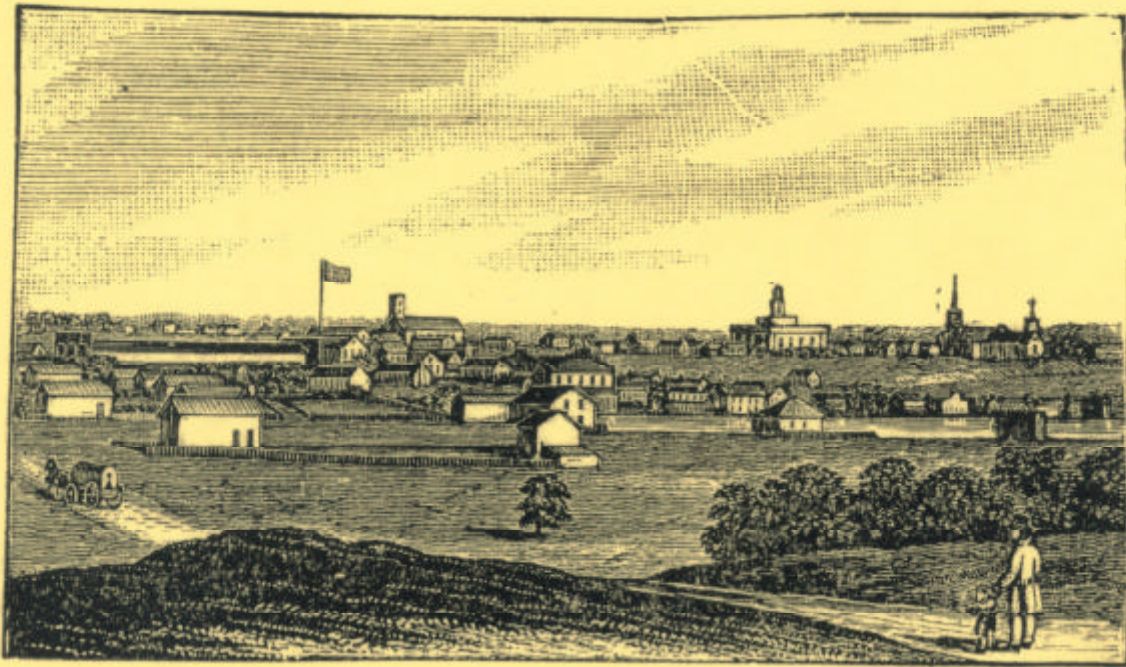


# SANDUSKY COUNTY OHIO



*Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.*

LOWER SANDUSKY (NOW FREMONT) IN 1846.

The site of Fort Stephenson is shown by the flag.

Reprinted From  
Henry Howe's "Historical Collections of Ohio"



This map shows Maumee Valley and the other divisions of Ohio as arranged by the late Prof. Klippart, Ohio State University.

## SANDUSKY.

SANDUSKY COUNTY was formed from old an Indian territory, April 1, 1820. The soil is fertile, and the surface is generally level. The Black Swamp tract covers the western part. Its first settlers were principally of New England origin, since which many have moved in from Pennsylvania and Germany. The principal productions are Indian corn, wheat, oats, potatoes and pork. Area about 440 square miles. In 1887 the acres cultivated were 143,122; in pasture, 19,884; woodland, 37,797; lying waste, 3,917; produced in wheat, 732,798 bushels; rye, 20,464; buckwheat, 981; oats, 552,467; barley, 11,756; corn, 1,184,723; broom corn, 300 lbs. brush; meadow hay, 18,445 tons; clover hay, 12,077; potatoes, 120,055 bushels; butter, 710,754 lbs.; cheese, 53,200; sorghum, 1,878 gallons; maple syrup, 3,105 gallons; honey, 4,296 lbs.; eggs, 508,110 dozen; grapes, 37,540 lbs.; wine, 593 gallons; sweet potatoes, 655 bushels; apples, 52,203; peaches, 6,146; pears, 1,507; wool, 148,219 lbs.; milch cows owned, 5,481. Ohio Mining Statistics, 1888.—Limestone, 18,600 tons burned for lime, 8,250 cubic feet of dimension stone, 3,526 cubic yards of building stone, 6,353 cubic yards of ballast or macadam. School census, 1888, 9,446; teachers, 287. Miles of railroad track, 141.

TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.	TOWNSHIPS AND CENSUS.	1840.	1880.
Ballville,	1,007	1,652	Rice,	385	949	Townsend,	692	1,697
Fremont (City),		8,456	Riley,	426	1,621	Washington,	1,074	2,608
Green Creek,	1,186	4,495	Sandusky,	1,696	1,785	Woodville,	486	1,662
Jackson,	929	1,485	Scott,	684	1,452	York,	1,801	2,319
Madison,	316	1,886						

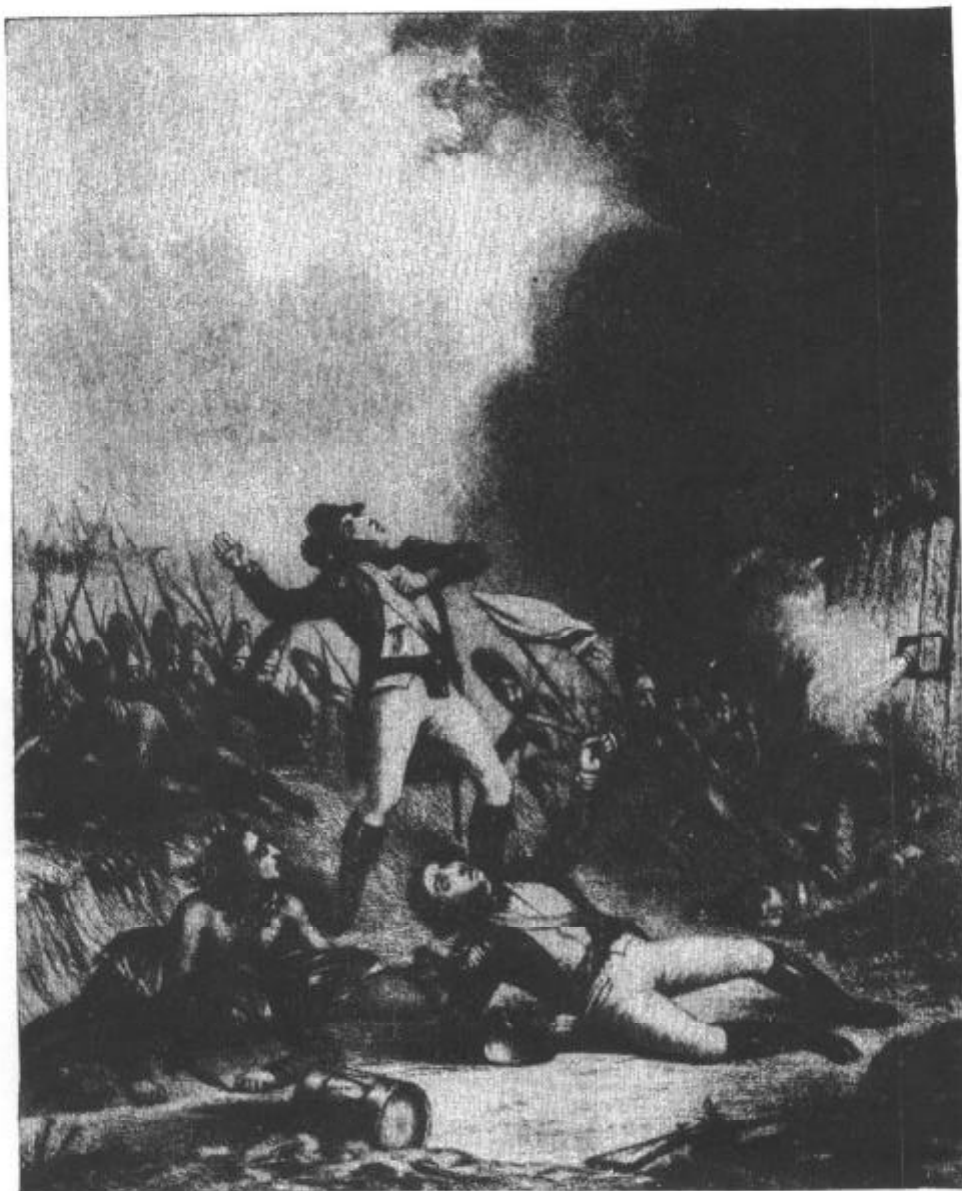
Population of Sandusky in 1830, 2,851; 1840, 10,184; 1860, 21,429; 1880, 32,057; of whom 22,312 were born in Ohio; 2,247 Pennsylvania; 1,474 New York; 181 Indiana; 140 Virginia; 42 Kentucky; 2,653 German Empire; 569 Ireland; 373 England and Wales; 207 British America; 197 France; 34 Scotland, and 5 Norway and Sweden. Census, 1890, 30,617.

The signification of the name of this county has frequently been a matter of dispute. John H. James, Esq., the American Pioneer, truly says:

I have a note of a conversation with William Walker at Columbus, in 1835-6, at which time he was principal chief of the Wyandots at Upper Sandusky, in which I asked the meaning of the word Sandusky. He said it meant "at the cold water," and should be sounded San-doo-tee. He said it "carried with it the force of a preposition." The Upper Cold Water and the Lower Cold Water, then, were descriptive Indian names,

given long before the presence of the trader Sowdowsky. In the vocabulary of Wyandott words, given by John Johnston, Esq., formerly Indian agent in Ohio, as printed in *Archæologia Americana*, vol. i., page 295, the word water is given *Sa, um-dus-tee*, and in page 297 he gives the name of Sandusky river as *Sa, undustee*, or *water within water pools*.

This region of country was once a favorite residence of the Indians. Hon. Lewis Cass, in his discourse before the Historical Society of Michigan, delivered September 18, 1829, gives some interesting statements respecting a tribe called "the Neutral Nation."



*Designed and Engraved in 1846 by A. H. Ritchie for 1st Edition Ohio Historical Collections.*

## REPULSE OF THE BRITISH BEFORE FORT STEPHENSON.

*"COL. SHORT, commanding the regulars composing the forlorn hope, was ordering his men to leap the ditch, cut down the pickets, and give the Americans no quarter, when he fell, mortally wounded, into the ditch, hoisted his handkerchief on the end of his sword, and begged for that mercy which he had the moment before ordered should be deated to his enemy."*

Upon the Sandusky river, and near where the town of Lower Sandusky now stands, lived a band of Wyandots, called the Neutral Nation. They occupied two villages, which were cities of refuge, where those who sought safety never failed to find it. During the long and disastrous contests which preceded and followed the arrival of the Europeans, in which the Iroquois contended for victory, and

The annexed is a note from the above.

This Neutral Nation, so-called by Father Seguard, was still in existence two centuries ago, when the French missionaries first reached the upper lakes. The details of their history, and of their character and privileges, are meagre and unsatisfactory; and this is the more to be regretted, as such a sanctuary among the barbarous tribes is not only a singular institution, but altogether at variance with that reckless spirit of cruelty with which their wars are usually prosecuted. The Wyandott tradition represents them as having separated from the parent stock during the bloody wars between their own tribe and the Iroquois, and having fled to the Sandusky river for safety. That they here erected two forts, within a short distance of each other, and assigned one to the Iroquois and the other to the Wyandotts and their allies, where their war parties might find security and hospitality, whenever they entered their country. Why so unusual a proposition was made and acceded to, tradition does not tell. It is probable, however, that superstition lent its aid to the institution, and that it may have been indebted for its origin to the feasts and dreams and juggling ceremonies which constituted the religion of the aborigines. No other motive was sufficiently powerful to restrain the hand of violence and to counteract the threat of vengeance.

An intestine feud finally arose in this Neutral Nation, one party espousing the cause of the Iroquois and the other of their enemies; and like most civil wars, this was prosecuted with relentless fury. Our informant says that, since his recollection, the remains of a red cedar post were yet to be seen, where the prisoners were tied previously to being burned.

The informant above alluded to by Gov. Cass we have reason to believe was Major B.

*Fremont in 1846.*—Lower Sandusky [now Fremont], the county-seat, is twenty-four miles southwesterly from Sandusky city, and 105 west of north from Columbus. The annexed engraving shows the town as it appears from a hill northeast of it, on the opposite side of the river, near the residence of Mr. Jasper Smith, seen in front. On the left the bridge across the Sandusky river partially appears, and a little to the right of it Whyler's hotel. On the hill are shown the court house, and the Episcopal, Presbyterian and Catholic churches.

The town stands at the head of navigation on the Sandusky, at the lower rapids, where the Indians had a reservation of two miles square, granted to them by the treaty of Greenville. It is said that at an early day the French had a trading-station at this point. Lower Sandusky contains 1 Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist and 1 Catholic church, 2 newspaper printing-offices, 8 grocery and 11 dry goods stores, 1 woollen factory, 1 foundry, and had, in 1840, 1,117 inhabitants, and now has near 2,000. It is a thriving town, and consider-

their enemies for existence, this little band preserved the integrity of their territories and the sacred character of peace-makers. All who met upon their threshold met as friends, for the ground on which they stood was holy. It was a beautiful institution, a calm and peaceful island looking out upon a world of waves and tempests.

F. Stickney, of Toledo, long an Indian agent in this region. That there may have been such a tradition among the Indians we are unable to gainsay, but of its truth we have doubts. Major Stickney, in a lecture (as yet unpublished), delivered Feb. 28, 1845, before the Young Men's Association, of Toledo, says:

"The remains of extensive works of defence are now to be seen near Lower Sandusky. The Wyandotts have given me this account of them. At a period of two centuries and a half since, or more, all the Indians west of this point were at war with all the Indians east. Two walled towns were built near each other, and each was inhabited by those of Wyandott origin. They assumed a neutral character, and the Indians at war recognized that character. They might be called two neutral cities. All of the west might enter the western city, and all of the east the eastern. The inhabitants of one city might inform those of the other that war parties were there or had been there; but who they were, or whence they came, or any thing more, must not be mentioned. The war parties might remain there in security, taking their own time for departure. At the western town they suffered the warriors to burn their prisoners near it; but the eastern would not. (An old Wyandott informed me that he recollected seeing, when a boy, the remains of a cedar-post or stake, at which they used to burn prisoners.) The French historians tell us that these neutral cities were inhabited, and their neutral character respected, when they first came here. At length a quarrel arose between the two cities, and one destroyed the inhabitants of the other. This put an end to all neutrality."

able business is carried on. Its commerce is increasing. Small steamers and sail vessels constantly ply from here. The principal articles of export in 1846 were of wheat 90,000 bushels; pork, 560 barrels; ashes, 558 casks; flour, 1,010 barrels; corn, 18,400 bushels; staves, 1,100,000; imports, 1,480 barrels of salt and 250 tons of merchandize. Immediately opposite Lower Sandusky, on the east bank of the river, is the small village of Croghansville, laid out in 1817, which in a general description would be included in the former.—*Old Edition.*

## A REMINISCENCE.

A young man said to me on my original tour, in one of the interior towns, "There is an odd character here you ought to see. He writes humorous verses, is much of a wit, and is deserving of a place in your book." I replied, "Ohio has a good many odd people, and I have not time to give them all a call." The young man eventually moved to Cincinnati, became a member of its literary club, and I was associated with him for years, and learned to love and respect him. He was one of its most popular members, overflowing with good fellowship, cheery, fond of the humorous, and never known to get angry except in indignation at some vile project in view, or some oppressive act committed upon the weak and helpless. In those days there was nobody around to tell him that he was to become three times Governor of Ohio and then President of the United States—RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

I now regret I did not see that shrewd character, Judge Elisha W. Howland, that he wanted me to call upon; but I here, at this late day, pay my respects to his memory.

Two or three years after my visit the name of the town was changed from Lower Sandusky to Fremont, in honor not of a then political character, but of the great Path Finder over "the Rockies." Mr. Hayes, as the lawyer for the petition, presented it to court, and finished by offering the only remonstrance against the change. This was in the form of humorous versification, consisting of seven verses from Judge Howland, which Mr. Hayes read to the court, and I have no doubt with a gusto.

A REMONSTRANCE *against a Petition to the County Court of Sandusky to alter the name of Lower Sandusky to that of Fremont, as read to the Court by MR. R. B. HAYES, Attorney for the Petition.*

There is a prayer now going round  
Which I dislike to hear,  
To change the name of this old town  
I hold so very dear.

They pray the court to alter it,  
I pray to God they wont;  
And let it stand Sandusky yet  
And *not* John C. Fremont.

Sandusky is a pleasant name;  
'Tis short and easy spoken;  
Descending to us by a chain  
That never should be broken.

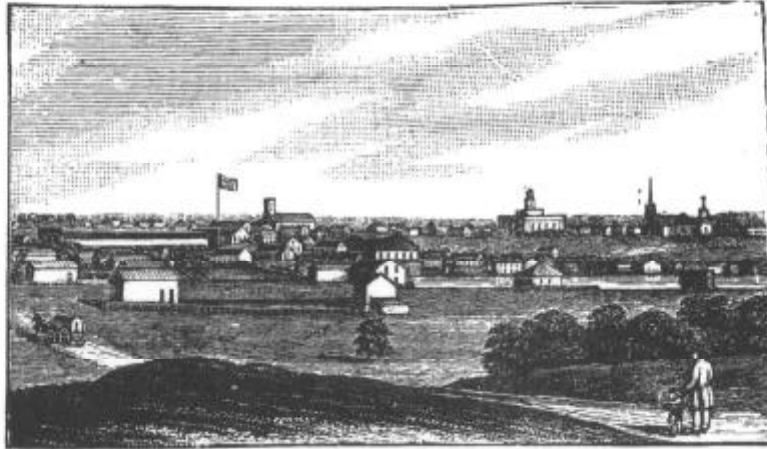
Then let us hand it down the stream  
Of Time to after ages,  
And Sandusky be the theme  
Of future bards and sages.

