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The President's Page

The Ohio Archives Program.

Senate Bill No. 40, to establish an eleven-member commission to construct a five million dollar State Library and Archives Building in Columbus is now pending before the 101st Ohio General Assembly.

The bill is sponsored in the Senate by Senators Raymond E. Hildebrand (R) of Toledo and Robert A. Pollock (R) of Canton. An identical measure has been introduced in the House, sponsored by Representatives Don Campbell (R) of Athens County and Jesse Yoder (D) of Montgomery County.

Construction of the Library and Archives Building, originally suggested by the State Library Board and the trustees of The Ohio Historical Society, is to be supervised by a commission of three members appointed by the Governor, and two state representatives, two state senators, two Library Board members and two trustees of The Historical Society.

The Ohio Historical Society petitioned the Governor and the General Assembly to establish a public records administration for the State and to provide housing facilities, in a resolution adopted last December 14th. The State Library Board acted the same day, pointing out that present facilities of the State Library are inadequate. The proposal was also endorsed by resolution adopted by the Trustees of the Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio on December 23, 1954.

Ohio has lagged in the preservation and administration of the public records of the State and its local governmental units. As early as 1906, when a survey of the public records administrations of the State was undertaken by The American Historical Association, it reported: "The State of Ohio has not yet reached the advanced position of some other States in the establishment of a central agency for the care and use of its official archives."

Massachusetts pioneered in the establishment of a State Archival Administration in 1851, followed by Rhode Island, New Jersey, Alabama, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware, prior to 1906. The past fifty years have envisaged rapid development in other States. Today, most of the States have archival administrations. The other States in the Northwest Territory surpass Ohio in their records programs. The most recent and modern combination library and archives building and administration has been completed by Tennessee at a cost of $2,500,000.00.

Ohio has had no program for the care and administration of these important public records. The establishment of the Ohio Archives Administration will not only assure the preservation of documents having historical significance, but will provide a clearing house for the micro-filming of documents and papers of lesser historical importance. It will also permit the destruction of a vast hoard of unimportant papers stored in the several State departments and the courthouses of the State, and eliminate the expense of maintaining filing and care-taking personnel and rental of warehouse space.

LEHR FESS

The Director's Page

Turkeyfoot Rock

Members of the Historical Society will be pleased to know that Turkeyfoot Rock is continuing to be a very active shrine. I am told that every year Indian visitors from many parts of America stop at the Rock to see this memorial of the battle of Fallen Timbers. Ever since that famous battle, no year has elapsed without many such visits. We of the white race should never forget what Turkeyfoot Rock means to the red men.

It is a pleasure to report that the Toledo Area Council, 460 of the Boy Scouts of America is preparing a pageant entitled "Tryst With Turkeyfoot" for Camp Miakonda Campfire Programs during the 1955 season. Gray Sterling, poet and author, has prepared a beautiful script for this event. He found much material in the QUARTERLY to help him in his writing.

I received the following amusing message in the mail, dated April 6, 1955:

> When on pilgrimage to Turkeyfoot Rock . . .
> to my horror . . .
> there before my eyes . . .
> Amid scratches of turkey . . .
> and hoofs of horses . . .
> there before my eyes . . .
> were the initials R. C. D. . . .
> Is it possible . . . ????
> Could it be . . . ?
> REALLY, Dr.
> The fastest train, you say?
> The nearest boat to anywhere?

I assure my anonymous correspondent that one who makes his notes from precious manuscript in pencil could hardly find it in himself to use a chisel on Turkeyfoot Rock.

RANDOLPH C. DOWNES

John Eaton, Jr.: The Early Years 1829-1862

BY LEO K. SIEGEL

1. *New England Beginnings*

It was on a farm in the Township of Sutton, County of Merrimack, and state of New Hampshire that John Eaton was born. The date was December 5, 1829, and he was the first born of nine children. His father was prosperous in terms of the size of his holdings for he owned two thousand acres. His wealth and luxuries tell a different story. The big farm required hard and continuous attention to harvest a few dollars and comforts.

When John was three years old he was still not of much use around the farm, so he was ordered to go to school. He could not have learned much in the next couple years, but school soon ended. A boy of five was expected to sit on the horse that dragged the plow and do a lot of the other necessary things around a farm. Schooling then became something to fill in a few winter months.[1]

Neither John, his five brothers, nor his two sisters felt sorry for themselves. This was the way things were done in their neighborhood. Everyone knew it took a lot of hard work to feed a family and have something to sell in the town market. Naturally there was little time for education, and no Eaton considered play a necessity or a probability.

The Sabbath was the one day on which labor was forbidden. Then the boy would hike as much as eight miles to borrow a book. This is not the usual program of a youngster, but his mother was an unusual woman. It was she who fostered his devotion to education, duty, and helping others.

His days were filled with hard labor but the evening hours, when a growing boy should be asleep, became the best hours in the twenty-four. Then he would crawl out his bedroom window and, lying on the roof of the barn, identify the stars in the skies. One night John Eaton, Senior, investigating the disturbing mooing of his cows, found the stargazer, and with a heavy hand impressed upon him the admonition not to creep around when he should be in bed.[2]

That proclivity ended, but a new subterfuge began. John stayed in his bed, and, balancing a candle upon his chest, read by a wavoring gleam that barely managed to light the words on the page. All went well except for one hazardous occasion when he fell asleep and the candle set the bedding on fire. Fortunately there were no serious results. He awoke in time to brush out the flames. The cooperation of a sister kept the father from learning of the accident; she burned the scorched sheets in the kitchen stove.

In this intermittent fashion of self-education, he fought his way through geography, chemistry, arithmetic, and Latin. He must have done a good job, for when he was sixteen he was hired to teach school in a nearby town. Some of his pupils were older than he, and some had more formal training. They made many difficulties for the new schoolmaster, but he survived to do a good job. That his father was impressed was even more important to him. Not only could John go to Thetford Academy in Vermont, but the younger boys were also promised a similar opportunity at the proper time.[3]

Here it was that a conscientious and inspiring teacher, Dr. Hiram Orcutt, first suggested attending college. John Eaton was enthused. Working hours became even longer and harder as he strove to gather the money to pay his expenses at Dartmouth. After entering that school, the summer vacations became opportunities to earn more money at farm jobs.

His four years at Dartmouth ended in 1854. He was now a college graduate twenty-five years old. In his pockets were three cents; in his mind was a strong inclination for the ministry and a desire to enroll in a theological seminary.[4]

2. *Toledo Superintendent of Schools*

A few months later he took the job of principal at Ward School in Cleveland, Ohio. Two years of good work brought the appointment in

1856 of Superintendent of Schools in Toledo, Ohio. Eaton liked his profession and looked forward to this new position of honor and prominence.[5]

He would now be in a position to carry out his own ideas. He favored a more definite and cohesive curriculum for students. He began to collect statistics and information as to the sociological aspects of education. He determined to win the support and cooperation of the people of Toledo for his program of improvement.[6]

The local atmosphere was favorable to his purpose. Local citizens could no longer deny that Cleveland and Detroit were racing ahead of the home town in population and industry, but they claimed loudly and sincerely, if not with complete accuracy, that Toledo had a better school system.[7]

One of the strong points of Toledo's school system was its exemption from politics. A special election day was set to vote only for members of the school board.[8] The contests were free of partisan rancor. Although no salaries were paid for the frequent meetings, membership was considered an honor, and actively sought by prominent businessmen. The City Council held the board in high esteem and would ratify any school tax rate without objection.[9]

Graduation Day was an important occasion in Toledo. Large crowds came to show their interest and approval. Among them would be found the mayor, the councilmen, the clergymen, the principals, the teachers, and, of course, the parents and friends of the pupils.[10]

