuscript will be completed. It may require two summers' work, that is, the summers of 1953 and 1954.

Every effort will be made to write a textbook useful to Toledo's eighth grade children in helping them to see the relation of history in their locality to the history of their nation.

RANDOLPH C. DOWNES

The 1803 H 1953 O Sesquicentennial

By Edwin S. Barger

It could have been late in the afternoon of the sixth day when Erosio Maximus, Special Servant, in charge of landscape, paused to examine on his Master Sketch, the work yet undone.

Presently came a voice, carried on thunder, saying:

Every valley shall be exalted;
Every mountain shall be made low;
The crooked shall be made straight,
And the rough ways shall be made smooth.

For a long moment Erosio was thoughtful, then, smiling benignly, he released a mighty glacier to excavate a great lake bed, and level a vast area.

Now, beginning with gently rolling hills, he landscaped the region southward, making it rugged and more rugged, and he notched the surface with gorges and valleys.

At length, with sweeping stroke, as if to add his signature to a Masterpiece, he etched the graceful course for a noble river, with worthy tributaries, and formed towering ranges of hills to stand guard over them.

Occasionally, with purposeful hand along the river and tributary courses, he scooped up huge divots, to leave spreading valleys, first on one side, then on the other, demonstrating his impartiality, and initiating the axiom, Variety is the Spice of Life.

Then, over the whole he scattered seeds in abundance and wide variety.

Eons later, the Fortunate Children of Courageous and Resourceful Men, named the favored land:

OHIO

What Is Ohio?

By Julia Potter Palmer

Once upon a time, many years ago, there stood among the hills of Kentucky a very humble log cabin, inhabited by an old man by the name of Uncle Tom. One day there arrived at Uncle Tom's cabin a young woman, Eliza, a slave, who had heard of Ohio and was very anxious to get there. Uncle Tom gave her directions for reaching the Ohio river, and although it was in the dead of winter, she soon reached the southern shore. In those days there were no bridges; and there were no boats, for the river was filled with huge cakes of floating ice. As Eliza stood there shivering in the cold and snow, she heard the cry of pursuing bloodhounds, so clasping her baby close to her, she started across, leaping from one crushing, grinding cake to another, until she finally reached the Ohio shore near Ripley and, as tradition has it, she lived happily ever after.

How could it be otherwise: For Ohio has about everything one might wish for,—beauty,—climate,—hills,—valleys,—rivers,—caves,—lakes,—works of ancient, mysterious mound builders,—fine cities,—quaint old towns,—and an historical background that is amazing.

An afternoon's drive along the highways of central Ohio and a visit to the unrivaled museum of our Archaeological and Historical Society that stands at the entrance to the Ohio State University campus will place before your eyes the most eloquent testimonials to the lives and struggles of the men who walked before us on these lands. On this brief journey you may see the baffling wonders of the mound builders in which Ohio is abundantly rich; their intricately designed pre-historic earthworks; stone forts; Mound City; their great Serpent Mound that curls with some enigmatic religious symbolism for 1350 feet on the bluff above the steep stone cliffs of Brush Creek; and most intriguing of them all, the 3 and ½ miles of earthworks around Fort Ancient above the Little Miami Gorge in Warren county; all of them suggesting a story of a forgotten zeal and primitive devotion no less fascinating because nobody knows now how to read it.

You may, at the same time, see the sites of Indian villages; contemplate the pits in Flint Ridge where Indian artisans from all regions came to quarry the multi-colored flint and chip it into their beautiful and efficient tools and weapons; and you may climb about among the dozens of caves and rock-house shelters around Lancaster and in the Hocking Valley where generations of Indians found shelter and safety, and left under the heaped up dust on the dry floors, their skulls, tools, fish-nets, pouches and bits of clothing, to tell us of their ways.

And alongside these ancient memorials you will see on this single brief journey monuments to the perennial wars; covered wooden bridges, with fragments of Zane's Trace; and the original National Road; traffic lamps and four lane highways roaring with trucks through villages that once were beautiful with trees and yards and romantic with inns and tollgates. Every stage of two millenniums of Ohio history, not to mention the remains of the friendly glaciers, lies visible on the landscape, and is dramatically particularized in the museum to remind us of the patiently continuing process of life between our river and the Lake.

Now, factories confront the Ohio traveler at almost every turn in the pike. He sees ponderous steel mills pouring smoke up the Mahoning Valley; pottery and coal towns sprinkled through the south-eastern quarter of the state; plants in the valley of the Miami turning out wares ranging from paper to steel; and the Lake Erie shore jammed with steamers and tugboats, giant steel plants and fresh water fisheries, and coal handling machines that manipulate trainloads of coal as if they were toy cars on some child's track. Each year's products of Ohio factories, mills, mines and quarries are worth $3,000,000,000.

Nobody knows what white man first set eyes on the Ohio River or where. It is perfectly possible, of course, that some obscure and nameless fur trader may have reached the great river in his wanderings long before the romantic young LaSalle sold his LaChine holdings at the rapids above Montreal and set forth with his four canoes loaded with baggage and his fourteen hired men as escort guard for his journey "across the wild and lonely world."

The general pattern of the struggle for Ohio in the white man's time is as simple as greed. It was no lightning war, but a long, sordid series of small outrages and revolting atrocities, relieved too seldom by cour-

ageous and generous acts of men of nobility. However, this is not the time nor the place for an extended account of the generations of episodical fighting in the backwoods before Ohio achieved statehood, nor for an account of all the travail that came before the critical battle of Fallen Timbers and the statesmanlike treaty negotiated with the Indians by Wayne at Greenville ended the long and bitter contest, and the land belonged without further resort to force to the United States of America. And it was divided, settled, governed and made into a state. That was in 1802, and it was admitted as a sovereign state one year later.

To know Ohio you must keep in mind the fact that it was settled at an extraordinarily fast pace, and that the people came from the most diverse and individual regions. By 1818 Ohio was booming with activity, and settlers were swarming in from everywhere.

If the average traveler of the present—commercial or otherwise—was asked to describe the state, he would probably say that the northwestern 2/3 is a rolling plain: rich farming country, where much oil is taken from the ground; that the southeastern 1/3 is a comparatively rough country, underlaid with workable seams of excellent coal; and that there are numerous towns and villages—for Ohio is a state of many towns. And finally, he might mention the seven great industrial cities. Cleveland, great metropolis of Ohio, lakeport and steel center; Cincinnati, oldest of Ohio's large cities, riverport, gateway to the south and place of varied industries; ambitious Toledo, glass center of the world, with its Maumee river full of huge ships and massive machinery for loading and unloading them; Columbus, the capital, seat of the State University; Akron, the "rubber" city; Dayton, the nation's air capital; and Youngstown, the city of steel and tube mills. That picture would be without fault. But how inadequate.

Ohio is a beautiful state. There are no snow-capped mountains; but what is finer to the eye than the vast blue expanse of Lake Erie, the rugged precipices and ferny gorges of the Hocking Hills or the fruitful luxuriance which marks the rich river valleys?

Ohio is not a large area. It might be said to be of a convenient size —convenient in the sense that one may cross it by rail or auto in about eight hours, or fly across it in just one hour and 30 minutes. From north to south its greatest length is about 210 miles; from east to west about

225 miles. In area it covers 41,040 square miles. It is 35th among the 48 states in area, but fourth in population. Size, however, means little. It is in the achievements of her people, the conquests of her industrial arts, the productiveness of her farms, that Ohioans feel pardonable pride. The triumphs of her statesmen, the prowess of the military leaders she has furnished to the nation, the genius of her inventors in the realms of practical physics and chemistry are known over the earth.

Ohio typically represents a cross-section of our great country.

We have around seven million people in Ohio now. They live in every imaginable kind of community. They are sprawled all over big, amorphous Cleveland, from the new Federal Houses down near the spot on the Cuyahoga where Moses Cleaveland landed back along the industrial flats, out through the slums, and on and on to swanky Shaker Heights where the rich have turned into a landscraped private reflecting basin for their mansions the mill ponds of the ancient communal group of farmers that gave the heights above the lake its pleasant name. They live crowded in steel worker's houses in the grimy flats of Youngstown. They swarm in the rubber capital at Akron. They live in more little towns and villages than the people of any other state. They live in fine country houses on the big highways and in little shacks reached only by a mud lane. They live on the hills of Cincinnati in mansions reached by roads so carefully screened off at the entrance that you pass by without dreaming they are there. And down in Ross county there are some so poor that they wrap their legs in sacks in the winter to keep off the cold. And so the communities go, all around the state.

Ohio is known among statisticians as the index state of the nation; if you want to know the national average for almost any item like the proportion of the doctors to the population (about one to 800) or like savings or insurance or number of automobiles or college students—just look at the figures for Ohio and in most cases they will be the same as for the nation at large. Would you like to know which fountain pen Americans prefer? The percentage of doorbells punched to vacuum cleaners sold? The number of hospital beds per 1000 people? The average for Ohio will inevitably be the national average. It's natural, under the circumstances, for Ohio was the meeting place of all the American cultures; the proving ground for the brave new American world.

In Ohio we go in heavily for literacy and libraries. Many Ohio men and women still recall the little red schoolhouse where they were taught to read, write and spell by the same teacher, who had to keep first-reader pupils busy learning the alphabet while she heard the older students recite their geography lesson. Ohio is now sown thick with colleges and universities. If you should drive across Ohio from north-east to south-west, from Painsville on Lake Erie, through Cleveland and Columbus to Cincinnati, you would never be more than 20 miles from a college or a university, and most of the way you would be within 5 to 10 miles of one or more. We now have 267 tax supported libraries in our state—not counting college and private collections; and we have more than a score of bookmobiles that take books to rural doors all over Ohio just like the U. S. Mail or the bread delivery. It is a man's own fault if he is ignorant or bored in the State of Ohio.

Our people are always much in the news and they are probably even a little above the national average in fame for their works. Over in Dayton there are three big airports and many landing fields, to remind us of two young Dayton boys, Wilbur and Orville Wright, bicycle repairmen and jacks of all trades who tinkered with flying machines in their shop and in a nearby pasture field, and flew for the first time a practical airplane on the sands at Kittyhawk, North Carolina, a week before Christmas, 1903.

Up in the center of the Firelands in Milan, a little village of 678 souls is the birthplace of Thomas Alva Edison. The little cottage of red brick under big trees at the north end of the town looks across the valley down which, when Edison was born, went huge quantities of grain by canal to the lake in boats made at this serene and leisurely village.

Ohio has sent seven native sons to the Presidency of their country; Grant, Garfield, Hayes, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, Taft, and Harding. We could fill up a very big book with brief reminders of Ohio men who are known to the nation—John D. Rockefeller, Tom Corwin, the Van Sweringens, "Golden Rule" Jones, Charles F. Kettering, Daniel Frohman, Kenesaw Mountain Landis, Clarence Darrow, Lowell Thomas, et cetera, et cetera.

We even have a high quota of oddities. We had the "Leatherwood God", one of many religious fanatics. He appeared miraculously from

nowhere in the midst of a camp-meeting over near Salesville in 1828, and interrupted the sermonic oratory by shouting the word "Salvation". This startled the people no less than his claim that he was God Almighty, and was about to bring to earth the new Jerusalem. He gathered bands of followers, and grew strong; but when he failed to perform the miracle of making a seamless garment, he was driven into hiding and then out of the state by the unbelievers.

Over around Clark county a legend is growing up about the Hermit of Mad River who lived for nearly forty years in a cabin built in a tree 80 feet above the ground and reached by tortuous ladders. He became a learned man, and an artist, whose mode of life and accomplishments, as well as his odd appearance, brought visitors from everywhere to his tree.

On a hill in Muskingum County lives a naturally gifted and self-taught sculptor, an undertaker by profession, who in his spare moments has carved the native outcropping stone on his place into rather Egyptian-limbed statues, fascinating in their crude vigor, of presidents, celebrities, animals and other subjects, and set them up around the brow of the ridge for all who came to see. This cheerful oddity overlooking the valley and other rows of hills is now known as Baughman's Park.

One of the most diverting of our eccentrics lived and, in his fashion practiced herb medicine in Dayton, where he advertised himself as "the discoverer of a cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, and big neck," and asked pay in proportion to cure—no cure, no pay; half cure, half pay; work well done, full pay. He lived alone in stinking surroundings on the main street of the town between the hospital and the medical center, and on the route of the funeral processions. And when a cortege passed by on its way to the cemetery the doctor dressed up, put on a silk hat, and stood on the street with a placard sign for all to see: "Not my patient". We have had scores of these interesting fellows, and they, too, are Ohio.

With the exception of the Johnny Appleseed story, Ohio has never actively created or cultivated legends. But there are two episodes in our early history that have come to have the color and currency of popular legend. They are the stories of the French Five Hundred at Gallipolis, and the fairyland romance of the Blennerhassetts—each an instance of

a refined and urban culture that could not cope with the stern brute force of the Ohio frontier.

Our farm and manufacturing products are as varied as our men. We grow almost everything there is in Ohio. We have vineyards on the lake; we have sugar-beet fields; onion swamps, and tobacco patches; we have acres of gardens under glass near the cities, and big wheat fields and corn lands, and hay meadows and orchards. We have nurseries everywhere. We have a peony festival at Van Wert, and we have maple groves that yield even better syrup than Vermont itself produces. The abundant fat flocks and herds, thick on the farms, give life and color to the countryside everywhere. And one is inspired at the big State Fair held in Columbus late each August by the exhibits of purebred sheep and cattle; and the displays of prize fruits, corn, and garden stuff; all giving some insight into the stability and pride and variety of life in rural Ohio.