Wont the old honest SAGUMS' rise,  
And say to us *pale* faces,  
"Do you our ancient name despise,  
And change our resting-places?"

"Our fathers slumbered here;  
Their spirits cry, '*Oh, don't*  
Alter the name to us so dear  
And substitute *Fremont!*'"

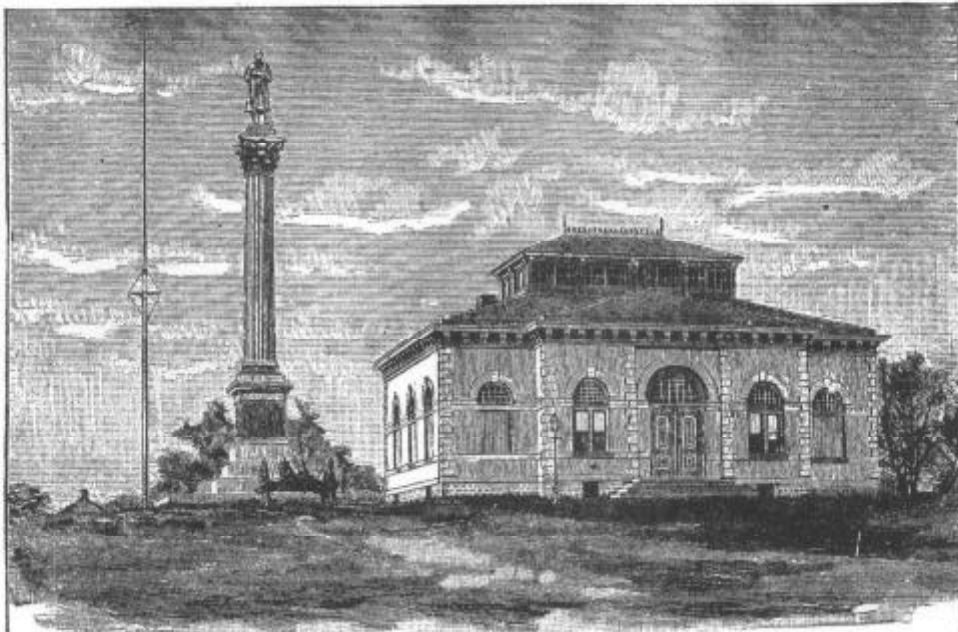
Therefore my prayer shall still remain,  
Until my voice grows husky:  
Oh, change the PEOPLE, not the name  
Of my old home, *Sandusky!*

Fort Stephenson or Sandusky, so gallantly defended by Col. Croghan, on the 2d of August, 1813, against an overwhelming force of British and Indians, was within the present limits of the place. Its site is indicated by the flag on the left



*Drawn by Henry Howe in 1846.*

LOWER SANDUSKY (NOW FREMONT) IN 1846.  
The site of Fort Stephenson is shown by the flag.

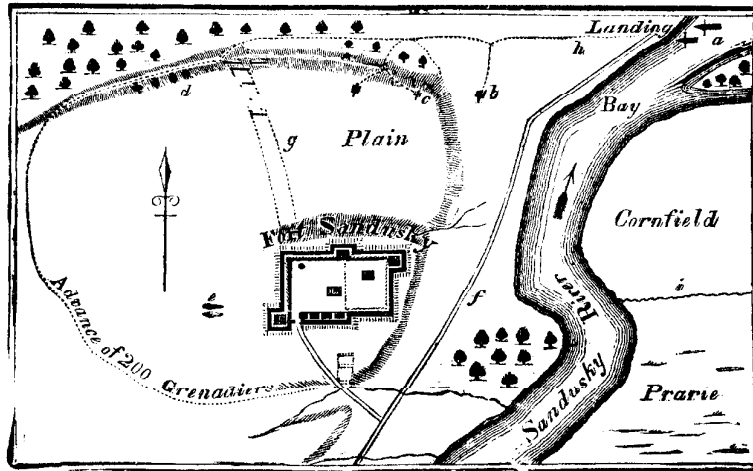


BIRCHARD LIBRARY AND SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.  
On the site of Fort Stephenson, Fremont.

in the engraving, which is about thirty rods southeast of the court-house, on high ground, much elevated above the river. The fort enclosed about an acre of ground, and the picketing was in good preservation as late as 1834. We annex a narration of the assault on the fort from a published source.

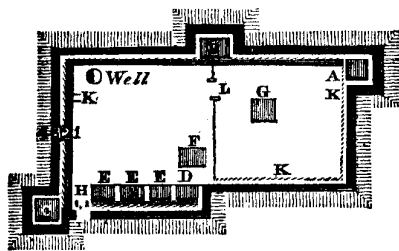
*British Manœuvres.*—Having raised the siege of Camp Meigs, the British sailed round into Sandusky bay, while a competent number of their savage allies marched across through the swamps of Portage river, to cooperate in a combined attack on Lower Sandusky, expecting, no doubt, that Gen. Harrison's attention would be chiefly directed to Forts Winchester and Meigs. The general, however, had calculated on their taking this course, and had been careful to keep patrols down the bay, opposite the mouth of Portage, where he supposed their forces would debark.

*Retreat Ordered.*—Several days before the British had invested Fort Meigs, Gen. Harrison, with Major Croghan and some other officers, had examined the heights which surround Fort Stephenson; and as the hill on the opposite or southeast side of the river was found to be the most commanding eminence, the general had some thoughts of removing the fort to that place, and Major Croghan declared his readiness to undertake the work. But the general did not authorize him to do it, as he believed that if the enemy intended to invade our territory again, they would do it before the removal could be com-



FORT SANDUSKY AND ENVIRONS: SCALE, 200 YARDS TO THE INCH.

[References to the Environs.—a—British gun-boats at their place of landing. b—Cannon, a six-pounder. c—Mortar. d—Batteries e—Graves of Lieut.-Col. Short and Lieut. Gordon, who fell in the ditch. f—Road to Upper Sandusky. g—Advance of the enemy to the fatal ditch. i—Head of navigation.



FORT SANDUSKY.

References to the Fort.—Line 1—Pickets. Line 2—Embankments from the ditch to and against the picket. Line 3—Dry ditch, nine feet wide by six deep. Line 4—Outward embankment or glacis. A—Block-house first attacked by cannon, b. B—Bastion from which the ditch was raked by Croghan's artillery. C—Guard block-house, in the lower left corner. D—Hospital during the attack. E E E—Military store-houses. F—Commissary's store-house. G—Magazine.

H—Fort gate. K K K—Wicker gates. L—Par-tition gate.

pleted. It was then finally concluded that the fort, which was calculated for a garrison of only 200 men, could not be defended against the heavy artillery of the enemy; and that if the British should approach it by water, which would cause a presumption that they had brought their heavy artillery, the fort must be abandoned and burnt, provided a retreat could be effected with safety. In the orders left with Major Croghan it was stated, "Should the British troops approach you in force with cannon, and you can discover them in time to effect a retreat, you will do so immediately, destroying all the public stores."

"You must be aware that the attempt to retreat in the face of an Indian force would be vain. Against such an enemy your garri-



son would be safe, however great the number."

*A Council of War.*—On the evening of the 29th Gen. Harrison received intelligence, by express, from Gen. Clay, that the enemy had abandoned the siege of Fort Meigs; and as the Indians on that day had swarmed in the woods round his camp, he entertained no doubt but that an immediate attack was intended either on Sandusky or Seneca. He therefore immediately called a council of war, consisting of McArthur, Cass, Ball, Paul, Wood, Hukill, Holmes and Graham, who were unanimously of the opinion that Fort Stephenson was untenable against heavy artillery, and that as the enemy could bring with facility any quantity of battering cannon against it, by which it must inevitably fall, and as it was an unimportant post, containing nothing the loss of which would be felt by us, that the garrison should therefore not be reinforced but withdrawn, and the place destroyed.

*A Retreat Unsafe.*—In pursuance of this decision the general immediately despatched the order to Major Croghan, directing him immediately to abandon Fort Stephenson, to set it on fire and repair with his command to headquarters—cross the river and come up on the opposite side, and if he should find it impracticable to reach the general's quarters, to take the road to Huron, and pursue it with the utmost circumspection and despatch. This order was sent by Mr. Conner and two Indians, who lost their way in the dark, and did not reach Fort Stephenson till eleven o'clock the next day. When Major Croghan received it, he was of opinion that he could not then retreat with safety, as the Indians were hovering round the fort in considerable force. He called a council of his officers, a majority of whom coincided with him in opinion that a retreat would be unsafe, and that the post could be maintained against the enemy, at least till further instructions could be received from headquarters. The major therefore immediately returned the following answer: "*Sir, I have just received yours of yesterday, 10 o'clock P.M., ordering me to destroy this place and make good my retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. We have determined to maintain this place, and by heavens we can.*"

In writing this note, Major Croghan had a view to the probability of its falling into the hands of the enemy, and on that account made use of stronger language than would otherwise have been consistent with propriety. It reached the general on the same day, who did not fully understand the circumstances and motives under which it had been dictated. The following order was therefore immediately prepared, and sent with Col. Wells in the morning, escorted by Col. Ball, with his corps of dragoons:

"July 30, 1813.

"SIR—The general has just received your letter of this date, informing him that you had thought proper to disobey the order

issued from this office, and delivered to you this morning. It appears that the information which dictated the order was incorrect; and as you did not receive it in the night, as was expected, it might have been proper that you should have reported the circumstance and your situation, before you proceeded to its execution. This might have been passed over; but I am directed to say to you, that an officer who presumes to aver that he has made his resolution, and that he will act in direct opposition to the orders of his general, can no longer be entrusted with a separate command. Colonel Wells is sent to relieve you. You will deliver the command to him, and repair with Colonel Ball's squadron to this place. By command, &c.

"A. H. HOLMES,

"Assistant Adjutant General."

Colonel Wells being left in the command of Fort Stephenson, Major Croghan returned with the squadron to headquarters. He there explained his motives for writing such a note, which were deemed satisfactory; and having remained all night with the general, who treated him politely, he was permitted to return to his command in the morning, with written orders similar to those he had received before.

*Refusal to Surrender.*—A reconnoitering party which had been sent from headquarters to the shore of the lake, about twenty miles distant from Fort Stephenson, discovered the approach of the enemy, by water, on the evening of the 31st of July. They returned by the fort after 12 o'clock the next day, and had passed it but a few hours when the enemy made their appearance before it. The Indians showed themselves first on the hill over the river, and were saluted by a six-pounder, the only piece of artillery in the fort, which soon caused them to retire. In half an hour the British gun-boats came in sight, and the Indian forces displayed themselves in every direction, with a view to intercept the garrison, should a retreat be attempted. The six-pounder was fired a few times at the gun-boats, which was returned by the artillery of the enemy. A landing of their troops with a five-and-a-half-inch howitzer was effected about a mile below the fort; and Major Chambers, accompanied by Dickson, was dispatched towards the fort with a flag, and was met on the part of Major Croghan by Ensign Shipp, of the 17th regiment. After the usual ceremonies, Major Chambers observed to Ensign Shipp, that he was instructed by General Proctor to demand the surrender of the fort, as he was anxious to spare the effusion of human blood, which he could not do, should he be under the necessity of reducing it, by the powerful force of artillery, regulars and Indians under his command. Shipp replied, that the commandant of the fort and its garrison were determined to defend it to the last extremity; that no force however great could induce them to surrender, as they were resolved to maintain their post, or to bury themselves in its ruins. Dickson then

said that their immense body of Indians could not be restrained from murdering the whole garrison in case of success, of which we have do doubt, rejoined Chambers, as we are amply prepared. Dickson then proceeded to remark that it was a great pity so fine a young man should fall into the hands of the savages—Sir, for God's sake, surrender, and prevent the dreadful massacre that will be caused by your resistance. Mr. Shipp replied, that when the fort was taken, there would be none to massacre. It will not be given up while a man is able to resist. An Indian at this moment came out of an adjoining ravine, and advancing to the ensign, took hold of his sword and attempted to wrest it from him. Dickson interfered, and having restrained the Indian, affected great anxiety to get him safe into the fort.

*The Enemy Open Fire.*—The enemy now opened their fire from their six-pounders in the gun-boats and the howitzer on shore, which they continued through the night with but little intermission and with very little effect. The forces of the enemy consisted of 500 regulars, and about 800 Indians, commanded by Dickson, the whole being commanded by General Proctor in person. Tecumseh was stationed on the road to Fort Meigs with a body of 2000 Indians, expecting to intercept a reinforcement on that route.

Major Croghan through the evening occasionally fired his six-pounder, at the same time changing its place occasionally to induce a belief that he had more than one piece. As it produced very little execution on the enemy, and he was desirous of saving his ammunition, he soon discontinued his fire. The enemy had directed their fire against the northwestern angle of the fort which induced the commander to believe that an attempt to storm his works would be made at that point. In the night, Captain Hunter was directed to remove the six-pounder to a block-house, from which it would rake that angle. By great industry and personal exertion, Captain Hunter soon accomplished this object in secrecy. The embrasure was masked, and the piece loaded with a half-charge of powder, and double charge of slugs and grape-shot. Early in the morning of the 2d, the enemy opened their fire from their howitzer and three six-pounders, which they had landed in the night, and planted in a point of woods, about 250 yards from the fort. In the evening, about 4 o'clock, they concentrated the fire of all their guns on their north-west angle, which convinced Major Croghan that they would endeavor to make a breach and storm the works at that point; he therefore immediately had that place strengthened as much as possible with bags of flour and sand, which were so effectual that the picketing in that place sustained no material injury. Sergeant Weaver, with five or six gentlemen

of the Petersburg volunteers and Pittsburgh blues, who happened to be in the fort, was intrusted with the management of the six-pounder.

*Assault and Repulse of the British.*—Late in the evening, when the smoke of the firing had completely enveloped the fort, the enemy proceeded to make the assault. Two feints were made towards the southern angle, where Captain Hunter's lines were formed; and at the same time a column of 350 men was discovered advancing through the smoke, within twenty paces of the northwestern angle. A heavy galling fire of musketry was now opened upon them from the fort, which threw them into some confusion. Colonel Short, who headed the principal column, soon rallied his men, and led them with great bravery to the brink of the ditch. After a momentary pause he leaped into the ditch, calling to his men to follow him, and in a few minutes it was full. The masked port-hole was now opened, and the six-pounder, at the distance of thirty feet, poured such destruction among them that but few who had entered the ditch were fortunate enough to escape. A precipitate and confused retreat was the immediate consequence, although some of the officers attempted to rally their men. The other column, which was led by Colonel Warburton and Major Chambers, was also routed in confusion by a deservative fire from the line commanded by Captain Hunter. The whole of them fled into the adjoining wood, beyond the reach of our fire-arms. During the assault, which lasted half an hour, the enemy kept up an incessant fire from their howitzer and five six-pounders. They left Colonel Short,\* a lieutenant and twenty five privates dead in the ditch; and the total number of prisoners taken was twenty-six, most of them badly wounded. Major Muir was knocked down in the ditch, and lay among the dead, till the darkness of the night enabled him to escape in safety. The loss of the garrison was one killed and seven slightly wounded. The total loss of the enemy could not be less than 150 killed and wounded.

*Retreat of the British.*—When night came on, which was soon after the assault, the wounded in the ditch were in a desperate situation. Complete relief could not be brought to them by either side with any degree of safety. Major Croghan, however, relieved them as much as possible—he contrived to convey them water over the picketing in buckets, and a ditch was opened under the pickets, through which those who were able and willing, were encouraged to crawl into the fort. All who were able, preferred, of course, to follow their defeated comrades, and many others were carried from the vicinity of the fort by the Indians, particularly their own killed and wounded; and in the night, about three o'clock, the whole British and Indian

\* "Col. Short, who commanded the regulars composing the forlorn hope, was ordering his men to leap the ditch, cut down the pickets, and give the Americans no quarter, when he fell mortally wounded into the ditch, hoisted his white handkerchief on the end of his sword, and begged for that mercy which he had a moment before ordered to be denied to his enemy."

force commenced a disorderly retreat. So great was their precipitation that they left a sail-boat containing some clothing and a considerable quantity of military stores: and on the next day, seventy stand of arms and some braces of pistols were picked up around the fort. Their hurry and confusion were caused by the apprehension of an attack from Gen. Harrison, of whose position and force they had probably received an exaggerated account.

*Gen. Harrison's Movements.*—It was the intention of General Harrison, should the enemy succeed against Fort Stephenson, or should they endeavor to turn his left and fall on Upper Sandusky, to leave his camp at Seneca and fall back for the protection of that place. But he discovered by the firing on the evening of the 1st, that the enemy had nothing but light artillery, which could make no impression on the fort; and he knew that an attempt to storm it without making a breach, could be successfully repelled by the garrison; he therefore determined to wait for the arrival of 250 mounted volunteers under Colonel Rennick, being the advance of 700 who were approaching by the way of the Upper Sandusky, and then to march against the enemy and raise the siege, if their force was not still too great for his. On the 2d, he sent several scouts to ascertain their situation and force; but the woods were so infested with Indians, that none of them could proceed sufficiently near the fort to make the necessary discoveries. In the night the messenger arrived at headquarters with intelligence that the enemy were preparing to retreat. About 9 o'clock, Major Croghan had ascertained from their collecting about their boats, that they were preparing to embark, and had immediately sent an express to the commander-in-chief with this information. The General now determined to wait no longer for the reinforcements, and immediately set out with the dragoons, with which he reached the fort early in the morning, having ordered Generals

M'Arthur and Cass, who had arrived at Seneca several days before, to follow him with all the disposable infantry at that place, and which at this time was about 700 men, after the numerous sick, and the force necessary to maintain the position, were left behind. Finding that the enemy had fled entirely from the fort, so as not to be reached by him, and learning that Tecumseh was somewhere in the direction of Fort Meigs, with 2,000 warriors, he immediately ordered the infantry to fall back to Seneca, lest Tecumseh should make an attack on that place, or intercept the small reinforcements advancing from Ohio.