Although the teachers were greatly respected, they were paid very little. When the teachers asked for a 25% increase in 1855, they were turned down. The School Board could still find persons who were willing to accept $150 per year. Teaching was resorted to by many as a temporary occupation while they looked for something more profitable.[11]

Nevertheless John Eaton, surveying the situation, was well satisfied. He considered the teachers faithful, practical, and studious; thought the schools excellent; and believed the future would see progress and expansion.[12]

In those days school attendance was not compulsory and students drifting in and out of classes created a serious problem.[13] To solve this situation Eaton opened the Unclassified School, to take care of these intermittent students, and declared that in discipline, instruction, and character it was the equal of the other schools.[14]

At the end of each twelve-week term, there was a public examination of each classroom by prominent citizens. The time and place of each inspection was announced in advance in the daily papers and the general public was invited to attend. The program prepared bore no resemblance to normal classroom procedure and gave no basis for judgment. Nevertheless, this interruption and irritation persisted all through Eaton's superintendency, for it was not until 1870 that testing and promotion became the prerogatives of the teachers and principals.[15]

Eaton probably favored the examination system and all other activities which attracted public interest to the schools. He knew his duties included selling the value of education to the taxpayer. He had the cooperation of the newspapers which printed his announcements and often printed editorials supporting his viewpoint. He frequently declared that it was cheaper to support schools than prisons,[16] and that it was the duty of the state to make an education available to everyone.[17]

Superintendent Eaton thought that every student should be able to read music and sing creditably. This provided another opportunity to demonstrate the excellence of the Toledo schools. Every graduation included a mass chorus of hundreds of boys and girls to thrill the spectators.[18]

Eaton set up a lyceum for the benefit of both the high school students and the general public. Students debated such subjects as "Is the pen mightier than the sword?" and "Is reading a better source of knowledge than observation?" Leading citizens gave lectures on "Money and Banking," "The Physiology of Digestion," and "The History of the Maumee Valley." John Eaton discussed "The Anglo-Saxon in America."[19]

Another project which aroused great public enthusiasm was the Public School Cadets. Eighty-seven students wore military uniforms and took part in public exhibitions.[20] The newspaper dropped its admiring attitude one day to gently point with amusement at their large bear-skin hats.[21] However, their exhibition of drilling at the Fair Grounds in Sandusky caused the *Blade* to join most Toledoans in the wave of applause and pride for the local representatives.[22]

During the busy years between 1856 and 1859, the Superintendent of Schools often mentioned the moral and ethical aspects of education in his speeches. He was a religious man and he frequently thought of his former ambitions for the ministry. He renewed his former program of self-education and emphasized theological subjects. His concentration accomplished much, but he knew that formal schooling was a necessity if he was ever to become a minister. He decided no longer to puh off active preparation for his desired profession. He tendered his resignation to the School Board and prepared to leave all the friends and associations he had made in his three years in Toledo.[23]

He had made a good impression upon the people of the town. The School Board resolved to honor him with a valedictory ceremony to attest their esteem and good wishes for his future activities. The Toledo *Blade* printed a long description of that public occasion and praised John Eaton for the fine work he had done in Toledo. It expressed the hopes of the community that he would have a similar success in his new vocation.[24]

He enrolled in Andover Theological Seminary and diligently applied himself to his new studies. The course usually required three years, but because of his previous solitary preparation, the ex-superintendent received his diploma at the end of two years.[25]

3. *Army Chaplain* 1861-1862

War was abroad in the land in the summer of 1861, when John Eaton with his diploma in his suitcase, came back to Toledo to see his old friends and perhaps find a suitable place to settle down. It was the merest chance that he encountered an old friend, John W. Fuller, who had been the manager of a bookstore. Their business dealings had turned into a warm friendship. Fuller now held a commission as a Colonel with authority to activate the 27th Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

He offered Eaton the post of Chaplain and was delighted by his acceptance.[26]

In those days persons of prominence or with military ability were allowed to raise military units and assume the leadership of their groups. Many such bands had assembled at Camp Chase, Ohio, where Colonel Fuller was to select the members of his regiment. Since rumour endowed him with intelligence, capability, and integrity many a prospective captain surrendered his following and signed up as a lieutenant or sergeant in order to join the Twenty-Seventh.[27]

The members of this unit came from all over Ohio and were almost total strangers to each other. Adjutant James H. Boggie and Lieutenant Theodore Sawyer were the only other officers from Toledo. Nevertheless Colonel Fuller managed to transform this diverse group into a well-trained outfit.[28]

In August of 1861 the regiment entrained for St. Louis, Missouri, and went into quarters at Camp Benton. Those were busy days, for not only did civilians have to learn the duties and discipline of army life but each unit had to gather its own equipment and supplies. The officers knew little more than the enlisted men. Trial and error were the common methods of solving a problem.[29]

The members of the Union forces had one predominate fear—when would the rebel forces attack to push them out of Missouri? The state was still a battleground between Union and Confederate partisans. General Fremont was the commander of the Northern Army while General Price led the Confederate forces. Numerous guerilla bands wandered through Missouri making the area even more disturbed and ravaged.[30]

Mr. Eaton applied himself assiduously to his duties. It became part of the regiment's routine to gather on Sunday mornings in the shade of the trees near the Fair Grounds to listen to him preach.[31]

After a few weeks in Missouri, Eaton took a short trip back to Toledo in order to be formally ordained by the Maumee Presbytery on September 6, 1861 at nearby Tontogany, Ohio. Immediately thereafter he officially became Chaplain of Col. Fuller's Regiment and addressed as Reverend Eaton.[32]

In addition to the Sabbath services mentioned previously he held prayer meetings nearly every evening.[33] Often he was the only chaplain in the vicinity. Three or four regiments would attend his services and call on him for other duties. He made a sacred obligation to visit the sick and to write letters to the families of soldiers who had died.[34]

He did not confine himself solely to religious functions. He cheerfully accepted additional obligations where he would be helpful. He served as Sanitary Inspector for the regiment and the brigade. He wrote frequent and long letters, which were published in the Toledo newspaper, to inform the folks at home what the soldiers were doing and how civilians could help them. As a former teacher the education of the men interested him greatly. He was custodian of the regimental library; through his efforts came contributions of books and subscriptions for current magazines and newspapers.[35]

He was tireless in his attention to the sick and wounded and most conscientious in his efforts to prevent illness.[36] In the midst of describing a perilous situation in one of his letters, Eaton indicated his constant anxiety about the health of the soldiers.[37]

Chaplain Eaton helped the medical men of his unit as much as possible. Twice he was taken captive by the Confederates because of his desire to attend the sick. In one instance the 27th Ohio Volunteer infantry had been ordered to leave their camp at Mexico, Missouri, and go to the aid of Colonel J. A. Mulligan's forces at Lexington. The Chaplain was engaged at the time in transporting some sick soldiers to a hospital at St. Louis. That duty having been completed, he proceeded to rejoin his regiment.[38] Unknown to him the Union reinforcements had deemed themselves too small in number to engage the Confederates and had turned off toward Leavenworth and Springfield. This left the entire area in the possession of the rebels.[39]

Eaton and his companions were within ten miles of Lexington, when they saw at the bottom of a hill twelve or fifteen horsemen armed with rifles, revolvers, and bowie-knives. The horses of the travelers were tired. They couldn't hope to escape by flight, so they continued ahead, were captured, and were taken to the headquarters of General Price.[40]

Eaton was a prisoner for more than a week, and, though the enlisted men and camp followers muttered threats of violence,[41] the officers of the rebel army were considerate.[42]

In the meantime the Battle of Lexington was being fought. The Confederate forces outnumbered Colonel Mulligan's troops two to one, but made a siege from concealment. Eaton described the battle as a continuous engagement from Wednesday morning until Friday afternoon. Then a white flag suddenly appeared. No one knew who had authorized it, but the combatants were so thankful, they immediately began to mingle and fraternize. Colonel Mulligan wanted to renew the battle. However, with no water, with no food, with only three rounds of ammunition left per man, and with the two forces so intermingled as to be out of his control, he had to bow to the inevitable and surrender.[43]