We make almost everything ever heard tell of in this State. Would you set down a list of Ohio products beginning, say, with aircraft, aluminum ware, automotive manufacturing, books, boats, playing cards, cans, carriages, cranes, and on down through drugs, elevators, fire engines, fiberglas and glass building blocks, harness, leather, and lithographing equipment, to radios, railroad cars and engines, soap, watches, and yeast. But you soon find that the list would grow tedious, long before you make a good start on ramifications of aircraft along, to say nothing of hearses, ambulances, trailers, pots, pans, paper, roller bearings, safety razors, fertilizer, bolts, baseballs, and golf clubs. We even manufacture bees, in a manner of speaking, sell them by the package like raisins, and ship queens to all parts of the world. Ohio had the first silk factory in the United States; it was set up at Mount Pleasant in 1841. Its owners bought silkworm eggs in France, hatched them in sheds, fed them on 25 acres of mulberry trees, wove silk on a "drawboy loom", took first prize at the Crystal Palace Exposition in London in 1851, and, they say, made a waistcoat of "Buckeye Burr" (light buff) which Henry Clay delighted to wear. You may see samples of this Ohio silk in our Museum at Columbus. The good poet Longfellow at a Cambridge dinner in 1849 served Ohio champagne made at Cincinnati from Catawba grapes grown on the river bluffs there by Nicholas Longworth. Whatever men can want, Ohio can make—and probably does.

So—I give you Ohio. The miniature America.

Perhaps, as the social scientists say, we *are* only a national average, typical in all things, singular in nothing. But we Ohioans know that there is an illusive something more that colors our politics and religion; that gives tone to our big cities, and our country acres; that emanates from the college campuses and university halls; that broods over the hills of the Muskingum valley and over the lake shore and the plains; and we call it simply Ohio. It is the unity in all this diversity.

Editor's Note: This article was read before the May 1953 meeting of the Association of Historical and Ancestral Societies. It is based on the author's reading of the following books:

W. H. Van Fossan, *The Story of Ohio.*

D. W. Bowman, *Pathway of Progress—A Short History of Ohio.*

C. E. Hopkins, *Ohio—The Beautiful and Historic.*

Harlan Hatcher, *The Buckeye Country.*

W. M. Gregory and W. B. Guitteau, *History and Geography of Ohio.*

Claude Shafer, *Cartoon Guide of Ohio.*

Federal Writer's Project, *The Ohio Guide.*

S. H. Stille, *Ohio Builds a Nation.*

The Settlement of the Black Swamp of Northwestern Ohio: Pioneer Days

By Martin R. Kaatz

1. *Peace and Permanent Settlement*

Following the War of 1812 the eyes of the nation turned to the "western country," a vast area from which the threat of the British and the Indians had now been largely removed. It was a period of greatly increased popularity for guidebooks, gazetteers, and traveler's accounts, which were the prospective settler's principal sources of information about the west. Today these same works are among the best primary sources of information concerning the land and the movement of people across it during the post war period.

In 1815, the war over, the settlers returned to the areas about the rapids of the Maumee and Sandusky. Again these two regions became the focal points for settlements in northwestern Ohio. Conditions in northwestern Ohio in 1816 are described in a letter published in *Niles' Weekly Register*.[1] The village of Perrysburg was platted and laid out in 1816 on the east bank of the Maumee a short distance downstream from Fort Meigs. The site marked the head of navigation for lake vessels of the period and "it must some day become the emporium of an extensive commerce," said the letter adding: "It enjoys likewise the advantage of being contiguous to the rapids . . . affording a great many scites [sic] for mills and manufactories."

There seems to have been no good reason for the choice of the east rather than the west bank for the site of the new village. In fact a considerable settlement was already located at the pre-war village site on the west bank. The west bank settlers, not to be outdone, organized into the village of Maumee in 1817, and thus began a long rivalry. As it later turned out neither site was well chosen with respect to river navigation. About two miles downstream a ridge of rock extends across the river. During the summer stage of low water it could not be safely passed by

vessels drawing over six feet. Therefore in later years Toledo eclipsed the two villages. The Maumee River lands went on sale at the Wooster, Ohio land office in February 1817. By 1820, the lower Maumee villages and nearby settlements numbered over 600 inhabitants excluding Indians.

In 1815-16 there were about ten settlers living in the abandoned fort at the present site of Defiance. By 1820, Defiance had grown to a population of about 100 and contained three stores.[2]

The post war settlement of the Sandusky River region forms a striking parallel to that along the Maumee. The village of Croghansville was platted and laid out in 1816 on the east bank of the Sandusky at the head of navigation. Here too, there seems to have been no special reason why the east bank should have been chosen instead of the west. Considering that Fort Stephenson, built during the War of 1812, was situated on the west bank of the river and already was the nucleus of a settlement containing about eight houses in 1816, the choice of the Croghansville site seems strange. The west bank village was called Lower Sandusky. The rivalry between the two villages ended in 1829 when they were incorporated together under the name of Lower Sandusky (later changed to Fremont). The rapids of the Sandusky formed "a number of excellent mill seats" and by 1816 a mill had been erected on the west bank near the fort.

An important source of revenue was the prodigious quantity of fish that could be caught with very little effort at both the Sandusky and Maumee rapids.

The early settlers in the Sandusky valley were mostly from the East. The lands between the Sandusky River and the border of the Connecticut Reserve were the first lands away from the river to be settled. The higher grounds were taken up first; the lowlands were, at that time, nearly impossible to occupy. Land in the Sandusky country was selling for $1.25 per acre and was of equal quality to that selling for $2.00 to $4.00 per acre in the Western Reserve.

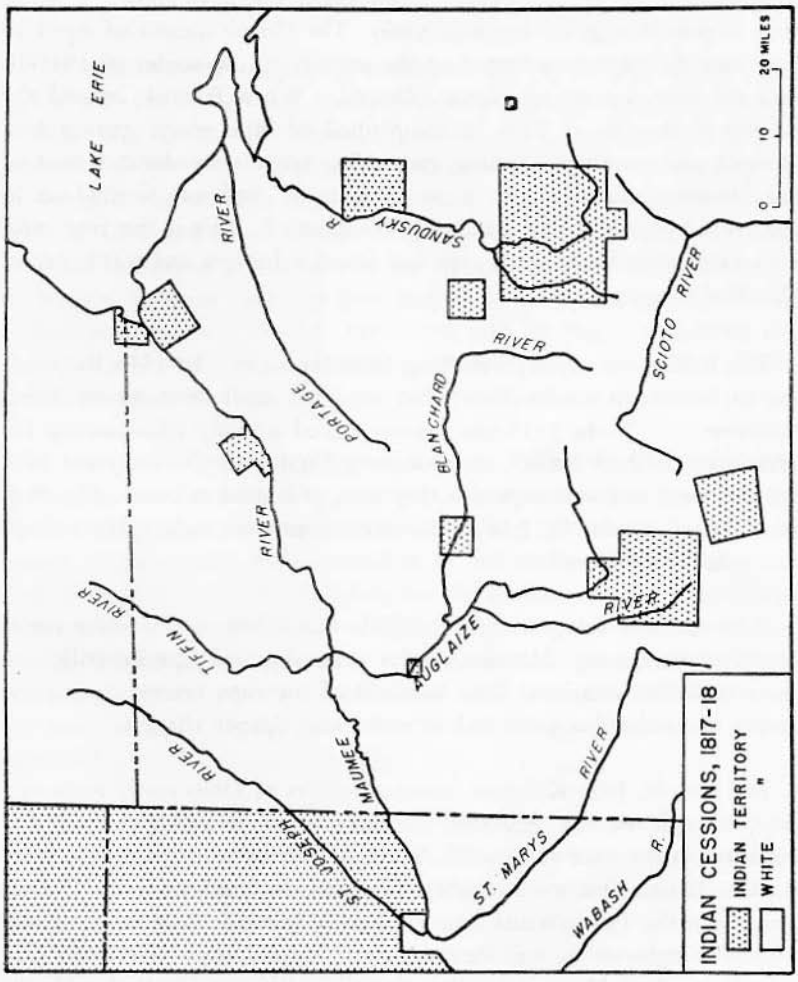
The unoccupied swamp land between the Maumee and Sandusky is also described in *Niles' Weekly Register*.[3] The low-lying portions of the country, partially covered with water in the winter and spring, "might

in most cases be easily drained, which would render them as fertile as they are now rich." The account stated that the Black Swamp probably derived its name from the "black, loose, friable loam" which characterizes the soil in this region; and that "the land, in general, of the lake side of this state is not inferior in point of fertility to the Ohio [River] side."

In 1815 there was still no road from the Sandusky to the Maumee rapids. The mail carrier followed a blazed Indian trail, probably the very same path described by Badger five years before. (See first installment of this article in Winter 1952-53 QUARTERLY.) In the fall of 1818 when Tilly Buttrick crossed the Black Swamp on his way to Lower Sandusky he "had no road; the only guide for the traveler [being] marked trees," and even then Buttrick got lost.[4] The provisions of the Treaty of Brownstown in 1808 providing for a road through the Black Swamp had not yet been acted upon.

In 1817 Governor Lewis Cass and General Duncan McArthur wrote a joint letter advocating the construction of a road between Detroit and Lower Sandusky.[5] They argued that the Black Swamp rendered "the Territory of Michigan an insulated [sic] point upon the map of the nation." The approach by water was "uncertain, temporary, and . . . inconvenient" because Lake Erie was closed by ice for a considerable portion of the year, and it was at that season, except for a short period in mid-winter, that land communications were most difficult. Their plea included consideration of the military and political benefits to the nation as well as the monetary gains which would result from the "sale and settlement of this land" which "will be aided and encouraged by making roads where the population of the country will long be unable to make them." These words went unheeded so far as northwestern Ohio was concerned; however a road was completed from Detroit to the Maumee rapids in 1818. The subject of a road the rest of the way to the Western Reserve was much discussed in Congress and the Ohio legislature, but no action was taken until 1823.

Estwick Evans, in his *Pedestrious Tour of Four Thousand Miles During the Winter and Spring* of 1818, gave a vivid account of the difficulties and terrors he encountered while traveling through the "celebrated Black Swamp" early in March 1818. He found the swamp in its very worst state; there was an unusual quantity of snow and ice on the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INDIAN CESSIONS, 1817-18
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ground, the latter not being sufficient to bear Evans' weight. "The freshets were great, the banks of the creeks overflown, and the whole country inundated."[5] Arriving at the Maumee he found it swollen in flood and the few log houses along its eastern banks were up to their windows in water and "huge masses of ice." This was the village of Orleans (Perrysburg) in March, 1818. Evans could not have chosen a worse time to pass through northwestern Ohio. The *Detroit Gazette* of April 10 and June 12, 1818 commented on the severity of the winter of 1817-18 and the very wet spring which followed. When Buttrick crossed the swamp in the fall of 1818 he complained of little except getting lost. Buttrick also mentioned coming upon a log house some distance west of the Sandusky where he got "some refreshment" and was directed on to the proper path to Lower Sandusky (Fremont).[7] This is the first indication that some hardy woodsman had found a dry spot and was living in the Black Swamp.

The Indian was rapidly vanishing from the scene. In 1816 the number of Indians in northwestern Ohio was "too small to create any alarm whatever . . ."[8] In 1817 the Indians signed a treaty relinquishing the remainder of their lands to northwestern Ohio with the exception of a few scattered reservations which they were permitted to retail. (See map of Indian Cessions, 1817-18). In 1819 there were only 1,481 Indians in northwestern Ohio.[9]

Prior to 1820 the gazetteers did little more than mention the settlements of Perrysburg, Maumee, Lower Sandusky, and Croghansville and their respective locations. The locations of the forts erected during the recent war were also given and so were many "paper villages."

For a while, John Kilbourn issued gazetteers of Ohio yearly beginning in 1816. In his 1817 gazetteer appears "A list of principal roads and distances in the state of Ohio.[10] Three of the roads listed served northwestern Ohio. One route roughly paralleled the southern shore of Lake Erie from the Pennsylvania line to Detroit, passing through Cleveland, Huron, Croghansville, and Perrysburg. A second road went from Cincinnati to "Fort Meigs, alias Perrysburg" which was identical with the postal route established in 1801. (See first installment of this article in Winter, 1952-53, QUARTERLY). The third road went from Kentucky to Lake Erie along the Scioto and Sandusky Rivers, passing through Columbus, Delaware, Upper Sandusky, and Lower Sandusky. These three

routes were roads only in the broadest sense of the word. In reality, they amounted to little more than paths or trails which, for the most part corresponded to the postal routes serving northwestern Ohio.

2. *The Circulation Pattern Broadens*

The soldiers who fought in northwestern Ohio during the War of 1812; the up and coming statemen of the new northwest (Cass, McArthur, Worthington, Woodbridge, Meigs, etc.); and particularly the settlers of northwestern Ohio and southeastern Michigan, were all quick to recognize the necessity of a good road across the Black Swamp. Pressure for the construction of such a road was mounting steadily in both Ohio and Michigan, particularly in the latter. Michigan was sensitive to its relative isolation from the East and had fresh memories of the fall of Detroit during the War of 1812. She also felt that a road across the swamp would result in an increase in settlers sufficient to make Michigan Territory a state.

In 1822 a bill lay before Congress for a road from the Maumee rapids to the Western Reserve. The report accompanying the bill describes the Black Swamp as an "extensive morass" winding "round the southeastern border of Michigan" and "extending so far southwesterly as to interrupt all communication by land between the settlements in Michigan and those of the interior of the United States."[11] It was also observed that the Black Swamp could be "made subservient to all the purposes of profitable agriculture" by artificial drainage, and that "the construction of any road must *precede* the establishment there of any considerable population."[12]

The construction of the Maumee and Western Reserve Road was finally approved by Congress in 1823. Building the road was a prodigious task. It passed through the heart of the swamp, and numerous streams had to be bridged. The road was four years in building. Its raised surface was composed of the soil excavated from ditches on either side.