*Gallant Soldiers.*—In his official report of this affair, General Harrison observes that—“It will not be among the least of General Proctor's mortifications that he has been baffled by a youth, who had just passed his twenty-first year. He is, however, a hero worthy of his gallant uncle, Gen. George R. Clarke.”

Captain Hunter, of the 17th regiment, the second in command, conducted himself with great propriety: and never was there a set of finer young fellows than the subalterns, viz.: Lieutenants Johnson and Baylor of the 17th, Meeks of the 7th, and Ensigns Shipp and Duncan of the 17th.

Lieutenant Anderson of the 24th, was also noticed for his good conduct. Being without a command, he solicited Major Croghan for a musket and a post to fight at, which he did with the greatest bravery.

“Too much praise,” says Major Croghan, “cannot be bestowed on the officers, non-commissioned officers and privates under my command, for their gallantry and good conduct during the siege.”

The brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel was immediately conferred on Major Croghan, by the president of the United States, for his gallant conduct on this occasion. The ladies of Chillicothe also presented him an elegant sword, accompanied by a suitable address.

We take the above from Dawson's “Life of Harrison,” where it is quoted from some other source. In defending Gen. Harrison from the charges of cowardice and incompetency in not marching to the aid of the garrison previous to the attack, Dawson says;

*Unjust Criticism of Gen. Harrison.*—The conduct of the gallant Croghan and his garrison received from every quarter the plaudits of their countrymen. This was what they most richly deserved. There was, however, some jealous spirits who took it into their heads to be dissatisfied with the course pursued by the commanding general. The order which was given to Colonel Croghan to evacuate and destroy the garrison previous to the attack, was loudly condemned, as well as the decision of the council of war, to fall back with the troops then at Seneca, to a position twelve miles in the rear. Both these measures, it has been said, were determined on by the unanimous advice of the council of war.

It is not to be presumed that such men as composed that board, would have given advice which was in any way derogatory to the honor of the American arms. Every individual among them either had, before or afterwards, distinguished himself by acts of daring courage and intrepidity. We do not profess to be much acquainted with military matters, but the subject appears to us so plain as only to require a small portion of common sense perfectly to comprehend it. At the time that the determination was made to withdraw the garrison from Sandusky, it must be recollected that the general had only with him at Seneca about 400 infantry and 130 or 140 dragoons. The enemy, as he was informed by General

Clay in the letter brought by Captain M'Cune, amounted to at least 5,000. With such a disparity of force, would it have been proper to have risked an action to preserve the post of Lower Sandusky, which of itself was of little or no importance, and which, the garrison being withdrawn, contained nothing of any value?

*Important Posts.*—The posts of Fort Meigs and Upper Sandusky were of the utmost importance; the former was amply provided with the means of defence, and was in no danger; but the latter, weak in its defences, and with a feeble garrison, containing many thousands of barrels of flour and other provisions, the sole resource of the army for the ensuing campaign, was to be preserved at any risk. The position at Seneca, was not in the direct line from Fort Meigs to Upper Sandusky. The enemy, by taking the direct route, would certainly reach it before General Harrison, as several hours must have elapsed before he could have been informed of their movement, even if it had been discovered the moment it had been commenced, a circumstance not very likely to happen. It therefore became necessary for the security of Upper Sandusky, that a position better adapted to that purpose should be assumed. There was another and most important reason for this movement: twelve miles in the rear of Seneca, towards Upper Sandusky, the prairie or open country commences. The infantry which the commander-in-chief had with him were raw recruits; on the contrary, the squadron of dragoons were well disciplined, and had seen much service. In the country about Seneca, this important corps could have been of little service: in the open country to the rear, they would have defeated five times their number of Indians. It was for these reasons that it was determined by the council of war, to change the position of the troops at Seneca. If this movement did take place, the propriety of withdrawing the garrison of Lower Sandusky was obvious. The place was extremely weak, and in a bad position. It was not intended originally for a fort. Before the war it was used as the United States' Indian factory, and had a small stockade around it, merely for the purpose of keeping out drunken Indians. It was, moreover, commanded by a hill, within point blank shot, on the opposite side of the river.

“*The School of Experience.*”—To those who

suppose that Gen. Harrison should have advanced upon the enemy the moment he discovered that Sandusky was attacked, we must, in the language of the general and field officers who were present on the occasion, “leave them to correct their opinions in the school of experience.” Gen. Harrison had been reinforced a day or two before the siege of Sandusky, by the 28th regiment, raised in Kentucky. After having received this corps he could not have marched more than 800 effective men without risking his stores, and, what was still of more consequence, 150 sick at Seneca, to be taken by the smallest party of Indians. The scouts of the army brought information that the Indians were very numerous in the direction of Fort Meigs. The general conjectured that a large portion of the Indians were then ready to fall on his flank or rear, or the defenceless camp at Seneca, should he advance. The information he received from the British prisoners confirmed this opinion; a body of 2,000 being there under the command of Tecumseh. At the moment of which we are speaking the volunteers of Ohio were rapidly approaching.

*Wise Course of Gen. Harrison.*—Now, under these circumstances, does any reasonable man believe that Gen. Harrison should have advanced with his 800 raw recruits against a force in front which he knew to be so much superior in numbers, and with the probability of having one equally large hanging on his flank? What would have been thought of his abilities as a general, even if he had been successful against Gen. Proctor (of which, with his small force, there was little probability), if in his absence Tecumseh, with his 2,000 warriors, had rushed upon Camp Seneca, destroyed his stores, tomahawked his sick soldiers, and pursuing his route towards Upper Sandusky, defeated the Ohio volunteers, scattered as they were in small bodies, and finally ending his career with the destruction of the grand magazine of his army, upon the preservation of which all his hopes of future success depended? In all human probability this would have been the result had Gen. Harrison advanced to the relief of Fort Stephenson sooner than he did. It was certainly better to risk for a while the defence of that fort to the talents and valor of Croghan, and the gallant spirits who were with him, than to jeopardize the whole prospects of the campaign.

About one and a half miles above Lower Sandusky, at the falls of the river, in the manufacturing village of Ballsville, containing one cotton and one woollen factory, two flouring mills, and about thirty dwellings. It was about half a mile southwest of this village, that Col. Ball had a skirmish with the Indians a day or two previous to the assault of Fort Stephenson. There is, or was a few years since, an oak tree on the site of the action, on the road to Columbus, with seventeen hacks in it to indicate the number of Indians killed on the occasion. We have an account of this affair derived from one of the dragoons present.—*Old Edition.*

The squadron were moving towards the fort when they were suddenly fired upon by

the Indians from the west side of the road, whereupon Col. Ball ordered a charge, and he

and suite and the right flank being in advance, first came into action. The colonel struck the first blow. He dashed in between two savages and cut down the one on the right; the other being slightly in the rear, made a blow with a tomahawk at his back, when, by a sudden spring of his horse, it fell short, and was buried deep in the cantel and pad of his saddle. Before the savage could repeat the blow he was shot by Corpl. Ryan. Lieut. Hedges (now Gen. Hedges of Mansfield) following in the rear, mounted on a small horse, pursued a big Indian, and just as he had come up to him his stirrup broke, and he fell head first off his horse, knocking the Indian down. Both sprang to their feet, when Hedges struck the Indian across his head, and as he was falling buried his sword up to its hilt in

his body. At this time Capt. Hopkins was seen on the left side in pursuit of a powerful savage, when the latter turned and made a blow at the captain with a tomahawk, at which the horse sprang to one side. Cornet Hayes then came up and the Indian struck at him, his horse in like manner evading the blow. Serjt. Anderson now arriving, the Indian was soon dispatched. By this time the skirmish was over, the Indians, who were only about 20 in number, being nearly all cut down; and orders were given to retreat to the main squadron. Col. Ball dressed his men ready for a charge, should the Indians appear in force, and moved down without further molestation to the fort, where they arrived at about 4 P. M.

FREMONT, county-seat of Sandusky, about ninety-five miles north of Columbus, and eighty-three miles southwest of Cleveland, on the Sandusky river, at the head of navigation. Its railroads are the L. S. & M. S.; L. E. & W. and W. & L. E.

County Officers, 1888: Auditor, A. V. Bauman; Clerk, John W. Worst; Commissioners, James E. Wickert, Joseph Geschwindt, George F. Wilt; Coroner, Edward Schwartz; Infirmary Directors, Isaac Strohl, Nehemiah Engler, Andrew Kline; Probate Judge, E. F. Dickenson; Prosecuting Attorney, F. R. Fronizer; Recorder, H. J. Kramb; Sheriff, R. W. Sandwisch; Surveyor, George W. Leshner; Treasurer, William E. Lang. City Officers, 1888: Heman B. Smith, Mayor; A. V. Bauman, Clerk; Henry Hunsinger, Marshall; Lester Wilson, Solicitor; William E. Lang, Treasurer; Joseph Rawson, Civil Engineer; M. A. Fitzmaurice, Street Commissioner; C. F. Reiff, Chief Fire Department. Newspapers: *News*, Independent, H. E. Woods, editor and publisher; *Courier*, German Democrat, Joseph Zimmermann, editor and publisher; *Journal*, Republican, Isaac McKeeler & Son, editors and publishers; *Scientific Weekly*, literary, J. C. Wheeler, editor and publisher; *Journal of Dietetics*, Medical, Caldwell and Gessner, editors. Churches: 1 Presbyterian, 2 Catholic, 1 African Methodist Episcopal, 1 Lutheran, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Evangelical. Banks: Farmers', O. A. Roberts, president, D. A. Ranek, cashier; First National, James W. Wilson, president, A. H. Miller, cashier; Fremont Savings, James W. Wilson, president, A. E. Rice, cashier.

*Manufactures and Employees.*—C. W. Tschumy, furniture, 7; Blue & Halter, sulky cultivators, 10; Lehr Brothers, agricultural implements, 32; Edgerton & Sheldon, sash, doors and blinds, 18; The Clous Shear Co., shears and scissors, 94; The Herbrand Co., gear irons, 12; D. June & Co., engines, etc., 56; Koons Brothers, flour, etc., 4; Van Epps & Cox, flour, etc., 9; McLean R. R. Spike Co., railroad spikes, 75; Thomson-Houston Carbon Co., carbon, 79; Fremont Drop Forge Co., carriage hardware, 20; Fremont Canning Co., canned corn, etc., 85; Fremont Electric Light and Power Co., electric light, 4; A. H. Jackson, bustles and hose, 190.—*State Report, 1888.*

Population, 1880, 8,456. School census, 1888, 1,957; W. W. Ross, school superintendent. Capital invested in industrial establishments, \$715,800. Value of annual product, \$718,300.—*Ohio Labor Statistics, 1887.* Census, 1890, 7,140.

Heckewelder, the missionary, in his "History of the Indian Nations," describes a scene he witnessed at the Indian village at this place, near the close of the American Revolution, which is regarded as the best description extant of the ordeal of *Running the Gauntlet*. He precedes his special description with these remarks:

Much depends on the courage and presence of mind of the prisoner. On enter-

ing the village, he is shown a painted post at the distance of from twenty to forty yards, and told to run to it and catch hold of it as quickly as he can. On each side of him stand men, women and children, with axes, sticks and other offensive weapons, ready to strike him as he runs, in the same manner as is done in the European armies when soldiers, as it is called, run the gauntlet. If he should be so unlucky as to fall in the way, he will probably be immediately despatched by some person longing to avenge the death of some relation or friend slain in battle; but the moment he reaches the goal, he is safe and protected from further insult until his fate is determined.

In the month of April, 1782, when I was myself a prisoner at Lower Sandusky, waiting for an opportunity to proceed with a trader to Detroit, I witnessed a scene of this description which fully exemplified what I have above stated. Three American prisoners were brought in by fourteen warriors from the garrison of Fort McIntosh.

As soon as they had crossed the Sandusky river, to which the village lay adjacent, they were told by the captain of the party to run as hard as they could to a painted post which was shown to them.

The youngest of the three, without a moment's hesitation, immediately started for it, and reached it fortunately without receiving a single blow; the second hesitated for a moment, but recollecting himself, he also ran as fast as he could, and likewise reached the post unhurt.

The third, frightened at seeing so many men, women and children with weapons in their hands, ready to strike him, kept begging the captain to spare him, saying he was a mason, and he would build him a fine large stone house, or do any work for him that he would please.

"Run for your life," cried the chief to him, "and don't talk now of building houses!" But the poor fellow still insisted, begging and praying to the captain, who at last finding his exhortations vain, and fearing the consequences, turned his back upon him, and would not hear him any longer.

Our mason now began to run, but received many a hard blow, one of which nearly brought him to the ground, which, if he had fallen, would have decided his fate. He, however, reached the goal, not without being sadly bruised, and he was, besides, bitterly reproached and scoffed at all round as a vile coward, while the others were hailed as brave men, and received tokens of universal approbation.

## TRAVELLING NOTES.

### A DAY AT SPIEGEL GROVE.

On my original visit to Fremont, then known as Lower Sandusky, I made the acquaintance of a young man several years younger than myself, which has been lifelong and I feel mutually regardful, Mr. R. B. Hayes, a young attorney then just beginning to practice the law. Associated afterward for years in the Cincinnati Literary Club, we learned to know each other well, living our lives in the same great current of events and thoughts that have marked this century's march in the ever-broadening, brightening line of humanizing intelligence and action.

Naturally such a visit as mine interested a young man born when Ohio was largely a wilderness, and living on the very spot that had signalized a great victory by its pioneers over British redcoats and their yelling, scalp-hunting, red-skinned *confreeres*. Connecticut, my State, long before had sent out her sons, largely farmers' sons, to perambulate the "new countries" on trading ventures. That was before the ingress of any of the youthful Isaacs and Jacobs and Abrams of Judea on the same ventures.

Those Connecticut young men each bore, suspended by a wooden yoke from their shoulders, huge square tin-boxes, containing their stock in trade, when they made their way from house to house among "the heathen of the South and West," disposing of their varied notions, such as kerchiefs, laces, finger and ear-rings,

blue, crimson, and yellow beads, gilt-washed for necklaces; fancy-colored silks and blazoning calicoes, printed in what they called thunder-and-lightning colors; ribbons, tapes, thimbles, silver-washed and shining; hair-combs and brushes; hair-pins and pins not hair; needles warranted not at all and needles "warranted not to cut in the eye;" buckles, buttons and bodkins. And when there was a pressing demand, nutmegs, neatly turned in wood; hence the expression as of yore applied to Connecticut, "the Nutmeg State." These, when used, must have been as necklaces, after having been drilled and strung for "the heathen" aforesaid. Now and then, too, Connecticut sent out a schoolmaster in advance of a home-grown supply of that useful article. Such, on their arrival in the woody wilds, found no lack of material for the enforcement of knowledge at their very foundations, according to the precept of the ancient sage, Solomon.

It was true I had come from Connecticut, but it was on another mission the like of which had not there been seen. It had touched the imagination of the young man. In after years he said he felt I was a second Heroditus, travelling the land to gather its history. The feeling might have had its uncomplimentary drawback, inasmuch as the great Heroditus had been charged with having been the most unwholesome, prolific *pater familias* known—the "Great Father of Lies." Still, I think not; for, since the day of publication of "Howe's Ohio," he has always had a copy within easy reach of his writing-desk, and I verily believe in his often reaches he has felt, as he grasped it, that he held Truth herself, mirror and all.

Ere coming to Ohio a second time I was invited by Mr. Hayes to pause at Spiegel Grove before starting over the now largely wood-shorn steel-ribbed land. My arrival was Nov. 21, 1885, at this writing over five years gone.

The homestead at Spiegel Grove was built by his uncle, Sardis Birchard, in 1860, to which additions have since been made by Mr. Hayes. The name given by Mr. Birchard is peculiarly adapted to its inhabitants—the "Grove of Good Spirits." It is about half a mile inland from the town in a level country, in the midst of a forest of some thirty acres. Around the mansion, which is at the rear and approached by a long, winding walk and drive, are some of the noblest of forest trees. The soil is of the richest and some of the trees immense, the growth of centuries, and still vigorous; others are in decay, with their trunks only standing, yet interest from the clustering leaves of the vines which, planted by loving hands, at their base wind around their scraggly forms, and flutter in the passing wind like youth dancing around hoary old age, and trying to make old bones feel young again.