Eaton and the officers captured in the Battle of Lexington were soon released. The combat officers promised not to take up arms against any Confederate forces until a formal exchange had been arranged. Chaplain Eaton made no promises except that he would try to get the release of a clergyman held by the Union forces. When John Eaton arrived at Booneville, he discovered that this man had already been freed.[44]

The Chaplain then proceeded to Jefferson City, Missouri, the headquarters of General John Charles Fremont. The parolled officers reported to the Commander that their lips were sealed, but that the unconditional release of the Chaplain, allowed him to describe the rebel situation. General Fremont was completely uninterested in any information Eaton might possess. Eaton travelled with staff headquarters on their move to Springfield, and was glad to leave them to rejoin the 27th Ohio Volunteer Infantry.[45]

His desire to be factual and fair dominated his letters to the newspaper. General Fremont had made elaborate plans. Numerous experts were appointed to his staff; large barracks were erected; mountains of supplies were contracted for; a dozen forts were constructed post-haste by private contractors to surround St. Louis; and a large elaborate house was leased for his use. Of course some persons approved everything Fremont did; others criticized. Eaton wanted to tell the whole truth.[46]

When a story was spread that the General had provided his wife with an elaborate coach drawn by four horses that she might accompany him on his visit to Jefferson City, John Eaton carefully tried to end that slander by writing that the trip was made by ordinary army ambulance and mules.[47]

However the immediate factor which made General Fremont the center of attention was his handling of a national political problem. Abraham Lincoln and his cabinet were carefully avoiding the problem of slavery and any act indicating contemplation of giving freedom to slaves. This was their policy in their efforts to gain the support of slaveholders, especially in the border states such as Missouri. Fremont charged ahead on August 31, 1861 with his proclamation declaring that the "property of rebels was to be confiscated, and their slaves freed."[48]

Eaton thought the proclamation exactly met the situation and would prevent the fall of St. Louis into the hands of the secessionists. President Lincoln thought otherwise, and immediately sent the Inspector-General to survey Fremont's military and financial activities. He found sufficient irregularities to remove Fremont from his post.[49]

General David Hunter assumed command of the Union forces in Missouri. Despite his personal disappointment in Fremont, Eaton sharply protested this change in commanding officer at a time of imminent battle.[50]

However, the former Toledo superintendent did not let himself be bound by his own words. He discovered that his fears had not been justified. Without any personal embarrassment he then narrated how the grandiose plans and confusion which surrounded Fremont had been succeeded by the calm military efficiency of Hunter.[51]

John Eaton's unprejudiced viewpoint is brought out in another observation.

> Our Army has many brave and noble sons, yet be not deceived by thinking them all honorable and worthy specimens of manhood, some disgrace us. The rebels have not monopolized all the villainy in human nature.[52]

He also used his letters to the newspaper to castigate officers for their pompousness and neglect of the sick.[53] He didn't hesitate to denounce brigadiers, who had received their appointments through political influence and then took frequent and long vacations from their military duties.[54]

On the other hand he praised Dr. William Brodies, the Brigade Surgeon, who did a fine job in providing for the sick. By soliciting donations and persuading women to volunteer their services, he had set up an efficient and excellent Brigade Hospital. Eaton's anger was aroused when the Surgeon was refused confirmation in his post by the Senate for political reasons.[55]

Only a month after his release by the Confederates, John Eaton was again in their hands. His fellow Toledoan, Colonel John Fuller, had contracted typhoid fever and was too sick to travel when the Union forces were ordered by General Hunter to withdraw from Springfield. In spite of his recent unpleasant experiences, the Chaplain volunteered to stay behind to take care of his friend.[56]

As soon as the loyal forces left, small units of rebel cavalry entered the town. Again Eaton was threatened with violence. The arrival of General Ben McCullock put an end to this unpleasant situation. The general, having been a regular army officer, knew the military etiquette and enforced it.[57]

Relationships then became so cordial that various Confederate commanders requested Eaton to preach to their troops, and he willingly complied. After a few days Fuller's health improved sufficiently for Eaton to take him to St. Louis. This time they reported to General Henry W. Halleck, who was just as indifferent and disappointing as General John Fremont. None the less correspondent Eaton did not allow these personal disillusionments to color his dispatches to Toledo.[58]

In his letters he vividly described the devastation and danger present in Missouri, and the destitution of the refugees flocking to St. Louis. He even thought that the peril they fled was preferable to the poverty and beggary of safety.[59]

John Eaton depicts the sad effects of civil strife in Missouri. Neighbor fought against neighbor, and sometimes brother against brother. The members of the 11th Missouri had been called out to defend Springfield; their homes were now behind the Confederate lines and none knew what had happened to their wives, children, and property.[60]

Eaton was shocked to learn that rebel soldiers were supplementing their rations by plunder—even stealing from the growing corn fields. Since he believed that most of the confederates had been forced into service, he wondered why they endured such a situation.[61]

On one march of 200 miles Eaton was always in sight of destroyed or damaged farm houses, but acknowledged that all of this had been done by Union forces.[62] He was very bitter against Unionist guerillas, such as Carl Jennison, who often terrified and murdered settlers with Union sympathies.[63] Senator James S. Phelps of Missouri was an active Union supporter, but members of General Fremont's staff appropriated thirty of his slaves, and soldiers stole everything of value from several farms and houses which he owned.[64]

There was almost a complete absence of law and order. Many offices were vacant and many courts did not hold sessions. The presence of military forces was the only restraint upon the lawless.[65]

Through Eaton's letters the change in the Northern attitude toward abolition can be seen. He tells how one evening after supper, conversation drifted to this topic, and the officers mentioned how they had voted at the last election. Two had been for Breckenridge, two for Douglas, one for Lincoln, and one for no one. They all felt pleased to learn that no abolitionist was in their group.[66]

This lack of interest in slavery was emphasized by a brief reference that "yesterday a slave came in and was returned to his master."[67] John Eaton knew that the Unionist Army was not filled with Abolitionists, and that this was not a war of the North against the South.[68] He felt sure that once Southerners realized that the real basis of the controversy was Constitutional Liberty, they would repudiate their leaders[69] and give their support to the Union and the Constitution.[70]

He bitterly denounced those who would attribute abolitionist sympathies or deeds to Unionist forces and raged against Colonel James Love for allowing run-a-way slaves to travel with his forces.[71]

Eaton would have liked to ignore slavery completely[72] and declared that "a pro-slavery fanatic in Missouri, is twin brother to an anti-slavery fanatic in Ohio.[73] It was these fanatics, who misrepresented each section to the other and stirred up trouble.[74]

Nevertheless, Eaton could not maintain his indifference to slavery for "events were doing what fanatics could not do, educating and emancipating."[75] Among those being educated, was Eaton himself.