No improvement contributed more to invite attention to, and induce settlement in the Black Swamp country, than did the Maumee and Western Reserve Road.[13] When it was completed in 1827, the Black Swamp road "was simply a strip one hundred and twenty feet wide cleared

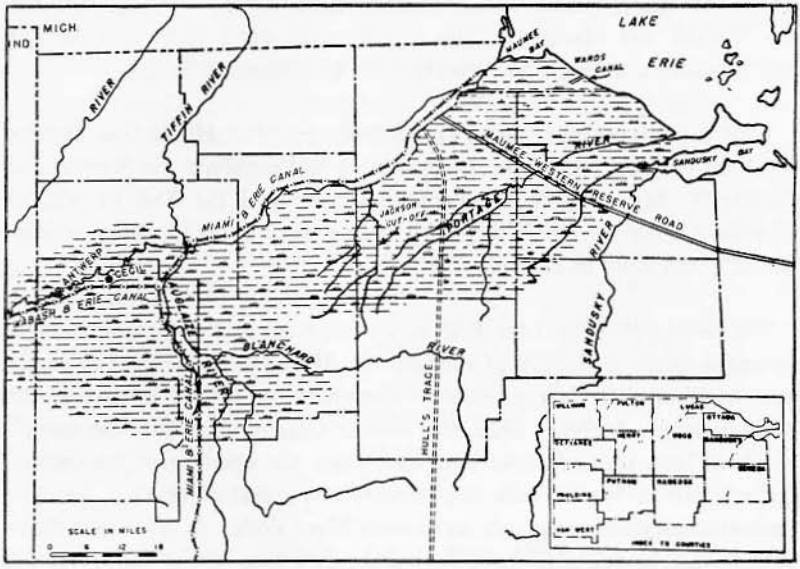
through the woods, with a ridge of loose earth about forty feet in width between the ditches along the sides."[14] The trees on either side were about 100 feet high, and their leaves nearly shut out the sun's rays except during the period of high sun. For a few years it was "a tolerable road" —during the dry seasons. Shortly after the road's completion a line of four-horse post coaches was established, but the attempt to run the stages regularly was a failure, for, except from July to September, the road was impassable. "The more the road was traveled, the worse it became." The Black Swamp road soon acquired a national reputation "for being, perhaps the worst road on the continent."[15] The mail was continually being delayed on account of the road's impassability. But because it was the only road through the Black Swamp it continued to be used by the ever increasing waves of settlers. "Hauling stalled teams out of the worst mudholes had become a regular and well established employment of the settlers along the route, and in 1834, 1835, and 1836, there were thirty-one taverns between [Fremont] and Perrysburg, an average of a tavern for every mile of road."[16]

The building of the road across the Black Swamp in the 1820's was contemporaneous with two other developments in the circulation pattern. One of these was the mounting use of Lake Erie as an east-west highway. The second, and closely associated development, was the successful completion of the Erie Canal which inaugurated a canal building era in Ohio that lasted some twenty years. These two developments resulted in the diversion of a large proportion of the westward traffic from the miserable Black Swamp route.

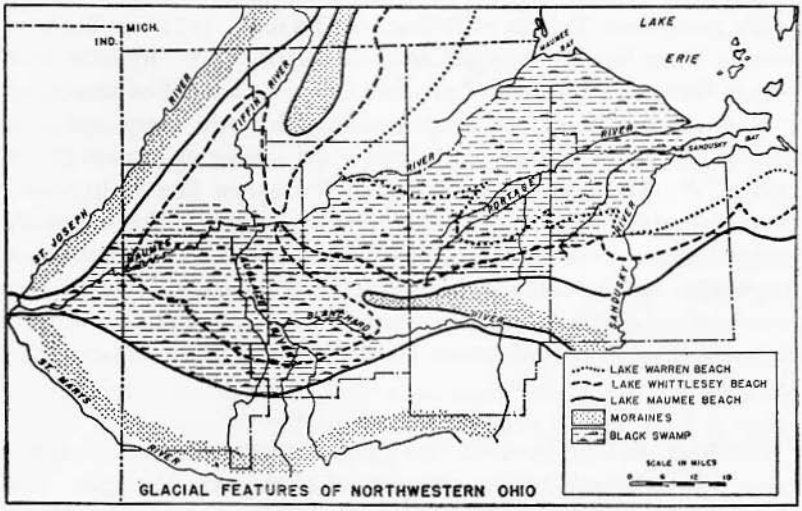
Between 1820 and 1831 the number of steamboats plying Lake Erie increased from one to eleven. Between 1825 and 1831 the total tonnage of all boats on the Great Lakes nearly tripled.[17] The first regular line of communication between Buffalo and the Maumee River began in 1833.[18] By the end of the 1830's and the beginning of the 1840's regular steamboat communication became established between the Maumee and the various ports of Lake Erie and the upper lakes.

The Erie Canal was completed in 1825, the Welland Canal was in operation in 1829, and the Ohio Canal was completed in 1832.

The fever for internal improvements was mounting. Canals were being planned and their routes surveyed. Ground was broken for the Wa-



Canals and Early Roads in Northwestern Ohio



bash and Erie Canal in 1832 and for its important connecting link, the Miami and Erie Canal, in 1833. (See map of Canals, Early Roads, etc.). These two canals directly affected northwestern Ohio, for they furnished the Wabash and Maumee valleys a continuous water route to Lake Erie and provided a through water route from Cincinnati to Toledo.

New post routes were being established. In 1822 Hull's trace became a part of the post route from Bellefontaine to Perrysburg via Kenton and Findlay.[19] Mail was carried between Detroit and the East by way of Cleveland, Fremont, and Perrysburg once a week in 1823, thrice a week in 1827, and daily in 1834.[20]

The development of Lake Erie as a route was, in the beginning, more favorable to the settlement of southeastern Michigan than it was to northwestern Ohio. The lake provided a convenient means for by-passing the Black Swamp. In June, 1822, the *Detroit Gazette* chortled: "So numerous have been the arrival of emigrants since the opening of navigation, that it is difficult at this time to ascertain, their actual numbers . . ."[21] The greatest number of emigrants were from New York. In 1826 one thousand people landed at Detroit during the first two weeks following the opening of Lake navigation.[22]

The Black Swamp also served to divert through Canada many emigrants going from Buffalo to Detroit. In February, 1823 families were arriving "from the east, through Canada in sleighs . . ."[23] By 1828 those persons dreading a trip across Lake Erie "either on account of seasickness or gales of wind [could] be accommodated with a safe, cheap, and comfortable conveyance through a wholesome and interesting portion of the country."[24] The conveyance referred to was a new line of tri-weekly stages between Buffalo and Detroit through Canada. The irregularly operated stages across the "not-so-wholesome" Black Swamp were poor competition for the Canadian line. The Black Swamp road had degenerated into a quagmire one year after its completion, and many years of agitation were required before it was improved and macadamized in 1839-42.

The Black Swamp, however, was actually a factor that was favorable rather than unfavorable to the settlement of southeastern Michigan. Had there been no swamp it is reasonable to assume that southeastern Michigan would have been settled only after most of the land in northwest-

ern Ohio had been taken up. A comparison of the population of southeastern Michigan and northwestern Ohio shows that the population of the former has exceeded that of the latter from 1830 to 1890:

A COMPARISON OF THE POPULATION OF THE SIX SOUTHEASTERNMOST COUNTIES OF MICHIGAN AND THE NINE NORTHWESTERNMOST COUNTIES OF OHIO, 1830-1890†

	Population‡	
Year	Michigan	Ohio
1830	14,585	2,955
1840	95,853	38,916
1850	120,721	73,457
1860	146,490	129,819
1870	191,860	189,317
1880	248,673	193,678
1890	314,740	291,375

†Hillsdale, Jackson, Lenawee, Monroe, Washtenaw, and Wayne in Michigan (3,945 sq. miles); Defiance, Fulton, Hancock, Henry, Lucas, Paulding, Putnam, Williams, and Wood in Ohio (4,049 sq. miles).

‡Michigan statistics exclude all cities over 1,000 except in 1880 and 1890 when only Detroit is excluded. Ohio statistics are for the total population except in 1880 and 1890 when Toledo is excluded.

3. *The Land As Seen By the Pioneer*

Between 1820 and 1830 there was but little progress made in the settlement of northwestern Ohio. The Maumee valley showed a gain in population, and the land between the Sandusky River and the Western Reserve was filling up. The range of townships immediately west of the Sandusky had begun to be settled, particularly in Seneca County, which lay almost entirely outside of the Black Swamp. Here and there at the confluence of major streams and near the remaining Indian reservations, there were signs of increasing population. The Black Swamp itself was almost entirely uninhabited except for a few hardy families who dared to establish themselves along a river bank or on a sand ridge within the fearful morass.

The river bank and sand ridge were good home sites because they represented the driest land available. The stream was sometimes a source

of water power and often a means of communication. In many cases the river banks and sand ridges had previously been the routes of Indian trails.

What sort of land did the pioneer who crossed or settled within the borders of the Black Swamp see?

There were only two important routes across the Black Swamp for the early settler, and it was from the scenery along these routes that he received his first impression of the land. [25] One route, the Black Swamp road, crossed the swamp from southeast to northwest between Fremont and Perrysburg; while the other, Hull's trace, crossed it from south to north. The former crossed the greater extent of swamp, but there was sufficient different between the country traversed by each road for the accounts left by travelers on them to furnish us with a description of the bulk of the Black Swamp country.

In the plan of the road from Perrysburg to the Western Reserve, drawn up in 1823, the land is described as low and wet; and ash, elm, oak, maple, linden, hickory, and cottonwood are the most frequently mentioned trees.[26] The timber was heavy and no prairies were to be seen in the thirty miles between Fremont and Perrysburg. There were twenty-two streams of varying magnitude to be crossed in this stretch. Here and there was a limestone outcrop. Stretches of mud "from knee deep to belly deep to our horses for 8 or 10 miles together" were reported late in the spring. "The land . . . is nearly level," wrote Lewis Cass, "the streams . . . are in many places interrupted with fallen timbers and other obstructions which cause the water to spread extensively. In all the wet seasons of the year the surface is inundated for many miles. The passage of a wheel carriage is physically impracticable and for hours in succession the water will reach the saddle skirts of a horseman. As the season advances, and the rains cease, the waters gradually subside, but the mud becomes deeper and heavier. The labor of traveling is almost intolerable to the horse and rider."[27]

Although most observers only saw the swamp soil as a "mud," William Woodbridge described the swamp as "consisting of a basin of hard clay, upon which is bedded a thick stratum of the most fertile black loam."[28] An early geological report leaves a more detailed soil profile of the Black Swamp in northern Wood County. The uppermost layer is

described as the "dark surface soil," beneath this is a "yellowish clayey stratum sometimes containing pebbles" beneath which is a "bluish clayey stratum," in which pebbles are sometimes found. "Where pebbles predominate it assumes the character of a blue compact hardpan." The soil rests on limestone.[29]

Darby described the Lake Erie plain as having:
. . . all the features of recent alluvion; the streams are sluggish in their motions, their bed having but little inclination; the land along the banks is the highest part of the ground; the intervening spaces between the rivers are low and mostly swampy.[30]

Those who passed through the Black Swamp from the south along the route of Hull's trace received a somewhat different impression. There were fewer streams to be crossed, but the same condition of obstructed channels prevailed, resulting in the inundation of large tracts.

The outstanding feature along Hull's trace was the presence of occasional treeless or almost treeless areas. Most of these were known as wet prairies. "The water was from one to three feet deep, the grass from three to eight feet high."[31] Observers noted the "luxuriant growth of grass and herbs, and an endless variety of beautiful, native flowers . . . interspersed with a few small islets, or groves of oak and hickory timber . . . here and there a solitary oak tree or two standing out in the open expanse . . ."[32]

There were also several sandy ridges crossed by Hull's trace. These ridges were observed by John Riddell in 1836 who noted the "close resemblance of this sand to that every day thrown up by Lake Erie on its present shores."[33] The general correspondence in altitude between the sand banks in different places led to the inference that the surface of the lake "formerly stood some forty or fifty feet above its present level . . ." Riddell also remarks that a Judge Lane "supposes from his own observations . . . that the Lake has left traces of two or three successive periods of subsidence" and "that there are two or three systems of lacustrine sand ridges, differing merely in elevation."[34]

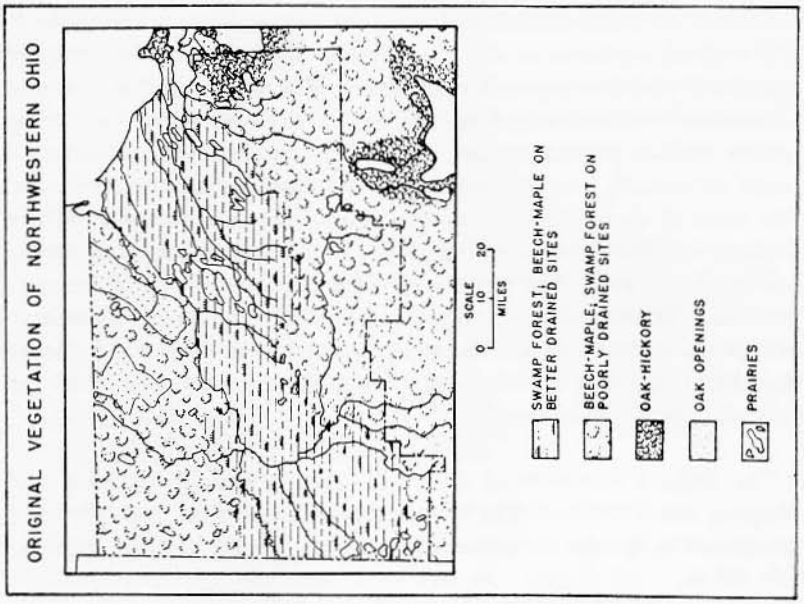
Aside from the treeless areas found in association with the sand ridges, the swamp forest prevailed and was identical to that growing along the east-west road. Now and then swaths of fallen timber amid