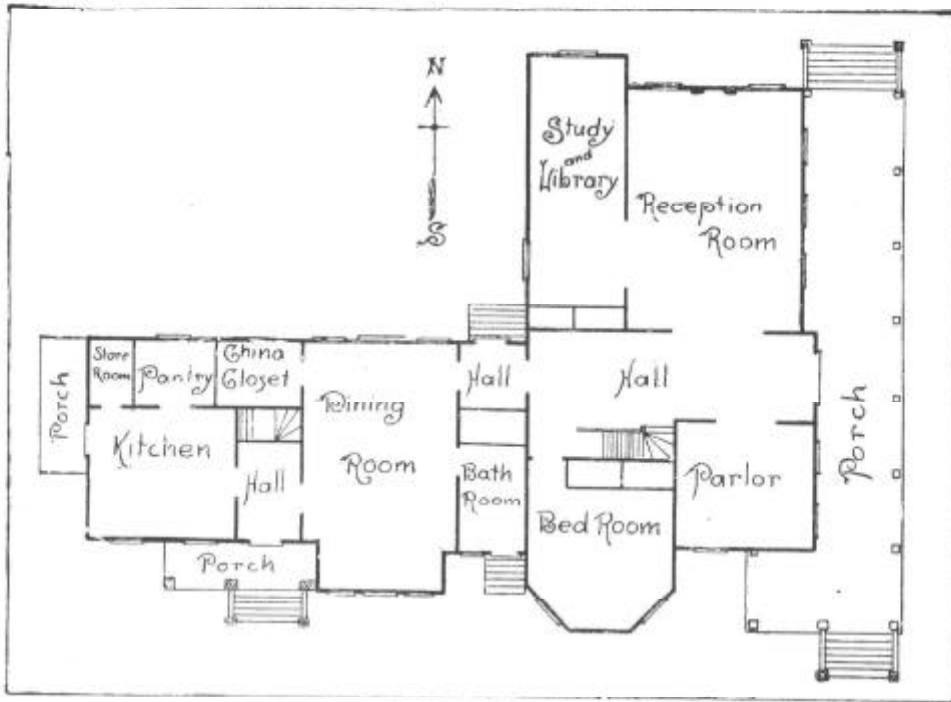
The mansion is a spot of public interest. To learn how and where the family live of one who has been at the head of this great nation is a wise curiosity. We are marvelously alike, sparks from the one great benignant source, and our conditions here but mere temporary arrangements, I verily believe, for something higher which, when attained, we indeed may feel this truly is life; the other was "a make believe," but good as far as it went.

On another page is a general view of the home, with a ground-plan showing the inter-

nal arrangements of the lower story. The house is of brick, ceilings of ample height, and the rooms spacious. It is well lighted everywhere; the furniture being largely of oak and other light-hued wood helps to render all within bright and cheery. Not the least attraction is the long spacious veranda, over 80 feet long, where, on summer evenings, the family and friends were wont to gather for social intercourse; or, on mornings after breakfast, for the ladies and gentlemen, arm-in-arm, to take a few turns up and down, and then part for the various duties of the day. And the days were filled with them, and largely by Mr. and Mrs. Hayes with matters of public welfare; and so their days were days of calm and peace.

The chief rooms are the reception-room and the study, which both go under the general name of the library. In effect they are one room, no door separating, only an arch near the hall-end some 12 feet wide and 15 feet high. The reception-room is a place of elegance; pictures on the walls; marble busts, life-size; portraits of notables on easels; large, beautifully illustrated works on the tables, with here and there a dainty booklet that is a charm to hold, and whose leaves, as you turn page after page, may sparkle with gems of fancy and the heart. These, as they catch your eye, may lift you out, as I once heard a broad-brogued pious Scotch Presbyterian pronounce it, "Lift you out of a vain and desatful wurd."

The general's study is in reality the library. All the walls to the ceiling are filled with books. He has some 11,000 under his roof, and half of them are there. As illustrating his intense regard for his country and people some 6,000 of them are upon American



PLAN OF HOUSE.



R. Greb, Photo.

SPIEGEL GROVE.



history and biography. His study is his place of work. His desk is at the extreme north and where the light comes, for his writing and reading, over his left shoulder and down from the skylight above, and there is nothing to prevent the spirit of Spiegel Grove from watching and ministering to him in his labors.

My arrival was in the mid forenoon. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hayes were in. The latter was absent in the village but was the first to arrive and with a friendly greeting took me into the study, and was about to drive off a pair of greyhounds that lay stretched on the rug before the blazing grate-fire, thinking they might annoy me, when I begged her not to disturb them in their comfort, and she did not, so when an hour later she took my arm for the dining-room and with the others following, those animals brought up the rear, but where the luxurious creatures went I knew not.

No one could be in the house long without feeling that it was a place where love and cheerfulness reigned supreme. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hayes seemed as an elder brother and sister to their children, and each to the other were only Rutherford and Lucy. Each possessed the same characteristics, a love of the humorous, their minds receptive and looking for the pleasant things that each new-born morning may bring on its bright white wings.

Such natures run to reminiscence and anecdote. In one instance, when at the social board, Mrs. Hayes arose from her seat at its head and acted out an incident in a sort of pantomime to impress the point of an amusing story. Her voice was low and musical, and her flow of good spirits as from an exhaustless rippling reservoir. One incident she gave to illustrate the reputation at an early date of the lower Scioto Valley for malaria, that when the first railroad trains passed through Chillicothe, the conductors were accustomed to stop and call out to the passengers, "Twenty minutes for quinine."

Mr. Hayes brought to the table one of my books wherein was an extract from Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," which led him to say, when they first got hold of that work they were in Virginia idling their time in a winter camp. Not knowing with certainty the pronunciation of its title, some of the officers around termed it "LEE'S MISERABLES."

He also read from its pages an incident of my personal history, the scene of which occurred when I was a young man, travelling on foot over the State of New York in 1840 for my book on that State. This I repeat here as printed:

"I was footing it with my knapsack on my back over the hills near the headwaters of the Susquehanna when I was overtaken by an elderly grave-visaged man in a grey suit riding on horseback. 'Good morning,' said he, and then in solemn tones added 'are you a professor, sir?'

"Thinks I, 'this man sees something un-

common about me, and I rather think his head his level—he probably imagines I am one of the sage Pundits of Yale or Harvard on a scientific tour of exploration,' and thereupon in pleased tones I replied 'Professor of what, sir?' Judge of my surprise when he answered, 'Professor of religion.'"

At this unexpected finale Mrs. Hayes gave one of her low full-toned merry laughs.

I have said the study was a place of work, it was also a favorite gathering spot on evenings where the family gathered before the grate to talk down the hours and Mrs. Hayes was ever there joining in with pleasing words and merry laugh. On the evening of my arrival Mr. Hayes varied the entertainment, taking from a basket varied kinds of apples one after another, peeling and quartering each and passing them round to sample and obtain judgment as to their respective qualities. And as the evening progressed we talked our recollections of the old Cincinnati Club, before the war, and of the good times we had when at our monthly socials where we usually closed by some forty or more joining hands all round and singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The next morning after breakfast I was standing before the grate cogitating when Mrs. Hayes came in and said, "Mr. Howe, I don't know but what I may be rather hard on you, but I want you to go out and see my cows; they are beauties." So she put on her shawl and rubbers and picked up somewhere an ear of corn. As we stepped out of the hall door into the yard she sent forth a loud, trumpet-like call that went forth like the call of an Alpine shepherdess. Instantly every feathered thing about the place gave an answering cry, and it seemed to me as though they must have numbered hundreds, so strongly did the varied orchestra of mingled sounds fill the air; some from far and some from near, almost under our feet. The guinea hens and pea-hens screamed and came running up with their speckled backs, and the pigeons and turkeys sent forth their varied airs and clustering around her followed to the barn while she wrenched the corn from the ear and cast it to the right and left as we rapidly proceeded.

This habit of calling up the feathered tribe was common with her. At times the doves came from the cotes quite a distance away when they fluttered over her head and alighted upon her person. Even the wild birds of the grove received her attention, for she was wont to minister to them in their timidity by placing food in covert places where they could eat and be not afraid.

On our arrival at the barn, lo! the Jerseys were gone. They had been taken off to nibble awhile in the yet green pasture. Mrs. Hayes, however, showed some snow white goats from the mountains of Cashmere, and what the children would call a "cunning" little calf.

We returned to the house, and when in the middle of the great hall, happening to cast her eyes down she exclaimed, "How neglectful I have been not to have had your shoes

blackened, please take them off." and then opening a closet door brought out a pair of slippers and dropping them at my feet, bore away my shoes for their blacking.

Some few minutes elapsed and I was standing alone in the study musing, when its hall door opened and in tripped an old aunty with a turban on her head bearing my shoes nicely polished. She was slender and neither black nor white; but there was no mistaking, she was "Ole Virginny" all over, and an "Aunty." She came in tripping, a lively old creature, a-grinning and with a quick jerky courtesy dropped the shoes at my feet; then started for the hall door. I called her back, and placing a coin in her hand, she again grinned and repeated her jerk, with a "Thank you, sah," darted off, she richer by a piece of silver and I by a nicely polished pair of shoes.

As the door closed I again fell to musing, thinking of the good woman whose qualities had just been illustrated to my experience. The secret of her character was her ineffable spirit of love. It went everywhere; to the wee little flower at her feet, the birds, the animals, and especially to human beings. She yearned to do them good, saw brothers and sisters in them all, wanted to fill them with the joy she felt, and sympathized with their wants with a spirit that was divine. Had she been with Christ when he wept over Jerusalem she would have wept with him.

Old men who knew her when she was a child in the town of Chillicothe, when her name was spoken, smiled as with a beautiful memory and followed with words of praise. One incident which I know to be true of the many of her blessing career, I here relate as written by Mr. Henry L. Detwiler, from El Paso, Texas, and published in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

I wish to relate a little circumstance which came under my own observation more than twenty-four years ago, while Mr. Hayes was Governor of my native State, Ohio. One day while passing up State street in Columbus, I saw a woman sitting on the curbstone, and a dozen or more small boys were teasing her. She was very drunk, apparently. About the time that I reached the spot a carriage drove up and stopped near the scene. A lady looked out of the window, and, taking in the situation at a glance, opened the carriage door, got out, walked up to the drunken woman, and, speaking kindly to her, asked her to take a

drive with her. The drunken woman, in a maundering way, complied, and was assisted to the carriage and driven away. After they had gone I asked of a bystander who the lady in the carriage was, and he told me it was the wife of Gov. Hayes."

My day at Spiegel Grove ended. Mr. Hayes first took me in his buggy to show me around the town that I might see what a place of thrift and comfort it had become. I could but admire its broad streets, its neat cleanly homes, the graceful spire of the Catholic church, modelled after one on the Cathedral at Milan, 240 feet in height, the Birchard library and its patriotic relics, the calm flowing river, with its embosoming island, etc., but all this took time, so when we neared the depot the express was starting out, and had got some 200 feet away when he arose and signaling they paused for me, and I was borne on my way with new pictures to hang on "memory's walls." And more new ones came quick, for going westerly through the Black Swamp Forest Region I could but be astonished to see what an Eden it had become since when in 1846 I had threaded its mazes on the back of "Old Pomp."

"Into every heart some rainy days must fall."—*Longfellow*.

June 25, 1889, was a sad day at Spiegel Grove. The beautiful mother and universal friend, whose living presence had been a light and a love was no more. The Nation sorrowed.

Human annals fail to present the record of a single other of her sex, so widely beloved, so widely mourned. Had she been the mother in an humble laborer's cabin she would have been the same good woman alike loved of God and the angels. Her lot was to become the first lady in the land; all eyes rested upon her, all hearts paid her reverence. None other in such a position had illustrated such love and sympathy for the humble, the weak, and the suffering. She gathered the richest of harvests—the harvests of the heart.

Though her spirit has gone her memory remains, an unending benediction. Children yet to be as they enter upon this mysterious existence will learn of her and be blessed, and old age hopeful as it nears its end may look beyond and as her image arises to their vision feel "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

## BIOGRAPHY.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, Ex-President of the United States and General in Union Army, was born in Delaware, O., October 4, 1822. His parents, Rutherford and Sophia Hayes (Sophia Birchard) came to Ohio in 1817, from Windham county, Vermont.

He received his early education in the common schools, attended an academy at Norwalk, O., and in 1837 went to Isaac Webb's school at Middletown, Ct., to prepare for college. In 1842, he graduated at Kenyon college, valedictorian of his class. He studied law with Thomas Sparrow, of Columbus, O., was graduated at the Law School of Harvard University in 1845.



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.



LUCY WEBB HAYES.

On May 10, 1845, he was admitted to the bar at Marietta, O., and began practice at Lower Sandusky (now Fremont), where in April, 1846, he formed a partnership with Hon. Ralph P. Buckland.

In 1849 he began to practice law at Cincinnati, where he soon attracted attention through his ability and acquirements. On December 30, 1852, he married Lucy W. Webb, daughter of Dr. James Webb, a physician of high standing in Chillicothe. In 1858 he was appointed city solicitor of Cincinnati, and served until April, 1861. On the organization of the Republican party, he at once became one of its active supporters, being attracted thereto by his strong anti-slavery sentiments.

At the outbreak of the war, he was elected captain of the military company formed from the celebrated Cincinnati Literary club. In June, 1861, he was appointed major of the 23d O. V. I., and in July his regiment was ordered to West Virginia.

Gen. Hayes' very gallant and meritorious military career has been overlooked in the prominence given to his political life; an examination of his record in the army shows that such brave, gallant and able service has rarely been equalled, even in the annals of the late war.

The following is from the Military History of Gen. Grant, by Gen. Badeau, 3d volume, page 101.

In all the important battles of Sheridan's campaign Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards nineteenth President of the United States, had borne an honorable part. Entering the service early in 1861, as major of the 23d Ohio Volunteers, he was ordered at once to West Virginia, and remained there till the summer of 1862, when his command was transferred to the Potomac and participated in the battle of South Mountain. In this action Hayes was severely wounded in the arm. He was immediately commended for conspicuous gallantry, and in December of the same year received the colonelcy of his regiment, which had returned to West Virginia. He served under Crook, in the movement against the Tennessee railroad in the spring of 1864, and led a brigade with marked success in the battle of Cloyd's Mountain. Afterwards, still in Crook's command, he joined Hunter's army in the march against Lynchburg; was present at the operations in front of that place, and covered the retreat in the difficult and dangerous passage of the Alleghanies.

He was next ordered to the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley, and took part in several engagements between Early and Sheridan's troops, prior to the battle of Winchester. In that important encounter, he had the right of Crook's command, and it was therefore his troops which, in conjunction with the cavalry, executed the turning manoeuvre that decided the fate of the day. Here he displayed higher qualities than personal gallantry. At one point in the advance, his command came upon a deep slough, fifty yards wide, and stretching across the whole front of his brigade. Beyond was a rebel battery. If the brigade endeavored to move around the obstruction, it would be exposed to a severe enfilading fire; while it discomfited, the line of advance would be broken in a vital part. Hayes, with the instinct of a soldier, at once

gave the word "Forward," and spurred his horse into the swamp. Horse and rider plunged at first nearly out of sight, but Hayes struggled on till the beast sank hopelessly into the mire. Then dismounting, he waded to the further bank, climbed to the top, and beckoned with his cap to the men to follow. In the attempt to obey many were shot or drowned, but a sufficient number crossed the ditch to form a nucleus for the brigade; and Hayes still leading, they climbed the bank and charged the battery. The enemy fled in great disorder, and Hayes reformed his men and resumed the advance. The passage of the slough was at the crisis of the fight and the rebels broke on every side in confusion.

At Fisher's Hill Hayes led a division in the turning movement assigned to Crook's command. Clambering up the steep sides of North Mountain, which was covered with an almost impenetrable entanglement of trees and underbrush, the division gained, unperceived, a position in rear of the enemy's line, and then charged with so much fury that the rebels hardly attempted to resist, but fled in utter rout and dismay. Hayes was at the head of his column throughout this brilliant charge.

A month later, at Cedar Creek, he was again engaged. His command was a reserve, and therefore did not share in the disaster of the main line at daybreak; but when the broken regiments at the front were swept hurriedly to the rear, Hayes's division flew to arms, and changing front, advanced in the direction from which the enemy was coming. Successful resistance, however, was impossible. Hayes had not fifteen hundred effective men, and two divisions of the rebels were pouring through the woods to close around him in flank and rear. There was no alternative but retreat or capture. He withdrew, nevertheless, with steadiness, and maintained his organization unbroken throughout

the battle, leading his men from hill-top to hill-top in face of the enemy. While riding at full speed, his horse was shot under him; he was flung violently out of the saddle and his foot and ankle badly wrenched by the fall. Stunned and bruised, he lay for a moment, exposed to a storm of bullets, but soon recovering sprang to his feet, and limped to his command.

"For gallant and meritorious service in the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek," Col. Hayes was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and brevetted Major-General for "gallant and distinguished service during the campaign of 1864, in West Virginia, and particularly in the battles of Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek." He had commanded a brigade for more than two years, and at the time of these promotions was in command of the Kanawha division. In the course of his service in the army he was four times wounded, and had four horses shot under him.

The second volume of Gen. Grant's

Memoirs, written when he was in great suffering and near his end, is in some respects more interesting even than the first volume. In it he gives very freely and in a most entertaining way, his opinion of his military friends and associates. For example, on page 340 he says of Gen. Hayes:

"On more than one occasion in these engagements, Gen. R. B. Hayes, who succeeded me as President of the United States, bore a very honorable part. His conduct on the field was marked by conspicuous gallantry as well as the display of qualities of a higher order than that of mere personal daring. This might well have been expected of one who could write at the time he has said to have done so: 'Any officer fit for duty who at this crisis would abandon his post to electioneer for a seat in Congress, ought to be scalped.' Having entered the army as a major of volunteers at the beginning of the war, Gen. Hayes attained by meritorious service the rank of brevet major-general before its close."

In August, 1864, while Gen. Hayes was in the field, he was nominated by a Republican district convention in Cincinnati as a candidate for Congress. He was elected by a majority of 2,400.