FOOTNOTES

1. John Eaton, *Grant, Lincoln and the Freedmen* (New York: Longmans Green and Co., 1907), p. x. These episodes in the early life of John Eaton are vouched for by his niece Ethel Osgood Mason in her introduction to his book.
2. *Ibid.,* p. XI.
3. *Ibid.,* p. XII.
4. Reverend Sheldon Jackson, "John Eaton, Memorial Address," *National Education Association. Fiftieth Anniversary,* Volume 1857-1906 (Winona, Minnesota: Published by the Association, 1906), p. 283.
5. *Ibid.,* p. 284.
6. *Ibid.,* p. 285.
7. Randolph C. Downes, *Lake Port* (Lucas County Historical Series: Toledo: Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio, 1951), III, 238.
8. Toledo *Blade,* March 16, 1859.
9. Downes, *op. cit.,* p. 240.
10. Toledo *Blade,* March 7, 1857.
11. Downes *op. cit.,* p. 245.
12. Toledo *Blade,* April 10, 1859.
13. Downes, *op. cit.,* p. 252.
14. Toledo *Blade,* September 15, 1856.
15. Downes, *op. cit.,* p. 242.
16. Toledo *Blade,* June 25, 1859.
17. Toledo *Blade,* March 14, 1859.
18. Downes, *op. cit.,* p. 250.
19. *Ibid.,* p. 247.
20. Toledo *Blade,* August 30, 1858.
21. Toledo *Blade,* September 13, 1858.
22. Toledo *Blade,* September 18, 1858.
23. Eaton, *op. cit.,* p. XIII.
24. Toledo *Blade,* March 5, 1859.
25. Jackson, *op. cit.,* p. 284.
26. Charles H. Smith, *History of Fuller's Brigade,* (Cleveland: Press of A. J. Wall, 1909), p. 309.
27. *Ibid.,* p. 310.
28. Clark Waggoner, *History of Toledo and Lucas County, Ohio* (New York: Munsell and Company, 1888), p. 161.

29. *Ibid.*, p. 162.
30. Eaton, *op. cit.*, p. XIII.
31. Toledo *Blade*, reprint from *The St. Louis Democrat*, September 5, 1861.
32. Toledo *Blade*, September 7, 1861.
33. Toledo *Blade*, September 10, 1861.
34. Eaton, *op. cit.*, p. 7.
35. Eaton, *op. cit.*, p. 8.
36. Toledo *Blade*, September 15, 1861.
37. Toledo *Blade*, December 9, 1861.
38. Toledo *Blade*, September 30, 1861.
39. Eaton, *op. cit.*, p. XIV.
40. Toledo *Blade*, October 2, 1861.
41. Toledo *Blade*, October 7, 1861.
42. Toledo *Blade*, October 9, 1861.
43. Toledo *Blade*, October 15, 1861.
44. Toledo *Blade*, October 7, 1861.
45. Eaton, *op. cit.*, p. XIV.
46. *Ibid.*, p. XV.
47. Toledo *Blade*, October 16, 1861.
48. Toledo *Blade*, September 4, 1861.
49. Toledo *Blade*, September 6, 1861.
50. Toledo *Blade*, November 14, 1861.
51. Toledo *Blade*, November 18, 1861.
52. Toledo *Blade*, November 4, 1861.
53. Toledo *Blade*, October 19, 1861.
54. Toledo *Blade*, August 14, 1863.
55. Toledo *Blade*, February 4, 1862.
56. Eaton, *op. cit.*, p. XIV.
57. Toledo *Blade*, December 9, 1861.
58. Toledo *Blade*, September 4, 1861.
59. Toledo *Blade*, December 9, 1861.
60. Toledo *Blade*, September 6, 1861.
61. Toledo *Blade*, September 4, 1861.
62. Toledo *Blade*, November 18, 1861.
63. Toledo *Blade*, January 15, 1861.
64. Toledo *Blade*, November 18, 1861.
65. Toledo *Blade*, February 8, 1862.
66. Toledo *Blade*, November 1, 1861.
67. Toledo *Blade*, September 4, 1861.
68. Toledo *Blade*, November 14, 1861.
69. Toledo *Blade*, September 18, 1861.
70. Toledo *Blade*, February 13, 1862.
71. Toledo *Blade*, November 26, 1861.
72. Toledo *Blade*, May 3, 1862.
73. Toledo *Blade*, November 4, 1861.
74. Eaton, *op. cit.*, p. XVI.
75. Toledo *Blade*, September 2, 1862.

A Pioneer Justice Of The Peace

By Leo Lillian Wise

The first settler located within the bounds of Jackson Township, Sandusky County in 1828. The late start was due to this township being on the east edge of the Black Swamp where it took long back-breaking hours of toil to wrest a good land from the morass threatening to engulf men on every hand. That it proved worthwhile is attested to by the sixth generation of young folk growing up to take over Tomorrow.

Just now in the beginning of 1955 strong pressure will be brought to bear in the State Legislature for opening the way to set up a Municipal Court for the county and do away with the present system of hearing cases before local justices of the peace.

In the early days, even before horse and buggy days, there was the necessity to have a justice of the peace in every township since to take complaints to the county seat would be a long, tiresome journey and perhaps an expensive trip. Many of these local jurists handled cases wisely and brought about quick settlement of disputes.

With the coming of good highways and the improved methods of transportation the office has become a byword in many instances. Sometimes this censure has been earned but other times it was unfounded. There have been rumors of collusion between interested men to make a lucrative gain by misuse of the privileges. The clinging odor in some cases has not been to the liking of good citizens. Hence one reason leading to the move to establish a centralized court.

I should like to relate a bit of the story of one man who served thirty-three years as Justice of the Peace in Jackson Township. He was still in office at the time of his death in the early years of this present century.

Let us take a backward look into the ancestry of Adam Stine. Back in the year 1668 a "Philip Stine" from Germany came to America in the search of a new home and fortune for himself. Among the effects brought with him was a small chest which is still in the possession of Adam's two living daughters. The chest measures eleven inches in length, seven and a quarter inches in width and is four and a half inches deep at the widest part. The small chest has a rounded top and is decorated with a tulip design.

It is probable that the first Philip Stine located in Pennsylvania since so many of his countrymen did so. In the nineteenth century another Philip Stine married Sarah Dundore of French-Hugenot descent. Members of her family had suffered bitterly in the persecution which exterminated all members of the branch on one side of a mountain and only a father and his son of the other branch escaped by fleeing to America where they found refuge near Bern, Pennsylvania according to the family tradition.

One son of Philip and Sarah was Adam D. who came in early youth to Sandusky County. I have seen his hand-turned and buffed "deed" box with the date 1854 upon it. He built a home for his family a little more than a half mile from the small town of Burgoon, and today his grandson and family live there.

From his farm Adam Stine sold 2 acres of land to Daniel Rule and the Fremont & Indiana Railroad and was proud that he had the happy privilege of riding in a "flat" car when the first train ran from Fremont to Lima. That was March 15, 1862. When the Toledo, Tiffin and Eastern Railroad was being built he purchased two shares but all he ever got out of the deal was the paper, highly decorated, showing that he owned two shares!

Adam Stine was a forward looking man and because of his interest in education was elected a member of the local school board. But it was in his position of Justice of Peace to which post he was elected about the year 1870 and serving until his death thirty-three years later that he wielded a strong influence upon his fellow men. Being a man of sterling character Adam Stine brought to his office dignity and worth.

He served as mediator, peacemaker, interpreter of law, settled line-fence disputes, drew up legal papers and contracts. A daughter of his told me, "Father tried to use the same principles in dealing with legal disputants that he used in the bringing-up of his own children." When two angry men came into his court he sought to counsel with them until there was either an agreement reached or at last reluctantly he sent them on to higher court.

Adam Stine lived half a mile from one small village having two saloons, a mile and a half from another one where there were saloons and about three miles away was still a third village blessed (?) with saloons. Many a night as the hour of midnight was approaching there would be banging upon the Stine door and someone hauled in because of a shooting affair at one or the other of the saloons. Many times the culprit was bound over to the Grand Jury.

During the years as Justice of the Peace some seventy-three marriage ceremonies were performed by Adam Stine. So effective was his tying of the knot that all the marriages held except the last one and he had tried so hard to prevent that one from coming to pass!

This last wedding had been the union of a saloon keeper to a widow who had been courted by him in another state before she married his rival! After the death of her husband the saloon keeper wrote to her proposing marriage and she accepted. The bride-to-be with her small son came in on the night train. The groom had already purchased the marriage license. Upon the woman's arrival the local liveryman was summoned to drive the couple to the Stine home.