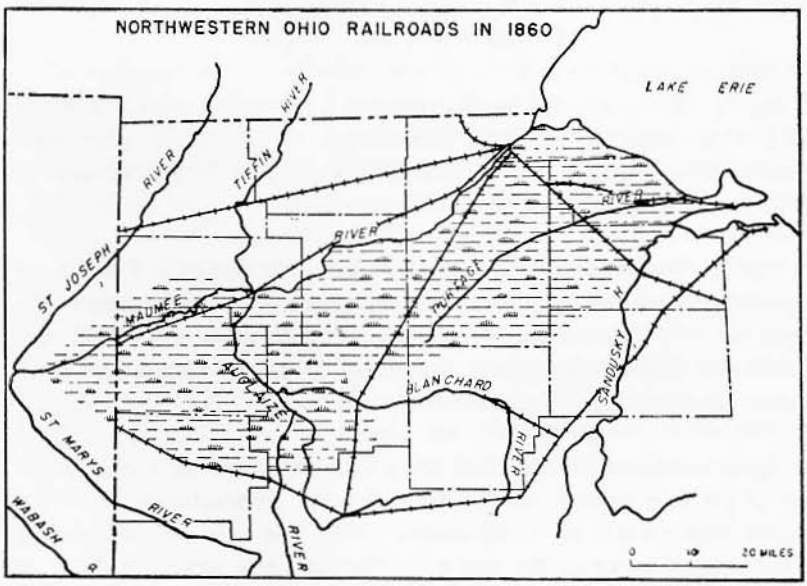
a confusion of underbrush lay along the road—the scars of tornadoes which had ripped through northwestern Ohio. The average slope of the land throughout was only about four feet per mile and locally even less. The Black Swamp was truly a wilderness greater in extent and degree than any previously experienced by most of the emigrants from the more settled East.

The Black Swamp was a product of the final spasms of glaciation. With the retreat of the ice front moraines were deposited, and the ancestors of the present Great Lakes were born in newly scoured basins. The work of erosion has not yet erased the moraines and beach lines left by the glacier and glacial lakes. Less than 100 years ago the Black Swamp still marked the most level portion of the lacustrine plain formed by the retreating lakes. The limits of the Black Swamp were set primarily by the beaches of Lakes Maumee and Whittlesey together with the peculiar drainage pattern which followed the melting of the glacier. (See Map of Glacial Features of Northwestern Ohio.) Sand bars, spits, and even small rocky islands (formed in part by limestone outcrops), together with the sandy beaches, remained after the water's subsidence to lend some variety to the otherwise almost featureless lake plain. The sandy products of wave action, which seldom contribute more than ten feet to the relief of the plain, may be considered prominent only because the region as a whole is so flat.

Plant life, however, was sensitive to these small aberrations as well as to their sandy soils. Oak and hickory was the common vegetation of the sandy ridges and in close association with the sandy ridges were the wet prairies. The dominant plant cover was the dense swamp forest type vegetation composed of a great variety of trees. The trees grew tall and straight with small crowns because of their closeness to each other. It was a splendid virgin growth known today as the deciduous swamp formation. There were no conifers. (See Map of Original Vegetation of Northwestern Ohio.)

The swamp forest with its great variety of species contrasts sharply with the beech-maple or oak-hickory forest associations. The variety comes from the fact that the trees in the swamp are sensitive to small variations in surface drainage.[35] The degrees of drainage are reflected by changes in species. In some cases small rises in surface elevation result in the presence of trees common to areas which are as a whole much


ORIGINAL VEGETATION OF NORTHWESTERN OHIO
SCALE
0 10 20
MILES
SWAMP FOREST, BEECH-MAPLE ON BETTER DRAINED SITES
BEECH-MAPLE, SWAMP FOREST ON POORLY DRAINED SITES
OAK-HICKORY
OAK OPENINGS
PRAIRIES


NORTHWESTERN OHIO RAILROADS IN 1860
LAKE ERIE
TIFFIN RIVER
ST JOSEPH RIVER
MAUMEE RIVER
AUGLAIZE RIVER
BLANCHARD
SANDUSKY
ST MARYS RIVER
WABASH
0 10 20 MILES

drier than the swamp. Sampson uses the term "swamp forest formation" to include the entire successional series of swamp forest communities.[36] The original vegetation of the Black Swamp admirably demonstrated the complexity of the swamp forest formation. The wetter habitats consisted primarily of American elm, black ash, and silver or red maple. Secondary species such as pin oak, swamp white oak, sycamore, and cottonwood might occasionally be so abundant as to be classed among the dominants. The order of invasion depended upon local drainage conditions. Where drainage is better white ash, big shellbark hickory, and red and yellow oak begin to appear. The fact that all these trees were a part of the original Black Swamp vegetation, together with local patches of oak-hickory and beech-maple forest on the better drained sand ridges and higher river banks, accounts for the great variety of trees mentioned in all the early descriptions of the region.

The original vegetation of Ohio has been worked out by Sears, and Sampson and Transeau. The work of the latter two has been the most recent and the results for northwestern Ohio are shown on the map just referred to.

4. *Speculation and Disease*

By the mid 1830's the tempo of emigration had increased, and the about-to-be completed canals in northwestern Ohio attracted many speculators. The lack of a local labor supply necessitated the introduction of a large number of laborers to work on the canals.

The canal workers lived in crowded and filthy tents.[37] There were epidemics of smallpox, typhoid, and pneumonia. At certain seasons the ague was very common and in some years cholera broke out. Such conditions, of course, often made it difficult to get or keep construction gangs; thus delaying the completion of the canals.

Again northwestern Ohio had left a bad impression on a large number of potential settlers, and the reputation for unhealthiness which the region acquired was not easily erased. As if this were not enough, another depression struck the nation in 1837 and was especially severe in the "western country."

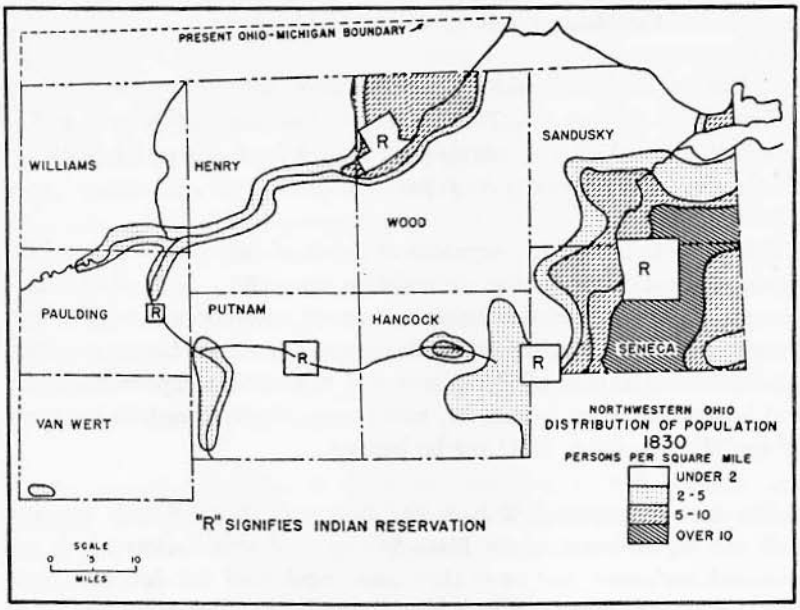
There had been widespread speculation throughout the "West" in 1835 and 36, and the Maumee valley was one of its centers.

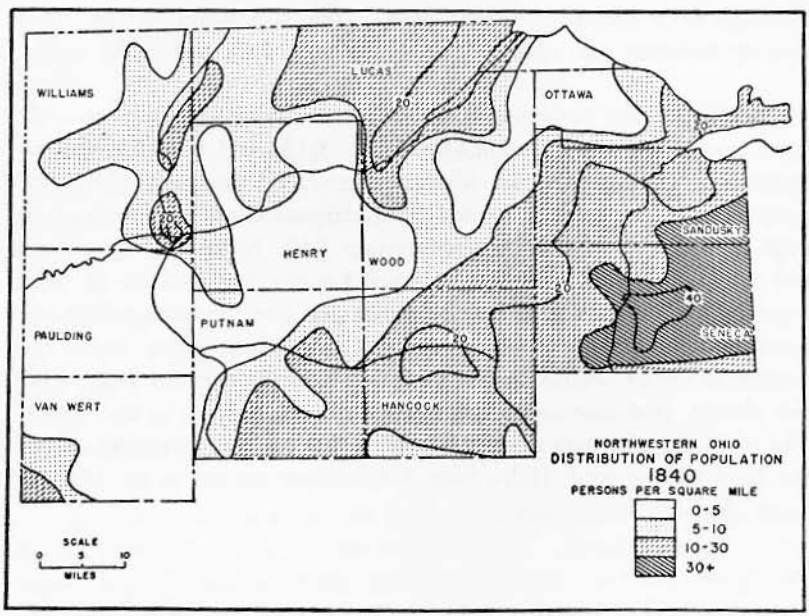
> *The land swarmed with greedy speculators, who cut up the woods into paper villages . . . The log houses swarmed with buyers and sellers, when there was scarcely food enough in the country to maintain the vast accession of its population . . .*[38]

The whole northwest "was regarded as a sort of lottery-office" to which anyone "might resort for the accumulation of wealth . . ."[39] The financial panic of 1837 caused business to stagnate and money became scarce. However, in the late 1830's northwestern Ohio was better insulated against the ill effects of depression and unfavorable reports than she had been twenty years before, for, panic or no, the commercial advantages of the Maumee valley could not be ignored.

The nearly completed Wabash and Erie, and Miami Canals together with the improvement of the Black Swamp road were factors which encouraged settlement and more than counter-balanced the deterrent forces. Settlement continued to advance during the depression of 1837, although at a somewhat slower pace. The population of the Black Swamp, however, still remained far behind that of the rest of the region.

In 1840 the two easternmost counties, Seneca and Sandusky, were the most populous in northwestern Ohio with 18,128 and 10,182 people respectively. Hancock County, adjoining Seneca on the west, with 9,986 people was not far behind. Almost all of Hancock County lay south of the edge of the Black Swamp. Northwestern Ohio began to fill up from east to west, and the fact that Hancock County contained nearly twice as many people as Wood County, which lay directly north within the Black Swamp, indicates the extent to which the Black Swamp caused settlement to detour around it. The population density map for 1840 shows this clearly. (See maps on Distribution of Population, 1830 and 1840). The same map also indicates an orientation of settlement along the axes of the Black Swamp road, Hull's trace, the northern portion of the Maumee valley, and the Tiffin River.


PRESENT OHIO-MICHIGAN BOUNDARY
WILLIAMS
HENRY
WOOD
SANDUSKY
PAULDING
PUTNAM
HANCOCK
SENECA
VAN WERT
R
"R" SIGNIFIES INDIAN RESERVATION
SCALE
0 5 10
MILES
NORTHWESTERN OHIO
DISTRIBUTION OF POPULATION
1830
PERSONS PER SQUARE MILE
UNDER 2
2-5
5-10
OVER 10


WILLIAMS
LUCAS
OTTAWA
HENRY
WOOD
SANDUSKY
PAULDING
PUTNAM
SENECA
VAN WERT
HANCOCK
20
30
40
SCALE
0 5 10
MILES
NORTHWESTERN OHIO
DISTRIBUTION OF POPULATION
1840
PERSONS PER SQUARE MILE
0-5
5-10
10-30
30+

5. *Canals and the Progress of Settlement.*

"The most important business of the pioneer was living."[40] To live he had to wage war with the surroundings; trees had to be felled, underbrush cleared, stumps removed, and predatory animals killed. A cabin must be built, the soil tilled, crops planted, and so on. The magnitude of the pioneer's labor rightly fills us with awe. For the pioneer who selected land within the borders of the Black Swamp, the effort required to live and get along was even greater. His land was either wholly or partially covered by water except for a short part of the year. The soil was heavy, sticky clay. The insects were so bad that the settler often had to wrap himself in heavy clothing despite the heat. Oxen had to be used instead of horses, for the mud, brush, and insects were too much for the latter. Finally the crop was planted only to have the excessive moisture cause the wheat and oats to "overgrow, fall down and blast, and sometimes rot before harvest time."[41]

Having conquered the elements, however, the settler still was faced with problems. How was he to successfully drain his land? Where was he to have his grain milled, and where was he to find a market for his surplus? The problems of drainage and isolation had to be solved if the Black Swamp was ever to become more than a wilderness.

The canals under construction in northwestern Ohio were heralded as the cure to the region's isolation and backwardness. Similar claims were being made for the railroads that were being proposed in that part of the state.[42] In 1839, before either the canals or the railroads were completed, a Wood County farmer bitterly complaining of the lack of wagon roads said that people had their heads too stuffed with canals, railroads and the like to find room for minor improvements such as roads.[43]

The farmer's complaints were not entirely unjust, especially regarding the canals. While the canals did aid in the progress of northwestern Ohio as a whole, they were relatively ineffective in improving the status of the Black Swamp.