Gen. Hayes took his seat in Congress December 4, 1865, and was appointed chairman of the library committee. In 1866 he was re-elected to Congress.

In the House of Representatives he was prominent in the counsels of his party. In 1867 he was the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, and elected over Judge Thurman. In 1869 he was re-elected Governor of Ohio over George H. Pendleton.

In 1872, despite his frequently expressed desire to retire from public life, Gen. Hayes was again nominated for Congress by the Republicans of Cincinnati, but was defeated.

In 1873 he returned to Fremont, and the next year inherited the considerable estate of his uncle, Sardis Birchard. In 1875, notwithstanding his well known desire not to re-enter public life, he was again nominated for Governor of Ohio, and although he at first declined the honor, he was subsequently induced to accept the nomination, and after a hard fought canvas was elected over William Allen by a majority of 5,500. This contest, by reason of the financial issue involved, became a national one, and was watched with interest throughout the country, and as a result he was nominated for the Presidency on the 7th ballot of the National Republican convention, which met at Cincinnati, June 14, 1876.

In accepting this nomination Mr. Hayes pledged himself, from patriotic motives, to the one-term principle, and in these words:

"Believing that the restoration of the civil service to the system established by Washington and followed by the early Presidents can be best accomplished by an Executive who is under no temptation to use the patronage of his office to promote his own re-election, I desire to perform what I regard as a duty in now stating my inflexible purpose, if elected, not to be a candidate for election to a second term.

"In furtherance of the reform we seek, and in other important respects, a change of great importance, I recommend an amendment to the Constitution prescribing a term of six years for the Presidential office, and forbidding a re-election."

In the complications that arose as a result of the Presidential election of 1876, his attitude was patriotic and judicious, and is outlined in a letter addressed to John Sherman from Columbus, O., dated November 27, 1876. He says:

"You feel, I am sure, as I do about this whole business. A fair election

would have given us about forty electoral votes—at least that many. But we are not to allow our friends to defeat one outrage and fraud by another. There must be nothing crooked on our part. Let Mr. Tilden have the place by violence, intimidation and fraud, rather than undertake to prevent it by means that will not bear the severest scrutiny.”

The canvassing boards of Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina declared Republican electors chosen, and certificates of these results were sent by the Governors of those States to Washington. Gov. Hayes had a majority of one in the electoral college. But the Democrats charged fraud, and certificates declaring the Democratic electors elected were sent to Washington. The House (Democratic) and the Senate (Republican) then concurred in an Act providing for a commission composed of five representatives, five senators and five judges of the Supreme Court, to have final jurisdiction. The commission refused to go behind the certificates of the Governors, and by a vote of eight to seven declared in favor of the Republican electors, and President Hayes was inaugurated March 5, 1877.

The administration of President Hayes, although unsatisfactory to machine politicians, was a wise and conservative one, meeting with the approval of the people at large. By the withdrawal of Federal troops and restoration of self-government to the Southern States, it prepared the way for a revival of patriotism and the remarkable material development that has since ensued. The administration began during a period of business depression, but the able management of the finances of the government and the resumption of specie payments restored commercial activity. This administration laid the foundations for a permanent and thorough civil service reform, notwithstanding strong and influential opposition, including that of a majority of the members of Congress.

Throughout, his administration was intelligently and consistently conducted with but one motive in view, the greatest good to the country, regardless of party affiliations. That he was eminently successful in this, and was as wise, patriotic, progressive and beneficial in its effects as any the country has enjoyed, is the judgment of every intelligent person who gives it an unbiased study.

“The tree is judged by its fruit.” When Mr. Blaine made his Presidential tour in Ohio in 1884, in several of his speeches he spoke of the Hayes’ administration as unique in this: It was one of the few and rare cases in our history in which the President entered upon his office with the country depressed and discontented and left it prosperous and happy. In which he found his party broken, divided and on the verge of defeat, and left it strong, united and vigorous. This, he said, was the peculiar felicity of Gen. Hayes’ public career.

On the expiration of his term, ex-President Hayes retired to his home in Fremont, O. He has been the recipient of the degree of LL.D. from Kenyon, 1868; Harvard, 1877; Yale, 1880, and Johns Hopkins University, 1881.

Is commander of the Order of Loyal Legion, was also commander of the Ohio Commandery, was first president of the Society of the Army of West Virginia. He is president of the John F. Slater Education Fund, and one of the trustees of the Peabody Fund (both for education in the South). He is also president of the National Prison Reform Association, and a trustee of a large number of charitable and educational institutions.

His “Life, Public Services, and Select Speeches,” by James Q. Howard, were published in Cincinnati in 1876.

It is well known that Gen. Hayes does not favor life senatorships for ex-Presidents. In the sketch of his life in “Biographical Cyclopaedia of Ohio,” vol. ii., page 309, we find the following:

“On retiring from public life and returning to his home President Hayes was welcomed at Fremont in the heartiest way. In his speech in the assemblage he said: ‘This

hearty welcome to my home is, I assure you, very gratifying. During the last five or six years I have been absent in the public service.  
\* \* \* My family and I have none but the

friendliest words and sentiments for the cities of our late official residence—Columbus and Washington; but with local attachments, perhaps unusually strong, it is quite safe to say that never for one moment have any of us wavered in our desire and purpose to return and make our permanent residence in the pleasant old place in Spiegel Grove in this good old town of Fremont. The question is often heard, 'what is to become of the man—what is he to do—who, having been Chief Magistrate of the Republic retires at the end of his official term to private life?'

It seems to me the reply is near at hand and sufficient: Let him, like any other good American citizen, be willing and prompt to bear his part in every useful work that will promote the welfare and the happiness of his family, his town, his State, and his country. With this disposition he will have work enough to do, and that sort of work that yields more individual contentment and gratification than belong to the more conspicuous employments of the life from which he has retired."

Years have elapsed since these wise words were uttered and Mr. Hayes became a private citizen. But his life has been a beautiful and a very busy one because, filled with useful work for the "welfare and happiness of his family, his town, his State and his country."

Since leaving the Presidency, Mr. Hayes has been actively engaged in educational, reformatory and benevolent work: President of the John F. Slater Education Fund; Member of the Peabody Education Fund; President of the National Prison Association; President of the Mohonk Conference on the Negro Question; President of the Maumee Valley Historical and Monumental Society; Commander-in-chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States; President of the Society of the Army of West Virginia; President of the Society of the Twenty-third Regiment O. V. V. I.; Member of the Board of Trustees of Western Reserve University, Ohio Wesleyan University and Ohio State University.

#### SAYINGS FROM SPEECHES AND WRITINGS OF EX-PRESIDENT HAYES.

"We have a fair fighting chance to win."

"I would rather go to the war, if I knew I was to lose my life, than to live through and after it without taking part in it."

"To perpetuate the Union and to abolish slavery were the work of the war. To educate the uneducated is the appropriate work of peace. . . . The soldier of the Union has done his work, and has done it well. The work of the schoolmaster is now in order."

"We must get rid of fixed sentences against hardened criminals. They should remain in prison until they are cured."

"Whenever prisons are managed under the spoils system it injures the political party that does it, and the prison in which it is done."

"There is no agreement between prisons and politics."

"It must be regarded as a stain on any man who does not do all he can for the welfare of the men whose labor has made his wealth."

Asked if he would be a candidate by an importunate friend, he replied, "George E. Pugh said there is no political hereafter: content with the past, I am not in a state of mind about the future. It is for us to act well in the present."

"God loves Ohio or he would not have given her such a galaxy of heroes to defend the nation in its hour of trial."

"We must believe that Cain was wrong and that we *are* our brothers' keepers."

"Our flag should wave over States, not over conquered provinces."

"Universal suffrage should rest upon universal education. To this end liberal permanent provision should be made for the support of free schools by the State governments, and, if need be, supplemented by legitimate aid from national authority."

"It is my earnest purpose to put forth my best efforts in behalf of a civil policy which will forever wipe out in our political affairs the color line, and the distinction between North and South, that we may have not merely a united North or a united South but a united Country."

"We should be always mindful of the fact that he serves his party best who serves his country best."

"The love of flowers and the love of animals go together."

"Touching temperance, there is in this country, at least, no half-way house between total abstinence and the wrong side of the question."

"In any community crimes increase as education, opportunity and property decrease. Whatever spreads ignorance and poverty spreads discontent and causes crime."

"I never sought promotion in the army. I preferred to be one of the good colonels rather than one of the poor generals."

*The following Sketch of MRS. HAYES, with the Tributes to her Memory, was prepared for this work by MISS LUCY ELIOT KEELER, of Fremont, with whom it has been a labor of love.*

LUCY WARE WERR HAYES was born August 28, 1831, in Chillicothe, Ohio, at that time the capital of the State. She was of good patriotic pioneer stock.

Her father was Dr. James Webb, a native of Kentucky, and son of Isaac Webb, a Revolutionary soldier of Virginia, who settled in Kentucky about 1790. On her mother's side she was of Puritan ancestry. Her mother, Maria Cook, was the daughter of Isaac Cook, a Revolutionary soldier of Connecticut, who emigrated to the old Northwest Territory about ten years before Ohio became a State. A native of Ohio herself, both of her parents were born in the West. All four of her great-grandfathers served in the Revolutionary war, in regiments of the Connecticut or Virginia lines of the Continental army. Awards of land, made to them in return for military service rendered as officers in these regiments, led to the ultimate transfer of the family residence to Kentucky and Ohio.

Her father, Dr. James Webb, when quite young, served in the war of 1812 as a member of the Kentucky mounted riflemen. When she, his only daughter, was but two years old, he died in Lexington, Ky., whither he had gone from his Ohio home to arrange for manumitting slaves of his inheritance, with the intention of sending them to Liberia. This visit took place during the terrible year of the cholera scourge, and being a physician, he lingered among his old-time friends with a loyalty unto death—giving them care and medical attendance until himself stricken fatally by the disease.

Her mother was a woman of unusual strength of character and of deep religious convictions. After the death of her husband she removed to Delaware, in order to be near the Wesleyan University, where her two sons, Joseph and James, were educated. Her fortune was sufficient to give her children a careful education. Lucy studied with her brothers and recited to the college professors. When her brothers began their studies in the medical college, she entered Wesleyan Female College at Cincinnati, the first chartered college for young women in America, in 1847, and graduated in 1850. While in attendance at this institution she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she ever remained a faithful and devoted member.

Before she had finished her school-life in Cincinnati, her mother removed to the city, and occupied a home on Sixth street, near Race, where the family resided while her two brothers were completing their medical studies. Here she was wedded to Rutherford B. Hayes, a young lawyer of the city, December 30, 1852. The marriage ceremony was performed by her old instructor, Rev. L. D. McCabe, D.D., of the Ohio Wesleyan University, who also attended the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding while Mrs. Hayes was mistress of the Presidential mansion in Washington.

When the war broke out her husband and both of her brothers immediately entered the army, and from that time until the close of the war her home was a refuge for wounded, sick and furloughed soldiers, going to or returning from the front. She spent two winters in camp with her husband in Virginia, and after the battle at South Mountain, where he was badly wounded, she hastened East and joined him at Middletown, Md., and later spent much time in the hospitals near the battlefields of South Mountain and Antietam.

It is no marvel that the soldiers of her husband's regiment revered her, and that she was made a member of the Army of West Virginia, the badge of which society she always prized very highly. The Twenty-third Regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry presented her, on the occasion of her silver wedding, with a silver plate, on which is engraved the following lines:

To thee our "Mother," on thy silver troth,  
We bring this token of our love—thy "boys"



Give greeting unto thee with brimming hearts.  
 Take it, for it is made of beaten coin,  
 Drawn from the hoarded treasures of thy speech:  
 Kind words and gentle, when a gentle word  
 Was worth the surgery of an hundred schools,  
 To heal sick thought and make our bruises whole.  
 Take it, our "Mother," 'tis but some small part  
 Of thy rare bounty we give back to thee,  
 And while love speaks in silver from our hearts,  
 We'll bribe old Father Time to spare his gift.

Below the inscription is a sketch of the log hut erected as Col. Hayes' headquarters during the winter of 1862-63.

Mrs. Hayes' regard for the soldiers of the Union was as enduring as intense. How often has she said, "We must go to that funeral, he was a soldier;" and the widows and orphans of the soldier never appealed to her in vain. Describing the great procession in New York, in April, 1889, her eyes glowed as she said: "But the veterans ought not to have been at the rear—they earned it all." After the close of the war Mr. Hayes was elected to the thirty-ninth and fortieth Congresses and held his seat until nominated for governor. Three terms he filled the latter office, and during all those years Mrs. Hayes enjoyed an experience and exerted an influence which with her natural abilities wonderfully fitted her for the position of lady of the White House.

She had the conscience and the courage of her convictions. While presiding over the White House she kept strictly to her temperance principles, and, with the co-operation of President Hayes, banished wine and other liquors entirely from their state dinners, as she had always done from her private table. Derided by the frivolous, and slightly spoken of by small-minded politicians, she let them talk, but maintained her loyalty to herself and her God. Her example has since been an encouragement and an inspiration to all temperance workers. No woman of this century will have a more glorious name in the list of human benefactors and staunch adherents to principle, than she, when their history is hereafter written.

Speaking of her life at the White House, "*The Evening Star*" of Washington, says: "Few women would have attempted what she did successfully, to entertain entirely without the use of wines at the table. The persons connected with the official household of the President during the four years of the Hayes administration were all devoted to Mrs. Hayes. Several of the present officials were at the White House at that time and their recollection of her is coupled with a warm personal regard. Senators—Democrats and Republicans—were often heard to give expression to most extravagant compliments of her grace as a hostess. Among her warmest friends and most ardent admirers were such extreme southern men as the late Alexander H. Stephens, Gen. John B. Gordon and Gen. Wade Hampton.

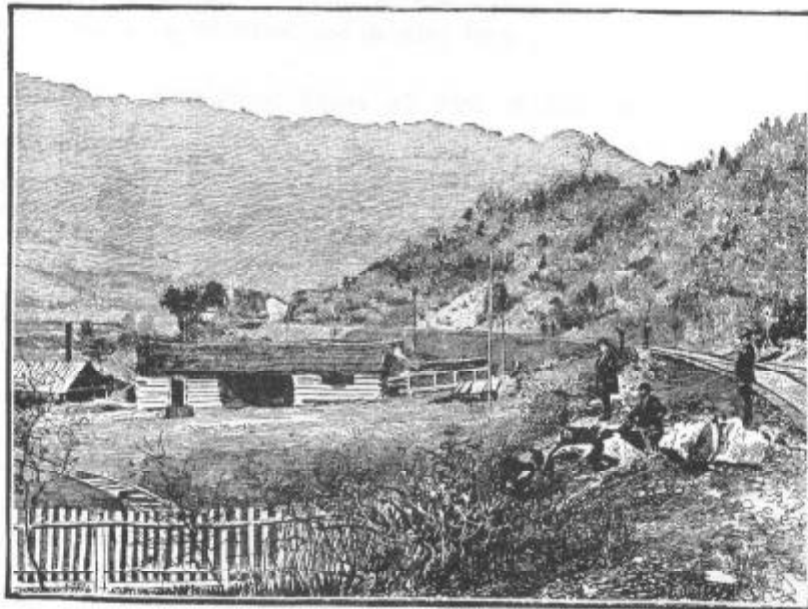
Mrs. Hayes was scarcely above the medium height though she gave the impression of being tall. There was in her person that majesty, sprightliness and grace which correspond to the qualities of conscience, energy and love in her nature. Her features were regular, the mouth a little large, but possessing a very charming mobility of expression. Her abundant and beautiful black hair was worn after the fashion of her girlhood time. Her complexion was rose-brunette and her fine eyes, very bright and gentle in expression, were that species of dark hazel which is often mistaken for black.

Her beauty was very lasting. Time dealt gently with her. The favorite portrait of her was taken in 1877, after she was mother of eight children, two of whom had grown to manhood, and were voters. One of the best pictures of her was taken after she was a grandmother.

In matters of personal attire she had exquisite taste, and did not follow the



MRS. HAYES IN THE SOLDIER'S HOSPITAL.



WINTER QUARTERS.

Built by Col. R. B. Hayes in the Valley of the Kanawha, and occupied by himself and family in the winter of 1862-63.

fashions blindly. She was modest and unobtrusive in her demeanor; yet when circumstances placed her in prominent positions, she knew how to carry herself with dignity and grace. She was always equal to the situation; and when she became the first lady in the land she was still simple, hearty, true, and unspoiled. Her home life was a happy one. She looked after her husband's interests with wifely constancy, and cared for her children with motherly affection and tenderness.

Leaving the White House in 1881, the family went to Fremont, and settled down at Spiegel Grove, the beautiful place bequeathed to General Hayes by his uncle, Sardis Birchard. Mrs. Hayes' first attention was always given to her home and her family; but in church work she was no laggard. She gave of her time and her means as she was able. In the Woman's Home Missionary Society she was specially interested, was its president almost from its organization, and spoke and acted in its public meetings with efficiency and success. She sympathized with the suffering and the oppressed everywhere. When her husband was governor of the State, she took an active interest in all of its organized charities, and was a leader among the originators of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home. She was also a member of the Woman's Relief Corps of the State of Ohio. To her husband and herself, the Methodist Episcopal Church in Fremont is largely indebted for its beautiful church edifice.