The daughters of the home heard the hammering upon the door made by the buggy whip held in the hand of the driver and they hung breathlessly over the bannister railing to watch the wierd scene below. There stood the driver with the whip held taut in his hand. There was the groom with a determined expression upon his face. And the pitiful figure of a small boy ready to drop with weariness. The girls were very quiet because their father did not approve of curiosity!

Adam questioned the young woman as to the wisdom of entering this marriage and taking her small son into the environment of a saloon life. She protested that in their former community her prospective husband had always borne a good name. "Perhaps that is so," agreed Adam, "but here his activities are very questionable."

However the young woman refused to listen to Adam's plea that she delay the marriage until a later date so with considerable misgiving he married the two. Afterward the liveryman asked Adam, "Didn't you wonder why I carried my buggy whip into your house?"

Adam confessed that he hadn't given it any thought then he asked, "But why did you?" The man gave an astonishing reply, "I knew he had a gun with him and was determined to shoot you if you refused to marry them and I was just as determined that if he tried anything like that I'd use my whip to strike his gun down!"

Later all the things Adam had prophesied as to the probable course of the marriage came to pass, there was a divorce action and the young woman took her child to live elsewhere. Some time afterward she wrote a letter to Adam telling how sorry and ashamed she was that she had not listened when he had appealed to her to wait before marrying the man.

But even though only one marriage wound up in divorce there was another case when for a short time it appeared headed for the rocks. A man and woman, both had been previously married and their mates taken by death, came to be married. Two days later the man stomped in to demand, "Adam, I want you to unmarry us!" Adam protested, "Why, I can't do that." The unhappy man insisted, "You surely can. Didn't you marry us?"

At that very moment unbeknownst to the men the bewildered bride was appealing to Mrs. Stine, "Won't you please get your husband to unmarry us?" Before long Adam had the two before him and talked seriously to them until they consented to try again living together. They made the grade.

There were some things that Adam Stine did not hold with, one was a belief in "ha'nts". If one of his children came home from school with the report that someone had heard or seen a haunt Adam was careful in his explanation of the supposed apparition. But one day he came home considerably shaken by a demonstration of a woman's belief in uncanny happenings.

It came about thus: a man had been injured by being struck by a train. Critically hurt he was carried into a nearby home and laid upon the floor bleeding badly. Soon the man was dead. Adam was sent for since he often served as a temporary coroner.

While Adam was taking down statements from eye-witnesses the housewife came in with a spike and a hammer and before the dead man was removed from the house she drove the spike through the plank upon which he lay, declaring, "There now I've nailed his spirit down and he'll never come back to ha'nt us!"

Adam hadn't known anyone could hold a weird belief like that but whether due to the presence of the spike or not there was no return of the dead man's spirit!

Jackson Township has had many good men and one of them was Adam Stine who exerted an influence for good.

Old Settlers' Tales — The Indians of Williams County

By W. W. Faben

I

When that first itinerant French trader from Detroit or Fort Miami (Fort Wayne) urged his mount and pack animals over those twisting trails in the twilight density of this heavily forested area some two hundred and thirty years ago, he was on his way to visit the several Potawatami towns that were scattered along the St. Joseph River and its tributaries, and very likely he included the towns about Nettle Lake in his entourage. By that time (1702-1715) the Potawatamis were in full possession of this region, having pushed the Miamis a little farther west and south.

The Potawatamis formed one component branch of that far-flung confederacy known as The League of The Three Brothers, the other tribes of the alliance being the Chippewas and the Ottawas. Together they spread over a vast territory from the Lake Superior region on the north to the valley of the Maumee on the south, and from Lake Michigan on the west to the extremity of Lake Erie on the east.

But the Potawatamis had come in ancient times from a land far remote from that in which the first French traders and missionaries had encountered them. According to the tales told by their blanketed old men who sat around the wigwam fires at night unraveling the ancient lore to their grandchildren, the Potawatamis, the Chippewas, and the Ottawas were once all one people. Their bark lodges arose beside The Great Salt Walters far in the east, near those of their grandfathers, the Delawares, in what is now the state of Maryland.

Why they left those places is not definitely known, but, continue the old men, although the people were happy there for a time—game was plenty, crops were good—bad times came and the Great Spirit hit his face from his people. It was war that came. Warriors were killed, lodges were burned, and the people had to flee.

Then abandoning their villages, they withdrew to the North—north to the banks of the Ottawa River in what is now Canada. Here again, say the old men, The Great Spirit smiled for a time, and his Red Children were happy once more.

But again he grew angry and hid his face. And like the wrathful fires of lightning descending from the heavens, the Iroquois war parties fell upon the villages, spreading death and destruction. Abandoning their villages, they fled once more.

Now came a long and painful flight north and west across a bleak and hostile wilderness. And after many moons, say the old men, they arrived at the Straits of Mackinac. Here they cut poles and raised their lodges. Here they found game and fish in plenty. The Great Spirit smiled again and the people were happy.

Out of the gratitude of their hearts they called a great council. All the people were present. They all remembered the terrible punishment they had received at the hands of their enemies. The chiefs and the medicine men besought The Great Spirit to smile upon his people, and to guide and protect them. And the three great peoples, the Chippewas, the Potawatamis, and the Ottawas, made a solemn pledge to one another and to the Great Spirit. To one another they pledged faithfulness in their great brotherhood and help in time of war and trouble. To Great Spirit they pledged themselves to lead good lives, that they might deserve his protection and that he might smile upon them. Thus say the old Indians, and there at Mackinac the people divided and went away to live as separate tribes.

The Potawatamis crossed the straits, and pushing south along the western shore of Lake Michigan, found their way into northern Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. Thus that first French trader found them in their villages in the valley of the St. Joseph more than two centuries ago.

II

The French trader who first pushed his way into the valley of the St. Joseph was well informed beforehand of the location of towns and villages and trails. This information came to him from the Indians about the big trading stations on the Maumee and at Detroit. But having seen the Potawatamis along the St. Joseph, he must have been struck with the similarity they bore to their brethren the Chippewas, Ottawas, Potawatamis, Miamis, and Shawnees that he had seen elsewhere.

The Potawatamis of the St. Joseph valley belonged to the largest linguistic stock of Indians in North America, the Algonquins. All these peoples spoke different languages; but these Algonquin tongues were similar, as were the manners and customs. Even the physical characteristics of these peoples showed a marked similarity, indicating that they had sprung from a common ancestry. The Delawares or Leni Lennape, as they called themselves, always addressed as "Grandfathers" by the other Algonquin tribes, are commonly accredited with being the parental stock from which have come all branches of the numerous Algonquin race.

Inasmuch as the other two parties to that historic compact, The League of the Three Brothers, may be mentioned in these tales, it will be well to note their distribution at the dawn of historic times. From the Straits of Mackinac some Chippewas went north around Lake Superior, some journeyed into Canada, some crossed into Wisconsin and Minnesota, and others traveled south, spreading along the eastern half of Michigan, some bands ultimately reaching the more easterly portions of northern Ohio. The Ottawas turned south from the Straits, spreading over the western half of Michigan. Some bands turning east found homes in south-east Michigan and northern Ohio.

One may observe that The League of the Three Brothers commanded the region of the Great Lakes except that about Lake Ontario which was dominated by the League of the Iroquois, the insatiable hereditary enemies of the Chippewas, the Potawatamis, and the Ottawas. Beyond the lakes and to the West was the great confederation of the Sioux or Dakotas, who were likewise hated enemies of the League of the Three Brothers and of all the central Algonquin peoples.

Save for occasional clashes with their hereditary enemies on the east and west, the Chippewas, the Potawatamis, and the Ottawas dwelt in peace, living happy and care-free lives on the great broad bosom of Mother Earth at this era just before the dawn of history.

Then came the white men. Only a few at first. They seemed harmless and even beneficial—those first French missionaries and traders—for they brought many things which increased the prosperity and comfort of the tribes, and they received a ready welcome in every Indian village.