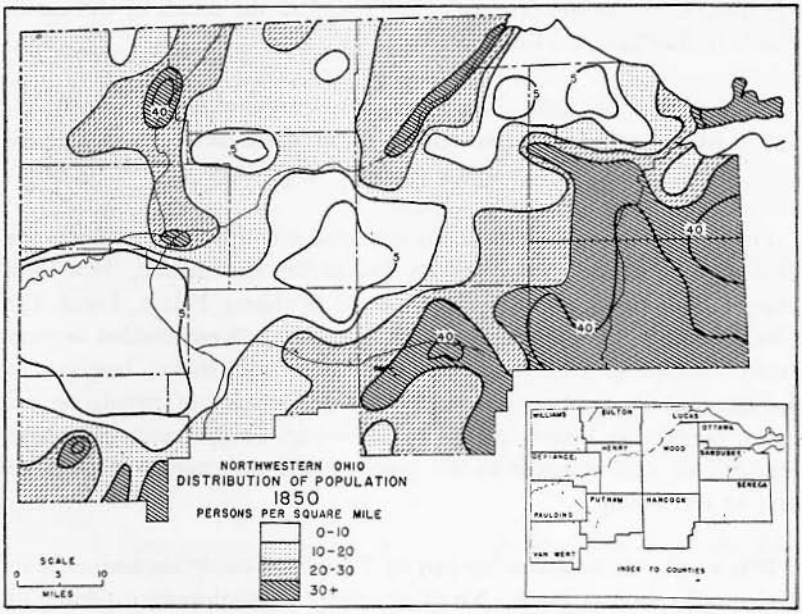
The Wabash and Erie Canal entered Ohio along the south side of Maumee River and continued to Junction, a point a few miles south of Defiance, where it intersected the Miami Canal. From Junction the two canals continued as one to Defiance, and thence along the north bank

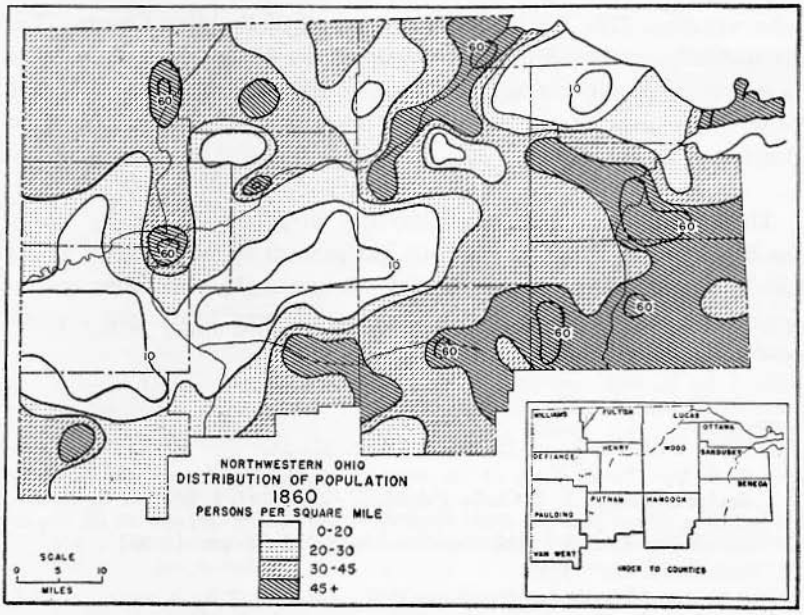
of the Maumee to Toledo. (See Map on Canals, etc.) The Miami Canal began at Cincinnati and followed an irregular course northward to Junction.

One would naturally expect that in a region so sparsely populated as northwestern Ohio there would soon appear a concentration of population along the routes of the canals. However, such a pattern of population failed, for the most part, to materialize until well after the completion of the canals. Congress had granted to the state of Ohio tracts of land five miles wide in alternate sections along the proposed canal routes. These lands were to be sold by the state to help defray the costs of canal construction, but canal lands were withheld from public sale until after the completion of the canals in 1843 and 1845. In 1850 the Ohio legislature was investigating complaints that the exorbitant price of $2.50 per acre for canal lands had "to a great extent prevented settlement and improvement of a large and fertile portion" of northwestern Ohio "by diverting . . . new settlers to such states and territories where the same kind of lands" were sold at $1.25 an acre.[44] There was further complaint of the disposal of large tracts to people who do not enter and improve the land.[45] These facts account best for the relatively low population density along the canals prior to 1860.

The canals have been credited with the opening up of the tributary agricultural area in the brief period between their completion and the coming of the railroads.[46] Bogart states: "Before the completion of the [Miami] canal in 1845 not a single bushel of grain or a single barrel of flour or pork was exported from [northwestern Ohio]."[47] The canals stimulated the business in forest as well as in farm products. Lumber, staves, hoop-poles, ashes, etc. which previously had been of little value locally now were a source of income to the settler. Undeniably the canal furnished an outlet for many farm products and surpluses hitherto unmarketable. The fact that nearly all the canal traffic was local, rather than through, further demonstrates the canals contributions to the farmer.

Canal tonnage reached a peak in the early 1850's after which it steadily declined despite the continual lowering of tolls. The railroads brought about the downfall of the canal. "Between 1850 and 1860 more miles of railroad were constructed in Ohio than in any other decade of


NORTHWESTERN OHIO
DISTRIBUTION OF POPULATION
1850
PERSONS PER SQUARE MILE
0-10
10-20
20-30
30+
SCALE
0 5 10
MILES
WILLIAMS
FULTON
LUCAS
OTTAWA
DEFIANCE
HENRY
WOOD
SANDUSKY
SENECA
PAULDING
PUTNAM
HANCOCK
VAN WERT
INDEX TO COUNTIES


NORTHWESTERN OHIO
DISTRIBUTION OF POPULATION
1860
PERSONS PER SQUARE MILE
0-20
20-30
30-45
45+
SCALE
0 5 10
MILES
WILLIAMS
FULTON
LUCAS
OTTAWA
DEFIANCE
HENRY
WOOD
SANDUSKY
SENECA
PAULDING
PUTNAM
HANCOCK
VAN WERT
INDEX TO COUNTIES

her history."[48] Railroads were built parallel to the routes of the canals which further hastened their decline.

To deny that the canals during their brief period of ascendancy (1843-1857) had an effect on the settlement of the Black Swamp would be absurd; however, their effect was a relatively slight one.

Population increased considerably throughout northwestern Ohio in the decade of 1850-60. (See maps on Population Distribution, 1850 and 1860). The northwesternmost counties of Williams, Fulton, Lucas, Ottawa, Defiance, Henry, Wood, Paulding and Van Wert doubled or very nearly doubled in total population. Of more significance, however, is the fact that the greatest numerical increase in density of population occurred outside the borders of the Black Swamp. Exceptions to the above appeared in areas adjacent to the canals where they passed through or near to the swamp.

It is worthy of note that no part of Paulding County lay further than twelve miles from a canal. No other county in northwestern Ohio had such access to the canal; yet the numerical increase in the density of population in Paulding was considerably less than that in any of the other counties. The Black Swamp covered all of Paulding County. The six townships in Paulding which lay along the canals added as many as twenty-three people per square mile to their population from 1850 to 1860, while none of the six interior townships added more than four people per square mile.

There were also some marked increases in population density within the Black Swamp which were largely independent of the influence of the canals, particularly in Wood County along the Maumee-Western Reserve road and Hull's trace, the latter having been made into a plank road from Perrysburg to Findlay.

FOOTNOTES

1. *Niles' Weekly Register,* January 11, 1817, 321-24.
2. C. S. Van Tassel, *Story of the Maumee Valley, Toledo and the Sandusky Region* (Chicago: S. J. Clarke Publishing Co., 1929), I, 862; C. E. Slocum, *History of the Maumee River Basin from the Earliest Account to its Organization into Counties* (Indianapolis: Bowen and Slocum, [1905]), 526.
3. January 11, 1817, 323.
4. Tilly Buttrick, *Voyages, Travels and Discoveries of Tilly Buttrick, Jr.,* Vol. III of *Early Western Travels,* 1748-1846, ed. R. G. Thwaites (32 vols.;

Cleveland: A. H. Clark Co., 1904-07), 84.

5. U. S. Congress, *American State Papers,* Class X, *Miscellaneous,* Vol. II (Washington: Gales and Seaton, 1832), 596.
6. Vol. III of *Early Western Travels,* 1748-1846, ed. R. G. Thwaites (Cleveland: A. H. Clark Co., 1904-07), 201.
7. Tilly Buttrick, *op. cit.,* 84.
8. *Niles' Weekly Register,* January 11, 1817, 324.
9. J. Johnston, "Account of Present State of Indians Inhabiting Ohio," *Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society,* I (1820), 269-89.
10. J. Kilbourn, *The Ohio Gazetteer or Topographical Dictionary* (Columbus: J. Kilbourn, 1817), 182.
11. U. S. Congress, House, Committee on Roads and Canals, *Report . . . Relative to Carrying into Effect the Treaty of Brownstown . . .*, Report 50, 17th Cong., 2nd Sess. (Washington, 1822), 4.
12. *Ibid.,* 5.
13. H. Everett, *History of Sandusky County* (Cleveland: H. Z. Williams and Bros., 1882), 139.
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15. *Ibid.*
16. *Ibid.*
17. U. S. Congress, Senate, *Report of the Topographical Bureau for the Year* 1839, Senate Document No. 58, 26th Cong., 1st Sess. (Washington, 1840), 152.
18. M. Maurer, "Navigation at the Foot of the Maumee Rapids, 1815-1845," *Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio Quarterly Bulletin,* XV (1943), 163.
19. *Detroit Gazette,* July 19, 1822.
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21. *Detroit Gazette,* June 7, 1822.
22. *Ibid.,* May 23, 1826.
23. *Ibid.,* February 28, 1823.
24. *Ibid.,* August 28, 1828.
25. James Riley, one of the original surveyors of northwestern Ohio, suggested in 1819 that the emigrant's best approach to northwestern Ohio and northeastern Indiana was by way of Lake Erie to the Maumee, up that river or its tributaries, thence overland to their destination. *History of Van Wert and Mercer Counties, Ohio* (Wapakoneta, Ohio: R. Sutton and Co., 1882), 292.
26. Quintas Atkins, "Plan of the Road Leading from the Foot of the Rapids of the Miami of Lake Erie to the Western Boundary of the Connecticut Western Reserve," Western Reserve Historical Society, Atkins Paper, MSS 2018.
27. *Detroit Gazette,* February 28, 1826.
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30. W. Darby, *A Tour from the City of New York, to Detroit, in the Michigan Territory . . .* (New York: Kirk and Mercein, 1819), 183.
31. [M. A. Leeson and C. W. Evers], *Commemorative Historical and Biographical Record of Wood County, Ohio* (Chicago: J. H. Beers and Co., 1897), 36.
32. Samuel Williams, "Two Western Campaigns in the War of 1812-13," *Ohio Valley Historical Series,* No. 7, *Miscelanies,* Part 2 (Cincinnati: R. Clarke and Co., 1871), 21-2.
33. *Report of John L. Riddell One of the Special Committee Appointed . . . to Report on the Method of Obtaining a Complete Geological Survey of this State,* Ohio [Executive Document], 1836/37; Report No. 60 (Columbus: James B. Gardiner, 1836), 19-20.
34. *Ibid.*
35. "In many swamp forest habitats an abrupt elevation of seven to ten inches gives sufficient local drainage for beech-maple or oak-hickory. On the other hand a slope of three to four feet per mile may lead to an elevation of several feet above the lowest depression yet not be sufficiently drained for beech-maple." H. C. Sampson, "Succession in the Swamp Forest Formation in Northern Ohio," *Ohio Journal of Science,* XXX (1930), 348.
36. *Ibid.,* 342-48.
37. "Father Machebeuf on the Sandusky," *Northwest Ohio Quarterly,* XVI (1944), 48.
38. J. Lenman, "The Progress of the Northwest," *Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review,* III (1840), 39-40.
39. *Ibid.*
40. Buley, *op. cit.,* I, 167.
41. Everett, *op. cit.,* 195.
42. A railroad was built from Toledo to Adrian, Michigan, in 1837 and was the first west of the Alleghanies.
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44. *Special Report of the Auditor of State Relative to Land Agency of J. W. Allen . . .,* Report No. 32, Ohio [Executive Documents], Vol. 16, pt. I (1852), (Columbus: S. Medary, 1852), 581.
45. *Ibid.*
46. L. Newcomer, "Construction of the Wabash and Erie Canal," *Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Quarterly,* XLVI (1937), 199.
47. E. Bogart, *Internal Improvements and State Debt in Ohio* (New York: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1924), 86.
48. C. Huntington and C. McClelland, *History of Ohio Canals* (Dayton: The Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society, 1905), 43.

"Pink Lemonade"

By Marion S. Revett

The history of ninteenth century American Circus is the most amazing, as well as the most pathetic, in the entertainment world. Taking to the road in early Spring to battle mud, disease, storms and broken axles, the old time wagon shows doggedly toured the countryside like a circuit rider bringing religion.

The very inconsistencies which made the circus the greatest entertainment in the world, also made it the most misunderstood. Its performers have always had courage, sometimes to the point of foolhardiness, but a century ago circus actors were beyond doubt the most overworked and underpaid in show business. Yet even as they complained bitterly of their lot, they were teaching their children the same dangerous routines in order that the next generation of circus actors was assured.

The circus must follow tradition, yet continually break its own records of achievement. It could gull the audiences at a freak show one minute, and defy death to please the same crowd the next. Their handbills might enumerate, in impressive totals, the number of famous performers and wild animals, production costs and exclusive features, then have no space left in which to print the names of the very actors who made such a show possible.

The circus owner could state his complete honesty at every opportunity, at the same time leasing small spaces along his Midway to any "tinhorn" gambler with an ability to manipulate walnut shells, raffle wheels or playing cards.