Eight years of beautiful private life were granted to her, years which were filled to the brim with joy and occupation. On the 21st of June, 1889, as she sat by her bed-room window sewing, she was stricken with apoplexy, resulting in paralysis. For four days she lay unconscious; then came the announcement of her death. Upon the 28th, a vast multitude came to look on her dear face for the last time. She was borne out of the doors of her beautiful home by her four sons and by four of her nephews and cousins. The surviving soldiers of her husband's old regiment, the 23d O. V. V. I., marched as her guard of honor, followed by a great procession of the Comrades of the G. A. R., of friends and of neighbors, to the quiet, final resting-place in Oakwood Cemetery, near her home at Fremont.

Probably no woman ever lived who was more widely known and who knew more persons in all walks of life than Mrs. Hayes. Certainly no one was ever more widely mourned. Tributes to her worth came by the thousand to her family, in the press, in letters, and in other forms.

#### THANKSGIVING AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Under this title a recent number of that delightful paper, the *Wide Awake*, gives a sketch of the four Thanksgiving Days which General and Mrs. Hayes and their family spent at the White House. We remember that Mrs. Hayes looked back upon those occasions as among the happiest of the many happy ones in which she participated. We reprint the article by special permission of the publishers, D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston.

Ed.  
Four Thanksgiving dinners have been given in the White House which will never be forgotten by those who were bidden.

President and Mrs. Hayes made it their home for four years, and they always invited their executive family to join them in a genuine, joyful Thanksgiving dinner; the secretaries and the clerks, with their entire families, including the little ones above three years old. Mr. Hendly tells me that "during his twelve years of official life, there was never anything more charming and homelike than these Thanksgiving dinners, when Mr.

and Mrs. Hayes drew together their personal and official families."

Mrs. Pruden, whose husband has been private secretary to the Presidents during four administrations, says: "There could be nothing more beautiful, thoughtful and tender than Mrs. Hayes' home gatherings in the White House on Thanksgiving Days. She sent us invitations only the day before, that they might be without ceremony, and met us in the upper rooms—with the familiar friendship of home people—seldom asking the maid to wait upon us, but herself saying, 'Just step into my chamber and lay off your wraps.' She knew our little ones well by name and face; she would stoop over to unfasten the little cloaks and caps, just as our own families would do in our own homes."

The first dinner was given in the large state dining-room, which is forty feet long, thirty wide, and "high as a two-story house." Long windows open into the conservatory, a wonderful garden of beautiful flowers, where bananas grow, palm-trees

wave, orchids hang from the high ceilings, and "birds of Paradise" lean their golden heads out from their sheaths of loveliest green—the flower of "the Holy Ghost"—and all the lilies of the world seem to bloom against the banks of smilax and roses. As you sit at the table, you see this bewildering fairy land of color and fragrance.

Toward the south, you look across the wide lawn with the little green knolls, the large evergreens, and below them the silver thread of river as it runs toward the sea from our Capital, and the historic Long-bridge, with the old Virginia hills in the distance. Dinner was always at two o'clock. The table was laid with all the elegance of the grand state dinners, and served in as many courses, lasting until five or six o'clock. "Isaac," the head waiter, often declared to "the Madam" that "they were the best times of all the year."

After the first Thanksgiving Mrs. Hayes used the family dining-room. She said to Mrs. Pruden, "It isn't so large and stately; this looks more home-like." This family dining-room opens from the long corridor, where palms and azaleas nod as you pass them in the niches by the heavy oaken doors; and the faces of all the Presidents gaze at you from the walls. The furniture is carved mahogany, and on the handsome buffet is kept the old solid silver of the "Monroes and the Van Burens," and the gold spoons and forks marked simply, "President's House." You have read, no doubt, of the beautiful china service made to order for Mrs. Hayes. One can read a story from each plate; "the fishes and birds," some one said, "deserved frames."

In the centre of the table was laid a long mirror, like a little lake, on which sat a silver boat, with silver sails, filled with maiden-hair ferns and roses; sometimes lilies of the valley and scarlet carnations. One of the tiny children said, "Oh, see, mamma! there are two boats!" In this make-believe pond you see the sweet buds and leaves upside down, and trembling with every motion. Beside each plate was laid a small menu card with one's name, and a lovely *boutonnière* tied with pretty ribbon; sometimes the *boutonnière* was only an old-fashioned sweet pink, "just like mother's garden." High chairs were close beside mamma's for the little ones.

The first in official rank was the secretary, Mr. Pruden, who had the honor of a seat beside the President's wife; while Mr. Hayes led the way to the dining-room with Mrs. Pruden on his arm. The executive clerks and their families passed in next. There were some twelve or fifteen children. I said, one day, "But don't they get very tired with a three-hour dinner?"

"Oh, no," the mother replied; "Mrs. Hayes entertains them with such wonderful tact and humor they never ask to move."

Little Eva Pruden was a very lovely child, only three years old. Her wonderful hair almost touched the hem of her little gown, and fell in natural waves, just the color of

gold in the sun. She was a great pet of Mrs. Hayes, and sat next to her at the table.

At one of these dinners, on a handsome glass dish, sat a beautiful white swan. Tall, long, graceful and perfect, she sat in the midst of her rainbow-hued family. Little swans, with throats of impossible beauty, sat all around her—green, blue, red, violet, white and brown.

Isaac was about to dish up a little swan to each little child, when Mrs. Hayes spoke quickly and merrily, "Oh, stop a minute, Isaac! let's see which they like the best."

Turning to the youngest, she said, "Eva, which do you choose for your own?" Eva timidly and modestly dropped her head to one side and answered, "I like de deen one, please." So the beautiful green swan sailed across in a pretty dish to little Eva's plate, while the others soon "choosed" their favorite color.

The elder children chatted and felt perfectly at home with their charming hostess, who told stories, explained the odd customs of the White House, told them all about the wonderful flowers, and the way the gardeners made them into hundreds of bouquets every day, and talked about the good Thanksgivings when she was a little girl, until the three or four hours had passed like magic.

Everybody's health was proposed; toasts drank, and bright, witty speeches made, not with wine, but with the clearest of sparkling water; for you know Mrs. Hayes, in her quiet, gentle way, refused to put wine on her own table, even as the wife of the President, and said, "I have young sons who have never tasted liquor; they shall never receive it from my hand; what I wish for my own dear sons, I must do for the sons of other mothers."

It was always a beautiful sight to see that mother with her children. They treated her like an elder sister. Up and down the halls and reception-rooms of the old mansion, with their arms about her waist, her hands over their childish shoulders, talking, visiting and laughing, they could be seen marching any day. An English gentleman met them once in the East Room, quite early in the morning, and said to the minister, Mr. Thornton, afterward, "I shall take home to England with me a charming picture of the President's family."

At last the feast was over; the philopenas eaten with the laughing children; the creamy swans and the purple grapes, lobsters of fiery redness and icy coldness, fruits, and vegetables looking natural as life, but melting away in delicious ices, all coming and going in most mysterious ways. Even watermelons, growing like grandfather's melons in the old grandfather's garden, turning out to be "nothing but cream, after all."

With Mrs. Hayes to lead the way, the children went through the long corridor, the doors of Oriental glass, under the tall palms and jars of flowers, to the big East Room, for a game of "hide and seek" and "pussy wants a corner."

"Now, mamma," screamed the President's little son, "you catch!" and in and out the Blue and Red Rooms, the halls and stairways, Mrs. Hayes would run, hide and catch, while the whole house echoed to the shouts and laughter of the delighted children.

Then at the piano they would sing, and march, laugh and play to their heart's content.

One day a big black pin dropped out of Mrs. Hayes' handsome heavy hair, and it fell over her shoulders like a mantle of black;

with no annoyance, she picked up the pin, went on with the game, twisting the coil simply and plainly as she ran. She always wore a simple dress; usually at these home dinners some black stuff, of soft, clinging material, trimmed with surah, as a "vest," or "panels"—creamy, rich lace in the throat and at the wrists.

"The secret of Mrs. Hayes' remarkable tact and genius, as hostess and friend, was the *mother* part of her," was once said of her. M. S.

### MRS. HAYES' FRIENDSHIP.

#### HOW A POOR WASHINGTON LUNCH GIRL EARNED IT.

There was a time when the "treasury girls" in Washington had a grievance and were not backward in airing it. Said one of them:

"So Uncle Sam has had an economical fit; can't let us have our noonday tea; 'takes too long!'"

"Well, Sarah, it isn't Uncle Sam's time; still Secretary McCullough says 'teapots must be banished from the Treasury of the nation! Every window-ledge in the building has one!'"

But this grumbling was long ago. It had become almost forgotten when Mrs. Hayes was installed mistress of the White House.

Rachel Myers, a pretty girl, daughter of a soldier, kept a small lunch-room not far from the Treasury for the accommodation of the Treasury clerks, and in plain sight from Mrs. Hayes' windows.

Rachel had so generous a face, ways so modest, and eyes so earnest that Mrs. Hayes watched her a good deal, and one day went in for lunch after the noonday tea had been served to the crowd of clerks.

Taking her seat, asking for a cup of tea and a biscuit, she said, "Miss Rachel, don't you sometimes find this dull and tiresome?"

"Oh, yes'm!" Rachel replied, "but of course I must work, and the ladies are very kind in the Departments; they hate to come out of the building for lunch, and the half-hour is so short; but nobody is allowed to have a corner inside any more."

"Why not?"

"The Secretary turned out the tea-pots long ago, and won't take 'em back."

Rachel tossed her head as she added, "I'd rather be a poor girl selling cakes, than to be as mean as the big people over there," pointing towards the White House.

"Are they mean, Rachel? What makes you think so?" Mrs. Hayes sipped her tea, and tried not to smile.

"Well, everything in this whole city has to be just as they say! They don't help the poor, but only give big dinners, and ride out in their fine carriages and enjoy themselves! If they wanted to, there are so many ways of helping poor people."

"What could they do for you?" Mrs. Hayes said, as she laid down her ten cents.

"I should think it would be a great pleasure to do something for girls like you."

"Oh! Mr. Secretary can't turn around without asking the President, you know, and the President don't trouble himself about the poor, hard-working women and girls," Rachel said spitefully.

"Have you ever seen the President's wife? I think she is fond of young girls, and I wouldn't be surprised if she could get you a little room for lunch in the Treasury building. Suppose you go over to-morrow morning about 10. She is always at home then."

Rachel's eyes danced. "Oh! how kind that would be; but—I—don't think—I shouldn't know how to meet the President's wife, you know," and Rachel laid her hand impulsively on the dark brown silk sleeve, and the soft, warm, ungloved hand of Mrs. Hayes kindly folded itself over Rachel's.

Promptly at 10 the doorkeeper led Rachel to the private sitting-room of the "Mrs. President."

Mrs. Hayes met her with smiles and pleasure.

"Good morning, my dear," she said.

"Good morning, ma'am; you see I've come as you told me, but I do wish you'd do the talking for me when she comes in. I feel afraid of the 'great people,' but I love you."

"The 'great people,' child, are no greater than you, in spirit; and I hope you won't despise us any more. I am the wife of the President! Do you feel afraid now?"

Poor Rachel! she laughed and cried, begged pardons, stammered and hesitated; but the two were ever more firm friends.

"Somehow" a nice corner in the big gray stone Treasury became a cheery, cosy lunch-stand. Everybody knew the tall, fine-eyed girl who made the tea. Many a basket of fruit, many a tempting plate of cakes found their way to the little table, from the "Mistress of the White House," and the dainty doylies, marked R. M., from Mrs. Hayes, were of greater value than gold; but more than "trade," or gifts, or "the honor," was the sweet sympathy of Rachel's beautiful friend.—*Cleveland Leader*, December 14, 1890.

## CHARITIES AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

From the Oration of Hon. J. D. Taylor, M. C., delivered at the Memorial Service in Honor of Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes, in Wesleyan Memorial Hall, Cincinnati, December 30th, 1889.

"No family ever occupied the White House that dispensed such generous hospitality, or who were so charitable to the poor as the family of President Hayes. During the four years that Mrs. Hayes was its honored mistress, the hearts of hundreds of poor people were gladdened by her kindness and benevolence, but the greatest care was taken that these acts of charity should not be made public. The widow and the orphan, the soldier and the sailor, the sick and the afflicted, never asked in vain, or were turned empty-handed away, but soldiers and the families of soldiers, and those who were rendered helpless by the war, were the special objects of her charity and care.

"A few days since I had the pleasure of meeting, in Washington, Mr. W. T. Crump, who was with Gen. Hayes in the army, and who was also his steward in the White House. Associated with the family in this way during such a long period, he is able to give an inside history which has never reached the public. He said to me that it was no unusual thing for him to take wagon-loads of provisions to the poor in all parts of Washington during the four years of President Hayes' administration; that whenever Mrs. Hayes would hear of a poor soldier who was ill, she would send him to investigate and report. 'I would tell her,' said he, 'how many there were in the family, and she herself would go to the store-room, and would give me groceries—tea, coffee, sugar, flour, meat, eggs—a little of everything, and she would then say to me, 'Now, William, take these things to these poor people,' and at the same time she would give me money to buy coal or anything the family might need.'

"He cited the case of Major Bailey, who came from North Carolina where he settled after the war and remained until he was driven out, sick, discouraged and impoverished. He and his family came to Washington and were found by Mrs. Hayes in the northern part of the city, in want and distress, in a house destitute of furniture and food. The major was suffering so from disease that he was entirely helpless. His wife was worn out with watching, and they and their three children were without fire, food, or sufficient clothing. 'Mrs. Hayes,' says Mr. Crump, 'sent my boy to Major Bailey's with some money and a wagon-load of food and supplies of various kinds, and sent me down to buy bedsteads, chairs, tables, stoves, carpets, dishes, in fact, everything necessary to fur-

nish two rooms, and to make this family comfortable. When I carried these things into that desolate home, Major Bailey and his family cried and laughed by turns, and when the major learned at last by whom these things had been sent, he exclaimed, 'God bless her! God bless her!'

"The next day there was a Cabinet meeting, and as soon as it was over Mrs. Hayes called on the members of the Cabinet, for a collection for the benefit of Major Bailey's family and raised \$125.

"At the Cabinet table sat Secretary Schurz, who was the colonel of Major Bailey's regiment, and Secretary Evarts, who had a son in the same regiment. Their attention having thus been called to the major's needs, he was cared for until he recovered and obtained a position in one of the Departments.

"Hundreds of such instances could be given. The steward showed me entries made by himself for his own purposes, and not intended for the public eye, showing that the President and Mrs. Hayes, during the four years they occupied the White House, gave away thousands of dollars for benevolent purposes, of which the public has no knowledge whatever.

"The memoranda runs thus:

Jan. 12th. Sent provisions to poor families, and \$70 in cash.	
" 13th. Paid for medicine . . . . .	\$145.00
" 19th. The President gave an old man . . . . .	50.00
" 26th. Mrs. Hayes—Charities . . . . .	425.00
" 31st. Charities . . . . .	300.00

And so on during all the months of their stay in the Executive Mansion. The charity of Mrs. Hayes was not the mere 'giving of alms.'

"Not what we give but what we share, for the gift without the giver is bare.'

"Only a few days since, an army officer, now stationed in Washington, said he should never forget a visit made by Mrs. Hayes to the home of Captain Corbin in the suburbs of Washington at the time his little boy died. A carriage was driven to the door, Mrs. Hayes alighted and quietly entered the home. Inquiring for Mrs. Corbin she was at once shown to her room and soon after was seen with her arm about the grief-stricken mother, mingling her own tears of sorrow, and whispering words of comfort and consolation."

## TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. HAYES.

No woman that has lived has brought forth such a multitude of expressions of admiration of her life and character, and from the very highest sources in the land. We here annex some of these:

*Rev. Dr. L. D. McCabe.*—How well do I remember my first acquaintance with the illustrious woman whose departure has called together weeping multitudes to-day all over the land. Forty-four years since we entered the town of Delaware in a stage coach together. Her esteemed and widowed mother was then returning with her and her two brothers to that city to enjoy its educational advantages. The child's sweet and most natural happy ways drew me to her. I became her preceptor, and more than by any lesson or any learning, she refreshed my weariness, with her always kind, but bright and overflowing spirits. Under the moulding hand of a rare Christian mother, she developed into womanhood and responsibility, and added a sincere religious experience to her always attractive character. She finished her studies in her school life in Cincinnati Wesleyan Female Seminary, winning the special regard of all her companions and forming the most ennobling friendships, which have continued through her life. At the age of twenty-one she gave her heart and her hand to that honored one, who has led her from height to height of all that this world has to give. In all these various and testing positions, instead of relaxing the firmness of her principles, or in the least departing from the spirit and practice of piety, she shed a new charm upon them all and truly made them more illustrious by her unostentatious virtues.

The contact with the world did not spoil that loving kindness of nature. She was always finding some human heart which needed binding up. Much of her divine Lord's spirit she had in a tender regard for humanity, which could brook no unkind word, indeed could brook nothing that could wound a fellow-being, however lowly. She was one bright example before the world of the union of charm of manner with a kindness so genuine that it failed under no combination of circumstances. Would that the fair picture could be for ever kept before the young womanhood of the world. One who saw her much and studied her most attentively, said: "She is the humblest and yet she is the wisest of us all."

*Mrs. Allen G. Thurman*, in speaking of Mrs. Hayes, said: "I have known Mrs. Hayes—I always called her Lucy—from childhood, in fact, since she was scarcely able to run alone. \* \* \* We lived in the same neighborhood. From childhood Lucy was the sweetest girl I ever saw. She was pretty, but that was not her chief attraction. It was her lovable nature that won all hearts, and her friendship, once secured, knew no change."