Thus that emissary of France, that first French trader winding his way over those tortuous trails in the valley of the St. Joseph long ago, his pack horses ladened with wonders to be spread out before dark, lustrous, wondering eyes, paused at length on the borders of a natural clearing along the banks of that black, gurgling, eddying stream, sniffed the air fragrant with hickory smoke, and peered into the light of the opening beyond. One yelp from a mongrel nearby set every dog in town howling and baying like so many wolves. But such demonstrations were commonplace to the Frenchman, and digging his moccasined heels into the sides of his mount and jerking the line on his pack animals, he shouted, "Ally", and moved into the sunshine of the clearing.

III

The clearing into which this son of old France advanced was of considerable extent, comprising perhaps several acres. At irregular intervals were scattered some sixty oval and dome-shaped lodges of elm, ash, or basswood bark. Smoke curled above the roofs of many. Women were busy over out-of-door fires. Several industriously scraped hides were pegged upon the ground. Two or three old women, squatting beneath porch-like structures adjoining the largest oval-shaped dwellings, were weaving baskets from black ash splints. Beyond the lodges on the west, the land dropped off abruptly to low ground where waving tassels of maize reached along the river for two or three hundred yards. A broad trail led down through the corn fields to the water's edge where lay several dugouts and bark canoes drawn up on the sand. Old men smoked in silence in shady places; young men in groups laughed and joked beneath the trees at the clearing's edge. One labored before his lodge to shape a bow from a hickory stave. Another within the door of his hut employed all his ingenuity to fashion a haft for a stone ax. Half-naked little children played about all over the town.

The trader took in the whole scene with a sweep of his eye, as he rode towards the center of the village. Dogs continued to bark and snap at his horse's heels. Women stopped their work and children their play to stare in silence at this stranger. Men turned to look in obvious surprise at the advent of this queer person. Many, especially the young, had never before seen a white man. The horses too were strange. In the remote fastness of their forest home far from their enemies, no sentinels were posted, for all was peace and security here.

An impenetrable shroud of time makes it impossible to give the exact site of this first-visited town. It may have been in any one of several localities. It is not unreasonable to assume that it may have been in the north-west section of Montpelier, for historians of this area agree that an Indian town existed at an early date within its present corporation limits. Furthermore the St. Joseph would be navigable here for canoe travel most of the year, and in those early days it carried far more water than it does now. Broad flat lowlands occur at intervals on each side of the stream which would have afforded ideal soil for the cultivation of corn, squash, beans and pumpkins. These factors together with an abundance of game of all kinds make the site suitable for a sizable town which a *coureur de bois* would have chosen for his initial visit.

A small party of older men gathered to meet the trader. Most of these, having visited the posts at Detroit or on the Maumee, were familiar with the *coureurs de bois* as the wandering merchants of the forests were called in the trade.

Having arrived near the center of town, the trader slid from his saddle and stood with out-stretched hand to greet the chiefs gathered before him. Addressing them easily in their own tongue, he proclaimed his delight at seeing them and announced the object of his visit.

IV

The obvious head of the village was a man about sixty-five years old with thick braids of graying hair and very bad teeth. His yellowish copper face glistened in the heat of the sun, as he smiled broadly, ejaculating a hearty "Beau jou" to the Frenchman's greeting. He was straight, gaunt, and naked except for breach clout and moccasins. A crest of hawk and eagle feathers waved upon his head; a necklace of bear claws rested upon his chest. The calm dignity of his manner easily marked him as one accustomed to councils and deliberations.

A curious crowd of young and old had now gathered. Eager eyes scanned the burdens upon the horses' backs. The chief uttered a few guttural syllables, and the party turned about and headed for a rather small dome-shaped bark structure just a few paces distant.

Before this lodge stood two silent staring young women. Observing them closely, the trader tethered his horses near the lodge. Plunging his hand into the nearest saddle-bag, he brought forth two bright red silk hankerchiefs of considerable dimentions. Two dogs were still yapping close at hand. The trader, pointing at the dogs, offered the handerchief to the astonished females. They stood silent for a moment, not comprehending, until the Frenchman repeated his offer in voluble Potawatami. Then screaming with delight, one seized the handkerchiefs while the other grabbed the dogs.

The chief, ushering his guest into the lodge, was followed immediately by his head men. He seated himself on a grass mat before the fire place and opposite the door with his trader guest on his right. A silent old woman speedily provided mats for the others; and fumbling in a corner of the lodge, she soon set a long-stemmed pipe and quilled pouch before her husband. With a few solemn words the chief lighted the pipe, took several puffs in silence, and passed it to his guest. The Frenchman likewise puffed the pipe, after which it went around the entire circle.

The chief now sent out word that the trader was going to give a feast. Presently the lodge began to fill, as more and more men crowded in, seating themselves in a circle behind the chief and his head men. Outside a great crowd had gathered, all peering curiously into the lodge for a glimpse of the white trader. But there was no noise or commotion, such as one might expect from a similar gathering of white people. The village leaders conversed with the trader who brought them news of the French, of the fur trade, and of the neighboring tribes. Everybody else listened in respectful silence. This business must have consumed considerable time, perhaps more than an hour.

Suddenly at the door of the lodge appeared two young women with red handkerchiefs bound neatly about their heads. They bore between them a huge bark bucket containing a steaming stew that filled the lodge with its aroma. The old woman followed and unburdened herself of a number of large mussel shells, placing one before the chief, the trader, and each of the head men. With the aid of a large wooden ladle she filled each shell with steaming stew while the young women held the pail. Then the potion was offered in turn to every person present according to his rank and dignity.

Everybody, not excepting the Frenchman, ate with relish, for the Indians knew no delicacy more delectable than a sleek fat dog.

Midwestern: An Oberlin Homestead

BY ALFRED VANCE CHURCHILL

1. *The Homestead*

About 1870, when my memories begin to clear, our house on West College Street was the home of ten or twelve persons. Besides father and mother there were four boys from six to eighteen years of age and two or three young women earning their way through college. Aunt Ann lived with us for a while and my brother Frank and his wife, after their marriage. The family was large and the income small. The only way to feed the children and keep them in school was to own a place that was almost a farm. We had our own cow and horse, kept our own garden, raised our own chickens—yes, and our children, too, for the older ones had to take care of the younger.

The house and lot father had purchased in 1859, as the home of his second wife, merits a brief description. The house, which opened on the South, was a large one for the time, built of wood, well-proportioned, very simple, low and broad, with spreading eaves. In front was a vine-covered porch with seats on either side of the entrance and lattice work above them. As one entered the front door the room on the left was father's study, while on the right was "the bedroom." Here mother's five children were born. Here they listened to Mother Goose, "Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber," and "Twinkle-twinkle, little Star." Here they were rocked in the cradle and learned to pray at their mother's knee. It was our only nursery. Here, too, was the brick fire-place—for a long time the only fire-place in the house—where we cracked nuts and jokes, roasted apples and pop-corn, and heard evening stories.

I can just remember when the house, as far as it was heated at all, was heated by wood fires in black, cast-iron stoves. There was no fire on the second floor, but two of its four bedrooms were warmed—more or less—with sheet-iron drums, through which a sheet-iron stove-pipe

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passed up from the stove in the room below. In the kitchen the place of honor was held by one of Stewart's cast-iron cook-stoves.

The boys' bedroom had no provision for heating. In cold winter weather we "warmed" it by opening the door into the hall. We put hot-water jugs between the icy sheets. In the morning the water might be frozen in the pitchers, and after a windy night there might be thin lines of snow on the counterpanes. One of my brothers used to quote,—"But the skipper answered never a word, for a frozen corpse was he." If we hadn't slept two in a bed and snuggled up close we should doubtless have followed the example of the skipper. The beds were four-posters with short posts. A stout bed-cord supported the mattress. Many a time have I "corded up" a bed, weaving the rope in and out in squares, or trampling step after step on the line, while an older brother took up the slack. The mattress was a big bag of wheat-straw or corn-husks.