They were loved by the people and hated by the police; attacked by small town hoodlums, persecuted by the sheriff and disdained by the moralists who considered such a gypsy life immoral, irresponsible and positively indecent.

Circus people could fight among themselves, then mobilize to defend each other at every cry of "Hey, Rube"; watch each other's acts with

bated breaths, find time to visit whatever local cemetery held the body of a fellow actor, and "hate this life" to anyone who would listen.

Truly these people in the world of split-second timing were consistent only out of season.

* * *

Our first record of a circus company having the temerity to steer its wagons along the little road leading from the Maumee-Monroe highway to the banks of the River, was the June, Titus & Angevine show. On July 20, 1842, the caravan brought to town "the only Giraffe now living on the American continent; the elephant and every variety of wild beasts, birds and reptiles." Equestrians included "The Four Hungarian Cousins" and Mr. Lipman, the Vaulting Phenomenon, could "actually throw seventy-one somersetts at one trial." (The fact that a "cameleopard" had been displayed in a lot back of the American House the previous summer, seemed to indicate that at least one other giraffe was alive and well in America).

Two summers later, the great G. R. Spaulding "North American Circus" came to town and so efficiently had their animals been trained, so exciting was Carroll, the double-somersettist who "turns twice in the air before alighting" and so inspiring was McNight, the Yankee Sampson who fired a cannon weighing 1000 pounds, from his breast, that old-fashioned disdain of the circus was slowly becoming extinct. "Properly conducted," wrote the *Blade* editor, "there is no doubt that theatrical exhibitions of this type may be made highly conducive to the advancement of Morality, Virtue and Religion."

In 1845 June & Turner offered N. B. Turner, the "best 6-horse rider in the country" and Spaulding brought J. M. McFarland back to vault the tight rope and balance thereon with chairs, barrels, bottles &c. The third company ever to play Toledo was Raymond & Waring, who on August 7, 1846 entered town with its lead wagons drawn by "two tremendous elephants in harness." The Circus had came to stay and when Welch & Delavan's National Circus arrived October 15, 1847 with 250 men and horses and the great Levi J. North, internationally known Equestrian, Toledo as a circus town had become known to all advance agents as a sure thing.

Each season, thereafter, two or three of the big shows came to town, with an additional string of disreputable little nomads pitching a tent and stealing anything they could find. The nuisance value of the pickpockets, clothesline thieves and drunken roustabouts who followed such caravans soon outweighed the joys of even the most prominent organizations. "Take down your washings," warned the police, "bring in your children, put out your dogs and lock your houses—the circus is coming to town."

In 1850, Sands Lent & Company had three stupendous elephants in tow for their "Hippoferaean Arena" and since the measure of success of any owner had come to depend upon the number of these Asiatic luxuries which he could afford, the battle of elephants was on.

P. T. Barnum sent his "Grand Colossal Museum and Menagerie" to Toledo on August 20, 1852 and the following year he arrived in person, to lecture at the Presbyterian church on "The Maine Law." A Railroad Circus also made its appearance that year, along with the scheduled three trains a day between Our Town and Cleveland. By 1856 Spaulding & Rogers were announcing, weeks in advance of their arrival: "Look out for the locomotive. Wait for the Train. First Railroad Circus, instead of using wagons." They were first in town with a 40-horse team, as well as a three ring circus—"three sets of performers, three sets of clowns and three sets of ring horses."

During the Civil War years, circus entertainment was scarce, but the 1864 season found Spaulding & Rogers still making history as they toured with "the first steam carriage which is self-propelled and promises to supercede the use of horses on the ordinary thoroughfare. It steams noiselessly and unweariedly at thirty miles per hour and occasionally stops for a bucket of water or a handful of fagots only; and is more docile than a horse. It halts instantly, turns deviously, or proceeds at a funeral pace, at the bid of the driver." It was Prof. Austen's newly invented Family Steam Carriage.

* * *

When a circus came to town, canvas was often raised a mile or more from the center of the community. Water then had to be hauled in barrels from town pumps to the circus grounds. One hot summer day, a lemonade concessionaire named Pete Conklin sold his entire stock before

the show closed. His supply of tartaric acid, sugar and lemon extract was sufficient, but he had no water left in the barrel. Running frantically from tent to tent, Pete found the barrels dry. A lone equestrienne was washing her little tarlatan costume in a tub of water, and the water had become dyed with the pink of her dress—but it would have to do. Snatching up the tub, Pete ran back to concoct more of his pseudo beverage and called it "pink lemonade."[1]

By 1871, there were twenty-six circus companies on the road,[2] and nine of them played Toledo in one season. Barnum had come back into the business and a new era of buncombe, ballyhoo and braggadocio had arrived. His show required "three trains of thirty-eight cars each, and each train is pulled by two engines." He carried six show tents and his actors took second place to the publicity of size, size, SIZE!

The years 1872, 1873 and 1875 all found Barnum's Circus in town, and for his third season the "Great Roman Hippodrome" offered admission free to all who would purchase "The Life of Barnum," written by himself and revised constantly, with "nearly 1000 pages and 50 full illustrations, reduced in price from $3.00 to $1.50." Then Barnum's circus disappeared from our neighborhood for five years, and, except for the periodic arrival of the equally famous Adam Forepaugh ("4-Paw") show, local circus entertainment went back to the small time. "There is no circus yet," grumbled our people. "Are they all disbanded?"

Many years later, it was learned that Barnum and Forepaugh had divided the country between them, and while Barnum played the West, Forepaugh toured the East. Confronted with such competition, as well as higher and higher license fees, the little shows played the backwoods towns or went out of business. Many combined into "Grand United Shows" to make a living.

In 1879, a new type of circus producer had entered the field. He was James A. Bailey (James Anthony McGinness) who, after years of experience from billposter and agent to co-owner, sent on tour the Cooper-Bailey "Great London" Circus. Alliteration in advertising arrived with Bailey. His exhibit of the "grand Electric Light, under 168,000 yards of snowy white canvas" was part of a circus containing "Ten Massive, Monster, Moving Mammoths of More than Monumental Measurement; More and Better Elephants. Not a Pyramid of Pigmies but a Monument of

Mammoths; Scientists Wonder at It; Statesmen Marvel at It; Philosophers are Bewildered at It; Cynics Smile at It; Monarchs Envy It; Frauds Dread It and the Whole World Adores It."

Such was the flamboyant style of James A. Bailey. Phineas T. Barnum, the man of words, had met his master; and while some circus historians insist that Barnum bought into Bailey's show to obtain part ownership of the first baby elephant born in captivity, because Bailey would not sell the animal outright, it is much more interesting to believe that P.T. wanted control of that walking dictionary in his competitor's camp.

"The Greatest Show On Earth," a combination of Barnum, the "Great London" circus and Sanger's Royal Menagerie, found P. T. Barnum, James A. Bailey and J. L. Hutchinson in partnership operating a two-train, 45-car outfit when they played Toledo in 1881. Two years later, their $3,000,000 show advertised expenses of $4,800 a day, a huge elevated stage 60 x 80 feet, and "Jumbo" the elephant. From 1881 to 1891, we had Barnum & Bailey one season and Forepaugh the next. Then old Adam Forepaugh died and a short time later P. T. Barnum also passed on, leaving James A. Bailey to buy out his two competitors, Forepaugh and Sells Brothers. Thereafter Toledo had Bailey's "Barnum" circus one season and Bailey's "Forepaugh-Sells" show the next.

By 1890, Bailey's biggest competitor had become the Ringling Brothers circus and while that company did not reach Toledo until five years later, it became a factor in local history when our own Walton Brothers joined Ringlings at Baraboo, Wisconsin in 1893. To combat Ringlings, James A. Bailey formed a tri-partite agreement with Buffalo Bill Cody and the Sells Brothers-Forepaugh management to "work together building a bigger circus, rather than work separately and have little success for any one of them." But it was too late. Barnum & Bailey could only play a certain number of towns a season. Buffalo Bill, even with the help of Annie Oakley, was no competition for the Ringling Brothers, and by 1898, local audiences numbered from ten to twelve thousand people a day. Ringlings advertised a capital investment of $3,700,000 with daily expenses of $7,450.00 and before James A. Bailey died in 1906 he had sold both the Forepaugh-Sells circus and Barnum & Bailey to the Ringlings.

* * *

There were many Toledoans on the Circus in the nineteenth century; that their records are lost to local history is the pathetic side of the Circus story. Only the route books and the paymasters of the day kept a record of these people who had spent their lives learning, rehearsing and perfecting the routines of strength, endurance, aerial and equestrian skill—and it is the one shame of the profession. There are but two or three known indexed circus libraries in the country, compared to the abundance of material on theater, music and literature to be found in almost any small town's public library.

Our first known circus actor was WILLIAM R. (Billy) ASHE, who began as a clown in 1853. He was for six years on the John Robinson show, among others, and his son WILLIAM J. (Billy) ASHE became a gymnast and acrobat for the same circus at the age of thirteen. The Ashton family, William, Laura and Mamie were also gymnasts on the same bill and many years later, Billy, Junior formed the "Flying Ashtons," the troupe which gave Joe E. Brown his first circus training. When age prevented Billy, Junior from continuing his gymnastic career, he became a clown in the footsteps of his famous father.

In the days when circus horses were housed at the local livery stables, and harness was repaired by the town saddler, Davenport & Statzer were harness makers. JOHN L. DAVENPORT was a circus clown as early as 1856, with Spaulding & Rogers, then Satterlee & Bell, Antonio & Wilder, John Robinson and others. His son JOHN L., Junior, became an internationally famous equestrian and married Ella Hollis, sister of Toledo's champion rider Orrin L. Hollis. The Davenport and Hollis families trained in the Davenport barn at 16 Vance Street for many years, and the John L. Davenport Tent in Chicago was named in the Toledoan's honor.[3] A third generation of Davenports carried on into the twentieth century.

THOMAS H. HOLLIS lived at the Davenport home on Vance Street when in town and was a circus man as early as the 1850's, until he died in 1878.

ORRIN L. HOLLIS also trained in the Davenport barn and joined circus life with the Emma Lake circus in 1871 at the age of nineteen. As a bareback rider he was rated with such old time greats as William Showles, Charles W. Fish, Romeo Sebastian and Robert Stickney. His best known pupil was May Wirth, whom he taught to somersault from

one horse to another.[4] Orrin Hollis was on the Sells Brothers circus in 1883 and then joined Barnum & Bailey. In 1889 he played Toledo with the Forepaugh circus and was with his wife on the John Robinson tour in 1891. Four years later he joined Ringling Brothers and when his son, Melvin, was six years old, the boy began his training as a bareback rider to continue in the family tradition. Melvin (Pinkie) Hollis later travelled with such circuses as John Robinson, Sells-Floto, Hagenback Wallace and Charles Sparks before he died in 1949.

SAM ROEMER was an acrobat on the Barnum & Bailey circus before leaving for Europe in 1883. He remained abroad for six years, teaming with another acrobat named Mora, before he came home to retire from circus life and enter business with his own firm of Roemer & Eppstein.

THE WALTON BROTHERS, High, Dave, Reno and John opened on the Barnum & Bailey circus at Madison Square Garden in New York for the 1888 season. Their pyramid act was a part of the Sells Brothers show in 1891 and in 1893 they joined the Ringling Brothers at Baraboo, Wisconsin for the season. When they wintered in Toledo, they rehearsed in a barn in the rear of their home on Lucas Street, where neighbors formed an appreciative audience as they worked.

THE McCREE Brothers, Al, John and Reno, with Mrs. Reno were on the Howe & Cushing circus in 1894 as leapers and acrobats. They joined Wallace Brothers the following season and wintered at home after closing in Gainesville, Florida.

Toledo's only circus was the SUN BROTHERS "World's Progressive Show" which was organized by the Klotz brothers, George, Gustave and Peter in 1892. They lived at 533 Nebraska Avenue and their original outfit was produced on a budget of less than $400.00. While most shows had become "Railroad", the astute Sun Brothers (their name was copyrighted) traveled by wagons, using the fares thus saved to add equipment to their company. By 1895 they had added $8,000 worth of improvements to their fast growing outfit and wintered on the Ketcham Farm in West Toledo. Their wagons were routed through Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and parts of Michigan one season, then west to Indiana, Illinois and other neighboring states the next. Later they became a ten-car railroad show and Pete Sun's private car was named the "Toledo". Early headliners included such well known Performers as

DeLonzo & Evaline; The Hoddy's on trapeze; Miller and Shepherd, clowns; Rob Emmons and his trained dogs; and Mary & Lou Duclos.

"They are an honor to their city", wrote Arthur Henry of the *Blade;* "may their tent never grow smaller nor their dope cold."

There were so many others. "Rube" Clark, Harry ("Demonio") Ravier and his brother George ("Rialto"); John Dushe, William D. (Billy) Erney with his own ladder act; Harry Gunning, the advance man who was on Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show and initiated Dexter Fellows in the life of a circus ad man[5]; Harry Scheets ("Happy Dave Stafford") the clown; the Soncrant Brothers, John and Emery, who were buggy wheel riders; Jim Valdare and his family of cyclists who were with Tony Pastor on tour in 1895.

Circus performers, by their courage and perseverance, have always been leaders in the entertainment world. Since life itself depended on their teamwork with others, it is possible that these show people never considered themselves, individually, as any more talented than the rest of the crew. There are many circus biographies, but very few autobiographies—perhaps because as Arthur Henry also wrote in the *Blade*: "Circus people are not freaks, they are no different than you or I. The circus is, simply, their business."