*From Miss Frances E. Willard*—No woman ever lived who did so much to discountenance the social use of intoxicants as the royal and lamented Christian matron, Mrs. ex-President Hayes. She struck a keynote that rings to-day in ten thousand homes of wealth and fashion, and re-echoes in the grateful memory of millions who, against a

desperate appetite, have formed a holy resolution. For such a woman and patriot, for such a wife and mother, we cannot do too much to manifest our reverence. America had not her peer, and never suffered sadder loss than in losing Lucy Webb Hayes.

*Mrs. General Grant*, in a conversation with Nelly Bly who in turn told the writer—said that she had never seen anyone so radiantly lovely as Mrs. Hayes. "She was dressed in white silk," Mrs. Grant said, "and her dark hair was combed smoothly over her ears. Her soft black eyes shone like diamonds and her cheeks were as red as roses."

*Mary Clemmer.*—Meanwhile, on this man of whom every one in the nation is thinking, a fair woman between two little children looks down. She has a singularly gentle and winning face. It looks out from the bands of smooth dark hair with that tender light in the eyes which we have come to associate always with the Madonna. I have never seen such a face reign in the White House. I wonder what the world of Vanity Fair will do with it? Will it friz that hair? powder that face? draw those sweet, fine lines awry with pride? bare those shoulders? shorten those sleeves? hide John Wesley's discipline out of sight, as it poses and minces before the first lady of the land? what will she do with it, this woman of the hearth and home? strong as she is fair, will she have the grace to use it as not abusing it; to be in it; yet not of it; priestess of a religion pure and undefiled, holding the white lamp of her womanhood unshaken and unsullied, high above the heated crowd that fawns, flatters and soils? The Lord in heaven knows. All that I know is that Mr. and Mrs. Hayes are the finest looking type of man and woman that I have seen take up their abode in the White House.

*Gen. W. T. Sherman* writes as follows: "Were it not for the fact that I long since committed myself to Denver for the Fourth of July, I should come to Fremont to demonstrate my great respect for you and love for her memory; but as it is I can only trace on paper a few words of sorrow and ask a place in that vast procession of mourners, who would, if possible, share with you that burden of grief. Her sudden and totally unexpected death leaves a great blank in the good and cheerful in this world. How vividly come back to me the memories of her hearty greetings, her beaming face and unavoidable good nature, more especially during that long and eventful trip to the Pacific and back by Arizona, when at times heat, dust, and the untimely intrusion of rough miners would have ruffled the most angelic temper. Never once do I recall an instance when she ever manifested the least displeasure."

*Fred. Douglas.*—"Highest, who stoops to lift the low." The fragrance of her goodness

will linger for ever about the executive mansion.

*Ex-Senator Bruce*, of Mississippi.—There never was a woman who graced the White House with greater dignity. It might, perhaps, be said that my wife and myself called at the White House during that administration under somewhat exceptional circumstances. We always found her pleasant, kindly, genial.

*Senator Allison*, of Iowa, writes as follows: "I trust that my long personal acquaintance with Mrs. Hayes, and my appreciation of her gentle and noble qualities of heart and mind will be sufficient excuse for me to express to you my deep sympathy with you in your great loss; and what is yours is, in a less degree, that of the whole country, as I know of none more beloved than she was by all good people in every part of the land."

*President Angell*, of the University of Michigan, writes: "The moral sentiment of the nation deplores the loss of your estimable wife. Her exemplary life in the White House, as well as in private life, will shine in history like the stars in the heavens."

The *Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage* characteristically telegraphs: "Be comforted with a nation's sympathies. What a gracious and splendid woman she was!"

*Francis Murphy* said he had just returned from attending the funeral services of Mrs. Hayes, who he characterized as the noblest woman in the land, and in speaking of her said: "Her virtues of mind and heart one scarcely needs to be told. The sweetness of her nature matched the beauty of her person and the charm of her manners. In her elevated position which she has occupied she never lost the simplicity of character of her private life and girlhood. She was a woman of high and lofty ideas of the purest and best type. Over her whole career, both public and private, lingered an air of gentleness, with malice towards none and charity for all." Mr. Murphy said he had travelled 1,000 miles, to show his respect to the memory of Mrs. Hayes.

*New York Independent*.—Mrs. Hayes seemed delighted to welcome every one to the White House, whether friend or stranger, whether poor or rich. That was the secret of her success as hostess—that she was really glad to see every one whose hand she grasped; her warm heart shone in her warm greeting. She retired from the White House amid universal regret. She was a woman of ceaseless activity in all good work. Those who mourn her loss in Fremont are numbered by the thousand; but those who mourn her loss throughout the country must be numbered by the million. She was a woman that the country may always be proud of. Her

charm, her grace, her dignity of manner and her force of character will not be forgotten.

*New York Herald*.—Memories of a noble life hover about the death-bed of Mrs. Ruth-erford B. Hayes. This spotless woman deserves the love and respect of the whole country. Whether nursing the dying soldiers of the Union army or banishing the wine cup from the White House, she displayed the courage and devotion that are born of inner purity. All honor to the blameless wife and mother, the uncompromising champion of temperance, the friend of unfashionable virtues.

*Washington Post*, June 24, 1889.—Wherever her name is known will the news of her mortal illness carry a sense of regret and loss. Certainly no American woman in the past or present has created for herself, under all public and trying conditions, so little criticism and so much admiration, respect and affection as the wife of ex-President Hayes. . . . The lustre of her public life, the loveliness of her home life and family relations, were the reflex of an uncompromising conscience, a broad charity and an unquestioning reliance and submission to the law that is more just and wiser than man's.

Gracious as a woman, sincere as a Christian, herself the friend of many, she goes down into the valley, covered and crowned with the love of an entire people. The sympathy which goes out to those who are nearest and have watched over her with unspeakable sorrow, is as complete and sincere as the reverence with which the people will hereafter utter her name.

*Brooklyn Eagle*.—She was a woman of the purest and best type—a woman whose instincts were those of supreme refinement and benevolence. Her life was controlled by a sovereign purpose, and that purpose to do good. She believed that a woman's sphere was limited only by her opportunities for making her life a benediction. She felt that she had a mission in the world, and acting upon that confidence she was able to bequeath a memory of noble deeds that no perishable monument can rival.

*Dayton Journal*.—It is not disputable that Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes was the most notable woman of her day, as the peculiar and singular representative of the dignified, graceful and lovable woman of general cultivated home society of this nation. No woman who ever occupied the White House commanded the exclusive character of profound respect, associated with affection, that was the distinction of Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes. . . . When the historian of our war times records the noble women who were distinguished for their virtues, the name of Lucy Webb Hayes will glitter in the shining galaxy as a model American woman.

*New York Tribune*.— . . . She lived upon



a high plane all her life, and her influence was everywhere beneficent. . . . She knew how to make all visitors feel perfectly at home when within her doors. She was devoted to her domestic duties, and romped with her children in the nursery with all the freedom of a loving mother; and all her social duties at Fremont, Columbus and Washington were performed with dignity and grace.

*Toledo Commercial.*—The lesson of her life should not be lost upon the young. If they would be held in high esteem, they must be true to the right—true to themselves, to their families and to their convictions of duty. These are the elements of character which have drawn forth the admiration of all. This is a simple, but it is an all-important lesson.

Look in our eyes; your welcome waits you there,  
North, South, East, West, from all and everywhere.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Her presence lends its warmth and health to all who come before it;  
If woman lost us Eden, then such as she alone restore it.

*Whittier.*

The woman who, standing in the chief home, stood bravely for the sake of every home in the land—*Adeline T. D. Whitney.*

SARDIS BIRCHARD was born in Wilmington, Vt., January 15, 1801. He lost both parents while yet a child, and was taken into the family of his sister Sophia, who had married Rutherford Hayes. In 1817 he accompanied them to Delaware, Ohio. In 1822 his brother-in-law, Mr. Hayes, died, leaving a widow and three young children. Mr. Birchard at once devoted himself to his sister and her family. He never married, but through life regarded his sister's family as his own. He was a handsome, jovial young man and an universal favorite.

In the winter of 1824-5, with Stephen R. Bennett as a partner, he bought and drove a large drove of fat hogs from Delaware to Baltimore. "Two incidents of this trip," says Knapp, in his 'History of the Maumee Valley,' "are well remembered. The young men had to swim their hogs across the Ohio river at Wheeling, and came near losing them all by the swift current. In the meantime they were overtaken by a tall, fine-looking gentleman on horseback, who had also a carriage drawn by four horses with attendants.

In 1827 Mr. Birchard removed to Fremont, then Lower Sandusky, and engaged in selling general merchandise. He was largely patronized by Indians, because he refused to sell them liquor. Mr. Birchard found the Indians very honest in their business transactions, and when any of them died with debts unpaid they were settled by Tall Chief, their leader. Mr. Birchard was very successful in his business ventures. He was connected with the first enterprise that opened river and lake commerce between Fremont and Buffalo; was instrumental in securing legislation for the construction of wagon roads, and later, largely in-

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoke a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.

*Longfellow.*

To perform one's functions with fidelity and simplicity is to be both hero and saint.—*Edward Eggleston.*

Her country also and it praiseth her.—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

When high moral worth and courage combine with gentleness, matronly dignity, graciousness and sweetest charity, the charm is complete.

*D. Huntington,*

Pres. National Academy of Design.

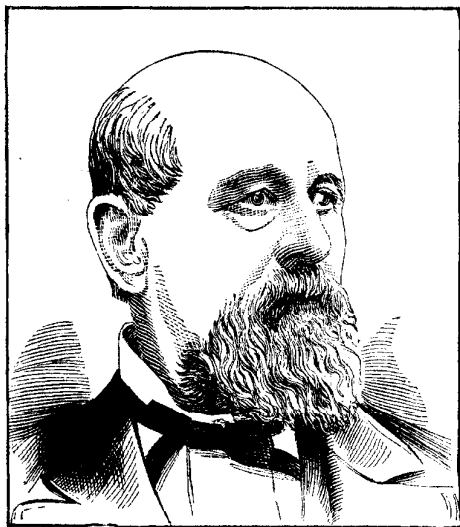
Few like thee have stood  
Upon the people's threshold where  
The heralds of all nations go  
And come as sea tides ebb and flow,  
With graceful bravery have stood  
In grand and sterling womanhood,  
Unflinching in thy high estate,  
The sunshine flashing from the dome,  
Where prince and people stand and wait,  
There thou didst bring the charm of home,  
A chieftain's valor and a woman's grace,  
All lily white to that exalted place.  
Lives nobly ended make the twilights long  
And keep in heart God's nightingales of song.

*Beni. F. Taylor.*

He helped Mr. Birchard to get the hogs out of the way, chatted with him, and advised him to dispose of them at Baltimore as the best market. This gentleman, as they soon ascertained, was none other than Gen. Jackson, then on his way to Washington after the Presidential election of 1824, in which he was the highest in the popular vote, but not the successful candidate, for the election being thrown into the house John Quincy Adams was chosen."

interested in the construction of the first railroads of the Maumee valley. He contributed largely to benevolent objects. The Birchard Library is a gift from him to the city of Fremont. He died in 1874, bequeathing his estate to his nephew, ex-President Hayes.

RALPH POMEROY BUCKLAND was born in Leyden, Mass., January 20, 1812. When but a few months old his father removed to Ohio and settled in Portage county. He was educated at Kenyon College, studied law, was admitted to the bar at Canfield in 1837, and the same year removed to Fremont. He was married to Charlotte Broughton, of Canfield, in 1838; was a delegate to the Whig National Convention in 1848; elected to the Ohio Senate in 1855, serving four years, during which time his bill for the adoption of children became a law.



GEN. R. P. BUCKLAND.

In 1861 he was appointed colonel of the Seventy-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry, which afterwards, with other regiments, became noted as "Buckland's Brigade." He commanded the Fourth Brigade of Sherman's Division at the battle of Shiloh, and was made brigadier-general November 29, 1862. He commanded a brigade of the Fifteenth Army Corps at Vicksburg and the District of Memphis for two years, resigning

from the army, January 9, 1865, to take his seat in Congress, to which he had been elected while on duty in the field. March 13, 1865, he was brevetted major-general of volunteers. He served two terms in Congress and has held many important offices of trust; was a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1876. From 1867 till 1873 was president of the managers of the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, and government director of the Pacific Railroad, 1877-80. He has done much for the improvement of the city of Fremont and is one of its most respected and beloved citizens. For two years ex-President Hayes was associated with Gen. Buckland as his law partner.

#### A REMINISCENCE,

*With some Poetry from "The World's Wonder."*

When on my original visit to Fremont, I called on an elderly gentleman, Mr. Thomas L. Hawkins, who was the keeper of the magazine in Fort Meigs at the time of the siege. I found him at his home. It was in the gloom of the evening; no light in the room where he gave me his recollections of its events. My mind being in an unusually receptive condition, and having no use for my eyes in the darkness, my ears did double duty; so I remembered every word. The incidents I thus gathered will be found under the head of the history of the siege of Fort Meigs in Wood county.

I was not then aware that Mr. Hawkins was a cabinetmaker, a local preacher in the Methodist church, and, greater than all, *a poet!* This discovery was reserved for my last visit, and it came from Mr. Hayes' library, wherein is a copy of a small volume entitled "*The Poetic Miscellany and World's Wonder;*" by Thomas L. Hawkins. Columbus: Scott & Bascom, printers, 1853.

Our poet allowed his muse to help him in his business, and so he brought her to his aid in advertising his stock in trade—washboards and mops.

These verses have the charm of old-time rusticity ; carries back my mind to the days of the fathers, even before the arrival of the cook stove. I remember when they were unknown, and the people largely farmers, there being but few cities. Often have I seen, when a youth, on wash-days, huge kettles hanging by cranes over great kitchen fires, filled with snow to melt for soft water ; a dinner-pot over the fire for a boiled dinner, the usual *menu* for wash-days ; and while the women of the family were bending over the wash-tub, some young girl or boy would be standing by a pounding-barrel, pounding the clothes prior to the rubbing process. Pounding the clothes seemed to have been a common duty of the children of the family, who stood on stools to get the proper height. The pounder was a round block of wood, perhaps eight inches long and weighing perhaps five to ten pounds, into which was inserted a long handle, as in a broom, for a lifter, which both hands grasped during the pounding operation. With every washboard and mop sold by the poet was attached a card, with its poetic advertisement.

## THE WASHBOARD.

[Advertisement.]

Take notice, that I, Thomas Hawkins, the younger, Than old Tom, my father, more active and stronger, In my journey through life, have found in my way What some call Ash Wednesday, men's wives call wash-day.	The machinist for this has exhausted his skill. In inventing machines poor woman to kill ; No valued relief, I'll venture to say, Has loomed up as yet to dispel the dark day.
However enduring the conjugal life, This day brings a cloud on the husband from wife ; The dogs and the cats must stand out the way, And all about the house dread the coming wash-day.	The washboard alone must end all the strife, With a love-helping husband to cheer up the wife, To straighten his rib, and show well he may With a few hearty rubs on that dark steamy day.
To make the day pleasant, I've long studied how To bring back the smile on the dog and the cow ; To cheer the poor husband, the clouds blow away, And smiles light the wife on that gloomy dark day.	We have boards of this kind for both hus- band and wife, We'll venture the price, 'twill end all the strife, Which are fluted both sides ; then come, come away, And buy of our sunshine to dispel the dark day.

## THE M O P.

[Advertisement.]

The wife that scrubs without a mop Must bend her back full low, And on her knees mop up the slop And little comfort know.	And can you thus your wife displease, With her sweet smiles dispense, And make her scrub upon her knees, To save some twenty cents ? [Which is the price of the mop.]
And he who loves a cleanly wife, And wants to keep her clean, Would make her smile and end all strife By buying this machine.	You hardened wretch ! pull out y'r cash, Untie your money-stockings, And don't neglect to buy this trash From your old friend, Tom Hawkins.

JAMES BIRDSEYE MCPHERSON, General in the Union Army, was born in Clyde, O., November 14, 1828. His father worked at blacksmithing while clearing his farm of one hundred and sixty acres of woodland. The boy grew up in the hardy laborious backwoods life of the time. When he was thirteen years of age, the oldest of four children, his father died, leaving the widow to struggle against adverse circumstances, to provide for her little family. James was a helpful son, and to aid his mother secured employment in a store at Green

Spring. He was a cheerful, upright youth, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. During his leisure hours he employed himself in study; later he was enabled to spend two years in the Norwalk Academy. He received an appointment to West Point and graduated in 1853, first in a class of fifty-two members among whom were Philip H. Sheridan, John M. Schofield and John B. Hood. He taught for a year in West Point. For three years he was engaged in engineering duty on the Atlantic coast—most of the time in New York harbor. At the beginning of the war he was a lieutenant of engineers stationed in California, where for three years and a half he was in charge of the fortifications in the harbor of San Francisco.

He applied for active duty with the army in the field, where his promotion was very rapid. He became lieutenant-colonel November 21, 1861; colonel, May 1, 1862; brigadier-general of volunteers, May 15, 1862. Gen. Hellock placed him on his staff, but in the spring of 1862 he was transferred to the staff of Gen. Grant and served as chief engineer at Fort Heury, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, the siege of Corinth and Iuka. In the reorganization of Grant's army in 1863, he was appointed to the command of the 17th army corps. In the section campaign against Vicksburg, McPherson's corps bore a prominent part. When the army settled down to the regular siege of Vicksburg McPherson's command had the centre. A year had rolled by since he was doing duty on Grant's staff, a newly-fledged officer of volunteers. Now he was firm in his high position; was the compeer of Sherman, and a lieutenant trusted and honored by the general-in-chief. When Vicksburg was surrendered he became one of the commissioners to arrange the terms, and as a recognition of his skill and personal daring throughout the campaign, from Port Gibson to the bloody salients of the enemy's massive earthworks, which withstood assault after assault, he was made full brigadier-general in the regular army. From captain to brigadier-general in a year and a half!