After some years, coal-stoves began to take the place of the wood-stoves. They had mica windows which shed a warm, cheerful radiance from the orange-yellow flames. Still later, about 1875 I think, came central heating. A horizontal wood-furnace was placed on the cellar floor, in which we burned logs five feet long and six inches thick. Sheet-iron pipes about a foot in diameter carried the heat more or less unevenly through the house. Every morning, while dressing, we fought for places near the pipes or over the registers.

The water for ordinary purposes had to be pumped from cisterns beneath the house. Near the back-door and connected with the kitchen by a covered porch was the well—sixty feet deep—and the old oaken bucket and windlass, which supplied drinking-water. The amount of water drawn and pumped by my brothers and me would have to be calculated in astronomical figures.

For a long time there was no running water in the town, so there was no plumbing and, of course, no bath-rooms. Even after the water came it was several years before father could afford the expense of a bath-room. However, our parents took a bath—in their own way—every day, and the boys had to take one Saturday night, at least, whether they wanted to or not.

In front of the house was a spacious lawn with apple, cherry, and walnut trees, divided from the street by a hedge of arbor vitae and strong wooden gates with beautiful curved tops painted white—one for the foot-path and a large one for the drive-way. Here the world ended and "we" began. Here was love and safety. This was our home and castle. Once inside the barrier we swung on the gates and gazed down on the world without . . . "It is yet, as always, the prettiest place on the street—and the most desirable lot in Oberlin," my father wrote in his old age.

A few yards back of the house on the east side was the barn, with stalls for horses and cows, carriage-house, places for harness and bins for grain. The floor above was the hay-mow. In the barn was also a carpenter's bench with vice and tools of many kinds—a grind-stone, a jigsaw and a foot-power lathe.

Father wanted us to learn the use of tools. He thought it a necessary part of education. He kept us supplied with knives. He would forget where he had left his knife and buy another. When he found the first one again he gave it to one of the children. He taught us to cut a straight line with the saw and to drive a nail without splitting the board. He couldn't bear to see tools abused. He thought it inexcusable to saw on a nail or break a knife-blade by prying with it. How often have I heard words like these: "Say—who busted pa's chisel? Yeah, you idiot! What was you tryin' to do? cut nails with it? Gee whiz—when pa finds out you've broke his best chisel he's goin't to fan *your* tail all right!" (The last remark was not only gratuitous but purely rhetorical. Father might look sad and say "Poh! what a fool," but he would never punish for anything like that.)

It would take a small book to tell all we did with tools, in the attic or the barn. I remember a huge prison that we built from the lumber-pile in the back-yard. Frank had received a lot of green lumber in payment of a bad debt—from Gabe Snyder. There was almost enough for a house. The lumber had to be dried anyway, so we piled it in a hollow square with little strips between the boards to let the air through. It made a marvellous prison, life-size, with cells and everything complete.

To a very large extent we made our own playthings—bows and arrows, kites, even balls and bats. We made footballs of pigs' bladders, covering them with cloth and leather. You see we were still very close to the frontier where necessity has always been the mother of invention.

In an ell at the back of the house was a large woodshed, and standing apart at some distance behind this another one still larger. Before we were ready for winter both of them had to be full. The wood was sawed by a horse-power tread-mill which went from house to house. But it was our business to split and pile the wood in the sheds—thousands and thousands of sticks—every year.

We had over an acre of land. There was a big backyard to play in. Behind that came the vegetable garden and still farther back the orchard. It was really a small farm. We planted our own potatoes, cucumbers, peas, onions, string beans and lima beans, tomatoes, beets and turnips, melons, squash, and pumpkins. We raised our own fruit,—apples, peaches, pears, cherries and grapes, quinces and currants; besides raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries and rhubarb, alias "pie-plant." Before the first of November great quantities of vegetables had been gathered into the cellar. Floors and shelves were cumbered with huge earthen jars of apple-butter, of pickles and preserves, and of eggs packed in salt. Great bins full of winter apples lined the walls. Hundreds of tall, brown bottles of "canned tomatoes" there were, too, preserved by mother's hands; for the era of commercial canning had hardly begun—at least for us.

Upstairs the floor of the attic was filled with bushels of grapes—purple Isabellas, fine old Catawbas—native to that country—and fragrant, old-rose Delawares, all carefully laid out on squares of newspaper. The attic was criss-crossed in every direction with strings of dried apples and pears—the apples sliced and the pears halved—enough to have lasted all winter except for the irresistible temptation they offered to passers-by, old and young alike. And why all this labor and thought for the morrow? Because otherwise we should not have survived.

"Dort ist die Klause, still berühmt in ganzen Hause." Before we leave the yard I must not fail to mention a small out-building that stood at a discreet distance behind the house. In summer's mildness and winter's cold such structures played their humble part in the lives of the great majority of the citizens of these States for the hundred years following the Declaration of our Independence. The high mortality of the older time may have been owing, more than we think, to the defects of this institution. For the construction was usually very light—board walls cov-

ered with white-wash and clapboards outside. No provision for heating.

I was inclined to be somewhat ashamed of my native country on this count until, in 1887, I saw the conditions—so much worse than ours—among the average citizens of the most enlightened center of European civilization. After that I was able to endure the taunts of my French friends as to the princely splendors of "the American bathroom," with stoical fortitude. I realized, as my tormentors did not, that it was dangerous to judge of the culture of a people by its plumbing alone, whether by its grandeur or its total absence.

Of the building in the corner of the garden behind our house I can only say that it was better than most. It was solid and shapely and it had two compartments. From first to last it was the scene of many incidents that might yield material for literature. I shall mention but one.

There was a seamstress—past middle age—who used to come to us by the week and sew on an endless stream of trousers for the boys. (Our old Domestic sewing-machine was used till its thread had sawed off the rod of hardened steel of the compensator, on the arm above the needle.) Our seamstress was a Methodist and an earnest Christian who loved the children and longed to see them all converted. The boys of the family have sat in the second compartment—looking out on the garden—and have listened to the voice of "Aunty Ball"—raised high in prayer—as she knelt on the floor of the strange little chapel and "wrestled with God" for the salvation of their souls.

2. *A Family of the Midwest,* 1859-1887

Senator Hoar has somewhere said that in relation to the physical world in his boyhood at Concord he was nearer to the boys of the Roman Empire than to his grandsons. The same could be said of our family. Our conditions and surroundings were of primitive simplicity. Unless we had company we nearly always ate in the kitchen "to save mother's steps." It was a fine big room with sun-filled windows. The board was spread with white oilcloth or, for dinner, with a red cotton damask. Our food though abundant was plain. We ate what was placed before us whether we liked it or not and could digest anything within reason.

We raised our own fruits and vegetables and kept our own cow—as you have heard. The cow "came in" every year with a new calf and the milk and cream were such as I never taste nowadays. There was a cow that yielded a twelve-quart paid of milk twice a day. I remember a Jersey heifer that gave us cream so thick you could have picked it up in your hands. Besides using a good deal of milk in ordinary cooking, in custard pies and desserts, mother made ice-cream which we froze ourselves, turning it by hand in splinters of salted ice. If the milk soured it was used for Dutch cheese or soda biscuit.