FOOTNOTES

1. "The Circus From Rome to Ringling"—Earl Chapin May.
2. "Old Wagon Show Days"—Gil Robinson.
3, 4. Ringling Museum of American Circus Library, Sarasota, Florida.
5. "This Way To the Big Show"—Dexter Fellows.

Midwestern: The Colored People

By Alfred Vance Churchill

When I left home and entered on professional life I was shocked at seeing the treatment of colored people by whites, which differed from anything I had known. At educational conferences in the larger cities I would occasionally meet old friends of African descent who had come on as delegates. It did not occur to me to treat them otherwise than as colleagues; but I noticed a strange expression on the faces of my white acquaintances and saw that I was losing caste. I learned with feelings hard to describe that these delegates could not get hotel accommodations with the rest of us.

My mother and father had always been known as friends of the Negro. A colored lady, Fanny Jackson by name, was—I dare say—the dearest friend my mother ever had and she was worthy of the place. The two always embraced and kissed each other when they had been long parted. Father went to Washington after the War and got the first fund that Oberlin secured for colored students. He got it I think, from General O. O. Howard, who had been put in charge of a bureau for the education of freedmen.

Since infancy I had known men and women of that race. I had played with colored boys as a child and thought of them as friends and equals. Names arise by scores in my mind of individuals and of families,—fine, capable, cheerful and kindly folk, full of imagination and humor. Of course there were plenty of the opposite type too,—as with their white brothers—good-for-nothings, scape-graces and criminals.

I return thanks for good and bad alike. The lazy, improvident picturesque ragamuffins, that sunned themselves on our fences and stole our chickens and melons, lent interest to the daily scene, offered object-lessons against laziness and taught us that contentment comes from within. (I pause to remark that the honesty of the Negro has often been falsely impugned. The colored people we knew were the most hon-

est of men. Those who "stole our chickens and melons" did not steal much of anything else; and they were but a small minority of the population, no greater than the minority of Christian whites who will steal books and umbrellas, but nothing else.) The fights we had with the mean ones gave us courage and strength. Coal-black, half-and-half, quadroon or octoroon—with skins as light as mine—I give thanks and have an indulgent memory for all.

Our colored citizens differed widely in race. Some of them were very fine-looking indeed and one had no difficulty in accepting the story that they were sons of kings and princes—they may have been Senegalese. Others were average and others still inferior, both in appearance and ability.

The men were nearly all fathers of families. They served the community in various capacities, some of them holding responsible positions. "Johnny Russell," for instance, a handsome and intelligent fellow, was the College superintendent of buildings. Among the others were carpenters, masons, painters, black-smiths, barbers, nurses, gardeners, cooks and teamsters. There were those also who depended on their wives taking in washing, or going out as cooks and household servants, and had no other visible means of support. They were "marked for rest."

We had a better chance than most to know the colored people. Two or three times there were colored student-girls in the family, for years at a stretch; living with us as equals, working or playing with us, sitting at our table and joining in the family worship. Our servant—when we had one—was as often as not a colored woman. Toward the servant-class our feelings were divided, for some of them were bad and some good. But as for the student-girls our affection and respect were beyond question.

"Fanny Jackson," daughter of a slave woman by a Carolina Senator, was born in slavery and had purchased her own freedom and that of her mother. (It cost her a thousand dollars.) She was graduated from Oberlin in 1865 and later received the degree of Master of Arts. Fanny lived for years in our family. She was living there when I was born and took care of me for a long time. One of my earliest memories is of a kind, dusky face bowed over my own as I went to sleep on her breast; for, as a child, I was sick a good deal.

Fanny was a woman of immense energy. My father spoke of her as a brilliant student. She was appointed to teach a class in mathematics in the preparatory department at Oberlin, while still an undergraduate, being one of the very few woman who have had that honor.

Fanny Marion Jackson (Coppin) was chosen, in 1865, Principal of the Institute for Colored Youth in Philadelphia. She continued in that position until 1892. The school was established and supported by the Society of Friends. (It is now the Cheyney State Teachers College.)

She developed great qualities as a leader and administrator and was a born teacher. Her school was distinguished for its high standards in classical and liberal subjects. She was berated for doing work which seemed to the critics "inappropriate for the class she served." But Fanny was making no mistake. Her people were in need of ministers and lawyers and doctors. She offered the education they needed to students who were qualified to receive it.

On the other hand she was one of the first to see that the majority of men and women, white or black, are not fitted for courses in the liberal arts, nor for college degrees. She introduced one vocational course after another, and strove to give the less gifted majority the education which would serve them in the lives they were to lead. She laid special emphasis on this work, thus anticipating, by some twenty years, the labors of Booker T. Washington.

She was also a pioneer in the training of colored teachers. The Coppin Teachers College, established by the city of Baltimore in 1901, was named in her honor. In 1902 she founded the Bethel Institute of Cape Town, Africa, the first educational school for natives to be established there.

Fanny was a great woman both in soul and body. Tall and well-built, glowing with health and queenly beauty, she was soon asked in marriage by a worthy suitor, the Reverend Levi J. Coppin, later presiding bishop of African Methodist churches in Philadelphia and vicinity. Fanny returned his love but could not bring herself to give up her work for "her people." She put him off time after time for many years. They were married in 1882. There were no children.

"Annie Cooper" was another loved member of our family. Annie was a gentle lady, of modest mien and charming manner that hid a remarkable strength of character and nobility of spirit. And besides that she was a lover of the beautiful,—of birds and flowers, of fields and skies, of art and poetry and music. Like a gracious hostess she welcomed whatsoever was lovely and of good report with open heart.

Annie J. Cooper was graduated from Oberlin in 1884. She had earned her own education by coaching and in other ways. In her senior year she was appointed to teach a class in Third Term Algebra in the preparatory department, a very rare honor. I have a letter from George H. White, Principal of the department, stating that she "made an unqualified success of it and secured admirable results." A little later she received the degree of Master of Arts.

Mrs. Cooper was professor of Latin and Greek in the M Street High School for colored youth, Washington, D. C., during the greater part of her professional life, and for many years was Principal of the School. She was inspired by selfless devotion to the cause of her people. As a teacher, she strove to develop the self-respect, as well as the minds of her pupils; to give them confidence in their race and in themselves.

She was not only a brilliant college student but a born scholar. Her arduous work as a teacher could not kill her thirst for knowledge nor thwart her continuous progress in scholarly fields. At an age when most of us would have thought such an ambition hopeless, she went to France and in 1925 achieved the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the Sorbonne for her work in mediaeval French literature. During that time she lived in the family of a famous savant, a professor of her major subject. In 1930 she was elected President of Frelinghuysen University in Washington.

Another lady, with whom I was pleasantly—though not intimately—acquainted, was an Oberlin student known to all, in those days, as "Molly Church." She was an upper-class-man, while I was a mere Freshman; but I remember her bright smile when we passed each other on the Square. It was a smile of radiant kindness, not without a hint of mischief. Molly's vitality and vigor were astonishing and continuous throughout her career. She must have been nearly eighty when she told

a friend that she still loved dancing better than anything else and could dance the youngsters off the floor.

The majority of Oberlin students had very little money. I do not know whether Molly Church was "rich," but she had enough to relieve her of anxiety as to funds and to enable her to go on with her studies when and where she would, after leaving college. With youth, beauty and marvelous health, she might easily have wasted her life in selfish amusements. Instead of that she devoted it whole-heartedly to the good of her people.

Graduated from Oberlin in 1884, she later achieved the degree of Master of Arts. After that she continued her education for a number of years in Europe. At this time she made life-long friends among leaders of thought in many fields. In the early nineties she became the wife of Robert Heberton Terrell, the distinguished lawyer, who for many years held the position of judge of the Municipal Court, Washington, D. C., to which he was appointed by President Theodore Roosevelt.

Mary Church Terrell was not only a club-woman, active in social life, she lectured and wrote for magazines and became a national leader in her chosen field. The force of her personality and her breadth of view impressed those who came in contact with her and led to distinguished honors. About 1892 she was chosen first President of the National Association of Colored Women; was re-elected and served a second term, after which she was named Honorary President for life. She was a member for eleven years of the Board of Education, Washington, D. C., being the first colored woman and one of the first two women, to be appointed to that Board.

In 1904 Mrs. Terrell represented the women of the colored race at the International Congress of Women at Berlin, delivering her address in English, French, and German. She was appointed official delegate to the International Congress of Women for Permanent Peace at Zurich in 1919; addressed the World Fellowship of Faiths at London in 1937; and was named on a list of the one hundred most famous alumni of Oberlin College at the celebration of its one-hundredth anniversary.

The colored men who graduated from Oberlin have done good work in the world and some have achieved distinction. The Conservatory has

sent out some excellent musicians. I knew several music students in Berlin about 1890. Two I think were pupils of Joachim. Later on, Roy W. Gibbs became professor of music at Howard University. R. Nathaniel Dett, the composer, Mus. B. and Mus. D., was graduated at Oberlin in 1908. I may mention John L. Love, historian and teacher. Among clergymen, I remember, as a student in college, James Henry Garnett, who became President of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Nashville. John M. Langston had a distinguished career as a lawyer. Langston was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court, served as Professor of Law in Howard University, was appointed Minister and Consul General to Haiti (1877-85) and was elected to the Fifty-first Congress.

In speaking of those who stood well in the College and community and distinguished themselves in later life, I have limited myself for the most part to those I knew personally; otherwise the list might be considerably extended. I shall not need to recall famous names of singers, or artists, lawyers and others, who did not come from Oberlin.

Such men and women have done their work in the face of great difficulty, pain and humiliation, and well-nigh universal prejudice. The common public still wants to know about the color of a man's skin and the tincture of his blood, before asking about his ability and his honesty. Yet these present years are witnessing a favorable change of feeling. A recent editorial in the *N. Y. Times* closes with these words:—"We can at least say to all the world that we are learning to honor creative ability, intelligence and public service with less and less emphasis on the racial stream from which they come."

The point of view we acquired in our home-town, which we found nowhere else in America and which we never lost, was very close to that which I encountered later in England and Germany and particularly in France. (The main difference was that we had a strong feeling against racial intermarriage, while Europe did not.) Among my friends today are distinguished persons with African blood in their veins. It goes without saying that I should be honored to receive them into my home.

The common citizens presented a notable variety of types, and individuals of considerable interest. An old barber of noble and kindly appearance who has clipped and shaved me a good many times had mar-

ried a red-headed Irish woman—the only case of racial intermarriage that I ever knew of personally. They had a large family of intelligent children, well brought up and some of them highly educated. The oldest boy became an able contractor and builder. One of the sons graduated from the College and was appointed teacher of Latin in the High School for colored youth in Washington, D. C.

A very splendid specimen of young womanhood was Samantha Tuck, the daughter of a shoe-maker. When Samantha was thirteen her mother died and from that time on she had the care of two younger sisters and two brothers, her father providing the family support. After the children had been properly cared for, Samantha studied in the Academy, taught school in Kentucky and was married there. Her brother Henderson, a modest fellow whom I knew as a child, won deserved reputation as a painter and decorator. White men liked to work for him because he was humane, just and polite in his dealings with his employees. "Hence Tuck" was a respected citizen who took an interest in civic affairs and served on the board of health.

There was Lewis Clark who had been Mrs. Stowe's model for the character of George Harris in Uncle Tom's Cabin. Clark was a bright and gentle creature with bald head and grizzly gray beard. I often saw him about and have heard him lecture on his part in the novel, exhibiting the little machine of his invention of which the author speaks and showing his back covered with scars from the whip . . . Two of his children were the handsomest and probably the healthiest girls in my room at school —in grammar grades and high-school—and were also among the two or three best in scholarship.

Steve "Boa'dly" (Broadly) was a notable character. When I knew him Steve was old and full of days, so crippled with rheumatism that he walked with great difficulty and leaning on two heavy canes. He had lost all his teeth and most of his voice, yet he could still speak with unction and effect in prayer-meeting. He said he had "fought, bled *and died*" for his country! He would stand up and tell how he had been cured of his rheumatism through a vision. "De Lawd" had come to him by night and told him to go to Harmon's drug-store and get some medicine and get cured. Old Steve was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. He had gone and got the medicine, and now he was cured "sho'

nuff—bless de Lawd—Hallelujah!" After which he would sink back groaning and gasping into his seat.

There were strange stories about some of the older men. Steve told us that his masters had employed him for breeding. This always sounded to me like a bit of romancing on the old man's part; but I notice Calhoun's statement that in certain parts of the South as much attention was paid to the breeding of Negoes as to that of horses, and that fine males were kept for the purpose. Steve said he had been strong and handsome as a young man and I believe it.

Steve's wife was interesting too. It was reported that she had once been a great belle. When I knew her the beautiful bronze patina of her face was marred by a big splotch of grayish-white like the map of a continent. She told us she had been vain of her beauty and had asked God to turn her into a white woman. To punish her, God had turned her half-white. She still wore a magenta gown. Her face was powdered and painted but the result was terrifying.

There was a dusky-faced personage of the name of Smith who earned his living by keeping in order the small out-buildings which antedated modern conveniences. We called him "Professor Smith" and his pride in his work was that of a young Ph.D. in archaeology excavating a Roman sewer. Each April he appeared at the door with two long-handled shovels over his shoulder, "as punctual as a star." When the lady of the house answered his ring he would doff his dingy stove-pipe with a romantic air and a sweeping bow and would declaim, in a beautiful voice and without dialect, "Good morning, Madam! Spring is here, the birds are singing in the trees, the flowers are blossoming—have you anything in my line this morning?"

I have been told of an old darky by the name of Poe who lived out on the South edge of town and did odd jobs when he could find them. One day a stranger engaging him in conversation received a pleasant surprise.

"What did you say your name was?"

"Poe."

"Ha, ha! Are you any relation to Edgar Allan Poe?"