When Grant at last turned over his command in the west to Sherman, and assumed the control of all the armies, McPherson succeeded the latter at the head of the Army of the Tennessee, then over 60,000 strong, and when Sherman set out on his campaign to Atlanta, followed him in person with about 25,000 of his troops, the 15th corps under Gen. John A. Logan, and the 16th under Gen. G. M. Dodge.

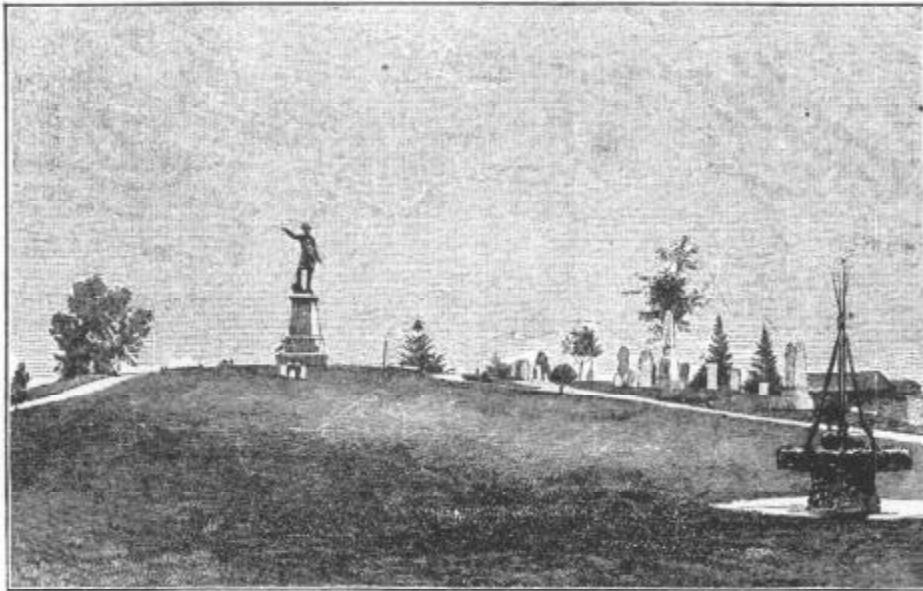
In the battles before Atlanta the new commander of the Army of the Tennessee proved his fitness for the role and displayed the highest and best quality of a soldier—capacity for leadership.

When Sherman's army was before Atlanta and he was extending his left flank to envelop the city, Hood opened the movement with a series of engagements from July 19 to July 21. On July 22, 1864, Hood withdrew from the trenches in front of Thomas and Schofield, and made a furious attack on Sherman's left flank, aiming at the destruction of McPherson's command. At the time the onslaught was made McPherson was in consultation with Sherman. He immediately issued an order for the closing of a gap between two corps, and then rode rapidly toward the threatened point, and while engaged in personally superintending the disposition of the troops, and passing from one column to another, he came suddenly upon a skirmish line of Confederates. They called "Halt!" whereupon he endeavored to turn into the woods and escape, but a volley was fired after him. A musket ball passed through his right lung, and shattered his spine, but he clung to his saddle until his horse had carried him further into the woods and then fell to the ground. His orderly was captured.

About an hour after this had occurred a private of the 15th Iowa, George Reynolds, who had been wounded and was making his way back into the Union lines, came across the body of his general. Life was not yet extinct, but he could not speak. Reynolds moistened his lips with water from his canteen, remained until he had expired and then went to seek assistance.



GENERAL JAMES B. McPHERSON.



*E. Grob, Photo., 1887.*

MONUMENT TO GEN. JAMES B. McPHERSON, CLYDE.

The body was brought and laid out in the headquarters of Gen. Sherman, who, as he paced back and forth issuing orders for the battle still going on, shed bitter tears over the death of his favorite general. In communicating the news of his death to the War Department, Gen. Sherman wrote: "Not his the loss; but the country and the army will mourn his death and cherish his memory as that of one who, though comparatively young, had risen by his merit and ability to the command of one of the best armies the nation had called into existence to vindicate its honor and integrity."

McPherson was greatly beloved by the army, and when the news reached them that he had either fallen or been taken captive, a wild cry rose from the whole army, "McPherson or revenge," and the assault of the enemy was beaten back with great slaughter.

Gen. McPherson's body was taken north and buried at Clyde, O., and an imposing monument now marks the place of his interment. He was but thirty-five years of age at the time of his death, beloved by all who came in contact with him for his noble traits of character, and in the full tide of a brilliant career which promised the highest attainments. Gen. Grant placed a high estimate on his genius, and always spoke of him in words of praise. In March, 1864, he wrote to Sherman, "I want to express my thanks to you and McPherson, as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success."

Gen. McPherson's personal appearance was very prepossessing. Over six feet tall, well developed, graceful and winning in manner. He was cheerful, genial, devoid of jealousy and had a keen sense of honor. At the time of his death he was betrothed to an estimable young lady of Baltimore and expected soon to be married. His affection for his family was unusually strong, and they were rarely absent from his thoughts. When the news of his death reached Clyde the following touching correspondence ensued:

"CLYDE, O., Aug. 5, 1864.

"TO GENERAL GRANT:

"DEAR SIR,—I hope you will pardon me for troubling you with the perusal of these few lines from the trembling hand of the aged grandma of our beloved General James B. McPherson, who fell in battle. When it was announced at his funeral, from the public print, that when General Grant heard of his death, he went into his tent and wept like a child, my heart went out in thanks to you for the interest you manifested in him while he was with you. I have watched his progress from infancy up. In childhood he was obedient and kind; in manhood, interesting, noble and persevering, looking to the wants of others. Since he entered the war, others can appreciate his worth more than I can. When it was announced to us by telegraph that our loved one had fallen, our hearts were almost rent asunder; but when we heard the Commander in Chief could weep with us too, we felt, sir, that you had been as a father to him, and this whole nation is mourning his early death. I wish to inform you that his remains were conducted by a kind guard to the very parlor where he spent a cheerful evening in 1861, with his widowed mother, two brothers and only sister, and his aged grandmother, who is now trying to write. In the morning he took his leave at six o'clock, little dreaming he should fall by a ball from the enemy. His funeral services were attended in his mother's orchard, where his youthful feet had often pressed the soil to gather the falling fruit; and his remains are resting in the silent grave scarce half a mile from the place of his birth. His grave is on an eminence but a few rods from where the funeral services were attended, and near the grave of his father.

"The grave, no doubt, will be marked, so that passers-by will often stop and drop a tear over the dear departed. And now, dear friend, a few lines from you would be gratefully received by the afflicted friends. I pray that the God of battles may be with you and go forth with your arms till rebellion shall cease, the Union be restored, and the old flag wave over the entire land.

"With much respect, I remain your friend,

"LYDIA SLOCUM,

"Aged eighty-seven years and four months."

"HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,

"CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, Aug. 10, 1864.

"MRS. LYDIA SLOCUM:

"MY DEAR MADAM,—Your very welcome letter of the 3rd instant has reached me. I am

glad to know that the relatives of the lamented Major-General McPherson are aware of the more than friendship that existed between him and myself. A Nation grieves at the loss of one so dear to our nation's cause. It is a selfish grief, because the Nation had more to expect from him than from almost anyone living. I join in this selfish grief, and add the grief of personal love for the departed. He formed, for some time, one of my military family. I knew him well; to know him was to love. It may be some consolation to you, his aged grandmother, to know that every officer and every soldier who served under your grandson felt the highest reverence for his patriotism, his zeal, his great, almost unequalled ability, his amiability and all the manly virtues that can adorn a commander. Your bereavment is great, but cannot exceed mine.

"Yours truly,  
U. S. GRANT."

CLYDE is eight miles southeast of Fremont at the crossing of the L. S. & M. S., I. B. & W. and W. & L. E. Railroads.

City Officers, 1888: Mayor, H. F. Paden; Clerk, Chas. H. Eaton; Treasurer, E. D. Harkness; Marshall, John C. Letson; Chief Fire Department, N. T. Wilder. Newspapers: *Enterprise*, Independent, B. F. Jackson & Co., editors and publishers; *Farmer's Reporter*, Neutral, Reporter Co., editors and publishers. Churches: 1 Baptist, 1 Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist, 1 Universal, 1 Catholic, 1 United Brethren, and 1 Advent. Banks: Farmers' & Traders', S. M. Terry, cashier; Peoples' Banking Co., C. G. Sanford, president, John C. Bolinger, cashier. Population, 1880, 2,380. School census, 1888, 760; Frank M. Ginn, Superintendent of Schools.

Clyde is a wholesome, cleanly appearing little town. It has an enduring memory in having given to the nation, in the person of JAS. B. McPHERSON, a great soldier and the best type of a gentleman. The sites of the log-house in which he was born and the blacksmith shop where his father labored are both within the cemetery where to-day stands his monument and rests his mortal remains.

Clyde also was the birth-place of JAMES ALBERT WALES, caricaturist. He was born there in 1852, died in 1886, and lies buried in the McPherson Cemetery. He was a highly valued artist. On the occasion of his funeral A. B. French, an old resident of Clyde, delivered a touching eulogy upon his boyhood, and Rev. O. Badgley preached the funeral sermon. "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography" says of him: "He learned wood-engraving in Toledo and Cincinnati, thence going to Cleveland, drew cartoons for the *Leader* during the Presidential canvas of 1872. Later he went to New York and engaged to illustrate *Puck*. He eventually became one of the founders of *The Judge*, and was for some time its chief cartoonist. Wales was the only caricaturist of the newer school who was a native American. He was also clever at portraiture and his cartoons excellent."

WOODVILLE is fourteen miles northwest of Fremont on the Portage River and on the N. W. O. R. R. It was laid out in 1838 by Hon. A. E. Wood on what was known on the Western Reserve and Maumee turnpike, being on the great travelled route between Cleveland to Toledo. School census, 1888, 232.

GIBSONBURG is eleven miles northwest of Fremont on the N. W. O. R. R. Population, 1880, 589. School census, 1888, 217; J. L. Hart, Superintendent of Schools.

LINDSEY is seven miles northwest of Fremont on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Population, 1880, 409. School census, 1888, 152.

TOWNSEND is five miles northeast of Clyde, on the I. B. & W. R. R. Census, 1890, 1,358.

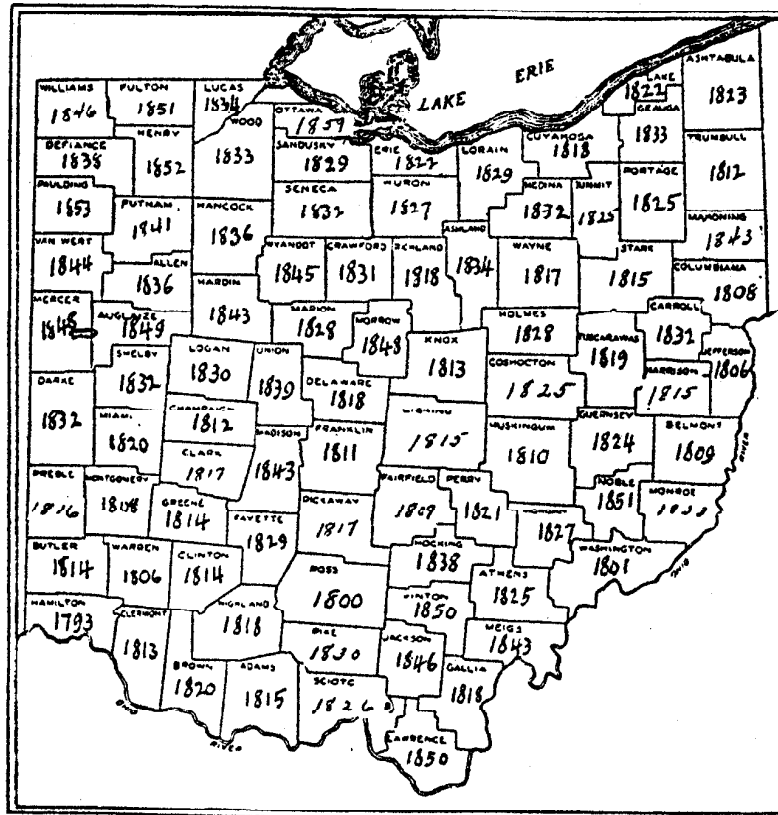
GREEN SPRING VILLAGE.

## SANDUSKY COUNTY

First paper, the *Lower Sandusky Gazette*, at Fremont, in 1829, by David Smith. It lasted a year. The *Lower Sandusky Whig*, by Clark Waggoner, came in 1839, and was succeeded by the *Fremont Journal, Whig*, in 1853, which was published for more than 60 years.

The *Sandusky County Democrat*, begun by John Bell in 1837, discontinued in 1857, was followed by the *Democratic Messenger*, now the *Messenger*, published by a company, F. J. Daubel, executive. The *Fremont News*, begun in 1887 by Harry E. Woods, was bought by the Wrigley Brothers in 1892, and is now published by Wrigley Bros., Inc.

Other papers of the county are the *Clyde Enterprise* (1878), B. F. Jackson, proprietor; *Gibsonburg Derrick* (1889), and *Woodville News* (1924), both by John T. Loveland.



HOW THE NEWSPAPERS SPREAD OVER OHIO  
 Figures indicate the year of the publication of the first newspaper in the county

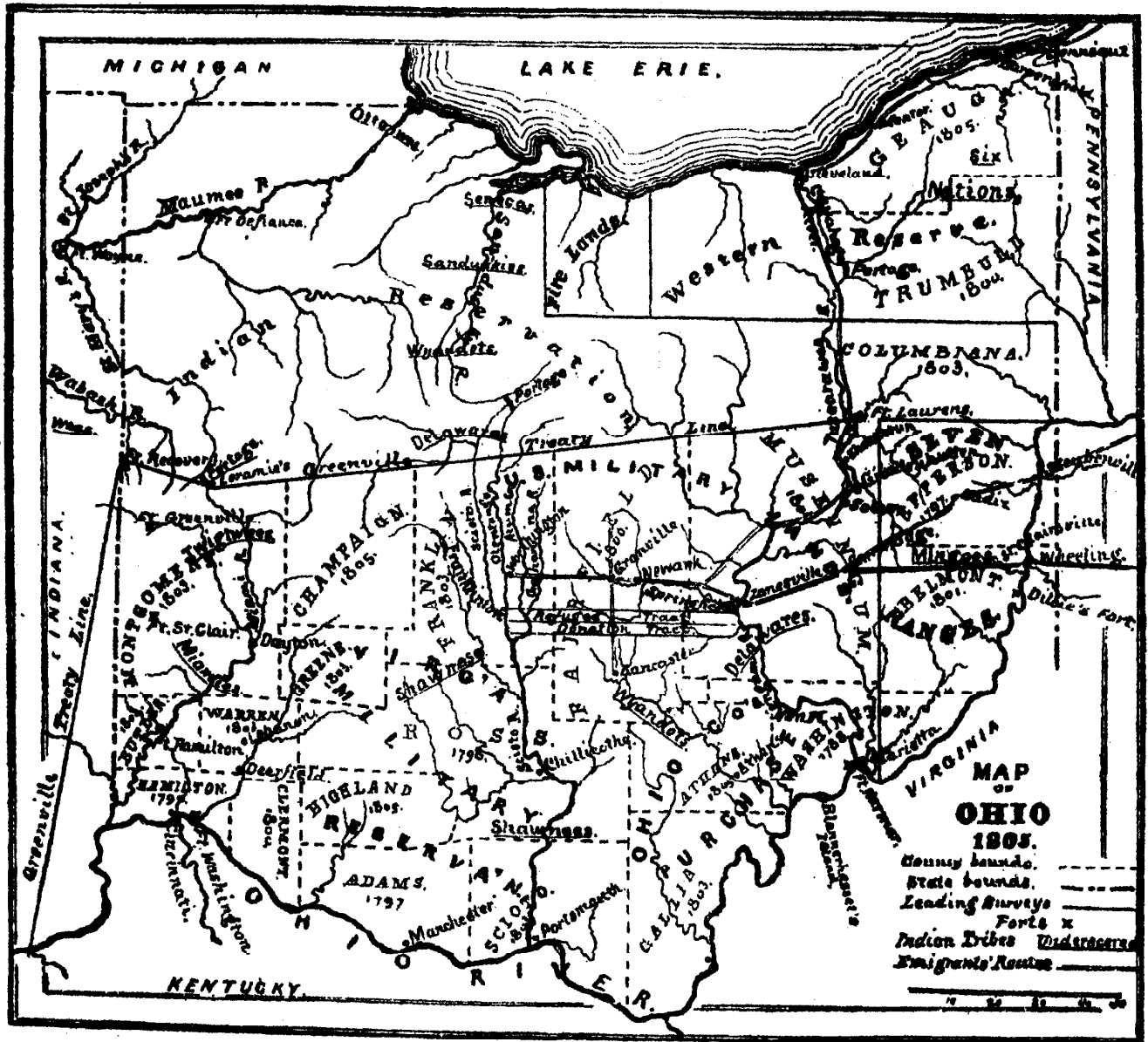
# HISTORY OF OHIO JOURNALISM

1793—1933

By

OSMAN CASTLE HOOPER  
 Professor Emeritus of Journalism  
 Ohio State University





Constructed by Rev. Henry Bushnell, A. M., for his *History of Granville*.