Our hens laid twelve dozen eggs a week. When one failed in her duty she went to the block. Mother was not a fancy cook but she made splendid bread; also johnny-cake, pan-cakes and doughnuts—all the fundamental necessities. We consumed a good deal of cracked wheat, corn-meal and oatmeal. Father had a story about oatmeal porridge. An Englishman went to the Scottish highlands for a shooting trip. At breakfast, when his host placed before him a bowl of porridge, he said, "What's that?" "It's yer oats, sir." "Huh! In England we feed that to horses." "Yes," proudly returns his host, "and where will you find such *horses* as in England—*or such men as in Scotland!*"

Our usual Sunday dinner was corn-meal mush served with big bowls of cream. Mother made it with great care to avoid lumpiness. It came on Sundays because it would cook slowly—all by itself—during church-time. It made a delicious dish for breakfast Monday morning, fried on a hot griddle. In winter we often had oyster-stew, especially on Sunday noon. This was a treat indeed and the making of it was almost a rite. The oysters came from Baltimore in rectangular sealed tins packed in ice. Surrounded by a flock of eager children, father would open the tin and prepare the stew himself. (We purchased oyster-crackers a barrel at a time.)

As for meat we liked good sirloin or porterhouse steak about the best of anything, but we couldn't afford it very often. It cost fourteen cents a pound! In order to balance her slender budget mother served liver for dinner once a week; because we liked it and because the butcher would give her enough for the whole family for nothing. (I was scandalized, when I got to Berlin, to find that liver was the most expensive meat in the market).

In the winter season father would buy a whole quarter of beef and cut it up himself in the kitchen, which was littered for days with big chunks of meat. He had a complete outfit of butcher-knives, saws and cleavers, which he kept in prime condition. I have little doubt that home-butchering was a New England custom and that he had learned practically the whole trade from his father. The choice cuts of beef were hung in the cold woodshed to be used for steaks or roasts or were smoked in the chimney for dried beef gravies and sandwiches. The common pieces were pickled with salt and salt-petre in the corned-beef barrel which stood in the cellar next to the barrel of salt-pork.

Nothing was lost. The best fragments became mincemeat. The bones were made into soup, the fats into soft soap. Grandpa Vance built us a great ice-box that stood on the back porch. It was insulated and lined with zinc and would take in a hundred-pound chunk of ice that lasted a week.

In the course of a year we consumed whole battalions of chickens. At certain seasons we had plenty of fish—fresh-water bass, pike and delicious white-fish, brought in from Lake Erie. The only trouble was that we boys had to scale and clean the fish ourselves, and a dirty, disagreeable job it was—to be shoved onto someone else whenever possible.

Our garden and orchard furnished vegetables and fruit in abundance. Our apples and grapes—especially—were splendid. The apples we have now, imported from the West, are much finer in appearance than those we raised but cannot compare with them in flavor. Those early harvest-apples, Baldwins, Belmonts and lucious Russets, growing on trees that were already old, have remained unsurpassed in my experience. We moved our cider-mill from the barn to the yard and made our own cider and vinegar. What I should miss most, if I had to go back to our childhood diet, would be the fresh vegetables and fruits which are now available throughout the year. We had fresh things only "in season."

We had no oils, neither olive nor cotton-seed. So it may be said that we never tasted a genuine salad. We didn't know the word. Though we had oceans of cucumbers, onions, cabbage and lettuce, they were served with a miserable dressing of vinegar, salt and pepper, with a sprinkling of sugar. Lettuce thus desecrated is a tasteless dish at best.

The family was large and father was in debt. Every cent had to be turned twice. There must be no waste. The remains of the meat-dishes went into stews and hashes (served with mother's matchless green-tomato pickles). Stale bread was steamed to be buttered and used as bread; or it became stuffing for roast-chicken, or was ground into "rusk" with mortar and pestle; to be eaten with milk. Rusk-and-milk, with maple sugar, tastes good when one is young. The crumbs from the table (if any) went to the chickens.

There were those in the village who were not so careful. Going one day to Munson's to get a can of oysters, father saw a barrel of watermelons from the South, the first of the season. Being extremely partial to this fruit father asked how much. The price was a dollar apiece. "Why," said father, "who buys them? I can't." "Oh," replied Munson, "the darkeys buy them."

Only the older boys had new suits of clothes. In my time ready-made clothing was just beginning to be common. Our pants, purchased for the eldest son—remade and perhaps redyed—did coldly serve to deck the form of a younger one; and so on down, till time and wear left not a rag behind. A vigorous boy can go through a pair of pants in two weeks and in all there were seven boys. At ten pant-years per boy, mother and "Aunty Ball" would have produced—my mathematics are poor—more than fifteen hundred pair, is it not?

Again, there was the matter of boots. It was boots only with us; we did not begin to wear shoes till about 1876. The itinerant shoe-maker had vanished and we were buying our foot-wear ready-made. Imagine the financial liabilities of a poor professor who has to supply boots to seven healthy boys, say from their sixth to their sixteenth year! The boots we wore were top-boots that reached nearly to the knees, made of cow-hide or kip, with iron nails in the soles and heels. The toes were shod with copper. Such boots were well suited for use in our mud and snow. You had to take the boot-jack to get them off at night, and you pulled them on in the morning by the aid of the strong leather "tugs" that adorned their crests. On week days we tucked our pants in our boot tops. On Sundays they were pulled down over the boots.

We took them off in the spring as soon as mother gave us permission and keep them off till the frost brought pains intolerable. A smart city-kid said he'd "bet we were born barefoot." Without boots you could run twice as fast, while the voluptuous feeling of the grass on your naked feet was indescribably delicious. But it was a dangerous business. Every little while you'd cut your foot on a piece of glass, or perhaps run a rusty nail into your heel. One of my companions—Tommy Bonsor—died of lock-jaw from such a hurt; also a little girl, whose name I have forgotten. It was hard on the mothers. Our mother would cleanse the wound as well as she could, tie on a slice of raw onion or salt pork, and pray the Lord to spare our lives.

In case of serious accidents or sickness the doctor was promptly called in and we had a good one. But in ordinary cases father was our physician. I see him now, kneeling by a child who lies with closed eyes on a pillow on the bed, or perhaps on a couple of chairs. He knew as much about colds and croups as any professional. A hot bath (or in bad cases a cold pack) and straight to bed; eat little; keep the bowels active. How many doctors can do better than that? Father was a surgeon, too, in a small way. He would pull a loose tooth by tying it to the door-handle and slamming the door when we least expected it. He would sew up a slight cut—on your finger or his own—with small stitches (not too close together!) through the outer skin. It was surprising how quickly the cuts healed.

Aside from old family remedies father's ideas of medicine were a little vague, and somewhat naive. He didn't have much faith in drugs but he still had a little. Also he realized the therapeutic value of suggestion. So he kept a case of homeopathic pills and would administer a dose of aconite and belladonna, feeling sure that at least they would do no harm.

The high-sounding "Similia similibus" seemed to him to work pretty well. His favorite prescription for acid stomach was sour lemonade (no one at that time had suspected that many fruits might have an alkaline reaction). But I have seen him laugh at a homeopathist and prove to him,—by mathematics—that his "200th dilution" had no more belladonna in it than if you poured a spoonful of the essence into Lake Superiod and took out a spoonful of the "tincture" at the mouth of the St. Lawrence . . . Anyway those little sugar pills (flavored with alcohol) had a great attraction for us. I fear that we "took" more of them well at our house and the great twin cisterns—with a charcoal filter between them—at grandpa's. It was a wet, nasty, dirty job. But I admit that there was something romantic and exciting about working with a brother or two down there in the dark beneath the kitchen floor, with a rainstorm going on outside and the rain-water rushing and gurgling and splashing into the hollow cisterns. If a kitten got drowned in the well, that had to be cleaned out also, sixty feet deep with a rope dangling in the middle and nothing to put your feet on but the rocks at the sides. We did "girl's work," too, which we hated most of all,—washing dishes, mopping floors, cleaning house and beating carpets.

There was no money in what we did at home—only "the reward of a good conscience" and the fact that if the week's work had been well done (and not otherwise) we could have Saturday afternoon for play. We felt this keenly, because our playmates had no such restriction. On the other hand, grandpa Vance always paid cash for what we did for him—for driving his cow, weeding his garden or cutting docks in his pasture.