"Ah *is* Edga Aylun Poe!" (Business of injured dignity.)

Other faces rise before me, good and bad, merry and somber. The face of the mean fellow who used to collect money for fictitious churches and was crushed under an outhouse he was moving. The face of "Eleck" Corbin with its pensive beauty. The face of the nurse-girl who told grizzly stories of corpses, grave-yards, and gibbering ghosts—twice as horrible because she believed them herself. The face of Bill Bradley with his teeth like marble tombstones and his thick red lips, split from ear to ear in an endless grin. The sad old face of the man who told me how, at eight years of age, he had stood with his father and watched his mother leaving the yard with his little brother in her arms. She had been "sold down the river." They never saw her again.

I remember the good face of Mrs. Gooseland, the best cook in town, who used to come and help mother when she gave her yearly party—called the "Junior Party"—to father's students. Mammy Gooseland let me scrape the cake-bowls and eat the raw dough which seemed, in those far off days, a delectable treat. (She gave me raisins, too).

The figures of women sometimes make a deeper impression on me than their features. Mrs. Gooseland had a marvellous figure. She was about five feet one in height, weighed between two hundred and fifty and three hundred pounds, and was exquisitely gowned in a delicate lilac-colored textile with white trimmings, while her head was swathed in a smooth white napkin. She looked like the domes of St. Marks; only the aerial ornaments were lacking. Her arms and her face—except the bright eyes and vermeil lips—were mahogany of San Domingo and one assumed from that that she was solid mahogany throughout. You'd have thought she'd been turned in a lathe.

The boys I knew better of course than the older folk, and there were some splendid ones among them,—Langstons, and Hendersons, Glenns, Robinsons, Quinns, Jacksons, Gibbses and Tucks, besides others I didn't know. I should like to say more about them, but what can you say about fine, decent fellows? "Blessed is the nation that has no history," exclaimed the sage. It is the same with men and women. Dante and Milton found hell far less difficult to portray than heaven; and to judge by

their favorite models our American authors are having the same experience. So damnably easy it is to describe the damned as compared with the blessed.

The better sort must be thus taken more or less for granted and left to the reader's imagination, and I will proceed to picture a gang of toughs who composed the worst element of our Negro population. They too were the sons of former slaves. They had no respect for God or man and were loud-mouthed and impudent. They got liquor from white men as unprincipled as themselves. They chewed and swore incessantly and all of them carried weapons,—revolvers if they could steal or buy them, old fashioned pistols, razors, or black-jacks if they could not. And all of them came to a bad end.

Stink Finn was one of the meanest and dirtiest of the gang. "Raish" Gibbett, already mentioned, was a good example of a bad egg. He had been convicted of various crimes including rape, and the last I knew was in the State Penitentiary. Old Bodman was another. He was the father of Hank and Shack and several other Bodmans, all of whom, I believe, served prison sentences. It was he who killed Frank Stone, our town marshal, when he went out to arrest Hank. He was imprisoned for life. As for Hank himself he was perhaps the worst terror of my boyhood. We heaved a sigh of relief whenever he was clapped in jail. He was large and strong, with a terrible great voice, and was a bully of perfected type.

Walking through the town one morning with one of my comrades there was Hank coming toward us, his great jaws half-open and the brown juice trickling down as usual. We were petrified for we thought him safe in the jug. My companion, trying vainly to appear casual, addressed Hank in soft words, "Hullo Hanky—what you doin' around here?" Burst from Hank's throat a roar like some monster of ancient days—*"I'm daid!* —walkin' 'round to keep from *bain'* baid!" Spoken in that dreadful voice Hank's equivalents for "dead" and "buried" sounded like stones falling in on a coffin-lid.

Such fellows occasionally had razor-duels among themselves. I have heard that some of them would fight each other like bucks—running and striking their heads together. I never saw this, but I have known of fights with buckshot and the rubber sling. In this form of duel the op-

ponents take positions behind trees, at fifty or sixty yards distance, and slowly advance toward each other, firing and taking advantage of what shelter they can get. A straight hit draws blood.

There were gangs of younger boys who looked up to these toughs as heroes and were in danger of becoming like them. Some of these went to the bad; in spite of everything many of them turned out well! They were chewing and drinking before they entered their teens. All of them carried weapons; but with them this was merely an expression of the romantic imagination. They carried razors but did not use them. They toted revolvers but I have never seen one aimed at a human being. (One of my white companions, Will Wallace, imagined he was in danger from a mortal enemy and had his weapon ready night and day; but he never shot anybody except himself, and that was by accident.)

A favorite weapon, because you could make it yourself, was the slung-shot or back-jack which we called "billy." This is a kind of pocket-club, hard and heavy, but covered with leather so it will stun the victim without leaving a mark. The billy looks like a gourd with a straight stem, the spherical part being perhaps an inch and a half in diameter. You take two pieces of leather and cut them to form as it were a case for the gourd (you have to have a pattern). Then you stitch the pieces together, using a shoe-maker's awl, needle and waxed thread. You stuff the billy, handle and all, with bird-shot and pack it down with a hammer. I have seen beautiful specimens in red or black leather. We all made them—more or less; I never saw one used. We just swaggered about and brandished our billies, or felt them warm in our pockets, and said what a sad day it would be for ol' Raish Gibbet or ol' Stink Finn if they showed themselves in *our* vicinity . . . When it came to bragging and gabering, Falstaff and Oliver "wouldn't have had nothing on us."

We were near enough to the days of Daniel Boone and Kit Carson to be completely enslaved by ideas of redskins on the war-path, Indian spies, hunters, trappers and pioneers. The Leather-Stocking tales and lurid splendors of the dime novel added fuel to our flames. Every boy in my circle aspired to be a dead shot. We practiced with rifle and revolver whenever we got a chance. Trees and telegraph-poles were Indians and we were bold pioneers. All of us were like that. Even those who hated to kill a bird, hoped, in some happier world than this, to kill and scalp an Indian.

In this play-acting the colored boys had all the advantage. They had more imagination than we, more skill, and more perseverance. They were more hardy and could better endure pain. They practiced the various branches of their art for years on end. They learned to make and cast the lasso; they could throw knife and tomahawk; and they understood scalping. Once a missionary who had been scalped came and talked to us in Sunday-School, so they had the theory down fine. In the meantime they could hang bloody bits of rabbit-skin at the doors of their "wigwams."

These boys had read dime novels—so many that they were quite intoxicated. They didn't have to "throw themselves into their parts." They *were* trappers and Indian-fighters; they *became* Daniel Boone, Dead Wood Dick, and Jesse James in turn . . . Moreover it was not all play-acting with them, for they were the best hunters and trappers in our vicinity. They had secret signals and signs by whistle and gesture. They had a language of their own, too, a species of hog-Latin that no one else understood.

The best specimen of the type and the one I liked best was Newt Stone, a boy of unusual intelligence, strong and healthy in spite of the fact that he had received an injury in childhood that left him a hunchback. Whether with lasso, knife, tomahawk, rifle or revolver, Newt was one of the best. Hearing the song of a locust somewhere overhead, I have seen him climb twenty feet up into a tall tree, edge his way slowly out on a big limb, capture the insect in his hand and bring it down. He would sneak up on you unawares. Before you knew it he was there! He never hurt you. He just liked to enjoy his triumph. One may get a notion of his address from an example.

Our high-school assembly-and-study-room was a big room that would hold, I imagine, a hundred and fifty. Newt's desk was situated three or four rows from the back on the left. He would raise the lid of his desk and pretend to be hunting very hard for a book or something. An instant later he was on all fours making his way with inconceivable swiftness along the aisle. He would turn up at some pupil's side fifty or sixty feet away, to the amazement of those who saw him. Suddenly the teacher calls,—"Newton Stone!—what are you doing? Stand up and come here to me—at once! *Newton Stone—do you hear me?*" Newt turns with the agility of a monkey, completes the circuit of the room and

bobs up—all standing and all innocence at his own desk. "Did you speak to me, Miss Wright?" . . . We used to think he was pretty wicked. He chewed and drank. But neither Newt nor his friends were half as bad as we thought or as they wanted us to think. He did not do that school-room stunt to be naughty. He was playing his favorite game; he was practicing wood-craft. I am told that he became a good, steady citizen and an expert lather who could put on more lath in a day than any man in Oberlin.

There were certain occasions that brought us all together—the gang of toughs, the "nice boys" and everybody. Such were the strawberry and blackberry seasons. Deacon Wright would offer us a couple of pennies a quart for picking. Funds were scarce and we were glad to make the money.

One day we had been picking berries. The sun was hot. We were all sweaty and tired and had taken refuge in the shade of a big tree. Stink Finn, stretched out at ease, began to tell a vile story. He was just at the climax when a large bird, hidden in the branches above, did the part of the harpy in the classic tale and Stink's mouth was filled with something else than words. We thought it an act of God.

My youngest brother, returning home one summer evening on his high wheel by way of the colored folks' quarters, saw flowers and heard music and gay sounds through the open windows of a house. It was a wedding-feast in progress. A happy young couple sitting under a tree in the yard gave various evidences that they had just been married. Suddenly a dark shape appeared on the door-step and a stentorian voice was raised in loud tones of parental authority and warning: "Hyah you-Alexainda' Haimilton Smith—come in outa dat damp hamisphere! Ketch yo death o' cold,—just mai'ed an yo po'es [pores] all open . . ."

Let me save a place here for three individuals who made music possible—one kind of music anyway—in our community. Daddy Bushnell, old and decrepit, Steve Boa'dly, black and explosive, and melancholy romantic Silas Carter—these three in my time did service to art by blowing the organ. (There were three large organs in the town and two smaller ones.) In church and at concerts whenever an organ was used, some one had to stand in the organ-loft behind a little screen at the back on the player's right, and keep the bellows full. I have done it myself

on occasion and for a boy it was no easy job. It was too much for Daddy Bushnell and the wind would "die on him" at the very climax of the music, in a long many-voiced *diminuendo* of growling, rattling and keening—lugubrious beyond words. Steve Boa'dly, though still vigorous, was a rather pitiable but at the same time a comical figure. As for Silas Carter I cannot forget the gentleness and poetic sensitiveness of his face. He loved music and he idolized the organist. Not so wrong either; for George Andrews was one of the best in the country and had helped earn his way by playing the organ at the Thomas Kirche (Bach's own church) when he was only a student at Leipzig.

It was as good as a play to see Silas and Johnny Russell together. Johnny, the superintendent of College buildings, was Silas' exact opposite in every way—prosaic, practical and efficient; who could repair the bellows and even the pedal-base, but hadn't the slightest use for such frivolities as music. One day they had a set-to that ran like this:—

"Hello, Silas—what ye doin' this evenin'?"

"Ahm pumpin' de ogan fo' Geo'ge Andrews. You better come over an heah' im play."

"Huh! Wat I wanta come ova an heah Geo'ge Andrews play fo'?"

"Johnny Russell, you don' know what you sayin'. I gits up evy mawnin' at five o'clock to pump fo' him."

"Silas Carter, you an ol' fool to git up at five o'clock an pump de ogan fo' no man."

"I gits up at five o'clock an if he ast me I gits up at *fo* o'clock—*an I ain't ast nuthin' bettuh in Heaven than to pump de ogan fo' Geo'ge Andrews.*"

"Psho! What's de diffunce who's holdin' down de keys?"

Sitting at dinner with Dr. Andrews at his home some years after Silas' death, my sister told the organist of this dialogue. He was deeply touched by it; he had never suspected the old man's love of music.

Only a comparatively small number of the colored people came to know music as we understood it, but I remember two who studied in the Conservatory and went on to Europe to perfect their art. In my time Miss Cox—I forget her first name—was soprano soloist in the First Church, and a beautiful quadroon girl sang the soprano solos in the Baptist Church, where for a year I conducted the choir.

As for the others they were all musical in their own way. I never knew a colored person that didn't have a good ear and fine voices were not uncommon. Nearly all the boys played the mouth-organ. A considerable number could play the banjo and the guitar. "Barber-shop music," with half a dozen fellows singing part-songs, was always harmonious and sometimes quite enjoyable. There were those who were on the way to become virtuosi in their kind. I have seen a boy with a harmonica in his mouth, a banjo in his hands, and a drum and triangle attached to his feet, doing very well indeed. Not many could read notes. Most of them played and sang by ear.

A few words as to the "spirituals." I do not remember that spirituals were sung by the colored people of our village. But we had the privilege of listening to the original "Jubilee Singers," sent out from the South to get funds for the education of the freedmen. My father purchased the earliest published book of spirituals and from that time on we sang them in the home. They became a part of our lives, as was the case with many other families throughout the land.

Mr. De Voto has some interesting pages on Mark Twain's feeling for slave music, particularly for the religious music. "Away back at the beginning—to my mind—their music made all other vocal music cheap; and that early notion is emphasized now. It is utterly beautiful to me; and it moves me more than any other music can." So speaks the great novelist. My readers are familiar with many of the verses and tunes he knew and have heard them interpreted by first-rate choruses. I also have heard them given, quite lately too, by the chorus of "Green Pastures" and others as well. There is far more art in their singing than there ever was in that of the slaves. The voices are trained and the leaders are gifted musicians. But no one who heard the first Jubilee Singers sing "Go Down Moses," "Steal Away," and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," in the years after the War, would allow a moment's comparison between them. The statement is not made in any spirit of disparagement. Those

young men and women had every advantage of us for the interpretation of slave music. They had learned to sing it in the slave-quarter. They had worked and suffered and hoped with their parents and brothers. The spirituals, with them, were an utterance of the deepest expression of their souls—of "a labor and sorrow not now to be comprehended."

Oh nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen—
Glory Hallelujah!